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And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

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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.
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Will attend Courts of the Counties of Argenteuil, Ottawa and Pontiac.
Please address correspondence to Aylmer.

The Indignant Subscriber.

The most deluded individual on this broad hemisphere of civilization and high taxes is the indignant subscriber. He will neither listen to reason when he hears it, so that it is always safest for an editor to lock himself in the safe when he comes around. When he is bald-headed, additional precaution should be taken, as a man whose head is as devoid of hair as a salmon can, is worse than canned small-pox. He don't seem to be able to control his passions. A subscriber often gets worked up to the "inspiration" pitch, when he discovers something in the paper which he thinks refers to him. It doesn't make any difference if the article refers to a yellow dog or a dead mule, for some one is sure to be enraged about it. Then, instead of soaking his head, he sends in to the publisher to "stop his paper," and gloats over his revenge. But his revenge is a poor one at best.

No newspaper was ever known to sink in the whirlpool of poverty because some one told the publisher to "stop his paper." It's not that kind of a subscriber upon whom the publisher gazes with dread. It is the bald-headed gentleman who comes through the door sideways and throws a shovel at him.

This man is not a healthy companion.

He should be avoided, as an acquaintance with him might make some one sick.

He generally grows angry by seeing a mention in the paper of a bald head being seen near the stage at a variety theatre.

Although there might be two hundred bald heads there (and there generally is), this gentleman thinks that he is the one referred to, so he hunts up the editor and smashes in his head until it would hold water like a cup.

You can't stop a conscientious editor from expressing his opinion any more than you can kill a cat with lard, and it might as well be known now as at any other time.

A Missouri Tragedy.

Information has been received of a dreadful homicide that occurred across the Livingstone county line, and half a mile from Orlinda, a little postoffice in Linn county Missouri. At a public school picnic the children of the families of James Norville and Tim Goddard quarreled about a swing. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the two families started for home. The family of Norville overtook that of his neighbor Goddard, and the women of the two households engaged in a tongue-lashing row. The war of words became hotter and hotter as time went on. The horses were stopped and the men and children took part in the controversy. Goddard, a large and powerful man, attacked Norville, a man about 5 feet 4 inches high and weighing 125 to 130 pounds. Norville whipped out his pocket-knife and stabbed Goddard three times in the breast and abdomen. Then he ran away, and Goddard, after pursuing a few steps, fell in the road later from a fatal knife wound just over the heart. There was no one present to witness the tragedy except the families of the two men. Norville fled the country, and is being pursued by the Sheriff and posse. The greatest excitement prevails. If Norville is caught he will very likely be strung up to the limb of a tree.

A saw without teeth, made of Bessemer steel, run by a ninety-horse power engine, and which is thirty-eight inches in diameter and three eighths of an inch thick at the edge, is in operation at the Central Hudson shops at Greenbush, N. Y. It is used for cutting railway rails. The chips cut from the rails fly back under the saw with such force as to form a solid piece of steel nearly as firm as the rail itself.

A 3-year-old girl fell from the balcony on the fourth floor of a Hartford house the other day, but struck squarely across a clothes line stretched from the third floor, and the rebound threw her into a balcony there, almost unhurt.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

HOME.

A cargo of rails for the Hudson's Bay railway has been shipped to York Factory from Winnipeg.

The first Canadian Pacific through train for the Pacific coast will arrive in Winnipeg on Dominion day.

The Northern and Pacific Junction railway will be opened for freight and passenger traffic as far as Sandridge at once.

One hundred and fifty-nine boys and girls from England and Scotland arrived at the Marchmont home, Belleville, last week.

Ten persons are reported to have been killed by the fire which destroyed Vancouver, B. C., and many others are missing. The total loss is estimated at one million dollars.

The crops around St Catharines have been greatly improved by the rain of the past few days. The cherry trees in that section are suffering severely from the ravages of a destructive insect.

A party of three young men who went out for a sail on Toronto bay on a recent Sunday afternoon have been drowned, the body of one having been found on the lake shore, two miles west of the Humber.

It is reported that orders have been received at Halifax from the British Government to make no more seizures of American fishing vessels except for open and flagrant violations of the Treaty of 1818.

Two more convicts concerned in the recent outbreak at St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary has been sentenced to the Montreal Assizes to three years' additional imprisonment. Their sentence closes the prosecutions arising out of the revolt.

At the annual meeting of the Grand Division Sons of Temperance at Perth, a resolution was passed urging temperance men to support only men known to be strong and consistent advocates of total prohibition for municipal and legislative honours.

Great sensation has been caused in Montreal by Mr. Archambault's sworn testimony in the Langueuil tunnel case that he gave Senator Thibaudeau and Alderman Prefontaine fifteen hundred dollars to prevent opposition to the bill in the Local Legislature.

Messrs. Ogilvie & Co. are just completing a new elevator in Montreal having a capacity of two hundred and fifty thousand bushels. The same firm will commence, shortly, a new flour mill, exceeding in capacity any of the mammoth mills in Minneapolis.

A site of one hundred and ten acres near the Montreal city limits has been purchased by a committee of citizens for the purpose of a Protestant insane asylum, and the committee is now appealing for subscriptions towards the $100,000 required for building the hospital.

Detectives the other day raided the premises of John Smart, of Owen Sound, and discovered a complete set of tools for coining bogus silver and a quantity of coin in different stages of manufacture. Smart was arrested, and the police are on the lookout for his supposed accomplices.

The Customs Department have awarded $1,900 to a young Frenchman who gave information of the frauds perpetrated by the absconding jeweller Packard, of Montreal. The young man has, however, returned to France, leaving several creditors in Montreal, who have placed a seizure on the money.

David McGrath, a Shelburne, N. S., fisherman, shot himself lately because he was jilted by Katherine Goulden, to whom he had been engaged. He loaded a shotgun with shot and slugs, lay down in his berth, pressed the trigger with a piece of stick, and discharged the contents of his gun into his right side, tearing it in a shocking manner, causing the lung to protrude. He died instantly.

Robert Jahn, of Hamilton, for having a light in his barroom during prohibited hours, has been fined $20. Jahn claimed that he had relatives in Waterloo visiting him, that during the night one of them took ill, that he entered the bar to get some brandy for the sufferer, and while in the room the policeman called. In consideration of these representations no costs were imposed.

The two masked men who robbed the Cariboo, B. C., stage after stopping the driver ordered him to get down from the box. The driver replied that it was not safe to leave the horse, but he was assured that it was a good deal safer than for him to stay where he was. This the driver, after a little revolver persuasion, consented to accept as a true statement of the position and got down as advised.

An important prospecting party from Newfoundland is now in British Columbia. They have had much experience in connection with the Newfoundland inshore and deep sea fisheries, and they propose to establish a colony and to introduce a new process of preserving fish for the eastern and other markets by the adoption of a solution which it is claimed will have the effect of retaining for the fish its freshness for many days, even weeks after having been taken out of the stream or ocean.

Additional subscriptions for the sufferers in Vancouver, B. C., amounting to $65, has been received by Mayor Howland from citizens of Toronto. The Mayor of Hamilton telegraphed $500. The Waterloo County Council has voted $300 for the same purpose, and the Canadian Pacific railway directors have instructed their western agent to give relief to all in distress in the unfortunate city. Many former residents of Winnipeg were in the burnt city, and great anxiety is felt in Winnipeg for their safety. Mr. Fawcett, one of the victims reported burned, was from the latter city.

AMERICAN.

The town of Crookston, Minnesota, suffered severely lately from a terrific wind storm, a number of buildings being wrecked. Eight inmates of an hotel that was blown down were injured.

Governor Hill has signed the bill passed by the New York Legislature abolishing perpetual imprisonment for debt. The success of the measure is chiefly due to the vigorous and persistent efforts of Mr. Erastus Wiman.

A severe wind and rain storm raged in Galveston, Texas, on Sunday night of last week. Great damage was done in the city, and only a sudden change in the direction of the wind saved the island from being entirely submerged.

FOREIGN.

Mr. McKenzie, the American Vice-Consul at Dublin, shot his wife and then committed suicide.

Several of the Belfast rioters have been sentenced to from one to seven months' imprisonment.

Earl Rosebery and Lord Wolverton have each subscribed £50,000 to the Gladstonian election fund.

The Imperial Government intends appointing a commission to inquire into the Belfast riots.

Several persons have lost their lives in the French provinces in the terrible storms which prevailed.

An acrobat of Naples has been sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment for beating a little boy to death.

One hundred natives and ten English persons lost their lives through the eruption of the volcano of Tarawera, in New Zealand.

Great excitement exists in all the Bavarian towns over the strange death of King Ludwig, which is intensified by the suspicion that he was intentionally left with an insufficient guard.

The Queen has offered the Comte de Paris, during his exile from France, the use of Claremont Castle, where Louis Philippe found a home; but the Comte declines, as he does not intend to reside permanently in England.

In reference to the reported seizure of the New Hebrides islands by France, M. de Freycinet has repeated his former assurances to Lord Lyons that France has no intention to attempt to affect the political condition of the islands, but would hold herself bound to respect their independence.

A terrific eruption of the volcano of Memotombo occurred on the 22nd ult., accompanied by a violent earthquake, which destroyed the city of Manigua, the capital of the State of Nicaragua, and another town was buried beneath the hot ashes from the volcano. A great number of lives are reported to have been lost.

On Sunday evening of last week King Ludwig of Bavaria went out into the park of Berg Castle with Dr. VanGridden to take a walk, and not returning up to a late hour a search was made, when both were found drowned in the lake. It is supposed the king leaped in to commit suicide, and his medical attendant was drowned while attempting to rescue him.

SOME PHILOSOPHY.

By the Philosopher.

An unsightly, untidy woman passes my door each morning with a swill-cart which she pushes by hand. The odor is abominable, and the spectacle is depressing. I sit me down and reason: She has hogs or she would not gather swill. As soon as the hogs are fattened they will be killed, and the cart will pass my door no more. The more swill the sooner hogs, cart and woman disappear. Therefore I will buy corn and give her a peck at least each day.

I find a strange boy hanging about my premises on several occasions. The idea is strong in my mind that he is watching for a chance to steal my garden hose and reel. I have 200 feet of hose and a new reel, and the loss would be considerable. I therefore, reason: I will leave an old section of hose where he can steal it. He has an idea that I suspect him. While he will congratulate himself on getting away with the old hose, he will be too fly to return for anything more, and I shall save all of my new hose.

There is a confirmed old sot who has long bothered me for a daily loan of five cents. I know he uses the money to buy whiskey, and I know that all the temperance societies in the world couldn't reform him. I therefore, reason: It is simply a question of time when whiskey will kill this old nuisance. Two drinks per day will finish him much faster than one drink. Therefore I will increase the loan to ten cents.

I know of a man who curses and abuses his wife and makes his home a hell for her. She will stand this conduct to a certain limit. I reason: She will be welcomed home by father and mother, and she will have the sympathy and respect of all her friends. She is simply waiting for the last straw. She has much to gain and nothing to lose by leaving this brute. Therefore, to-night I will invite him to drink. Drink will aggravate him and he will probably box her ears and bring on the climax.

I have a servant girl who has stolen and secreted a piece of jewelry worth two or three dollars. I reason: If I discharge her she will demand explanations and affect great indignation, and slander my house wherever she goes. If I arrest her she will convince certain people, in spite of all testimony, that she is a martyr and I am a false accuser. I will therefore leave the sum of five dollars where she can safely pick it up. She will then not only go of her own accord, but all the explanations will be on her side. She will be as well rid of as if sent to the workhouse, and she can owe me no grudge.

My neighbor has a dog which bays the moon. When there is no moon he bays the electric light or anything else which won't club him. I reason: He is fond of the dog, or he wouldn't keep him. Having that feeling, he would take it unkindly of me to suggest the death of the brute. Indeed, the chances are that he would peril his life to defend the animal. He is a more nervous man than I am, and the baying will annoy him the more and wear him out the faster. I will therefore secure my cat o' nights where the dog must see her and either wear out his bark or his master.

Potato Blossoms.

What the modern housewife or the Colorado beetle would do for a dinner if it were not for the ever-present and always palatable potato is a mystery. Yet the newly discovered tuber had a hard struggle to have its rights in the kitchen recognized. A correspondent of the "Chicago Tribune" notes a celebration in France which nearly concerns our old friend:

The town of Montdidier is *en fete* for a fortnight. What for? In honor, they say, of the centenary of Parmentier. Really it is the centenary of the achievement which made him famous. And what was that? The introduction of the potato into France. Indeed, that was no small task either. The obstacles in the way were great, and the benefits that have resulted are enormous. Long before Parmentier's birth Sir Walter Raleigh planted the potato in Ireland, and the vegetable became a favorite article of food throughout Great Britain. But Frenchmen would have nothing to do with potatoes, believing they gave leprosy to those who ate them. The clergy anathematized the tubers because they came from heretic England. The wits made countless jokes on the subject, and the court favorites claimed that it was treason to plant a strange root on the soil of France. But this man Parmentier at last overcame the prejudice. He was a humble apothecary in the king's service, and in a flower-pot in his room he kept a potato-plant growing. He constantly wore one of its homely blossoms in his button-hole. This piqued the curiosity of Louis XIV., who inquired what it was. Parmentier then descanted eloquently upon the virtues of the potato, and induced the king to eat one. "Indeed, it is good," said that monarch, and he at once authorized Parmentier to give a "potato dinner" to a number of the leading scientific men of France. At this banquet potatoes were served cooked in thirty-three different ways, and the guests were constrained to admit that they were palatable and wholesome. Still, society would not recognize the new vegetable until the king himself appeared in public at Versailles with a nose-gay of potato-blossoms on his coat. That accomplished its object, and the potato has ever since been as much at home in France as the grape.

FARM.

DAIRY AND STOCK TOPICS.

The best butter is made on the old pasture.

Rye bread is a common feed for horses in Belgium and Germany.

Sprinkle salt upon the back of a lamb to induce a sheep to own it.

The butter supply can be increased by frequent stirring of the cream.

The cows should be milked "as regular as clock-work," as to the hour, and in precisely the same order, each day.

Keep young pigs dry and warm. Clean pens and dry beds are necessary; dampness causes mange, which stunts the pig.

A flagstone floor is the best for the dairy; wood, cement or brick absorbs drippings, and the floor soon becomes foul and odorous.

A Maine man says the way to start an obstinate horse is to take him out of the shafts and lead him around until he is giddy.

The last month of an animal's life has great influence upon its flesh, because the feeding during that period largely determines the flavor and quality.

Stock needs salt, and it is a matter that should be looked after. Many cases of colic in horses and hoven in cattle are caused by a deficiency of a supply of salt.

The small mess of milk furnished by one cow may be far richer than the larger quantity obtained from another cow. And it is the butter yield that is the best test of a cow's value.

Horses will go eight and probably ten hours without feed if properly fed at evening and morning. They should have water more frequently, but never when hot.

The root crops for swine should consist of a variety; the farmer should grow not only beets and turnips for them, but parsnips and carrots also. The cheapest pork is that made by securing rapid growth on roots and grass.

A mixture of skimmed milk, buckwheat bran, and cobmeal with good corn fodder should be a very good feed for ordinary occasions, but in fattening an animal an evenly balanced food is not wanted, but one rich in carbohydrates, and corn meal bran and corn fodder would be the best.

LIVE FENCE POSTS.

On lines where pleasant fences are to be desired, say on boundary lines of permanent pasture, posts that would not need to be renewed every eight or ten years would be desirable.

When wire is used it is quite practicable to provide a living post at a very light cost. Along the fence row, either before or after the fence is made, buttings of cottonwood or willow can be planted from eight to sixteen feet apart and in five or six years will be large enough to fasten the wires to.

After the trees are as large as desired for posts, the top may be cut off so as to prevent too much shading of the land, if this is an objection. A few branches left on the post will keep it alive. If there is no shade in the pasture it would be well to let the tops remain, trim up the trunks so that the wind can sweep under, and thus make a shade for the stock. The trees will also add beauty to the farm.

Instead of nailing the wires to the trees, a better plan would be to fasten an upright cleat to the trunk and the wires will become embedded in the wood.

AN OLD-TIME MARINER.

Incidents in the Life of Brock Grant, Engineer, Aged 69 Years.

A recent notice of the sudden death at Erie of Brock Grant, an old lake engineer, recalls some circumstances of his history connected with the early navigation of the lakes. With the possible exception of John Leonard, he was the oldest of the remaining lake engineers. Brock Grant was the engineer of the little steamer, Pioneer, which plied between Buffalo and Dunkirk about the years 1828, '30 and '32. He was engineer of the steamer Washington, which was burned off the mouth of Silver Creek about the year 1837, or '38, I should think. When the boat was found to be on fire the pilot headed her for the shore under extreme pressure of steam, with the hope that the passengers might be saved. Brock Grant, the brave engineer, had his newly married wife on board. He strapped her to her large wedding trunk, threw her overboard, and returned to his engine. The wind was off shore and the passengers crowded forward, but all in vain. The engineer remained at his post until the pipes and steam connections melted off; the wheels stopped and the boat began to float to leeward. The wheelsman stuck to his post until so badly burned that he could not escape. Not until then did the engineer desert his dangerous post. He was the last upon the boat except a few who hung by the braces under the guards. Wrenching off a door he escaped from the burning boat and was picked up nearly exhausted twelve hours later. His wife was also happily saved, having been picked up by a boat from the shore. A number of years afterwards he was engineer of a steamer in Saginaw Bay which was in great danger of being blown ashore, and realizing that there was little chance between being blown up and going ashore he seated himself upon the lever of the safety valve, and the vessel clawed off the shore and was saved. In early days, when Brock was a cabin boy, he excited the admiration of sailors and the terror of landsmen along the Buffalo creek by mounting the top mast of his vessel and balancing himself upon his stomach, and swimming like a fish, or even standing erect on the round top and coming down by the jibstays, or some other antic or monkey-like performance. I knew him well over fifty years ago and loved him as a brother. He once saved my life at the risk of his own by rescuing me from drowning. We were playmates and schoolmates together, both living on the light-house side of the harbor, and I knew him always as gentle, generous and brave. This man may have died old, discouraged and poor, as the newspaper accounts state; he may have fallen into habits of dissipation, but he was a hero, faithful and true.

A small boy who had been much interested in church going for the first few Sundays became weary at length and showed his disapproval in various ways. In the middle of a long sermon he suggested an end with much emphasis: "Pa," he said "It's time for the contribution-box to go round. Aren't they going to have the contribution-box?"

Interesting experiments are now in progress at the German Pavilion, in Fairmount Park, in the breeding of silkworms from American seed; that is, from the eggs of worms bred in that country. Heretofore more care has been given to the production of good cocoons than the preservation of the seed, but some of the experienced members of the Woman's Silk Culture Association, who have the experiments in charge, believe that a better quality of silk can be produced from American seed than from the imported.

FORT LARAMIE.

An Old Frontier Post—The Massacre by the Sioux.

Fort Laramie is beautifully located, ninety-six miles north of Cheyenne, on the North Platte River, and at the mouth of the Laramie. It lies between ranges of hills with the Rocky Mountains in sight, with snowy peaks that present to the traveler at the first sight a beautiful picture. The military post, or the spot where the post now stands, was first occupied by a fur trading company, from whom it passed, in 1834, into the hands of John Jacob Astor.

During the year 1849, when the California gold fever was at its height and the great army of gold-seekers made their way slowly and by many months of difficult and weary travel, the government built quarters here for troops and established a permanent military post. We follow this old stage and emigrant trail sixty-five miles west and reach the La Prele Creek, where Slade, of whom Mark Twain tells so much, ran his course of successful crime. Near this point occurred the Grattan massacre, the first of that series which has made this region historic.

IN 1851 A TREATY WAS MADE

between the government and the Sioux Indians, one of the stipulations being that the supplies for the latter were to be delivered yearly at Fort Laramie. In July, 1854, Indians to the number of several thousand had gathered to receive their supplies, but, owing to the fact that the goods could not be gotten here for three or four weeks later than usual, the Indians began to show signs of impatience. I will let Sergt. Snyder, who figured so prominently at this time in saving a further massacre of probably the entire garrison, tell the story as he related it to us:

"One day in August an ox was missed from a Mormon emigrant train lying in camp near by. Some of the Mormons called upon the commanding officer at Fort Laramie, Lieut. Fleming, and made complaint to the effect that the Indians had killed an ox belonging to them. Lieut Grattan and thirty men and one field piece was ordered to call upon the Indians and demand of them the bucks who had killed the ox. Lieut. Grattan was met by

THE CHIEF MATTOIOWAH,

an Indian who was held in high estimation by the military. The Lieutenant was informed that they knew the young warriors who had committed the crime, but that they would not be surrendered, and that the ox was an old and crippled one, but that they would give in payment for it two ponies to make good the loss to the Mormons. Grattan replied that unless the warriors were turned over to him he would attack the camp. Mattoiowah replied: "Very well, there are many of my warriors here and I desire you to let them alone," and turned to walk away when the young lieutenant fired upon the chief. And in less than five minutes there was not a soldier left to tell the story. All were instantly massacred. The news was carried to the camp by some fur traders. The few troops within the post were ordered inside the stockade; the laundresses were also gathered in and when the gates were closed Lieut. Fleming found that his little party did not number all told over twenty-five. Soon after they were inside the stockade the Indians could be seen circling around the post. The commander at once proposed a surrender, but there was one braver than he,

ORDNANCE SERGEANT SNYDER,

Who said "No, we will not give up the post." He then in a manner took command, and by him each person was given a gun, laundresses included, and they held the fort without much trouble. But, now the soldiers who were massacred must be buried. Four days had elapsed, and their bloated bodies were exposed to the hot August sun. The little party within the stockade raised a purse and gave it to the fur traders, who went to the scene of the massacre and placed the bodies of officer and men under a thin covering of earth. But a greater obstacle was yet to be surmounted. The supplies which the little party within the post had were very limited, and as it was considered worse than folly to go outside the stockade they must act at once.

SO ANOTHER PURSE

Of $100 was raised—all the money they had—and given to a messenger to carry the news to Fort Leavenworth, Ks., to ask for reinforcements and supplies. The messenger started on horseback. Then came an awful suspense. All they could do was to wait and trust. Three long months had passed when one day the cloud was lifted, and they saw reinforcements and supplies coming over the hills. Had they not arrived at the time the garrison would have probably perished, as they were almost completely exhausted from want of sleep and hunger.

Fort Laramie is now built of good frame and concrete buildings.

The Mysterious Chest.

In the first part of this century a man of prominence in western Pennsylvania, who had been disappointed in his political aspirations, died, and left, among his other effects, an iron-bound chest. This chest, by the terms of his will, was to remain unopened in the custody of the descendants of two families for the space of seventy-five years. It was then to be opened, and its contents published without reserve.

The term of years was reached last summer, when the casket was solemnly opened and its contents examined. They proved to be letters, journals, and other documents bringing charges against most of the men who were prominent in the State during the testator's lifetime.

Crimes of almost every grade were alleged against them by these papers; whether the papers themselves were forgeries or not, it is impossible, at this late day, to decide. There was scarcely a family of any prominence in the neighborhood into which the publication of these papers would not have brought disgrace and misery.

The trustees illegally, but prudently, disregarded the terms of the will, and burned the contents of the chest.

Lord Byron's journals and letters were destroyed by his executor for the same reason. Mr. Carlyle's diary and note-books, in which the acrid bitterness of his soul was poured out in personal abuse and slander and gossip of persons who are still living, was published, not so prudently, by his literary executor, and a vast amount of bickering and unpleasantness has been the result.

This long lived malignity which would stretch murderous hands out of the grave to blast and kill, years after the malicious assassin himself is dead, appals us. Yet if we go about scattering bits of malicious gossip and scandal from our careless tongues now, are we less guilty than these posthumous scandal-mongers?

They try to besmirch the character of men long dead, leaving it to the discretion of one or two men whether or not to publish their slanders. We try to kill the reputation of the living man, and place the murderous weapon in the hands of the crowd.

Bronze painting on velvet cuffs and collars is a new fancy.

HOUSEHOLD.

SOMETHING FOR DESERT.

As the weather becomes warmer, puddings, custards and creams, take the place of rich pastry, and the making of these light, fanciful dishes is a pleasure to most cooks. A few receipts are given below which have become favorites with all who have tried them. Never add to or take from a receipt given for trial, and then pass unjust criticism upon the same.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Make a cake with one cup of sugar, one cup sweet milk, a well beaten egg, a piece of butter size of an egg, little salt, teaspoonful cream tartar and one teaspoonful soda sifted in two cupfuls of flour. Beat all well together and pour the batter half an inch thick into a common long tin. Bake quickly. Make a soft boiled custard by heating four cupfuls of milk in a pail set in a kettle of hot water or in a double boiler; when scalding hot, pour a cupful on to three eggs beaten with a cupful and a half of sugar and three teaspoonfuls of corn starch; then pour all together, and cook till it begins to thicken, pour through a thin strainer, and flavor with lemon. Lay the cake, cut in small squares on a platter, sift over powdered sugar, and put a slice of jelly on each piece. Serve by filling a saucer half full of custard and laying on a slice of the cake.

MINUTE PUDDING.—One pint of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one pint of flour. Boil the milk after adding the salt; when the milk begins to rise, stir in the flour and as soon as it is well mixed, the pudding is done. This should not be made until after the sauce as it should be eaten as soon as made.

SAUCE.—One coffee cup of sugar, one scant half-cup of butter, one egg, one lemon and a small nutmeg and three tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the egg well beaten, all the juice and half the grated rind of the lemon and the nutmeg; beat ten minutes and then add the boiling water, a tablespoonful at a time. Keep the sauce hot over steam or in the top of the teakettle, but do not allow it to boil.

LEMON JELLY.—A little less than one quart of boiling water, one-half box of gelatine, one cup of sugar, two lemons. Pour the boiling water over the gelatine and when it is dissolved add the sugar, juice and grated rind of the lemons. Strain it into moulds that have been dipped in cold water and set away where it is cool or in the refrigerator. When the jelly is perfectly cold it will be stiff. One half of this recipe fills a small mould which is often sufficient for a desert. Measure a pint of water and then take out one tablespoonful; this will make the proportion about right for one-half the other ingredients.

SPANISH CREAM.—Take one-half box gelatine, one quart milk, beaten yolks of three eggs, one small cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of flavoring, and a pinch of soda. Soak the gelatine in the milk for two hours. Stir in the soda, and beat, stirring often. When scalding hot pour upon the beaten eggs and sugar and return to the farina kettle. Boil one minute, stirring constantly. Strain through tarletan, and when cold flavor and put into a mould. Set on ice or in a cool place.

Successful.

A gentleman who spent some years travelling in the mountains of Colorado relates the following story, which illustrates what can be accomplished by a resolute boy who is guided by right principles, and who sets out with the firm determination to succeed in the face of all obstacles, and obstacles there are in every road to real success. "I was climbing a long and tiresome mountain trail one day in June," says the traveller, "when I was overtaken by a small but robust-looking boy, of about fifteen. He was poorly dressed, and a small bundle tied up in a red cotton handkerchief was all the baggage he had. I was sitting down for a little when he came up to me, stepping lightly and pluckily along, although he looked tired, as he doubtless was, for the trail was very rough and steep.

"'How are you, sir?' he said. His voice was that of the section, but there was earnestness in it; his language was unschooled and provincial, but the spirit of it was manly.

"'Tired,' I said.

"'Well, so'm I,' was his reply, 'but it must be we're nearly to the top o' the mountain.'

"'Where are you from?'

"'From Denver. Left there ten days ago.'

"'You haven't walked all the way?'

"'Yes.'

"'Why, Denver is two hundred miles from here?'

"'Yes, but I've walked it all the same. Had to er not come, an' I didn't see any chance for me there, an' five dollars and a half was all the money I had.'

"'Where are you going now?'

"'To A——, the new minin' camp. They say things is lively there, an' I think that I'll git a chance.'

"'What do you want to do?'

"'Well, I dunno, sir. Anyhow, the thing with me now is what *kin* I do, not what do I *want* to do. I'm in for anything jist now that'll give me a decent livin.'

"The boy and I journeyed on together all that day. It was hot and wearisome walking, but he made no complaint. He was cheerful, frank, and hopeful—three valuable equipments in beginning life's journey.

"We reached A—— that night, and I offered to pay for a supper and lodging for the boy, for he had told me that all his money was gone.

"'No,' he said, 'you needn't take no trouble on my account. I'll do a chore or two some place for my supper. I kin always get my meals an' lodgin' that way in this country, an' it's better'n bein' beholdin' to any one.'

"The next morning I caught a glimpse of my man in embryo washing dishes in the kitchen of the little mountain hotel at which I was staying.

"Later in the day I met him coming from a spring, with two pails of water.

"'Got a job,' he said, cheerily. 'Seventy-five cents a day an' my board. It ain't like bein' a professer on a salary, but it's a right beginnin', anyhow.'

"'You're a philosopher,' I said, laughingly.

"'No, I'm a dish-washer,' he said, in all seriousness.

"The camp was most prosperous, and a month later I came across my little friend in an eight-by-ten slab shanty, with an open front, along which there ran a counter covered with eatables.

"A few weeks later I found the boy in another part of the city running a little restaurant, with two tables and a long lunch counter. He had hired a cook, and 'business,' he said, 'was booming.'

"His business grew, and he is becoming successful.

"This is, of course, an exceptional case, but then he was an exceptional boy. He had the will to labor and the power to achieve. He had great courage, and was very enthusiastic. Failure would not have discouraged him. He had the 'try again' spirit. He was honest, and was ready to do what his hands found to do. This is the kind of spirit that is needed for success in the West."

How Etna Looks in Eruption.

A correspondent writing from Catania, under date of May 24th, says:—"You have probably heard of the eruption of Etna which is going on. I left Palermo Saturday, and came here to see it. We left here about 3 o'clock (six of us, English), Saturday afternoon, and drove to Nicolosi, which we reached about 5 o'clock, and got mules and went up to the scene. There were crowds of people going there, but we took a different road and went up much higher than the general crowd. We had a guide with us, and after about three hours' climbing we got to within a couple of miles of the crater itself.

"It is at the side of Etna, you know, not near the top, that this eruption has broken out, and we got on to a bit of high ground, overlooking the whole scene. It was still daylight when we got up there, so that we saw the whole thing by daylight. We then settled ourselves down to dinner, which we had brought with us from Cantania, and of course it was soon dark, and here we were comfortably feeding before the most glorious and indescribable sight I ever saw in my life. It is perfectly impossible to describe it as no one can have any conception of what it is like until he sees it, and also until he sees it from where we did, which was on high ground overlooking nearly the whole of it. At the top is this enormous crater throwing up stones some hundreds of yards with a continual roar like any number of batties going on, and just below is another mouth, from which the lava comes, travelling at a tremendous pace. It divides into several streams and follows the valleys.

"Now imagine from where we were that night, with our backs to Catania, what we saw. On our right this enormous flame going hundreds of feet into the air, making the whole sky bright red, and all down past us from our right and extending down miles to the left streams of red hot lava moving downward in a mass for miles, and looking like an enormous sea of red hot coke. The width across the lava where we were was, perhaps, three or four miles, and it started about two miles above us and flowed some four miles or so below us, so you must imagine a sea of angry, red hot lava five or six miles long, and three or four wide, and about thirty or forty feet deep, but all of it bright red. You can judge whether it was a sight worth seeing. I would not have missed it for worlds.

"The lava is not liquid, as most people suppose, but consists of many millions of large and small blocks of rocky looking stuff rolling onward. We saw one huge rock of old lava standing in the middle of the stream of lava, which was divided by it and ran around it; the rock was about the size of (say) Quidenham Church, and this rock suddenly split into two parts, the smaller half crumbled up, and the other half was carried bodily down with the stream slowly and steadily. We watched it until we left, and it moved about three-quarters of a mile in about three-quarters of an hour. We waited there until nearly midnight, as we could not venture down until the moon got up, and then we reluctantly left this magnificent sight, which, as I tell you, no description can give you any idea of.

"As we went up we had all gone into a little house to see it, and walked round it and thought it was unpleasantly close to the lava. Well, as we came down this house was in flames and caught by the stream. In many places we had to take different paths, so quickly had the lava spread as it came down; and from below it is awful (quite close to it) to see this mass, 30 or 40 feet high, coming slowly towards you. I brought a piece of red-hot lava down with me, which the guide got hold of for me as I could not get it myself, it was so fearfully hot I could not go close enough. We put wire round it, and I carried it down on the end of my stick. In fact we each brought a bit down, and also some ashes or cinders which rained down on us whenever the wind was our way.

"We got back to Cantania at about 4½ A. M. We were up near the crater nearly four hours. We saw other people go up to see the lower end of the lava, stay there a few minutes, and go down again; but the way to do it is to go right high up, arriving by daylight, and then stay there to see it by night and watch the changes going on. It was glorious."

Street Accidents.

What to do immediately, in case of serious hurts—"till the doctor comes"—is indicated in the following, from *Cassell's Family Magazine*. The writer says: "In Inverness last summer, I saw from a distance a little boy fall from the high wall near the bridge—I being on the other side of the river—a height of probably fifteen feet. A sturdy Highlander marched round and shouldered him. From the shrieks of the lad thus roughly mounted, I felt sure a bone was broken, and I found out afterwards I was right.

"The accident puts me in mind to say here that we cannot be too careful in the manner we lift or carry a person who has received an injury of this kind.

"Fancy, if you can, the agony produced from, say, a fractured thigh rudely handled, the jagged end of the bone perhaps thrust through the quivering flesh!

"Keep a wounded or injured person on the level, if possible; be very, *very* gentle. The handiest of all stretchers is a large shutter or door, with a mattress or pillows on it. Or a plaid or blanket used as a hammock will do, or a net-hammock itself if one be handy.

"While one person is carrying home, or to a chemist's shop, the injured person, some one must be sent to procure surgical assistance.

"The sooner surgical aid is got, the more chance of a speedy recovery will the patient have.

"Be careful not to give brandy in injuries to the head. You might commit a fatal error!

"The best way to distinguish a fracture from a dislocation is to find out by manipulation where there is motion in the injured part. In dislocation the bone is immovably fixed.

"Many dislocations can be treated successfully on the spot by the sufferer's friends.

"Just a word about street-accidents. Somehow or other, in such cases, one of the crowd is apt to turn out to be a surgeon; but if not, let one be speedily brought. Meanwhile, ask the crowd, with all the respect due to crowds in the latter end of the nineteenth century, to stand back and give the patient air. On a summer day he may do better, for a time, out of doors than in a shop. I put a man on a hand-cart once, and there he remained until the first shock of the accident was dispelled. But I kept the crowd at bay, and as quiet as possible. Nothing is more likely to make a bad case worse than a crowd, crying, 'Do this!' or 'Do that!' round an injured man."

A Horrible Confession.

The Stratford, Vt., child-murderer, Mrs. William Sloan, has just made the following horrible confession to Sheriff Hamilton: "I had started for Vershire, where my brother lives, slipped out the bars in front of a water-course, and there saw the child playing in the water near the culvert. I went back to the house and laid the baby on the bed, then came back and jumped upon the wall. Picking up a post, I struck the child in the face, knocking him down. His head was near the mouth of the culvert. I then grasped him by the leg and shoved him into the culvert. Then I took the post and pushed him in as far as I could. That is all I did."

Mrs. Sloan laughs and appears unconcerned. The child, it will be remembered, was her own.

A daughter of James Young, of [illegible], N. H., was unable to walk for several years. Hearing that all medical remedies had failed to cure her a faith healer, Dr. Baker, visited her and succeeded in relieving her so that she could walk without crutches. Having done this the Doctor offered to marry her, and the two recently wedded.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1886.

YOURS THE CHOICE, GENTLEMEN!

It has not been unseldom that with no wish on their part to injure their opponents or reflect upon the motives by which their political course has been influenced the Conservatives have been compelled to point out to the public that the outcome of Liberal deliverances and Liberal actions too, could have no other effect than if not a weakening of, an assault upon, the foundation principles upon which the Empire was established. Sir John Macdonald has mildly described the position as one of "veiled disloyalty." However, we say fortunately—no matter what Liberalism may profess to think—the mask has been removed, and in presence of Premier Fielding's (of Nova Scotia) programme, endorsed by the majority of Canadian Liberalism (North, South, East and West) we find that the Liberals of Canada are now called upon to swallow the entire dose not of disloyalty to the British Empire alone—with which Sir John Macdonald occasionally twitted them—but of disloyalty to Canada—the land of their adoption, if not of their birth. Liberals were ever ready to affect to be scandalized by even the slightest indication on the part of Conservatives of "looking to Washington;" but they on their part have not only looked in that direction—but have repeatedly announced that they were prepared to flop right over—and not only so, but to be almost greedily ready to subscribe to all and every the galling conditions essential to the assumption of American citizenship.

But to ignore for the moment all bygones, and deal with the time present, what have the Liberals of Canada before them, as have also the Conservatives before them? A choice between a general revelation which could not but have its result the disruption of the entire Dominion, and the strengthening of the bonds by which the provinces of the Dominion are bound together. Premier Fielding unhesitatingly cries "disruption" and what does Liberalism in all the provinces say; but applaud the Nova Scotians for "the manly stand" they have taken in favor of Liberal principles? What may be Liberalism as it exists to-day, but it is not the Liberalism which the late Hon. George Brown and the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, were accustomed to champion. Moreover, we think Sir Richard Cartwright will be inclined to repudiate it. Such Liberalism may be all very well for self-seekers, whose loyalty consists in putting money in their purse; but it is a sorry thing to submit to the approval of men of heart who have in themselves or in their families done or suffered something for their country. It has been charitably suggested that possibly the reason why the Nova Scotians responded so readily to the appeals of Mr. Fielding was because of the losses they had sustained on account of the fisheries. But this is placing upon them an exceedingly low appraisement. Must everything be put upon a basis of dollars and cents? It used to be regarded as an honorable thing for one to make sacrifices for his country, but now-a-days the question seems as if it was, "Is there any way in which I can make more out of it"? Let those who are of this way of thinking take all the comfort they can out of the idea; for, unless we are considerably out of our reckoning, there beats a great heart of Canada that can in no way be regarded as having anything in common with them.

We well remember reading—and the story is by no means a new one—of the occasion upon which the people of Israel were called upon to choose—and that without delay—whom they would serve. We are possibly not transgressing the bounds of propriety when we ask a similar question. The Liberals relieving their platform of all that is not regarded by them as purely ornamental and for purposes of effect, are about to place themselves upon the superstructure of disloyalty in the North-west, in Nova Scotia and elsewhere, and to exhibit as one of its most distinguishing marks the Regina Scaffold, embellished and ornamented with the suspended figure of Louis Riel—the murderer of Scott and the man whose intention was to make the territories such as no man of heart and ordinary human feeling could live in. They propose to exalt that miscreant to the ranks of the martyrs and to call upon the people to join him and his class in a *Te Deum* of Liberalism.

But are the Liberals of this province willing to go that distance—even with the illustrious examples of Mr. Fielding and the Nova Scotians before them? There is now no longer any veiling of treason: it is too potent to be hidden. If Mr. Fielding be true to himself and those who sympathize with him are true to themselves, only a short time can possibly elapse—that is if they bring the people to their way of thinking—before the Canadian Dominion is split up into as many fragments, as, if not more, than it previously was made up of.

This might be a triumph of Liberalism; and so possibly might be the achievement of Mr. Gladstone should he succeed in giving the full force of law to all his Irish proposals. Joshua is credited with having caused the sun to stand still; but should such Home Rule as Mr. Gladstone contemplates be accorded the full force of law, or rather be adopted into the British Constitution, we can conceive, of the by no means distant standing still of the sun of Britain's glory and the world's advancement together with the total and permanent sinking to rise no more of a national and political system that has done more for man and for God than anything the world has yet seen or is ever likely to see. In Great Britain and Ireland even the most Radical of leaders have concluded that the time has arrived when a halt must be called. John Bright, the great British tribune, has declined to go further; Mr. Chamberlain has stentoriously demanded that time be given to consider before additional steps be taken. Many Home Rulers are amazed at the lengths to which Mr. Gladstone has gone; while one and all are only too anxious to have a talk with the people before they consent to become parties to what has been so pressingly forced upon them for decision.

Everywhere there are indications of deviation from the old principle "*in mediis tutissimus*," and in Canada—the Province of Quebec especially—are to be discovered ample reasons for a much more critical testing of public issues than the politicians would have us think of. Railway subsidies say Messrs. Robertson, and Ross; Riel and revolution say Mr. Mercier and his friends. Between these presentations of the case there is no choice. Both constitute unworthy appeals, and outside of them something has to be found that will commend itself. What is it? Is there nothing in the way of economic, judicial, or administrative reform? If there is not, we have utterly misunderstood the situation, and in any event we anticipate that there will be something outside of a covert bribe and of a sectional and national appeal to bring the public to a sense of the duty that they owe to themselves and to the Province. The occassion is a supreme one, for there is now a tide in our affairs which if taken properly will permit of reparation being made for the past and of amendment being inaugurated, but if neglected we must go down and continue to sink until we find that we who were once a people are no longer a people and that by reason of our own faults and apathy.

Why we may ask should Nova Scotia have adopted in majority the secession programme of Mr. Premier Filding? Because the Grits of that section have long been discontented, and with them any cry was good enough to raise against the Conservatives even though that might have—which is extremely unlikely—as the result the breaking up of Confederation. Nova Scotia has on several occasions had "better terms" granted to her. Does she want still more of that kind of thing or what does she want? Severance of the Union is impossible. British Columbia threatened it, but that was all. She was mollified by a few extra concessions and that experience is probably why the Nova Scotians are kicking. It may be that they are dissatisfied with existing Fishery arrangements and Great Britain having signified her intention of having a say in the question. The secessional movement among our Easterly neighbours is nothing short of the most absolute disloyalty; and that can never be tolerated.

Said Lord Salisbury at Leeds very aptly, the other day, "a point that Englishmen should bear in mind is that the measures we are invited to support have not the principle of finality; but by their nature constitute a sliding, greasy slope whereon Ireland may slip into perfect separation which is the end that Parnellities mean to attain." Yes, that's just it, and thin end of the wedge once introduced it is sure to be driven home.

The Imperial Parliament has been prorogued and dissolved, and writs issued for a new election. The Home Rule for Ireland being the leading issue—the Gladstone-Parnell faction being sanguine of success, while those opposed to the Home Rule question are equally confident of success. A couple of weeks will tell the tale which party have been the winners.

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

It is denied that the Canadian Government have changed their policy in regard to the bate and other questions connected with the fishery question, or that the British Government has interfered with or restricted the action of the Canadian Government in the policy adopted by it. No substantial change has taken place in the instructions issued for the enforcement of the statutes enacted for carrying out the provisions of the treaty of 1818, the recent circular to collectors of customs having merely been to make plain certain matters of interpretation. It is now, as it has always been the policy of the Government that any United States fishing vessel found fishing, preparing to fish, or having been fishing, in Canadian waters will be seized at once and without warning.

THE BAIT QUESTION.

Judge Savery recently said the bait question was the key of the whole position, and if we surrendered that we gave up the greatest lever we had, not only for securing a free market for our fish, but general reciprocal trade relations with the United States. Our fishing people are exceedingly anxious to know what position Canada now occupies on the bait question. On the other hand Nova Scotia, by its recent vote for secession, has put a serious damper upon the Dominion Government's energy in protecting the fisheries and doing anything else for the special benefit of this Province.

HO! FOR THE PACIFIC.

The first train of ten cars left the Montreal station for Vancouver on Monday evening at 8 p.m., (20 o'clock, new time) amidst the cheers of the thousands assembled and the booming of the guns of the Field Battery, which fired fifteen rounds outside of the depot. The train was composed of two baggage cars Nos. 319 and 386, mail car 252, first class car 185, sleeper "Yorkohama," emigrant sleepers Nos. 142 and 148, first class car 190, sleeper "Honolulu," and dining car "Holyrood." The train was in charge of conductor R. Cordiff, one of the most reliable men in the Company's service. Every arrangement had been made for the comfort and provision of the passengers, and the appliances are most elaborate, the silver used in the dining car alone being valued at $3,000. On this first trip the dining car will go right through, but afterwards it will be attached at Mattawa and run to Missanabie, a distance of 350 miles, when a freshly provisioned car of the same kind will replace it. The dining cars will thus be run in the different sections, in order to avoid delay in taking on a stock of provisions.

The train passed Lachute at 9.15 p.m., Ottawa at 11.35 p.m., and Carleton Junction, at 12.55 a.m.

The *Gazette* gives the following description of the luxurious fittings of the sleeping and dining cars. "It is no exaggeration to say that the cars are the most beautiful and the most comfortable that have ever run over a railroad track. The sleeping cars are unexcelled for luxurious comfort and refined taste. In the centre are four sofa sections with large windows, and both upper and lower berths are provided with windows and electric bells. The cars are also provided with baths, a luxury which will be much appreciated by travellers on the long journey. There is also a very commodious smoking room fitted with large windows, which affords an excellent means of viewing the magnificent scenery along the road. The woodwork throughout is of solid mahogany, elaborately carved, and the body of the interior is of satinwood, exquisitely inlaid with mother of pearl and brass figures. The ventilators are of colored Venetian glass, of beautiful opalescent hues; the windows are hung with heavy curtains, and the floor is covered with Turkey carpet of the finest manufacture."

COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

[*From the "Canadian Gazette," London, England, June 20, 1886*]

CURRENT NOTES.

As is but natural, the agricultural trophy in the Canadian section continues to receive the special attention of visitors. "This is the best thing in the Exhibition," is a sentence to be heard continually from their lips. The many questions asked of and fully answered by Mr. Crackwell further indicate the deep interest awakened for the majority are not satisfied merely to look and pass on, but wish to be informed as to the locality and conditions of growth of the samples.

The fruit exhibits are also much commented upon, and suggest numerous inquiries of Mr. Starr, who is in charge, as to the possibility of making purchases. Unfortunately this is not yet possible, though later in the year, when the seasons fruit comes in from Canada, a good supply will, it is hoped, be constantly found in the Colonial Market.

The Rev. Dr. James MacGregor, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, is among recent visitors to the court. The Doctor, it will be remembered, accompanied the Marquis of Lorne in his memorable trip across the continent of Canada before the railway had made the western portions so easily accessible. As may be imagined, the Doctor was much pleased with the exhibits, especially those grouped on the agricultural trophy, which he particularly inspected.

Another visitor, Dr. Richard Jones of Acton Hall, Berkeley, Gloucestershire, is known in connection with an ingenious invention to overcome the difficulties in the transit of meat and fruit from the other side of the Atlantic. Dr. Jones, after examining the samples of apples from Ontario and Nova Scotia, expressed his opinion that something might be effected in the importation of cider from Canada. Exportation already takes place from the United States, and provided the difficult of fermentation be overcome, as Dr. Jones is convinced it can be, no hindrance should, he thought, arise to a development of trade in this direction.

But in addition to the opening up of new trade channels, the Exhibition is acting as a wholesale corrective of deficient geography. "I have heard," recently exclaimed a Scotch clergyman, who shall be nameless, "of a place called Winnipeg. Can you kindly tell me if it is in Canada?" Were all visitors as frank in their ignorance as this worthy gentleman, the influence of the Exhibition would be far-reaching indeed.

It is the hope of many that one result of the present meeting of Canadian and Australasian in friendly rivalry may be the creation of an interchange of commodities between their respective parts of the Empire. A step has already been taken in this direction by Messrs. Waitnee, Warne & Co., of Western Australia. This firm, attracted by the excellence of the cheeses of Eastern Canada, have opened up negotiations with T. D. Millar, of Ingersol, Ontario, for the importation of cheese from Canada to Australia, and that enterprising gentleman is now on his way to the Dominion to carry out the arrangement. There are many other commodities capable of taking part in a satisfactory intercolonial trade.

The Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire to be held at the Exhibition on the 8th July will, it is claimed, be the most important commercial congress ever held in any country. The parts of the Empire represented will be—Australasia with no less than thirteen Chambers, Canada with four, China, India, Indo-China, South Africa, with four, British Guiana, the West Indies with three and the British Chamber in Paris. The Canadian delegates will represent respectively the Boards of Trade of Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, and Hamilton. It is to be regretted that Winnipeg and Victoria send no one to speak on their behalf.

The Congress will discuss many questions of vital importance. The first is that of emigration, opened by Mr. Colmer, who will consider it more especially from the point of view of diverting the stream of emigrants to British Colonies; second, postal and telegraphic reform; third, Imperial Federation; fourth, codification and assimilation of the commercial law of the Empire; fifth, State guarantee of war risks, as affecting the security of Anglo-Colonial trade and of vessels and cargoes under the British flag in time of war; sixth, the silver question; and, seventh, bills of lading reform. The inevitable monotony of the discussion forum will be happily relieved by a banquet, concersazione, a reception by the President of the London Chamber, a river excursion, and probably, visits to some large industrial establishments. If the performance comes up to the programme, the London Chamber and its guests will have every reason for congratulation.

In addition to the papers which we recently mentioned as to be read in connection with the Exhibition, Mr. J. G. Colmer, the Secretary of the High Commissioner's office, is to contribute three on topics of interest to Canadians. Before the London Chamber of Commerce Conference, Mr. Colmer will treat of Emigration; before the *Imperial Federation League Conference*, of Immigration and Emigration; and before the Exhibition Conference of the Growth of Canadian Commerce. The dates are not yet fixed.

It is with keen appreciation that Canadians will note the spirited action of the Prince of Wales in the extension of the influence of the Colonial Exhibition. His Royal Highness has already made most desirable arrangements under which the people of the provinces will be readily able to inspect the South Kensington display, and he has now happily inaugurated a scheme whereby "every working man, woman, and child," residing in the metropolitan area, will have an opportunity of visiting the Exhibition at greatly reduced prices from the middle of August until the close of the Exhibition. It is to be hoped that the railway companies will respond in such a way as to ensure the success of the movement.

LONDON, June 17th, 1886.

The last of the exhibits has now come to hand from Canada, in the steamship *Damara*, of the Furness Line, which arrived in dock on Friday last, the 11th inst.

The Lord Mayor's dinner to leading colonists now in London, "to meet H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," takes place on Tuesday, June 29th.

The reception of Mrs. Beeton, wife of the Agent for the Province of British Columbia, "to meet the Marquis of Lorne and the Canadian representatives at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition," takes place from nine to twelve on Saturday, July 3rd.

The Council of the Royal Colonial Institute has intimated its desire to make leading colonists, here in connection with the Exhibition, honorary members of the Institute during their stay in this country. The Freemasons also are mindful of their Colonial brethern, and are at several of the Lodges making arrangements to entertain Colonists.

Among the visitors to the Canadian section last week was a party of four farmers, formerly from the north of Ireland and now settled near London, Ontario. They are now in England to take out a number of horses for agricultural work, the Canadian stock not being in their opinion at present so heavy and suitable for this purpose as English breeds. They report a very early spring in Ontario, and a generally forward state of growth. Fall wheat promises to be excellent this year, though they find raising cattle for export more profitable.

Montreal, June 30th, 1886.

MR. EDITOR.—Some of your business men neglect to reply to letters containing direct business questions. Will you kindly remind such that ordinary courtesy should be extended in business matters as well as in all others.

Yours, BUSINESS.

REPLY TO ANNIE WATSON.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR,—There is a delicacy creeping over me in commencing to reply to a lady, but she claims rather too much credit for all that has been done for the Argenteuil Rangers lately. I worked several weeks devoting every evening exclusively to the interests of the 11th, and am neither a tavern keeper or one who wants to build a convent or parsonage at the expense of the 14th Battalion, whose popularity and enterprise is spoken of as so extensive. I should like to know when, where and how the enterprise of the Battalion has been shewn. If it is as Annie Watson says, the 11th Battalion had nothing to do with getting up the colors or presenting them. In fact the 11th and the whole county of Argenteuil did only a very trifling service in the affair. The ladies of Montreal did it all, even to getting the cars to come to Lachute on the Queen's Birth-day. Now there is no delicacy in all this great parade of the excellencies of the Ladies Committee of Montreal; but it does not show any proof of the enterprise of the 11th Battalion. There is rather an unfair accusation against Lachute people. Why! only for Lachute there would have been no excursion, for it was the influence of Lachute people that was brought to bear on the Hon. Mr. Abbott, that secured the cars to come here in, and the ladies of Lachute worked hard to canvass for the color fund, and on the 24th May did all in their power to provide refreshments for the people who might otherwise have gone hungry. The Lachute people have done nobly, got up concerts, collected money, given money, and in every way helped to make the Battalion popular and enterprising and did nearly three times as much as St. Andrews, and are willing to give all due credit to the Montreal ladies for what they have done, and St. Andrews ladies too, but do not like unfair comparisons. The Lachute people took no undue advantage of the Battalion, which can be proven if necessary. They considered they were doing a good work in providing refreshments *free to all Montreal volunteers in uniform*. They did not know but there would be 500 or a 1000 of them. They were also of opinion that they were doing a work praise-worthy by all, when they devoted the profits of the refreshment tables to the churches. If the colors had been presented in the county where they should have been presented, no matter in what part of it, the people of the county would have been more satisfied, and there is no accounting for the reason the ladies of Montreal ordained otherwise, for it seems they did all the guiding, all the work, and should have all the honor.

B. M.

ELECTION FORECASTS.

NEW YORK, June 26.—A London special to the *Mail* and *Express* says:—The present aspect of the election campaign is decidedly in favor of the Unionists. It is impossible, while the nominations are still being made, to give any figures that are reliable. In some boroughs a Conservative and anti-Home Rule Liberal are to stand against each other are without any opponent of Gladstone's party. In some a Gladstone candidate is opposed by either a Conservative or a Unionist Liberal. In others, three candidates are in the field, there are even instances in which the battle is yielded to a single candidate without opposition. This confused state of things, the uncertainty which still exists in a few boroughs as to the sentiment of a majority of the Liberals and the probability of new candidates being put up at the last moment, render an absolute calculation out of the question. The reports of the Gladstone election agents in the provinces are anything but satisfactory to the party managers. They do not express confidence in the result of the elections but simply state facts within their observation. The Tories and Unionists on the other hand are certain of victory and all the news of their general standing is encouraging. Much depends on whether Gladstone will make a more definite statement than he has yet made of his platform of fresh legislation on the affairs of Ireland. If he should announce his decisive abandonment of his land purchase bill and should promise Imperial protection to Ulster in the event of a Parliament being established in College Green, he would secure the adhesion of the Scotch Liberals who are now against him. Their defection is the greatest peril which he has to encounter and is almost absolutely certain to defeat him unless they are conciliated. The Unionists already calculate that the election will result in the seating of 390 of their faith, against 280 Home Rulers.

Mr. Parnell's reception at Portsmouth was an unexpected success. It was the first time he had ever addressed an English political meeting and the result justified the step. All his points were cheered and he was personally liked.

LORD RANDOLPH ON THE STUMP.

LONDON, June 26.—Lord Randolph Churchill opened the campaign at Paddington to-night in a two hour's speech. The meeting hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. Lord Randolph defended his election address which has been so much criticised.

Every word, he said, was gospel truth. He sat down to write it with the resolution to tell the truth and shame the devil. Mr. Gladstone's schemes, he continued, placed the Government in the hands of a Catholic Celtic peasantry, under the control of American adventurers and an unscrupulous fanatical priesthood. He had nothing to say to the American dynamite and dagger faction, but to offer the old English challenge:—"Come on. Our prisons are large, and rope is cheap. We have plenty of amateur hangmen," he declared, "and for the first victim of dynamite or the dagger we have scores of avengers. When the first Englishman falls the lives and persons of the dynamiters and their allies will be placed at the mercy of an angry and outraged people." Lord Randolph concluded by comparing Gladstone with Nebuchadnezzar.

Lord Hartington made a long speech at Paisley to-night. He confined himself to the Ulster question and the alleged contradiction in Morley's and Gladstone's utterances.

Mr. Morley, speaking at Newcastle, denied that there were any contraditions in his own or Gladstone's statements. He said some sort of land scheme was certainly a part of their programme, because England was answerable for the existing system but any scheme proposed would be subject to modification.

THE ULSTER MEN'S ADDRESS.

LONDON, June 26.—The Liberal Unionists of Ulster have issued this address:—To the people of the United Kingdom.

As Irishmen, we regret that we find ourselves in opposition to so many of our countrymen. As Liberals we regret that we are compelled to reject the proposals of our long trusted leader. We are driven to this attitude through simple adherence to the principles of Liberalism. For us the maintenance of the Union meant the assurance of our future. Under the union Ulster, once the bleakest and most sterile, has become the most cultivated, prosperous and law-abiding province of Ireland, second to none in loyalty to the Queen. We protest against Mr. Gladstone's policy. It is ruinous to the best interests of the country. It is already breaking up mercantile confidence, depreciating Irish securities, and driving capital by wholesale out of the country. The Ulster Liberals believe that there is an alternative policy. At its root lies such a thorough comprehensive settlement of the land question as will lead naturally and gradually to a widespread system of occupying ownership in the country. With such a settlement agrarian outrages will disappear and the way will be open for the development of local government. We appeal with confidence to our brethern in England and Scotland to support us in this supreme crisis.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER
IS RECOMMENDED BY
Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Work-shops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals, —in short, everybody everywhere who has ever given it a trial.
TAKEN INTERNALLY MIXED WITH A WINE GLASS OF HOT MILK AND SUGAR, IT WILL BE FOUND A NEVER FAILING CURE FOR
SUDDEN COLDS, CHILLS, CONGESTION OR STOPPAGE OF CIRCULATION, CRAMPS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, SUMMER AND BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SORE THROAT, &c.
APPLIED EXTERNALLY, EXPERIENCE HAS PROVEN IT THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND BEST LINIMENT ON EARTH IN REMOVING THE PAIN ARISING FROM
SPRAINS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SWELLED FACE, TOOTHACHE, BURNS, FROST BITES, &c., &c.
25cts. per Bottle.
Beware of Imitations.

CAMPBELL'S
TONIC ELIXIR
This agreeable yet potent preparation is especially adapted for the relief and cure of that class of disorders attendant upon a low or reduced state of the system, and usually accompanied by Pallor, Weakness and Palpitation of the Heart. Prompt results will follow its use in cases of Sudden Exhaustion arising from Loss of Blood, Acute or Chronic Diseases, and in the weakness that invariably accompanies the recovery from Wasting Fevers. No remedy will give more speedy relief in Dyspepsia or Indigestion. For Impoverished Blood, Loss of Appetite, Despondency, and in all cases where an EFFECTIVE AND CERTAIN STIMULANT is required, the ELIXIR will be found INVALUABLE.
Price $1 per Bottle or Six Bottles for $5
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited)
SOLE AGENTS,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

BRISTOL'S PILLS
The Infallible Remedy
FOR ALL Affections of the Liver and Kidneys.

CAMPBELL'S
CATHARTIC COMPOUND
CAMPBELL'S Cathartic COMPOUND
is effective in small doses, acts without griping, does not occasion nausea, and will not create irritation and congestion as do many of the usual cathartics administered in the form of Pills, &c.
Ladies and Children having the most sensitive stomachs take this medicine without trouble or complaint.
CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND is especially adapted for the cure of
LIVER COMPLAINTS AND BILIOUS DISORDERS.
FOR ACID STOMACH AND LOSS OF APPETITE.
FOR SICK HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA.
FOR CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.
FOR ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM A DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH
This medicine being in liquid form, the dose can be easily regulated to meet the requirements of different persons, thus making it equally well adapted to the use of the little child as to the adult. Put up in three ounce bottles, and sold by all dealers in family medicines.
Price Retail, 25 Cents.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A statement of the receipts and payments of the Province of Quebec, from all sources from the close of the last fiscal year (30th June 1885) to the 1st May of the present year, shows that the total receipts for the ten months of the current year were $3,211,735.57, of which $500,000 came from temporary loans from the Caisse d'Economie and Bank of Montreal, and that the total receipts for the same period were $3,670,869.90, including $450,000 repaid for temporary loans to the Bank of Montreal. The chief receipts for the ten months were Crown Lands, $455,789.10, licenses, $227,165; law stamps, $154,055; Montreal gaol from broken stone, $11,039; municipalities towards maintenance of lunatics, $16,148; *Official Gazette*, $16,762; municipal loan fund, $20,861; registration stamps, $14,492; interest on price of Q. M. O. & O. Railway, $370,109. The principal payments were:—Public debt, $795,381; legislation, $145,742; civil government, $167,914; justice, $356,167; police, $13,615; reformatories, $55,000; education, $344,735; agriculture, $74,621; immigration, $7,854, colonization, $151,000; public works and buildings, $76,882; charities, $247,880; royal commission *re* Q., M., O. & O. Railway, $7,405; agent in France, $2,333; Crown lands, $121,000; *Official Gazette*, $10,628; stamps, licenses, $11,535; Civil Service pension fund, $14,028; new Parliament Buildings, $32,881; new Quebec Court House, $63,007; subsidies to Lake St John Railway, $198,875; to Pontiac and Pacific Junction Railway, $117,788; Quebec Central Railway Guarantee deposit, $64,387.

The supplementary estimates of the Province are as follows:—$132,480 including $5,000 for Provincial Health Board; $6,000 for Colonial Exhibition; $6,000 a year for five years, to establish a provincial shed; $1,000 towards a vaccine farm; $1,000 to the Montreal Botanical Garden, provided fifty acres of Land are furnished; $3,000 a year for four years, to the Berthier Beet Sugar Factory; $80,000 additional for colonization roads; $1,400 as a grant to the Hotel Dieu, Montreal; $25,000 towards the protection of forests against fire; half to be reimbursed by limit owners; and $3,000, including the $1,000 already voted to sufferers by the Hull fire.

ALL WELL PLEASED.—The children like Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and parents rejoice over its virtues.

NOTICE.
TO BUIDERS AND PARTIES REQUIRING LUMBER, go to Lachute Saw Mills where you will find a very large and complete stock of Pine, Spruce, Hemlock, Tamarack and Cedar. Long timber in Spruce and Tamarack cut to order. Also a quantity of Hardwood Lumber, dressed flooring and sawed Shingles kept in Stock.
Large quantities of mixed lumber to be sold at Six Dollars per thousand.
P. & A. MACGIBBON,
41-3 m Lachute Mills.

WATCHES & JEWELLERY.
BEST ASSORTMENT IN TOWN
SPRING STOCK JUST ARRIVED.
Prices moderate and all Goods warranted for what they are sold for.
—ALSO—
REPAIRS DONE IN FIRST CLASS STYLE.
T. JOUSSE,
Watchmaker,
Old Stand Opposite Post Office.
Lachute.

"Steam Carriage Factory."
(ESTABLISHED 1851.)
Call and see the large stock of CARRIAGES at the *Old* and *Reliable Stand* of DUDDERIDGE & MITCHELL, comprising *Buggies* of all descriptions, light single do., open and with tops—*Lumber Wagons*, heavy and light, suitable to all tastes—*Carts*, in almost every variety—*Buck Boards*—*Cart Wheels*—several very fine *Express Wagons*—*Wheel Barrows etc.* This is the largest assortment of vehicles and the greatest variety ever offered for sale in this County, and are at greatly reduced prices.
OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING:
Buggies from $50.00 upward.
Steel Springed Carts, $35.00.
Lumber Wagons, $65.00, with Steel Spring Seat.
All Whiffletrees, Neck Yokes, etc., complete.
Canadian Carts, $23 00 to $26.00
Iroped Cart Wheels, $12.00.
All work made from best materials, come and examine our stock of seasoned lumber, the only time that lumber can be judged (as to quality) is before painting, even an expert will be deceived after the paint is laid on.
Repairing of all Carriages done promptly, also trimming and painting of Buggies etc.
Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, will find it to your advantage as everything is *cheap*. Don't fail to examine this immense stock.
DUDDERIDGE & MITCHELL.
Lachute, April 30th, 1886. 35-3 m

HAGYARD'S
YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

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

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS.
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.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

WORTHY
Of Confidence.
AYER'S Sarsaparilla is a medicine that, during nearly 40 years, in all parts of the world, has proved its efficacy as the best blood alterative known to medical science.
SARSAPARILLA (extracted from the root of the genuine Honduras Sarsaparilla) is its base, and its powers are enhanced by the extracts of Yellow Dock and Stillingia, the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and other potent ingredients.
IS your blood vitiated by derangements of the digestive and assimilatory functions? is it tainted by Scrofula? or does it contain the poison of Mercury or Contagious Disease?
THE leading physicians of the United States, who know the composition of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, say that nothing else so good for the purification of the blood is within the range of pharmacy.
ONLY by the use of this remedy is it possible for a person who has corrupted blood to attain sound health and prevent transmission of the destructive taint to posterity.
THOROUGHLY effective renovation of the system must include not only the removal of corruption from the blood, but its enrichment and the strengthening of the vital organs.
RELIABLE witnesses, all over the world, testify that this work is better accomplished by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA than by any other remedy.
BLOOD that is corrupted through disease is made pure, and blood weakened through diminution of the red corpuscles is made strong, by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.
PURIFYING the blood and building up the system require time in serious cases, but benefit will be derived from the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA more speedily than from anything else.
MEDICINE for which like effects are falsely claimed, is abundant in the market, under many names, but the only preparation that has stood the test of time, and proved worthy of the world's confidence, is
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

Plants for Sale.
TOMATOES
CABBAGE,
RED CABBAGE,
CAULIFLOWERS,
SCOTCH KALE,
CELERY,
TOBACCO,
PEPPER,
LETTUCE.
R. T. MANLEY,
Lachute Mills.

Large Assortment of Goods
FOR
Spring Trade
NOW ON HAND.
ALL KINDS OF
Household Furniture
Of the Best Quality,
AND
Lowest Prices.
One uniform Price.
West End Furniture Store,
R. T. MANLEY.

LACHUTE
Flour Mills.
THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR
STRONG BAKER'S FLOUR
OGILVIES BEST
ROLLER FLOUR
ALWAYS ON HAND.
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, April 24th, 1885. 251y

The Bain Wagon
IS THE
Farmers Favorite
AND THE
HORSES FRIEND.
BECAUSE
It is the lightest running wagon made.
BECAUSE
It is made in the most careful manner, from the best selected seasoned timber.
BECAUSE
The wheels, before the tire is put on, are thoroughly saturated in boiling linseed oil, which is a sure preventive of loose tires.
BECAUSE
The patent arms made by the Bain Wagon Co. are superior to those made by other makers.
BECAUSE
Every wagon is inspected in all its parts by one of the members of the company before being sent out.
BECAUSE
It is just as represented every time.
BECAUSE
The undersigned will sell it cheaper than any other wagon "of the same quality" can be sold.
ANDREW BOA,
Lachute, Que.

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

VETERINARY.
Mr. M. A. PICHE,
LICENTIATE OF THE
MONTREAL VETINARY SCHOOL
Has opened his Vetinary Office at T. Jousse's Jewellery Store, Right Opposite Post Office, Lachute.
He is now ready to attend to all diseases of Domestic Animals.
Special care given to Surgical Operations, the latest instruments in use.
He with confidence solicits a share of Public Patronage.
M. A. PICHE, V.S.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Prints.—S. Carsley
Keep quiet a few days.—H. P. Hubbard
Cook Stoves.—McOuat & McRae
Worthy.—Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co
The Best.—Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co

LOCAL.

MONEY TO LOAN
IN SUMS OF
$1,000 and upwards on first-class farm property.
Apply to
R. G. MEIKLE.

Surgeon Dentist Stackhouse requests us to say that he will hereafter be at Lachute from the 10th to the 18th of each month, instead of from the 13th to the 18th.

McGregor's Speedy Cure.

It is popularly admitted everywhere that McGregor's Speedy Cure is the safest, most reliable and by far the cheapest remedy for Constipation, Liver Complaint Indigestion, Impure Blood, Loss of Appetite, and all similar troubles. It is not necessary to take a great quantity before any result is produced. A few doses will convince you of its merits. Trial bottle given free at T. Christie's Drug Store, Lachute.

Ex-Mayor Beaudry of Montreal is dead.

Cholera Preventative.

In order to withstand Cholera and such like epidemics a perfect purity of blood, and the proper action of the stomach are required. To insure that end, in the cheapest, most available and complete manner, use McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia and impure Blood. There is no purer, safer or more reliable remedy in existence for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, etc. Ask your neighbor or any person who has used it Sold by T. Christie, Druggist, Lachute, Trial bottle given free.

The Grand Trunk Express, with the English mails, made the run between Quebec and Montreal on Sunday, a distance of 173 miles, in four hours and twenty minutes, or an average of about forty miles an hour.

Rev. J. G. Fallis, Dutton, certifies: "For some years my wife has been troubled with Dyspepsia, and has tried one thing after another recommended with but little or no effect till advised to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. Since taking the first bottle I have noticed a decided improvement, and can with confidence recommend it to be one of, if not the best medicine extant for Dyspepsia. This invaluable medicine for Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Kidney Complaint, is purely vegetable. Sold at T. Christie's Drug store. Trial bottle given free.

PLEASANT ROOMS and good board for the season at reasonable rates.
MRS. MASSIAH,
East End, Lachute.

For Dyspepsia and Liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Catarrh Cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

The cities and towns are nobly responding to the call for relief of Vancouver sufferers. Lachute should not be backward in coming forward with its cotta of aid also.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

FARMERS

Say where you can get repairing done.
Steel Plows,
Steel Harrows,
Land Rollers,
Grubbers,
Cultivators,
Seeders.
CHEAP AND GOOD.
McOUAT & McRAE.

—Sir John Macdonald attended a picnic in Nagle's grove, on the shores of Lake Mississippi, South Lanark, on the 29th ult. He was accompanied by Hon. Messrs. Thompson and Foster, and Messrs John Haggart, M.P., D. Macmaster, M.P., Jameison, M. P., Baskerville, M. P. P., and many prominent gentlemen. Sir John on his arrival on the ground received a grand ovation from over two thousand people. Speeches were made by Sir John, Messrs. Thompson, Foster, and Haggart.

DANGEROUS FITS are often caused by worms. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy worms.

AROUSE THE LIVER when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-bilious cathartic, sugar-coated.

11th Battalion of Infantry, "Argenteuil Rangers," No 8 Company, Chatham, to be second Lieutenant, Sergeant William Williamson, S. I., (1st B) Vice Sitlington promoted.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Summer Heat, Eruptions and general toilet purposes use Low's Sulphur Soap

From Regina we learn that the prospects are of an abundant harvest in the Northwest. One correspondent writes us to say that nothing could exceed the growth of all kinds of grain and root crops. "I saw myself, a sample of barley, brought in by a farmer from Belgona, which measured two feet five inches, and I doubt if a better specimen could be produced in Quebec or Ontario."

No injurious effects can follow the use of Ayer's Ague Cure in the treatment of malarial diseases. It contains, besides a specific and unfailing antidote for miasmatic poison, other remedial agents which unite to expel the poisonous humors, purify the system, and leave it in a healthy and reinvigorating condition.

In no other medicinal preparation have the results of the most intelligent study and scientific inquiry been so steadily and progressively utilized as in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases.

For sale cheap, a first class Mowing Machine, as good as new. Owner purchased it just previous to selling his farm. Apply to,
LIEUT.-COL. SIMPSON,
44-3 in Lachute.

Five Years of Torture.

Mrs. U. Aston, of Bracebridge, writes to say that Burdock Blood Bitters cured her of headaches, from which she had suffered for five years, all other means having failed.

Easily Cured.

Mrs. Berkinshaw, 26 Pembroke St., Toronto, cured of a bad lameness of the knee joint, upon which the surgeons were about to operate. Other treatment had been tried in vain. Hagyards Yellow Oil was the remedy used.

CHEAP PROPERTY.—Mr. W. J. Todd merchant, has bought the property in which he is doing business, the house adjoining, the land in rear of the same, as well as the water lot in front of store on which the weigh scales are, which are also included in the purchase, for the unprecedently low figure of twenty-two hundred dollars.

Compelled to Yield.

Obstinate skin diseases, humors of the blood, eruptions and old sores are cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, which purify and regulate all the secretions.

After Twenty Three Years Suffering.

Rev. Wm. Stout, Wiarton, was cured of scrofulous abscess that seventeen doctors could not cure. Burdock Blood Bitters was the only successful remedy. It cures all impurities of the blood.

In the case pending during the past year in the Superior Court (Ste. Scholastique) between Mr. Robert Bannerman, Rope Manufacturer, and Messrs. Hamelin & Ayrs, Woollen Manufacturers, regarding the place where a certain quantity of water power purchased by Bannerman from Hamelin & Ayrs was to be taken or supplied, judgment was rendered on the 28th ult., favoring the pretention of Messrs. Hamelin & Ayers. The judgment *verbatum* will appear in our next issue. We understand Mr. Bannerman is taking the case to the Court of Appeals.

A Golden Opinion.

Mrs. Wm. Allan, of Acton declares that Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best household remedy in the world for colds, croup, sore throat, burns, scalds and other painful complaints. Her opinion is well founded.

Are You Made miserable by Indigestion Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

Alfred B. C. Selwyn, director of the geological survey of Canada, and ex-Senator Fabre, Commissioner in France for Canada, have been created companions of the order of St. Michael and St. George, in recognition of their services at the Colonial Exhibition.

Will You Suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

For Lame Back Side, or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 Cents.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

TWENTY FOUR O'CLOCK.—The new time introduced by the C. P. R., on Monday last, effects some considerable change in the manner of counting the hours. When new clock are made to strike 21 times, how shall we ever get to sleep at 22 or 23 o'clock if we wait till the clock stops striking? Then if we do not keep pretty wide awake how can we keep track of the strikes? We fear there will be great confusion about the long hours to know what time it is.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.—T. CHRISTIE, Druggist, Lachute.

Why can't Lachute boys get up a Lacrosse Club? The game is a healthy and inspiriting one. So is cricket. Both of these might be successfully prosecuted by our young men in their leisure moments. Other places of less note than Lachute have their Lacrosse and Cricket Clubs.

A Midnight Alarm.

There is scarcely any fright more alarming to a mother than the ominous sound of croup—so liable at the hour of night. When Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam (for the throat and lungs) is at hand, roup and distressing coughs lose half their terrors. It cures coughs, asthma and bronchitis.

—Count Gazzoli, the garde noble of His Holiness Pope Leo. XIII., who is the bearer of the Cardinal's cap to Cardinal Tachereau, arrived at Quebec on the morning of the 29th ult. He was met at the C. P. R. station by Grand Vicar Legare and by Rev. C. A. Marvis, Secretary to the Cardinal, and at once proceeded to the St. Louis Hotel in the Cardinal's equipage.

A notice of a Teacher's Institute appeared in our columns in one of our late issues. Since its publication we have been informed that committees have been struck to canvass among our residents, to ask them to throw open their doors to the teachers on the occasion of their visit here on July 20th and three following days, and we would earnestly and heartily urge our fellow citizens to accede to their request. The object of the Institute is to teach teachers who have not had the privilege and advantage of a normal school training. At the convention held here three years ago, it was resolved to shorten the session of the McGill normal school by one month, to enable the staff, which comprises the leading educationists of the Province, to carry on this work. This resolution was carried into effect and our country teachers should hail with delight the idea of an Institute being held in our county. The meeting here will be composed of teachers belonging to inspector McGregor's district. We trust then our citizens will sustain their well known reputation for hospitality, and respond cordially to the call made upon them by the committee having the charge of billeting our visitors.

LACHUTE ACADEMY.

The distribution of prizes purchased by the bequest of Mr. Jno Meikle took place on Wednesday the 30th ult., at 2 p.m. The Board of School Commissioners and friends of education in the community were present and distributed the books to the successful pupils. In the Academic Department the following have gained distinction and prizes.

GRADE I. (First year.)

*Mariah Strong, 855 marks 1st prize, general Proficiency and Punctuality.
Hannah Shepherd, 840 marks, 2nd prize, General Proficiency and Punctuality.
Lillie Stackhouse, 745 marks, 3rd prize, general Proficiency.
*Ida Geegan, 735 marks } equal. 4th prize,
John Strong, 735 marks } General Proficiency.
Lizzie Creswell, 715 marks, 6th prize.
Gilbert Christie, 680 marks, 7th prize.
Peter Lafleur, prize in French, Euclid and History.
*Emillie Beaulue, prize in French.

GRADE II, (Second year)

Harry Barron, prize for best general average, having taken perfect marks in ten subjects.
Robt. Meikle, 1185 marks, 1st prize for general Proficiency.
Maggie Barron 1155 marks } equal
*Maggie Clarke 1155 marks }

GRADE III, (3rd year.)

Maggie Shepherd, 1450 marks, 1st prize General Proficiency.
Julia Armstrong, 1430 marks, 2nd prize, General Proficiency.

Both of these young ladies obtained 1st class Model School Diplomas before the Board of Examiners at its meeting in May past.

Chas. D. Meikle, 1370 marks, Passed Matriculation Examination of Board of College of Physicians and Surgeons at its meeting in May.
Robert Barron, 1280 marks.
Levi Moore, 1265 marks, passed the late examination for the Certificate of Associate in Arts.

The past session of Lachute Academy has been an exceptionally successful one. Two of its pupils obtained 1st class Elementary and two Model School Diplomas from the Board of Examiners last November; while in May, four obtained Elementary and two 1st class Model School Diplomas; one candidate was enabled to pass the Medical Matriculation, and one the A. A. Examination. It is earnestly hoped that those who obtained Diplomas this session will return and study for higher diplomas as this will redound to the credit of the school and themselves, as with two or three diplomas situations are more easily secured and better salaries obtained.

*Obtained Elementary Diplomas in May.

The prize lists of the other schools will be published next week.

FROM SHREWSBURY.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

Where are your town sportsmen? If you have any, send them to this place; for here are to be found many of the Bruin race; so much so, that as Joshua Macdonald of this locality was going to the pasture for his cows on Tuesday, the 22nd ult., he met with four of the above named animals; and at the time having no dog or gun with him, he put the organs of respiration to work, and that as loud as the fog whistle of the gulf of St. Lawrence, and that with good results, as it brought Mr. Henry Riley within a thrice that captured the whole group. While Mr. Macdonald was waiting for help, he managed to tree three of them, thus leaving the field to Mr. Macdonald and old bruin. At this critical moment it would be hard to say whether it would be Mr. Macdonald or his black combatant would be the next treed—for bruin put for him two or three times—but in the nick of time the above named help arrived and the result was, as above described.

I am Sir,
Yours, Cor.

Shrewsbury, June 29th, 1886.

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS.—*La Justice* of Quebec, says that it learns from a reliable source that the Provincial elections will come off early this month, the nominations being fixed for the 9th.

Keep Quiet a Few Days.
London Times

This is what the good doctor and kind friends say time and again to those whose nerves are all unstrung, worn out with labor and care, sleepless nights, poor appetites, unable to digest the little they do eat, and a general miserableness all over.

There is no doubt about the advice being good, but how many of the suffering thousands can follow it? Not one in twenty! The clergyman who keeps together a large congregation; the man that manages an important business; the poor man with his family to support, as well as the Wife who presides over the rich man's household, seeing that everything is complete and in order; or the mother who cannot afford a nurse, and is broken up by a fretful baby must all go on, notwithstanding the advice to

Keep Quiet a Few Days.

What then are you to do? To go on seems certain death. And drop all cares you cannot; the road looks dark, but 'tis before day. Will and determination have much to do with our existence Never give up. Study to find where you have gone against Nature the hardest, and abandon all things possible that do you harm. Yet you will find it necessary at times to depend on a good reliable medicine to help you out. Hops are a good nervine and tonic; Podophylin is cathartic and liver regulator; Buchu acts on the kidneys and urinary organs.

These, properly combined with other ingredients, have proved the greatest medicine ever prepared, and known throughout the world as Hop Bitters.

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.

PRINTS
DRILLETTES
CHAMBRAYS
SATEENS
GINGHAMS

Buy now. 200 patterns of rich and rare novelties put to stock this morning. All new patterns, not having been shown before this season. Prices low.

S. CARSLEYS.

GINGHAMS
SATEENS
CHAMBRAYS
DRILLETTES
PRINTS

200 patterns of good quality Prints just put to stock. Patterns the best and latest. Come and see them. Now is the time to buy. Prices the lowest.

S. CARSLEY'S.

CRAZY CLOTH
WASHING MATERIALS
CREPE CLOTH
WASHING MATERIALS
BOUCLE COTTONS
WASHING MATERIALS

200 new patterns put to stock this morning. Colors fast, quality the best, styles very choice, designs elegant and prices the lowest.

S. CARSLEY'S.

CASHMERETTES
WASHING MATERIALS
LLAMAETTES
WASHING MATERIALS
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Go to S. Carsley's for Prints
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JONAS BROOKS & BROS.

Parties requiring the very best Sewing Cotton, for Hand or Machine use, should ask for Brooks' Spool Cotton. It is the popular sewing Cotton in England for manufacturing purposes and private use, and has been for generations past. Ever since Messrs. Brooks & Bros. have reduced the price to the same as ordinary spool cotton the demand has kept steadily increasing.

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

The following letter was received by R Dudderidge, Esq., Mayor of Lachute, and shows how the 5th Royal Scots appreciated the manner in which they were used here on the 24th of May.

MONTREAL, June 10th, 1886.

To the Mayor and Committee of Games and Sports held at Lachute on the 24th May, 1886.

The Tug of War team of the 5th Royal Scots of Canada beg to acknowledge the receipt of the very handsome Cup, presented to them by you, and to tender their sincere thanks for the same, and for the very hospitable manner in which they were treated during their short stay there. Wishing you every success, I have the honor to remain sir,

Your Obedient servant,
W. GOLDSACK, Sec.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday June 28th, trains will leave Lachute as follows:—

GOING WEST.—8.50 a.m., 10.15 a.m. 7.43 p.m.

GOING EAST.—6.56 a.m., 11.08 a.m., 7.07 p.m.

In new time bill of C. P. R., the Winnipeg express has been changed and will hereafter be attached to the Toronto train which leaves Montreal at 8 p.m.

Hay it was reckoned would be a short crop this year, owing to a great part being winter killed. The recent rain, however, will materially help it, and it will not be so bad a crop after all. The root crops are looking well, and from present indications there is every prospect of an abundant harvest.

Brigade Camp, Richmond.

The Argenteuil Rangers arrived in camp on Saturday evening, and commenced musketry instruction on Monday under the orders of Captain Thomas, musket instructor. The brigade orders are very strict, and are as follows:—

Non-commissioned officers and soldiers must not leave camp except when required to do so on duty or by permission of their commanding officer, and no soldier will be allowed to visit the town without a pass.

All soldiers must be regimentally dressed when out of camp, with waist belts on, and without side arms. Any soldier found out of camp improperly dressed will be taken up by the camp police. No officer will be permitted to live or sleep out of camp.

Reveille will sound at 5 o'clock a.m. Dress bugle at 5 45 a.m. Retreat at sunset. Tattoo at 9 p.m., last post at 9.30. Lights out at 10 o'clock, after which the camp must be perfectly quiet.

Guards are at all times to apprehend and confine soldiers in the vicinity of their post, who may be drunk or otherwise disorderly.

The main guard will consist of 1 subaltern, 1 sergeant, 1 corporal, and 12 men, to be detailed in brigade orders daily.

The inlaying pickets will consist of one non-commissioned officer and six men for infantry corps, and one non-commissioned officer and three men for cavalry and artillery. These pickets will be under the orders of the field officer of the day. They will assemble on the general parade ground at retreat for inspection by the field officer of the day and brigade sergeant-major. The general parade ground will be the brigade alarm post.

Any soldier found trespassing on the fields under cultivation in the vicinity of the camp will have to make good any damage done thereto.

Men will be permitted to bathe and wash their clothes in the stream below the point where the horses are watered, but not above it.

Officers are directed to make themselves acquainted with the general orders relative to annual drill this year, which must be strictly adhered to.

When practicable, all men must be medically inspected previous to leaving their own regimental headquarters. Surgeons of corps on arrival in camp, are directed to inspect those who have not been previously inspected, and any men found physically unfit must be sent back to their homes at once.

Veterinary surgeons will inspect all horses, reporting at once to their respective commanding officers if they find any unfit for duty.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN WALES ABOUT A MARVELLOUS CURE. LIVING SIX YEARS WITHOUT GOING TO BED.

MR. EDITOR.—While spending a few days at the pleasant seaside town of Aberystwith, Cardiganshire, Wales, I heard related what seemed to me either a fabulous story or a marvellous cure.

The story was that of a poor sufferer who had not been able to lie down in bed for six long years, given up to die by all the Doctors, had been speedily cured by some Patent Medicine. It was related with the more implicit confidence from the circumstances, as was said, that the Vicar of Llanrystyd was familiar with the facts, and could vouch for the truth of the report.

Having a little curiosity to know how such stories grow in travelling, I took the liberty while at the village of Llanrystyd to call upon the Vicar, the Rev. T. Evans, and to enquire about this wonderful cure. Though a total stranger to him, both he and his wife most graciously entertained me in a half hour's conversation, principally touching the case of Mr. Pugh, in which they seemed to take a deep and sympathetic interest, having been familiar with his sufferings, and now rejoiced in what seemed to them a most remarkable cure.

The Vicar remarked that he presumed his name had been connected with the report from his having mentioned the case to Mr. John Thomas, a chemist of Llanon. He said Mr. Pugh was formerly a resident of their parish, but was now living in the parish of Llanddeinol.

He strongly vouched Mr. Wm. Pugh's character as a respectable farmer and worthy of credit. I left the venerable Vicar with a livelier sense of the happy relation of a pastor and people, feeling that he was one who truly sympathized with all who are afflicted in mind, body, or estate.

On my return to Aberystwith, I was impressed with a desire to see Mr. Pugh, whose reputation stood so high. His farm is called Pancom-Mawr, signifying "above the dingle," situated near the summit of a smooth round hill, overlooking a beautiful valley in which is situated the lovely ivy-mantled Church of Llanddeinol. I found Mr. Pugh, apparently about 40 years old, of medium height, rather slight, with a pleasant and intelligent face. I told him I had heard of his great affliction and of his remarkable and almost miraculous relief, and that I had come to learn from his own lips, what there was of truth in the reports.

Mr. Pugh remarked that his neighbours had taken a kindly and sympathetic interest in his case for many years, but of late their interest had been greatly awakened by a happy change in his condition. What you report as having heard abroad, said he, is substantially true, with one exception. I never understood that my case was ever given up as hopeless by any physician. I have been treated by several Doctors hereabouts, as good as any in Wales, but unfortunately no prescription of theirs ever brought the desired relief.

Fifteen years ago, he said I first became conscious of a sour and deranged stomach and loss of appetite, which the Doctors told me was Dyspepsia. What food I could hold in my stomach seemed to do me no good and was often thrown up with painful retchings. This followed after a time with a hoarseness and a raw soreness of the throat which the Doctors called bronchitis, and I was treated for that, but with little success. Then came shortness of breath and a sense of suffocation, especially nights, with clammy sweat, and I would have to get out of bed and sometimes open a door or window in winter weather to fill my lungs with the cold air.

About six years ago I became so bad that I could not sleep in bed, but had to take my uneasy rest and dreamy sleep sitting in an armchair. My affliction seemed to be working downward into my bowels as well as upwards into my lungs and throat. In the violent coughing spasms which grew more frequent, my abdomen would expand and collapse and at times it would seem that I should suffocate. All this time I was reduced in strength so that I could perform no hard labour and my spirits were consequently much depressed.

Early in this last spring I had a still more severe spasmodic attack, and my family and neighbours became alarmed, believing that certainly I would not survive, when a neighbour, who had some knowledge, or had heard of the medicine, went to Aberystwith by the driver of the Omnibus Post, some seven miles distant, and fetched a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

This medicine they administered to me according to the directions, when to their surprise and delight, no less than my own, the spasm ceased. I became at ease, and my stomach was calmed. My bowels were moved as by a gentle cathartic, and I felt a sense of quiet comfort all through such as I had not before realized in many years. I could walk around the house and breathe comfortably in a few hours after I had taken the medicine. I have continued to take the medicine daily now for something over two months, and I can lay down and sleep sweetly at nights and have not since had a recurrence of those terrible spasms and sweatings. I have been so long broken down and reduced in my whole system that I have not tried to perform any very hard out-door labour, deeming it best to be prudent, lest by over exertion I may do myself injury before my strength is fully restored. I feel that my stomach and bowels have been and are being thoroughly renovated and renewed by the medicine. In fact I feel like a new man.

I have been much congratulated by my neighbours, especially by the good Vicar of Llanrystyd, who with his sympathetic wife have come three miles to shed tears of joy on my recovery.

I bade Mr. Pugh good bye, happy that even one at least among thousands had found a remedy for an aggravating disease.

Believing this remarkable case of Dyspeptic Asthma should be known to the public, I beg to submit the above facts as they are related to me.

F. T. W.

BARGAINS
AT THE
"PEOPLE'S CASH STORE."

BEFORE THE SEASON CLOSES,

We have removed from the shelves and marked down a lot of Dress Goods, Remnants etc., at BELOW COST.

Canada Prints at 8 cents, Silk Sunshades, Braided Jerseys and Ladies Underwear at twenty per cent reduction from regular prices.

Ladies White Skirts from 75c. upwards, Little Boys Suits (for hot weather) 75c. and upwards,

G. T. WALES & CO.

St. Andrews, June 22, 1886

THE BEST

Hair restorative in the world is HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. It cures all diseases of the scalp, and stimulates the hair glands to healthful action. It stops the falling of the hair; prevents its turning gray; cures baldness, and restores youthful color and freshness of appearance to heads already white with age. The following are a few illustrations of what is done by

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER:

MRS. HUNSBERRY, *344 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.*, after a severe attack of Erysipelas in the head, found her hair—already gray—falling off so rapidly that she soon became quite bald. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER brought it back as soft, brown and thick as when she was a girl.

MR. KESLING, an old farmer, near *Warsaw, Ind.*, had scarcely any hair left, and what little there was of it had become nearly white. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER stopped its falling out, and gave him a thick, luxuriant head of hair, as brown and fresh as he ever had.

MRS. A. T. WALL, *Greenfield, Cheshire, Eng.*, writes: "I have found the greatest benefit from the use of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER, it having restored my hair, which was rapidly falling off, and returned its original color."

DR. EMIL SEIP, *Detroit, Mich.*, certifies that "HALL'S HAIR RENEWER is excellent for hair growing, and gives back the natural color to faded and gray hair."

MRS. S. E. ELLIOTT, *Glenville, W. Va.*, says: "One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER restored my hair to its natural, youthful color."

No injurious substances enter into the composition of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER; and it is not a dye. Its vegetable ingredients render it in the highest degree beneficial to the scalp as a preventive of disease. Its effects are natural and lasting, and it does not make the hair dry and brashy, like the so-called restoratives compounded with alcohol.

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE
WHISKERS

Is, in four respects, superior to all others:

1st—It will produce a rich, natural color, brown or black, as desired.

2d—The color so produced is permanent, cannot be washed off, and will not soil anything with which it comes in contact.

3d—It is a single preparation, and more convenient of application than any other hair or whisker dye.

4th—It contains no deleterious ingredients, as do many preparations offered for like use.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

A STANDARD MEDICAL WORK.
FOR YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN
ONLY $1 BY MAIL, POSTPAID.
ILLUSTRATIVE SAMPLE FREE TO ALL

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
KNOW THYSELF.

A Great Medical Work on Manhood

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility. Premature Decline in Man, Errors of youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion or excesses. A book for every man, young, middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 23 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense than any other sold in this country for $2.50, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only $1.00 by mail, post-paid. Illustrative sample free to any body Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association, to the President of which, the Hon. P. A. Bissell, and associate officers of the Board the reader is respectfully referred.

The Science of Life is worth more to the young and middle-aged men of this generation than all the gold mines of California and the silver mines of Nevada combined—*S. F. Chronicle.*

The Science of Life points out the rocks and quicksands on which the constitution and hopes of many a young man have been fatally wrecked.—*Manchester Mirror.*

The Science of Life is of greater value than all the medical works published in this country for the past 50 years—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Science of Life is a superb and masterly treatise on nervous and physical debility.—*Detroit Free Press*

There is no member of society to whom The Science of Life will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman—*Argonaut.*

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. Mention WATCHMAN, Lachute, Que.

KEEP COOL KEEP COOL!

Having purchased (at heavy expense) a Soda Water Aperatus, I am now prepared to dispense to the Public a nice cool glass of Soda Water drawn from

TUFTS ARTIC SODA FOUNTAIN

at 5c per Glass, with the following Syrups:—Vanilla, Pine Apple, Raspberry, Strawberry, Sarsaparilla, Nectar, Ginger, Wintergreen, &c.

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!!
At J. HOPE'S,
Confectioner,
40 4 in Lachute.

FARM FOR SALE

BEING NORTH HALF of Lot No. 7 in the 9th range of Chatham, containing 100 acres, well watered, good Sugar Bush and Orchard, and in a good state of cultivation. Good Buildings on premises. No incumbrance. For further particulars, apply to
WM. JOSS,
40-t.f. Dalesville.

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 25 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.

UNDERTAKING.

TORONTO COFFINS from Twelve to twenty dollars and upwards. Half glass coffins being done. Black and white cloth coffins a specialty. Crapes, white and black gloves always on hand. Large and small Hearse.
CHAS. GEIGERS,
Undertaker,
24 tf. Lachute, P.Q

MARVELOUS PRICES!
BOOKS For the **MILLION**

[illegible]

OUR UNEQUALED OFFER!

New Burnt Lime

For Sale at THOS. C. NOYES'
Chatham, Mar. 22nd, 1886. 30-t.f

Victoria Foundry.

COOK STOVES,
IRON & WIRE FENCING,
CEMETRY RAILING,
CRESTING,
REAPERS,
MOWERS,
RAKES,
CULTIVATORS,
McOUAT & McRAE, Lachute.

SCHOOL DESKS.

Wagons! Wagons!! Wagons!!

THE SPEIGHT WAGON

Considered the best wagon in the market. Buy a Speigh Wagon, double box, complete with whiffletrees & neckyoke
AT
Very Reduced Prices,
Come and see them I charge nothing to look at my stock,
ALSO
a nice lot of new
CEDAR SKIFFS,
FROM $35 to $50.

It will be to the interest of the farmers of the County of Argenteuil to examine my full line of Agricultural Implements before purchasing elsewhere.

ALSO AGENT FOR THE
Imperial Fire Insurance Company,
OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

This Company having paid in Canada for Fire Losses
$1,959,700.00
As "Accidents will happen"
KEEP INSURED.
To do this Consult at once wit
W. D. COOKE,
Agricultural Implement and Fire Insurance Agent, Lachute, P.Q.

PAINTING.

Jos. St Quintin, & Son,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTERS,
Foundry St, or address,
P.O. BOX 100, LACHUTE.
29-y

A. G. Stackhouse,
Photo. and Picture Framer,

IS NOW taking Photos exclusively by the INSTANTANEOUS process, makes a specialty in Large Photos for Frames.
A. G. STACKHOUSE

St. Andrews, Dec. 8th, 1884.

W. A. WEIR,
(Of the firm of Quinn & Weir,)
COUNSELLOR AT LAW, ATTORNEY, COMMISSIONER &c.
181 St. James Street, Montreal.

Attention given to all Civil and Criminal matters. 4-ly

LUMBER.

For Sale a large quantity of Spruce and Hemlock lumber.

ALSO

Dimension lumber kept in stock and cut to order at lowest possible prices.

ORDERS BY MAIL
will have prompt attention.
LUMBER DELIVERED AT LACHUTE.
SUMMERBY & SCHOLEFIELD.
Burnside, June 23 1885. 43-tf.

Moxie Nerve Food.

A discovery that will shake this country more than Telephones or Telegraphs, a harmless simple beverage that will supersede the use of Stimulents and nervines. That will recover nervousness, insomnia, nervous and mental exhaustion at once and leaves no reaction.

Price per quart bottle............40c

PURE

We recommend the following pure Coffees to all housekeepers as First Class articles.

Challenge Java.
Preanger Java.
Old Govt. Java.

Our Challenge Java speaks for itself for purity, strength and flavor. There is not a better Coffee on the market.

J. E. IRELAND'S.

Lachute Mills, March 3rd, 1886.

Lachute Furniture
WAREHOUSE.
Hope's Block,

NOTICE.
PICTURES FRAMED.
FURNITURE
OF ALL KINDS
REPAIRED.

P.S.—Pianos repaired and Tuned.
C. J. BROWN,
Lachute.

VETERINARY.
GEO. SANGSTER, V. S.
GRADUATE OF THE
MONTREAL VETERINARY COLLEGE,

would inform the public that he will open an office three doors south of

MR. LAMB'S STORE
ST. ANDREWS.

where he will be found except Tuesdays, when he will be at RODRIGUE'S HOTEL, Lachute; and on Fridays at THE GRENVILLE HOUSE, Grenville. 33-6 mos.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

THE BRICK DWELLING lately occupied by E. Milner, Esq., on Bethany Street. The Dwelling is in good order and well finished. For terms Apply to
G. J. WALKER,
General Agent.

Lachute, May 11th 1886.

P. S.—All parties indebted to the said E Milner are requested to call and settle their accounts with the undersigned without delay.
G. J. WALKER.

Lachute Marble Works,

MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES 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 29, 1884.

NOTICE

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

W. ARMSTRONG,
Farrier.

Lachute, April 15th, 1885. 11-tf

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

PHŒNIX FIRE ASSURANCE CO.
LONDON.
ESTABLISHED IN 1782.
CANADIAN BRANCH Established in 1804.

Losses paid, since the establishment of the Company, have exceeded $80,000,000.

Balance held in hand, for payment of Fire Losses only, exceeds $3,000,000.

Liability of Shareholders unlimited.

Deposit with the Dominion Government, for the security of Policy Holders in Canada, Upwards of $100,000.

No. 12 St. Sacrament street, next to Montreal Telegraph Building.

GILLESPIE, MOFFAT & Co.
Agents for the Dominion.
ROBERT W. TYRE, Manager.
W. J. SIMPSON, Lachute.
Agent for the County of Argenteuil.
19-1y

FOR SALE.

A BUSH LOT within easy distance of Lachute.
J. PALLISER,
18-1.f. Advocate.

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

JUST ARRIVED
AT THE WEST END
CROOKED SIGN STORE,
OF
F. X. BERTRAND,

Spring dry-goods at lowest market price, print from 6c. a yard upwards; grey cottons from 4c a yard up to 10c; ginghams for shirting, aprons and childrens summer suits at 10c. a yard upwards, dress goods at all prices and a variety.

TWEEDS! TWEEDS!! TWEEDS!!!

Many may boast but the like of my tweeds cannot be beat on this market; all wool tweeds for summer suits from 45c. upwards, and a variety to choose from—call early and select for spring.

FURS,

Ladies Fur Caps and Muffs, Gents Fur Caps, Cloth Caps.

Overcoating and Ulster cloths, Dress Goods from 8c to 25c., worth from 1 c to 4 c.

Mens and Womens overshoes and lined Rubbers, Boots & Shoes, a variety to select from.

CROCKERY.

Crockery Sets reduced to $3.00 and $4.75. China sets for $5.40 [illegible] Parlor Lamps for $1.00 worth $1.25. Glass sets 4 pieces, for 25c. worth 40c.

Hats in hard and soft wool.

—GROCERIES—

Tea dust no equal at 15c. per pound Jayans from 25c. up to 50c.

Call early and get ready for spring purchases at the West End Cheap Store.

F. X BERTRAND.

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY MADE.

Go to J. A. Bedard's for first class Boots and Rubbers. Cheap for cash.

Go to J. A. Bedard's for first class home-made boots.

Go to J. A. Bedard's Livery Stable for a first class light rig.

Go to J. A. Bedard's for the Gold Medal Wanzer Sewing Machine to be obtained on reasonable terms.

J. A. BEDARD,
Main Street,
Lachute [illegible]
Pro[illegible]

JACK'S QUEEN;

OR,

Light at Last.

CHAPTER II.

There is a garden at the back of the house, besides the narrow little lawn and big laurel bushes in front; and one day I am working here, the distant spire of the church set like a silhouette against the pale blue sky this clear calm September day; Susan's cap appears over the white muslin blind of her kitchen, as she sits there sewing, and there is not a sound, save the distant roll of wheels and the occasional barking of a dog.

This state of affairs does not last long; I hear a crunching of the gravel, and without looking up know that it is Jack; who else would come along singing—

"'Bingo the Earl, chivalry's pearl,
Went a-philandering after a girl!'

I say, Vera, what are you doing?"

"Amusing myself."

"It doesn't take much to amuse you," he says, laughing.

"Perhaps that is rather a good thing," I return.

"Very likely; but go indoors and put on your bonnet, for I am going to take you for a drive."

"A drive! Oh, Jack, will aunt let me?"

"Oh, of course! She said you might go for an hour or two; and, by-the-way, we'll walk to the corner, because she seems to think a family coach the only thing a young lady ought to drive in, and she might faint if she saw my turnout. She's like an old lady I knew, whom I offered to row out in a small boat, until I found that her idea of a small boat was a barge."

I am not very long in dressing, and come flying down in my fur cape and muff, and aunt Priscilla kisses me, and hopes I shall enjoy it; Jack is neither more nor less than an enchanter.

"You must have talked a great deal about Sir George Fyatt," I say, as we walk down the street.

"Of course I did! Here's the concern!"

A groom stands waiting. What the technical name of the equipage may be I do not know; but it is terribly high, and two handsome gray horses are in the harness, their coats like satin. Jack helps me up and dismisses the groom; and we clatter through Idlehurst, to the admiration of many. Jack is proud of the grays and of his skill in driving, and I am proud of our general appearance. As we sweep past the barracks, an officer in mufti is turning in; but he looks round on hearing our wheels, and lifts his cap; then I ask—

"Who is he?"

"Dallas, of the Tenth, not of ours," says Jack; and we leave the town.

There is a metallic brightness about the prospect, in the clear sky, in the brooks; the sharp air, as we rush by, brings a glow to my face. We see nothing save miry lanes bounded by hedgerows, with fields beyond, and hear nothing but the clatter of hoofs and the occasional crunch of a stone; now and then Jack draws the brown fur and scarlet rug a little closer; his black-and-tan terrier lies across my feet, with his nose just peeping out.

"Are we going far?" I ask. "Because we have only two hours."

"Two hours be hanged! Oh, never mind the time! What does it matter?"

"We should have said so at home, Jack."

"Stuff! You needn't tell them you knew it was longer."

"But it is better always to speak the truth."

"No doubt," says Jack, just touching one horse with his whip; "but you needn't say so. When people begin to praise a virtue, I'm sure they haven't got it. When I want to find out a person's failing, I try to discover which weakness he most condemns and is quickest to detect in another; then I have the key to his own character. So, when a man cries out against deceit and double-facedness, I know that the ware he deals in himself."

Something must have annoyed Jack, for he speaks rather crossly, and I relapse into silence.

"You needn't be afraid," he says, suddenly looking round; "I told aunt Mary we should not hurry, and so we may have one day to ourselves."

So we roll along in peace, until, just as we pass under the arch of a railway bridge, a train goes shrieking over; I put my hand to my ears, laughing; but Jack does not share my mirth. He gives himself a jerk, as I fancy, and pulls at the reins; then I hear him mutter something to himself, and the next thing I know is that we are going at a fearful rate, the hedges and milestones literally spin past, as it seems, and when I look at Jack I see that he is very pale, and he does not meet my eyes, but simply tells me through his teeth to hold fast. I can do that easily; but I do not like the progress, but, too afraid of annoying him, do not say so; I only venture a whisper.

"We are going rather fast, Jack, aren't we?"

"Terribly fast," he answers; "and, you know, it isn't the road we go, but the pace that kills."

I do not understand him, but look ahead; straight and clear is the road before us, and we dash along unchecked; there is an incline now, the gentle ascent of a hilly road, and the grays tear on; but by this time the pace has begun to tell a little on them; they flag, and their glossy coats are flecked with foam their speed slackens. By the time they have pulled us up the hill they seem tired; then Jack looks at me and his eyes blaze, though his face is quite white and he is trembling; he takes the whip and lashes the poor things till they begin trotting again with evident exhaustion; but he is merciless, and uses his whip so incessantly that at last I grasp his arm. I have never seen Jack cruel before.

"Don't!" I say, with some difficulty, for the rapid run has taken my breath away. "We are going fast enough; don't, Jack—you hurt them!"

But he does not heed me much, and at last our horses fall into the most sober pace.

"By Jove, that was touch and go!" he says, looking at me, still trembling. "They bolted!"

"Bolted!" I echo vaguely.

"Yes, and, if the road hadn't been clear, they might have sent us to eternal smash. I'll give them the jolliest hiding! As it is, I have taken some of the spirit out of them, I think."

He is quite right; a more spiritless pair I never saw than the two that draw us up to the door of a great farm-house, where Jack tells me we shall halt, as he wants to look at a bay that Nerreys is bidding for. We alight, and I, in charge of the farmer's wife, wait indoors whilst Jack and the farmer go off to the stables with our reeking steeds. I suppose they are examining the bay, for I hear a great deal of "wo-hoaing!" and stamping of hoofs, and it is some time ere Jack re-appears.

"Were you very much frightened?" he asks, as we stroll along a yellow garden-path among Michaelmas daisies and ripe berries to an odd little bower; then, as I answer, "No"—"You're a plucky little thing! Why didn't you scream, or faint, or something?"

"I didn't know there was anything to be frightened about; and where ignorance is bliss—— Were we in danger really?"

"Rather. For my neck it doesn't much matter; but for yours—— We shall rest here until those brutes are all right again! Do you object to smoking?"

"I don't; but aunt Priscilla does."

"Well, she isn't here, as it happens; so we will sit down, and I'll smoke whilst you read."

This arrangement suits me to perfection; and we settle ourselves in the little summer-house, where Jack, having lighted his cigar, produces a green volume, opens it, and lays it before me—"The Triumph of Time."

I sit and look at that open book, and stare at the opening lines. Where have I seen it before? When before have I sat here with the scent of Jack's cigar about me, its blue smoke wreaths curling around me, the mellow September landscape and its subdued lights about me? For it is all old.

Never, to the end of my life, shall I forget this day. As I write, it rises distinctly and vividly before me, and I actually see that garden with its crimson-and-purple fruit, its yellow-eyed daisies, its box boarder. I do not think, as I sit there, of how one day it will all come back, of how the words I read will one day return to me. I shake off the strange feeling, and only remember that this is the poem Jack gave to the woman who forsook him for money, and wonder what passages he marked when he gave it to her. Perhaps I do not understand it very well; it is strange, and through it seems to throb the voice of the sea; to me it seems the cry of a heart too strong and proud to be broken, yet torn and agonised by hopeless love; and even as I read, I wonder if Jack himself wrote it, and it seems like him as he is now, in his manhood?

"'Before our lives divide for ever,
While time is with us, and hands are free,'"

I begin, when Jack asks me to skip the first verse; so I do.

"'Though joy be done with and grief be vain,
Time shall not sever us wholly in twain?'"

"That might do for you and me, Vera," he comments; "but go on. 'Oh, had the chance been with us that has not been!' Doesn't that come next?"

"'Let come what will, there is one thing worth,
To have had fair love in the life upon earth,
To have held Love safe till the day grew night,
Whilst skies had colour and lips had red!'"

No, I shall never forget this day. I shall never forget those words. I read to the end of the poem; and then there is a long silence, only broken when Jack draws the book from me, and I come back to things prosaic.

"Lend it to me, Jack, won't you? I want to read it at home."

"If aunt Pris found it, it would bring her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave," he says, returning it to his pocket.

"But she doesn't object to poetry, Jack," I persist. "We have Eliza Cook's and Mrs. Heman's——"

"Eliza Cook and Mrs. Heman's!" he repeats contemptuously. "No, Vera; I won't lend it to you; so you needn't ask. That is the only poem I wanted you to read. How do you think my 'false ladye' would like it?"

"She must have been very sorry for you, I think."

"Perhaps. Here comes refreshment!"

And the farmer's wife comes up with a tray, on which are cups and glasses, a teapot, and new milk and freshly-baked cakes.

"Why, this is quite a garden-party!" I cry, clapping my hands.

"Were you ever at a garden-party, Vera?"

"No; I was only imagining."

"Awful bores! You're turned loose in a garden among unconsidered trifles of tables with strawberries or rolls and butter—pitiful-hearted butter that melts at the sweet face of the sun—and maidens 'tied back,' not wisely, but too well."

So he rattles on; and I enjoy our refreshment as much as I used the surreptitious feasts in the school-dormitory, and I should be perfectly happy if ever and anon some line of that poem would not repeat itself.

"'Grief shall endure not forever, I know;
As things that are not shall these things be;
Wrecked hope and passionate pain will grow
As the tender things of a spring-tide sea.'"

So I find myself murmuring as Jack looks at his watch.

"It is the triumph of time now," he says. "Are you ready?"

I am quite ready, and our day is ended: the twilight shades are closing in, and we hear faint twitterings of birds among the gnarled old trees. We drive away quietly, the grays still subdued, and the farmer, leaning on his white gate, watches us as we roll away; tired Tip, the terrier, sleeps on my lap.

"Will it be late when we get home?" I ask.

"Dark perhaps. Will aunt Pris think we have eloped?"

"If it were any one else with me," I return, "I don't know what she might think; but she knows I am safe with you."

He mutters something to himself which I do not catch, and touches up the grays with his whip. When we get back to Idlehurst, all the shops and the lamps are lighted, and my heart sinks woefully.

"Oh, Jack, I shall get it!" I exclaim in terror.

"Get what?" he says, laughing. "I'll make it all right."

When we alight, Susan receives us smiling; evidently aunt Pris has not had a stroke through fear, nor set the detectives on our track; neither is she in waiting with the severe scolding I merit. Fortune favours the bold; and she is actually out—has gone to a neighbor's to tea; and, though aunt Mary looks very serious, she soon softens under Jack's blandishments.

He is gone before aunt Priscilla returns, as he dines with some brother-officers to-night; and, when she does come, she never says a word about time, but asks where we went, and if I am hungry.

"Oh, no, aunt! We had something at a farm-house that Jack knows."

"Champagne?" she says, in an awful tone.

"New milk and fresh butter," I return; and no doubt these innocent things soften her, for she unbends and says that John Wylder does such extravagant and outrageous things that one does not know what to expect.

There is an old shabby brown book of music, old songs, and Jacobite ballads, with aunt Mary's name written inside; and, taking this up one day, I amuse myself by learning them, little thinking in what circumstances I shall some day sing them. My aunts are out—gone to the night-school, where some famous missionary is to "hold forth;" and so I am prepared for a long quiet evening. I sit down before the piano, settle the old music-book into position, and ask of the walls and the furniture, "Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?' and so on, until my heart aches for that Prince Wanderer. I am raising the "Standard on the Braes o' Mar," when the door opens, and some one looks in—Jack, whom I did not expect, and who is generally dining about this time.

"Where's Eliza Cook and Mrs. Hemans?" he asks.

"On that little shelf," I reply, indicating the books, with some surprise.

"Oh, I meant our venerable aunts!" Then, when I explain, he gives a shrug. "If you hadn't your music, you would be lost."

"My music and my Jack," I return. "We get on just as we used to do!"

"Just. We pray for sixpences harder than ever. But I am glad we pull so well; I am glad you don't turn against me."

"That is not very likely. Why, we are brother and sister——"

"Don't say that," he interrupts, with a shadow in his eyes; "sisters don't care much for a fellow."

He is in evening-dress, and looks well in it; but that he always does.

"I want you to come out with me," he says, leaning on the mantelpiece. "They didn't tell you to stay in, I suppose?"

"No; but they didn't give me permission to go out, Jack."

"Oh, well, you may come! And make haste."

I obey him, not unwillingly, and fly down with my gloves in my hand.

"You don't spend half an hour before the glass," says Jack, buttoning my gloves industriously. "Do you know, this is awfully like old times!"

His handsome dark head being bent down, I give its short curls a pull, as in the olden times.

"The hair is like its owner," he says, when he looks up; "it won't keep straight and flat."

We go out together, and talk about our drive as we march along the bright-lighted streets, until we halt before a great building, and Jack pilots me into a corridor with vast mirrors and statues; then a red door is opened, and I enter—I do not know what. There is a general effect of crimson velvet and gold, a great picture with a solemn row of lights burning before it, and music, and gaily-dressed people. Bewildered and dazed, I follow Jack and a young damsel with a mob-cap, who points to two seats, and leaves me dumb; and then it all flashes upon me. I am in the theatre!

"Oh, Jack!" I exclaim in horror, starting up. He places his hand on my arm, and tells me not to make a scene here, of all places in the world.

"A scene! No, indeed; but let me go out. Why did you bring me here?"

"Why, there is no harm!" he returns.

"I'm sure of that; you wouldn't take me where there was harm, I know; but, oh, think of aunt Priscilla!"

"Hang aunt Priscilla! Why should she always interfere? I didn't ask her permission, or tell you where we were going, because I didn't want a refusal; but, on my word, it's all right. I'll take all the blame of it."

"No, you sha'n't—you always do; and it's mean and cowardly of me to let you; but please take me home; aunt will be so dreadfully angry!"

"I'll poison her cat if she says a word to you. I told Susan to tell her we had gone out; so she won't have a fit. Don't look like that, Vera, because I brought you here for pleasure, not for penance; if your aunt won't go to a theatre, that's no reason why you should not. Now, like a good girl, and to oblige me, make yourself happy. Come; I don't often ask a favour from you."

"No; but—oh, dear Jack!" I falter.

"It is, oh, dear Jack's birthday," he says; "and you might help him to celebrate it, I think."

"Your birthday! And you never told me, that I might wish you many happy returns?"

"It was shabby; but you shall give me my present now; you shall sit still and enjoy yourself, and make me happy by doing so. Ah, don't make my little plan a miserable *fiasco*!"

Well, I obey him, but not without inward dread; and then he hands me a programme, from which I learn that the piece we are to see is called *Society*. It is my first play; and as it proceeds I become so interested in Maud and Sidney that I forget even Jack, until the falling of the curtain brings me back to reality.

I glance round at the audience, and, as I do so, my eyes are caught by those of a young man sitting in a line with ourselves, and leaning forward a little to look at us; he has a blonde head, a smooth face, gray-blue eyes, and I remember him as the officer whom we saw when driving, and whom Jack described as Dallas of the Tenth; he draws back as our eyes meet, but I do not tell Jack that he is here for a moment or two.

"You don't want him, do you?" says Jack lazily.

"Why, I don't even know him!" I return. "Of course I don't want him."

"And I'm sure I don't," says Jack; so we enjoy the play undisturbed.

I am very sorry when it is over, because there are our aunts to face, and I am actually cold with fright.

"The game was worth the candle, wasn't it?" says Jack, when we are in the corridor; and, as I pause to fasten my cloak, Dallas of the Tenth says something to Jack—what I don't know; but my cousin's answer floats to me—

"She wouldn't be any the better for knowing you, dear boy."

And then it is homeward ho; and I am scared nearly to death. When we enter the parlour, I stand before my aunt like a prisoner at the bar; aunt Mary looks nearly as frightened as I am.

"Where have you been, Vera?" aunt Pris asks coldly, and I tell her the awful truth.

"You went to the theatre, Vera, without my permission?"

"But, aunt, I should have told you if I'd known, and indeed there was no harm, it was very nice; I'll tell you every bit of it. Do not be angry," I plead, "for really it was no harm; and——"

"And why in the world shouldn't she go?" exclaims Jack, suddenly striding forward. "I am able to take care of her, and I know what's right and what's wrong! Her own mother could have found no fault with her going! You can hardly expect a young girl to mope among blankets and flannels and charity socks all her life—at least, if you do, it's very hard; and, if I were Vera, I'd never submit to it!"

"I say nothing about the theatre," says aunt gravely and sadly; "I only say that I might have been told."

"She's not a child in long clothes," cries Jack. "Upon my word, I think you are very hard on her! Other girls get plenty of amusement; but Vera can't move but her heart's in her mouth with fear of a scolding. If her parent's were alive——"

"How dare you, Jack!" I exclaim, interrupting his torrent of eloquence. "Do you think I have ever known or felt the want of parents? Dear aunt, do forgive me;" but here my cousin pushes me aside, and, going right up to aunt, holds out both hands appealingly.

"Aunt, upon my word I didn't mean to hurt you, nor even to vex you so much, and, on my honor, I am very sorry. I should have asked you, and I beg your pardon for not doing so and for speaking as I did."

Aunt relents; she takes his hand, and says, with a slight tremor in her voice, that it does not matter.

"But it does," says Jack, "I'm very sorry; but you know I never do the right thing; I am a ne'er-do-well and a ne'er-to-do-better; but I am sorry to-night."

"Well, well," she says, "it's all forgiven, Jack. Vera, you shall tell me about it to-morrow."

"Then perhaps you will give me some of your ginger-wine, aunt," he says gaily, "for this is my birthday."

"Your birthday! Oh my dear boy!"—and aunt Priscilla is quite overcome.

She produces the ginger-wine, and we drink the health of Mr. John Wylder, Jack swallowing his wine like a hero, whilst I regard him with admiration, because I know there is nothing under the sun he dislikes more than home-made cordials.

I look at him as he leans against the mantlepiece, his dark head resting on his hand whilst the diamond on his finger and the solitaire glitter in the light. How handsome he is! What a fine tall manly fellow, with his military dash, his brilliant eyes! And then a great regret sweeps over me that things are as they are, that he does not fill a higher place in the world, that, instead of being here, he is not elsewhere, occupied with all the ambitions and hopes of noble manhood, a man living manlike in the fullest and highest sense of the word. From my school-days I have worshipped heroes. How earnestly I wish that Jack were an author, or a statesman, or a soldier! Stop—he is that; Jack is a soldier—he is Major Wylder—and so was his father. Perhaps it is only in time of war that soldiers can be heroic; but, still, can he do no better than drive about and amuse me, or is it that the woman who threw him over is responsible for this? Does he still care for her? I do not know why, but I feel very sorry for Jack, though I know his lines lie in pleasanter places than do my own, and there is something pathetic in his forgotten birthday.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Meteor in a Pond.

A huge aerolite has fallen into Spring Pond, near St Regis, and nearly filled the pond. The body of water usually contained in the pond was nearly all spattered out, and the supposed smoke seen was steam, generated by the water running back around the heated mass. Mud was thrown into the tree tops, and trout were scattered promiscuously around the pond, literally covering the banks. The news soon became circulated through the neighborhood, and scores of boys and men were seen all day yesterday engaged in picking the fish up, and bushels of them were drawn away. The fish nearest the pond that flopped back into the still boiling water were completely cooked. This huge mass seems to be mineral, but has not cooled off enough yet to admit of an examination.

"Are we going to have a picnic this year?" inquired a youngster of his Sunday-school teacher. "Why, what do you want of a picnic?" "Nothing much; but I can get six new scholars in a hurry if you are going to have one."

HEALTH.

Care of the Sick-Room.

The sick-room must be constantly supplied with fresh air.

Admit the fresh air in such a way as to cause no strong current of air near or about your patients; if the window is open, shut the door except in very warm and still weather; remember that you can oftentimes open a tee window with safety and benefit when it would be highly dangerous to open a window looking toward the direction from which the wind comes.

As a rule, it is better to drop a window from the top, than to raise it from the bottom; cool air, being heavier, descends, and when introduced high up in the room, thus freshens the atmosphere more thoroughly.

Light is also an important thing in a sick-room. The sunbeam is a great purifier, and it is only in some affections of the eyes, in the acute stages of some diseases, and in certain nervous diseases that it is desirable to darken a sick-room. You can easily contrive to admit plenty of light without allowing it to fall in such a way as to be unpleasant to your patients, and a cheerful outlook from the window certainly hastens convalescence. At night make sure that the lamp or candle does not smoke or smell, nor the gas leak; and place your light in such a way that it throws no shadow on the wall or ceiling near the patient. The nervous system is apt to be so weakened by long or severe illness that a little thing —a mere shadow, for instance—which in health would be unnoticed may produce most disastrous effects.

Cleanliness and *order* should reign in the sick-room. A well person seldom inhabits one room more than eight hours daily, whereas a sick person inhabits it all the time. Dust with a slightly damp cloth, and sweep, if there be a carpet, with a hard brush and dust-pan, having previously sprinkled the carpet with wet tea leaves.

The *feeding* of the sick is a large subject and one which is worthy of being treated in considerable detail, but I can only venture on a very few hints here. Seek to make the food of an invalid, if it is only a cup of gruel, as inviting as possible, and never prepare any food in the sick-room. Let the tray be covered with a clean napkin, let every utensil be scrupulously clean and bright inside and out, and do not take away the little appetite which a sick person has by bringing large quantities of food at a time. It is far better to bring too little than too much, as a further supply is easily got. Let everything be the best of its kind that you can get; an egg which is the least stale, or milk in the slightest degree sour, placed before a sick person may easily take away his appetite for the whole day.

Suppose the doctor orders a cup full of milk or beef tea, for instance, every two, three or four hours, and the patient's stomach rejects it; try then a tablespoonful or even less. I say deliberately that on such points as these hinge sometimes the issues of life and death.

Incidentally it may here be mentioned that for irritability of the stomach there is generally nothing better than cracked ice, the lumps being allowed to melt in the mouth; and I will now tell you a simple device which prevents the ice from wasting, and makes one supply last for a number of hours. Take a deep bowl, holding perhaps a quart, and a piece of coarse flannel oblong in shape, and about twice as long as it is broad; then fasten the flannel with string or elastic in such a way around the bowl as to form a flannel cup within the bowl, reaching only half or two-thirds the distance to the bottom of the latter. Then put the cracked ice into the flannel cup and cover it over with the spare flannel which serves as a flap. If you have no coarse flannel, fine flannel can be used, but you should then punch a small hole in the bottom of the cup. The idea is to keep the ice dry, the water running through into the bowl below the flannel.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

The ear easily catches the heart's whispers.

Mighty deeds are incompatible with many words.

The power to earn is a boon. The will to save is a virtue.

A good deal has been said on the subject of death that is morbid—much more that is commonplace and conventional.

Those delights of the senses to which we abandon ourselves in youth become the unspeakable humiliations of age.

The man of concise speech is a treasure. He who knows when to be silent is grounded in wisdom. The droner is intolerable.

When boyhood has merged into youth and youth into young manhood, it is timely to inquire about the value of moderation.

If we really must be great, do not let us lose sight of the truth that the greatest man is he of greatest power who uses power least.

How abject and pitiful a thing is the dyspeptic with abnormal appetite. Had he always eaten wisely he had always eaten pleasurably.

It has fallen in my way to observe that he deals grandly with life who masters indulgence at high noon of a prosperous and happy career.

A wise self-discipline in the maturest of us is not so easy or so common that we may reasonably expect the young to be exemplary in that respect.

Welcome rational pleasures, but regulate their cost with intelligent reference to your cash income, and lay your dearest devotions on the altar of healthful and abundant sleep.

Philosophers and counselors of wisdom are luxuries with which the boy could dispense without a very depressing sense of life's incompleteness; but grandmothers are indispensable.

Habit has made gruff old Pilot Destiny careless of rocks and bars, and wreck has become to him so common a thing that sunken ships have little power to move him.

There is beauty and exhilaration in high animal life. The ponderous tumbling of puppies are the natural expression of the joy that puppies feel in being. Colts kick up their heels. It is their plan of thanksgiving for life.

If you think much you are sure to generate ideas. Those will find expression in their proper place, and be clothed as good taste demands. The cut of their garments will not be hidden under a mass of verbal furbelows and peacock feathers.

It is inevitable that he whose vision has leaped over the horizon of self and taken note of here and there, a sun, among the million suns that gleam eternal in the universe, must feel the awful majesty of creation and the humiliating insignificance of man.

There may be preciousness in soup; in oysters of gigantic mold; in dainty bits of fork-broiled steak; in the punch that fills—but these shall henceforth be to me all that poetry has been. On these was built my second life—the life I am living now in gratitude and joy—happier for having died, happier (O! inexpressibly happier!) for having lived again to learn that larger human love which reckons tireless devotion a privilege and consoling ministrations a kingdom.

The Learned Societies

Through their members have testified to the great efficacy of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It provokes no line of demarcation, securing alike the good will of the highest and the most humble, and with strict impartiality removing with equal celerity the corns of each. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor.

Visiting clergyman in Indian nation: "Are all these Indians Christains?" Irish waiter: "No, sur, not wan of them; some is Comanches an' some is Episcopalians."

The Dread of Man by Animals.

Anthrophobia, the dread of man, has reached such a degree in some fellow-creatures of "God's Vice regent on Earth" that they seem to fear the risks of captivity more than the certainty of annihilation. The stories about the mountain sheep breaking the force of a fall by dropping on their horns are totally fabulous; the shock would react on their necks and break their vetebrae at any distance exceeding forty feet of perpendicular fall. But it is true that their cloven hoofs and stout feet break the speed of a descent from anything but an overhanging cliff; a troop of big-horns will scramble down the steepest slopes as a bear slides down a tree, and reach the bottom amidst a clouds of dust and tumbling stones, but with unbroken limbs. The Osage Indians have a curious tradition about the cimmaron; at the time of the great flood (which, after all, must have been something more than a freshet of the Indus), when the pouring rains drove all other animals to the shelter of the caves, the big-horn sheep took refuge among the clouds and guided the Indian Adam to a place of safety. The mountain sheep has certainly a marvelous faculty for roughing out bad weather. Even in midwinter they stick to their highest haunts. In 1849 a caravan of Mormon refugees attempted to cross the Wahsatch range in a snow-storm, and were on the point of perishing with cold, when they were saved by the discovery of a "cimmaron camp," a snug cove in the pine woods, where a herd of wild sheep had stamped down the snow and browsed off the branches as high as they could reach—"A tabernacle in the wilderness," as Elder Millard described it, and in stress of storms, perhaps, a more desirable shelter than the dreary pens of an Indian wigwam could have offered to the necessitous saints. Now and then, though, the cimmaron may be doomed to share the experience of the Swiss chamois, that occasionally find their graves in such winter-quarters by remaining snow-bound till they succumb to frost and hunger. Ordinary storms the American mountain sheep weather as easily as a frog would survive a flood. No whirlstorm short of a tornado can dislodge them from a vantage-ground in the rocks, and their thick fur-coats ward off blasts that knock the mercury a good way below zero.

Little Willie prayed long and ineffectually for a little brother. At last he gave it up as "no use." Soon after his mother had the pleasure of showing him twin babies. He looked at them a moment and then exclaimed: "How lucky it was that I stopped praying! There might have been three!"

Victory At Last.

Consumption, the greatest curse of the age, the destroyer of thousands of our brightest and best, is conquered. It is no longer incurable. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain remedy for this terrible disease if taken in time. All scrofulous diseases—consumption is a scrofulous affection of the lungs—can be cured by it. Its effects in diseases of the throat and lungs are little less than miraculous. All druggists have it.

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"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." This is rather a blood-thirsty proposition, which we modify by offering to cure this worthy class of people. Most of them suffer (in common with nearly all others of sedentary habits), from the injurious effects of dyspepsia, indigestion, piles, loss of appetite, and other ailments caused by a constipated habit of the body. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" eradicate all these disorders in promptly removing the cause thereof, and induce a rare degree of comfort and health.

Let us be thankful it was ordained that children shall relish childish things. When we cease to think, the dallying puppets divert us. Else would the mind turn in upon itself for sustenance, and die of slow starvation.

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"What's in a name?" a recent traveller was heard to exclaim. "Why, about the hottest country on the globe is Chili."

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, &c., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the Bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the Blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine 50cts.

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A. P. 286

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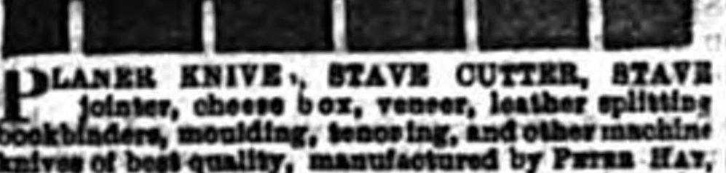

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Agents wanted. Mention this paper.
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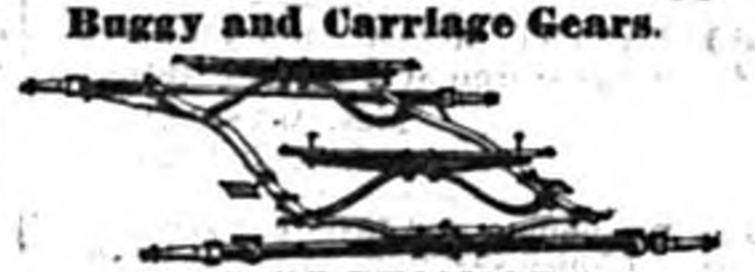

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Light Separators, for Tread and Sweep Powers.
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THE WATCHMAN,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. IX — LACHUTE, QUE., FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1886. — NO. 45

THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

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

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

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

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We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Correspondents must invariably send us, confidentially, their name and address, but not necessarily for publication.

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NOTICE!

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Vagaries of a Lord.

After a stormy and eccentric career Lord Charles Hamilton has died at Nice at the early age of thirty-nine. Educated chiefly in France, in 1866 he entered the Eleventh Hussars—the famous "Cherubims"—but the expensive vagaries of the members of that crack regiment were nothing like wild enough for the newly joined subaltern, who started upon a career of reckless extravagance which soon necessitated his departure from that *corps d elite*. Retiring to the Continent, he for some years led a most erratic life, ever in debt and difficulty, first in one city then in another, always prepared "to fight the best man in the town," and always accompanied by a favorite bulldog of the most ferocious aspect. Twelve months ago Lord Charles decided to join the Roman Catholic Church, to the great satisfaction of his mother, the Princess Marie of Baden, who in token of her appreciation of the disinterested motives which prompted his 'version, made him a comfortable allowance. His days of peace and quietness, however, came too late, and for months past his case has been considered a hopeless one by the medical men. Lord Charles was heir presumptive to his brother's title, but the vast estates of the present Duke of Hamilton are at his Grace's disposal, the old deed of the entail having been proved invalid, and the fee simple of the huge property thus vested in the Duke. It was the discovery of this fact that enabled the Duke of Hamilton to escape the toils in which the astute Mr. Padwick had so skilfully ensnared him. Failing direct male issue, the bulk of the great Hamilton property—estimated to be worth over £120,000 a year—will pass to the present Duke's only daughter, who will be one of the greatest heiresses in England.

Misfortunes of Cattle Raisers.

A correspondent in Kansas writes as follows: Now that Winter is past and Spring is here, and the fogs and mists have cleared away, we can begin to compute the disasters and losses of the terrible time we have just passed through. We see frequently in the papers articles denying the heavy losses here, but the dead cattle that cover the plains give the lie to such statements. I will give a few items of losses that came immediately under my own observation, and when I say that cattle here are much better supplied with feed and have much better shelter, where the herds are small, than farther West where they keep large herds and where it is impossible to put up sufficient feed for Winter, it will readily be seen that our percentage of loss is much less than theirs. One man here went into the Winter with over six hundred head of cattle, and last week he had a "round up" and counted only 296. Another one has seven left out of seventy-five head. I know of two who lost all they had. One lost, of a "bunch" of 101 head, all but one, and he gave that away, so as, as he said, to have his ruin complete. Several men having from fifty to two hundred head count their losses at from fifty to seventy-five per cent.

The losses by death do not cover all by a great sight. What cattle are left are poor—some scarcely able to get up—and many have their feet frozen so that they are going on three legs or have no legs to go on, while others have lost their ears, horns, and caudal appendages, and still others have large patches of skin loose on their sides where Mr. Frost was too insinuating in his attentions. The shrinkage in values of what are alive amount to quite a heavy percentage.

Those keeping sheep are nearly as unfortunate as the cattle men.

The noble red men who have already gathered at Niagara Falls this season to engage in the sale of Indian relics are said to take a great interest in the Irish home rule movement. One of them was recently heard to remark: "Begorra, Misther Gladstone's a mighty foine mon."

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

The Wimbledon team has sailed for England.

Brantford had a six thousand dollar fire early the other morning.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, lately celebrated the 137th anniversary of its settlement.

The steamer Alert has sailed from Halifax on the Hudson's Bay exploring expedition.

The new time table of the Canadian Pacific railway, introducing the twenty-four hours' system, has gone into effect.

Nine of the crew of a French fisherman were drowned by the sinking of their vessel on the great bank, Newfoundland.

Two thousand dollars has been contributed by the corporation of Montreal towards the relief of the Vancouver fire sufferers.

The mortuary statistics for May show a total of 1,313 deaths during the month in twenty two cities and towns of the Dominion.

It is understood that the Government has decided to erect the new barracks for the North-West Mounted Police at Prince Albert.

Reports from all parts of Manitoba and the North-West Territories give assurance of abundant crops and a harvest two weeks earlier than usual.

The commission sent by the British Government to report on the capabilities of the Dominion for supplying horses for the army has arrived in Quebec.

The Ontario Government has decided to send $2,500 on behalf of the Province to the Mayor of Vancouver, B. C., in aid of the sufferers by the late fire.

Two hundred and seventy nine Immigrants arrived in Winnipeg week before last. Last week nearly fifteen hundred were expected to arrive.

The other evening a freight train was derailed near Brantford by a misplaced switch, five cars being thrown over a steep embankment and badly wrecked.

An unknown lady who was driven from Niagara Falls village to see the whirlpool has mysteriously disappeared. It is feared she either committed suicide or accidentally fell into the seething torrent.

The crops throughout the Province of Quebec are in a most flourishing condition, and give promise of a larger yield than for many years past. The harvest will be ten days or a fortnight earlier than usual.

A Convict named Nardun, who was recently realeased from St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, where he was serving a four years' sentence for highway robbery, on the doctor's report that he was dying, has been arrested for burglary in Montreal.

Another step towards the completion of the Canadian Pacific railway system through from the Atlantic to the Pacific has been effected, the negotiations for the transfer of a number of eastern lines to the Atlantic and North-West railway having been consummated.

Two extensive warehouses in the most thickly populated part of the city of Montreal, stored with inflammable material, have been destroyed by fire, with all their contents, the loss being estimated at between sixty and seventy thousand dollars, with insurance of over fifty thousand dollars.

At the session of the Grand Lodge of Canada, Independent Order of good Templars, Dr. Oronhyatekha was elected Grand Chief Templar for the ensuing year, and the other officers and representatives to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge were also elected. Ottawa was unanimously chosen as the next place of meeting.

Through passenger rates on the Canadian Pacific railway to Vancouver, B. C., have been fixed at $95 from Quebec, $92,50 from Montreal and $88 from Toronto. Special return tickets for tourists will be issued at $186,70 from Quebec, and at proportionately lower rates from the other points, a reduction to $149,45 being made when more than twenty tickets are taken.

AMERICAN.

A recent heavy frost killed the crops in the lowlands in the vicinity of Contocook, New Hampshire.

Canadians living in Buffalo are moving to organize a club in that city on the model of the one in New York City.

At Leary, Georgia, a few nights ago, a fourteen-year-old boy murdered his father with an axe in revenge for a whipping.

The sixteenth General Convention of French-Canadians living in the United States is now in session at Rutland, Vermont.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent of the London press, was married in Washington last week to the daughter of General Meigs.

The debtors confined in Ludlow street gaol, New York, have not got their liberty yet, their creditors having contested the constitutionality of the law just passed abolishing imprisonment for debt.

An immense dredge on the Potomac river at Washington was totally destroyed by fire seven out of eight men sleeping on board being burned to death. The eighth escaped, but was frightfully burned.

Business in the Union Stock yards at Chicago is totally suspended by the strike of the switchmen on the Lake Shore railway. The present trouble is caused by a contention as to the terms of the settlement made on the occasion of the strike in April.

The total number of persons poisoned by ice cream, at the picnic at Flemington, N. J., is exactly 214, of whom six are considered beyond recovery and twenty others are in a precarious condition. The physicians have strong suspicions that arsenic was put in the ice cream.

FOREIGN.

Patrick James Whelan, a notorious Fenian is dead.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley is recruiting his broken health in Switzerland.

The Emperor of Germany is in a very much improved condition of health, the result of his sojourn to Ems.

The Indian budget for the past year shows a deficit of £396,000, while for the current year it is estimated there will be a surplus of £102,00.

The bill expelling the Orleans princes from France has been officially promulgated and the exiles are seeking homes in England and other parts of Europe.

"Yes," he explained to the young woman, "I am the adjective editor of the magazine." "The adjective editor!" "Yes. We get a great deal of manuscript from young ladies and it is my duty to go thro' their copy and kill the adjectives. And," he added, with a tired look in his eyes, "the work is very laborious."

"Doesn't some one here know the meaning of the word 'equation?'" asked a young miss at a party in Waterbury, last week. And there was just one young man who said that while he didn't know exactly, he thought it might be a contraction for "equal to the occasion," and then all kissed and went home.

FARM.

SHOELESS HORSES

I always wonder, says a writer, when I read the articles about shoeless horses whether the persons who write them really know anything about the matter. It is not true that a horse can go on ice without shoes without slipping. I had a mare which was never shod, and after she had bred eleven colts she was used some on the farm. One day she was put in to draw wood, and an attempt was made to drive her across a strip of ice. She could not stand up, and, after slipping terribly, fell down and could not get up. She would have died there if she had not been drawn to the shore by putting a rope around her breast, to which the other horse was hitched. This mare could not go on an icy road. Her hoofs had not been touched by a rasp or buttress or anything else. They were as nature made them. Another thing: No horse can travel on a pike or a gravelly road for any length of time without wearing the hoofs down so much that the feet will become tender, and, if kept up, the animal will become lame and useless. Colts often get feet sore in this way, running in the fields and stamping flies, which wears away the hoof. It wears off faster than it wears out. It is not the shoes which injure the horses, but the way they are put on. A shoe should be fitted to the foot of the horse, but quite often the rule is the other way, and the hoof is cut down and rasped off to fit the shoe. Shoes are too short or too narrow, and on this account the weight is not placed under the outside or shell of the foot, where it should be. I saw a whole stable of horses of great value at Cedar Rapids, Mich., which were all getting lame, because they were shod so very nicely by a man who was a "neat workman." This over-nice blacksmith had kept cutting away the heels and frogs so that each horse had become tender-footed, and oils had been applied to the hoofs to soften them. All the horses wanted were hoofs. Farmers make corns in their horses feet very often by allowing the shoes to remain on too long or until the foot grows to the outside of them, bringing the weight of the body right on the sole. This kind of economy and carelessness should never be practiced. It often spoils good horses.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

A correspondent thinks he has discovered a new way of milking that increases the flow of milk. He used to milk with "one hand up, while the other was down." He now milks with "both hands up and down together, instead of alternately." The correspondent referred to, thinks he has increased the flow of milk from one cow by the simultaneous movement of both hands at least 8 or 10 per cent. and from another 4 or 5 per cent.

Mr. Roe, one October day, took a stone pot of the largest size and put in first a layer of Isabella grapes, then a double thickness of straw paper, then alternate layers of grapes and paper until the pot was full. A cloth was next pasted over the stone cover, so as to make the pot watertight. The pot was then buried on a dry knoll below the reach of frost and dug up again on new year's. The grapes looked and tasted as if they had just been picked from the vine.

The farmer who sits down to his breakfast of fried pork and potatoes through the month of June, while his neighbor revels in strawberries, doubtless flatters himself that the strawberries cost more labor than the pork did, and that he is thus on the right financial side. But he isn't. The Orange county farmer thinks that he never made a greater mistake in his life. If the absence of fruit only punished the man who is responsible for it we should not much care, but the trouble with it is, that the wife and children must suffer for his sin of omission as well as himself.

Prof. Kedzie says that yellows in peaches may be cured by digging a shallow trench around the tree and filling it with boiling water. A heavy dose of potash will have the same effect. Filling the trench with ashes and pouring boiling water on them is said to effect cure also. All these remedies are based upon the supposition that a root fungus causes the disease.

Never tolerate a slow milker, and if a cow holds up so that she cannot be milked rapidly turn her off to the butcher. If the milk flows freely a good milker should be able to strip a cow in between four and five minutes. The quantity given has not much to do with the time required, as cows which are nearly dry or give only a small quantity need a good deal of stripping.

It is a notable fact that hog cholera is mainly confined to localities where hogs are kept in large numbers and mainly on corn. Giving a variety of feed is a pretty sure preventive, but in this case prevention is decidedly better than cure. Where the constitutions of swine are enfeebled by continual feeding on too fattening corn cholera will make serious ravages before it can be checked. Wheat, bran or mill-feed is cheap and good for growing hogs, and even whole wheat may be feed in small quantities at present prices.

Two Walkers.

An Irishman thus describes his cold reception by an old friend: "I saw Pat Ryan 't other side o' the way. I thought it was Pat, and Pat thought it was me; and when I came up it was naythur of us." A strange case of mistaken identity is told as actually witnessed by a writer in the Boston *Record*: A gentleman living in one of our suburban towns had an intimate friend whom he was in the habit of meeting at the depot in Boston every evening, and they generally occupied seats together on the ride home. One evening he entered the train as usual, and saw, as he supposed, his friend seated there. He took the vacant place beside him, and greeted his friend with,—

"Good evening, Walker."

His salutation was returned—it seemed his friend's voice, but the speaker looked a little puzzled. While engaged in conversation upon general subjects, in which the gentleman noticed a rather constrained manner in his friend, he chanced to glance behind him. To his astonishment there was another "Walker" sitting a few seats back. He rose and seated himself by the other.

"Walker, is this really you."

"Of course it is, Jones. What is the matter with you?"

"It this is you, who is that over there?" and he pointed to the seat he had just quitted.

Walker looked a moment. It seemed as if he were before a mirror, so exact was the resemblance. Then he rose and seated himself by the stranger.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask your name?" he said.

"Certainly, sir. My name is—Walker?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" broke in Jones excitedly. "How could it be anybody else?"

Explanations followed. It appeared that the doubles, although now meeting for the first time, were natives of the same place; and they finally succeeded in tracing their origin to a common ancestor.

The woman who does not pad is not abreast of the times.

The English and Foreign Press on the Exhibition.

Attention was recently called to some of the opinions expressed by the London daily press in regard to the Exhibition and the Canadian section. The London weekly journals have naturally less space to devote to a detailed notice of the various courts, and yet from them Canada receives adequate attention. The *Graphic* rightly finds in the Canadian section "less of the picturesque than of the practical." To the *Pictorial World* the Canadian display seems an "excellent show." To the *Architect* the range of Canadian exhibits is "very comprehensive;" the agricultural trophy is a "feature which once seen is not soon to be forgotten"; the furniture is thought but little of, though recent additions to this department would doubtless soften, if not reverse that criticism; the educational court of Canada is "the best in the whole Exhibition"; and the collection of Canadian minerals "is one of the most comprehensive" in the building. *Life* regards Canada as "a really wonderful show—more utilitarian of course than that of India, but none the less full of varied interest." Even the *Mark Lane Express* is pleased. "Canada," it remarks, "makes by far the best agricultural display among the Colonies and dependencies, though as an exporting country she is not the most important."

The provincial journals, also, are not behind in their appreciation of the commercial and political importance of the display. The *Birmingham Daily Post* says:—"More than a thousand individual Canadian exhibitors have come forward of their own volition to show at once the natural wealth of their territory and what industry and enterprise have done for its development. From its three million square miles of territory, about equal to the extent of Europe, of late years traversed by that marvellous trunk railway, the Canadian Pacific line, come principally the fruits of virgin prairies and forests, with some remains of the rude arts of the Indian aborigines . . . and the manufacturers of the leading Canadian cities exhibit largely." Another leading journal, the *Leeds Mercury*, remarks:—"Pushing Canada comes out bravely with agricultural products, and with machinery and implements too, being singular in this latter display, as the other Colonies do not show a score of implements between them." The *Mercury* is, however, disappointed that Canada has not a more adequate dairy exhibit. "The display as it is," it concludes, referring to the whole exhibition," must fill the ordinary visitor with astonishment, and make him proud of his birthright as a Briton. No other nation in the world could make such a magnificent display of its own products and manufactures. The *Edinburgh Scotsman* compares the Canadian with the Indian section. "India beams forth in all its Eastern splendour; Canada comes to the front as a country capable of great things waiting for the development which capital and population can only supply." The Canadian Court is thus the "least showy of all," but "thoroughly practical"; and, it is added, "strange, indeed, it will be if a visit does not serve as a surprise to those who only know Canada by name, and who look upon it as a vast land of forest and prairies, practically shut out from the rest of the world for a certain number of months in the year by the severity of its winters. . . Taken as a whole the exhibition is highly creditable to the Dominion and to its Commissioner in this country, who has taken so much interest in its progress." The *Sussex Daily News* remarks:—Canada makes a brave show. Its courts form a large exhibition by themselves" The *Nantwich Guardian*, viewing the Canadian exhibits as a whole, considers them "very interesting and decidedly English in appearance. The manufactures show that the industrial capacity of the Mother Country has been reproduced in the Daughter-land; and thus in economic matters we are in harmonious unity with our kindred in Canada as in matters touching the unity of the Empire of Queen Victoria."

Foreign journals have also shown their appreciation of the importance of the Exhibition. Among these is *L'Independance Belge* of Brussels, which says:—"Canada, as large as Europe, covering an area of 2½ million square miles, occupies a prominent place at the Exhibition. Especially in agriculture does it excel. The trophy of grain and fruits is *grandiose*, and one may say as much of the agricultural implements.

Boulanger's Unselfish Act.

A Paris paper relates an instance of unselfish bravery in the career of General Boulanger, the French minister of war:

In 1871 General Osmond was operating against the Communists, and had commanded a young lieutenant to carry at the bayonet's point a barricade which commanded the Paris road.

"Take some men with you," said he, "Do not give them any cartridges. At midnight advance, try to get as near as possible to the enemy without attracting attention, and when you are discovered charge with the bayonet! Behind the barricade you will doubtless find the Cross of the Legion of Honor."

The lieutenant, having formed his men, according to command, at midnight, was preparing to advance when Colonel Boulanger arrived in undress, cane in hand. The lieutenant could not conceal his vexation. Doubtless the colonel was going to command the small force, and the promised cross would fade from the horizon. The colonel saw what was passing in the mind of the lieutenant, and hastened to reassure him.

"I have nothing to do this evening," said he, "and have come here to amuse myself. I will follow your company as an amateur, without pretending to command."

The order to march was given. At sixty paces from the barricade all the men and the two officers extended themselves on the ground and tried to get as near as possible on their hands and knees. On a sudden the Federalist sentinel, who was guarding the barricade, leaned forward, listened, and then spoke to his companions.

"We are discovered," murmured the lieutenant in the ear of the colonel. "We cannot prevent a general discharge, and shall lose some of our men."

"Very well," replied the colonel. "This is what must be done. I will get up suddenly; they will fire at me and miss me, and before they can reload, you can carry the barricade."

"But, colonel, this is my duty."

"There is no 'but' in the case, and for this occasion I resume the command. Stay where you are and don't get up till I tell you."

The colonel suddenly stood upright in front of the Federalist Chassepots. As he had foreseen, he was fired at and missed. Then, with a loud voice he called out:

"Forward, my lads, at double-quick."

The barricade was carried with the loss of one man.

In a clergyman's house, where there was a bright little three year old boy, seven lovely little kittens had been born the night before. The next morning, the minister, in his grace, said: "O, Lord, consecrate, we pray Thee, the repast set before us, and accept our thanks for the new blessings of the past night. Amen." The little fellow immediately responded: "Seven of them, papa."

HOUSEHOLD.

STRAWBERRIES.

Mrs. Miller says in her cook book: Do not wash strawberries unless absolutely necessary; but if it must be done, hold the shallow basket of *unhulled* strawberries close under the pump while you give them one good, generous *douche* which will pass at once through the basket, taking with it the dirt and grit which would otherwise have set your teeth on edge; let them drain and dry for a few moments undisturbed; then hull them, handling lightly as possible. Put no sugar over them; it draws out the juice and changes the character of the fruit. If the strawberries are not to be eaten for an hour or more, hang in the refrigerator, and do not hull them until the last moment.

Strawberries dropped into powdered sugar and whipped cream piled on top make a seasonable dessert. Serve with white or a lemon jelly cake.

To make a strawberry short-cake:—With one quart of sifted flour, mix thoroughly two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and one of soda, or the equivalent of these in baking powder; rub in a bit of butter the size of an egg, add a little salt and sweet milk sufficient to make a soft dough. Roll half an inch thick and bake in a shallow pan about twenty minutes; have ready two quarts of fine fresh berries; split the cake, place half of the berries between and cover thickly with white sugar and cream; put the other half on the top and cover in the same way; serve as soon as done. If the cream for the top layer is whipped it is an improvement.

For sweet strawberry short cake: one large cup of sour cream, one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, and nearly one quart of flour. Mix, and roll lightly into two sheets, laying one smoothly upon the other, and bake until done. Separate these while warm, but not hot; they will come apart easily where they were joined. Lay upon the lower crust a thick coating, several deep, of strawberries, sprinkle powdered sugar over them, and cover with the upper crust. It is a nice way to bake this short-cake upon deep jelly-cake tins, so the cake may be sent to the table whole. Cut in triangles like a pie, and pour sweet cream over each slice adding more powdered sugar if liked.

To make strawberry blanc mange, press the strawberries, strain off the juice and sweeten it well; place over the fire, and when it boils stir in corn starch wet in cold water, allowing one tablespoonful of corn starch and one egg for each pint of juice; continue stirring until sufficiently cooked, pour into moulds wet in cold water, and set away to cool; serve with cream and sugar, and fresh strawberries if desired.

HINTS.

Whole cloves are now used to exterminate moths.

To remove flower pot stains from window-sills, rub with fine wood ashes, and rinse with clean water.

Strong brine may be used to advantage in washing bedsteads. Hot alum water is also good for this purpose.

The under crust of pies will bake better if the pies are baked on tin plates. On earthen plates it is apt to be soggy.

Cayenne pepper blown into the cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. The same remedy is also good for mice.

Hellebore sprinkled on the floor at night destroys cockroaches. They eat and are poisoned. It should be swept up each morning.

CORN STARCH CUSTARD.—Two tablespoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in one tablespoonful of cold milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one pint of milk. When the milk boils, add the corn starch and sugar and cook a few minutes. Remove from the stove and add the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs; then put in cups and set away to cool. Boil one pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, yolks of three eggs until it forms a custard and when cool flavor to taste. When serving put one of the moulds in a dish and pour some of the custard over it.

WEAKNESS OF STRONG MEN.

The Nervous Collapse of Men With Plenty of Pluck.

"I remember that one of the most daring and strongest-willed men in our regiment was much given to laughing at the poor fellows who went down under disease or who complained much of what we called mere scratches of wounds. For two years it seemed that he was proof against all troubles incident to army life, but one day as he stood in line of battle, as fine a specimen of soldiery spirit and courage as I ever saw, there came bounding and rolling toward the line a heavy cannon ball fired from one of the large guns of the enemy. The temptation to stop a spinning ball of this kind was so strong that most soldiers nerved themselves up to the point of resisting the inclination to give the apparently harmless ball a kick. The only man to yield to the temptation was my superb soldier. He put out his foot with a smile on his face, and went down a shattered, maimed and helpless man. His foot was cut off as by an axe, and the shock made him on the instant as helpless as a babe.

"Riding last Fall on a crowded train I noticed a young fellow, handsome, dashing, and reckless, who was indulging in all sorts of dare-devil capers on the platform. He seemed to have most perfect control of his nerves. He would lean out from the car, standing on the platform steps, stoop to grab at the flowers and shrubs along the line, as though he took delight in frightening the ladies who were protesting against his movements. He gave no attention at all to the warnings of the railroad men, leaning out even as one spoke sharply to him, with a look of smiling incredulity on his face. The train was flying by a switch, and the signal piece of the switch beam or lever struck the man fair on the cheek. It was a terrible blow and it left a terrible wound. My bold, reckless, daring man was on the instant as nerveless as a frightened girl. It required the quick use of restoratives and the most careful treatment to have him rally, and he was for weeks the most despondent, discouraged invalid that I have ever been called upon to treat."

"Per contra," said a young fellow who had listened with great attention to this story, "there is my wife. She is the most nervous, excitable little piece of humanity that you will find anywhere. A caterpillar will frighten her off of the sidewalk and a mouse or a rat will give her more trouble and misery than a wild lion would me. The other day we were moving some piece of furniture, and in the skirmish I squeezed my thumb until I howled like an Indian. I dropped everything to look after my bruised thumb. I was called to my senses by the quiet tones of my nervous wife. She said, without a trace of excitement in her voice: 'My hand is under this;' and that was true. The little pinch that had set me howling was a drop to that crushed hand, and yet she waited patiently till I lifted the heavy load from it and released her. I will never say mouse to her again."

"SAY YOUR PRAYERS."

A Madly Jealous Husband Shoots his Wife.

When, a few months ago, the magnificent new "Palais de Justice," or criminal court building, was completed at Brussels, strangers who saw it for the first time mistook it for a theater or opera-house. Those who saw it three weeks ago had additional evidence that the imposing edifice was devoted to tragedy. Splendid carriages drawn by matched horses were approaching it on all the principal streets. One was reminded of another occasion described by Byron, when "Belgium's capital had gathered there, her beauty and her chivalry." Men and women of wealth, rank, and fashion, not only from Belgium, but from France, Germany, and England, were hastening to gain admittance. Large sums were freely offered for the privilege of obtaining seats. It was not strange that

A VAST CROWD HAD ASSEMBLED,

for the details of a tragedy were to be presented such as no dramatist from Sophocles to Shakespeare had been conceived. The trial of M. Vandersmissen, a descendant from an ancient and honorable family, a brilliant young barrister, a member of the chamber of representatives, and the leader of the "independent" party, for the murder of his young wife was about to commence. Those who had heard his eloquent words as he addressed the legislative body of which he was a member, those who had witnessed his efforts in behalf of his clients in courts of justice, those who had listened to his arguments on the labor question and even those who had only seen his potrait displayed in the windows of shops, desired to see him now as he stood a prisoner in the very court where he had won his fame as a criminal lawyer, accused of the blackest crime the most beastly wretch is capable of committing.

The events that led to the crime, briefly told, are as follows: About three years ago Vandersmissen heard Alice Renaud sing on the stage,

BECAME MADLY IN LOVE,

and married her against the advice of his family and friends. One day last fall he found a young Frenchman, rejoicing in the high-sounding name of Vicomte Dupleix Cadigan, "on the benches of the police court." He was without friends, an he assisted him in his troubles, going so far as to take him to his own house. Here an intrigue sprang up between the Frenchman and his wife, which was discovered by the husband last January. He expelled them from his home and sued for divorce. In a short time he rented a suite of rooms and invited his wife to occupy them. He wrote love-letters to her every day, and often visited her. He bargained with her to keep silent in regard to their meetings, so as to avoid public scandal, promising not to have the divorce registered, and to acknowledge her as his wife at the end of a few months. In March, Madame Vandersmissen became dissatisfied with the agreement, demanded a judicial separation in place of a divorce, and declared that she would plead condonation if the divorce suit was pressed. All this soon became public, and the unfortunate husband was doubly ruined. His counsel abandoned his case, his brothers broke off all relations with him, and his political friends deserted him. Cadigan was being tried for swindling and the husband sent a loaded revolver to his dishonored wife, in the hope "that she retained enough of the sentiment of honor to kill the wretch." But the woman who cared nothing for virtue had little sense of honor. She allowed Cadigan to live and go to prison. Her husband, now driven to desperation, went to his wife's rooms at midnight, and

INFORMED HER THAT SHE MUST DIE.

He bade her "say her prayers," and write anything she desired to send to her friends. She pretended to be writing a letter, in order to collect her thoughts. She threw aside her pen, and offered if her husband would spare her life to furnish fresh proofs of her guilt that would enable him to obtain a divorce. This proposition drove him mad. He raised his revolver to fire, but she blew out the candle so as to spoil the aim. He fired in the dark, and the flame set her dress on fire, and, aided by the light, he fired another shot. With her burning clothes about her she fled down the long and winding stairway, pursued by her husband. More shots were fired, when she forced open the door leading to the street and fell upon the pavement. She lived for several weeks after she had made a full statement of the terrible affair, and then died in the greatest agony.

The trial was of short duration. There was no essential disagreement between the statement of the wife, the confession of the husband, and the testimony of the witnesses. The jury found the prisoner guilty of homicide, but acquitted him of premeditation. In other words, they declared that they believed that he killed his wife because she proposed to make a divorce an easy thing to gain.

Let us not hereafter consider any of the stories of Poe or Hugo as overdrawn. None of them are a match for this tale of human life. The world never knew what love for a worthless woman would drive a man to do. This story affords a new insight into human nature, furnishes a text for sermons and a theme for psychologists. Nature is something more than a great artist; she produces tragedies that astonish all the writers of plays.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

As He was Seen by the Royal Middies.

In their three years roving the Princes Albert and George of Wales had in the main fair winds and flowing seas. They encountered few storms and no pirates. But one night as they sailed over the Southern seas they fell in with the Flying Dutchman. The following is an extract from their "Journals," just published:—"July 11, 1881—At 4 a. m. the Flying Dutchman crossed our bows. A strange red light as of a phantom ship, all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars and sails of the brig stood out in strong relief. As she came up the lookout man on the forecastle reported her as close on the portbow, where also the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her, as did also the quarterdeck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the forecastle. But on arriving there no vestige nor any sign whatever of any material ship was to be seen either near or right away to the horizon. The night being clear and the sky calm, thirteen persons altogether saw her, but whether it was Van Diemen, or the Flying Dutchman, or who else, must remain unknown. The Tourmaline and Cleopatra, who were sailing on our starboard bow, flashed to ask whether we had seen the strange red light at a quarter to 11 a. m.

"The ordinary seaman who had this morning reported the Flying Dutchman fell from the foretopmast crosstrees and was smashed to atoms. At a quarter past four p. m., after we quarters hove to, with head yards aback, and he was buried in the sea. He was a smart royal-yard man and one of the most promising young hands in the ship, and every one feels quite sad at his loss. At the next port we came to the admiral also was smitten down." Is this another proof that fact is stranger than fiction?

HEALTH.

BEDS AND HAMMOCKS.

Beds, says the Lancet, are occupied night after night, year after year, by divers persons in sickness and in health, in summer's heat and winter's cold, and as to when bedding is remade and purified each one can judge by his own experience. Compare this with the use of the South American hammock, which only requires a stout blanket inside, and in winter a woolen sleeping dress as well, of suitable make, i. e., drawers, socks, and a loose jacket, all periodically washable. The sanitary difference becomes at once startling to those who have never considered the subject before. The South American hammock is made of the fibers of the young leaves of the Ita palm, so woven that it yields to every movement and projection of the body in every direction except lengthwise, and in which direction the weight of the body establishes its own support, the same as in chairs with the loose canvas backs. Hammocks are very easy to get into and out of, and one cannot fall out of them when asleep. They should be swung the same distance from the ground as the seat of a chair. They form an excellent seat. Sitting down one draws the back of the hammock up as high as one may desire. The proper way to get into a hammock—for there is a proper way—is first to sit down on it, and then throw the legs up and the back down, wrapping yourself up in its soft, elastic, and ample folds. The best way to lie is crosswise. The position can be varied in three or four ways. The writer has passed several nights in such a hammock and blanket, exposed to the damps of a South American forest, and risen perhaps more refreshed than if he had slept in a bed. For bed-ridden people their use would be invaluable. Those who have been confined to a bed or water-bed for three or four months know how fatiguing and disgusting they become. In many cases in hospitals such hammocks would be real sanitary appliances. The hammock I have comes from the Essequibo Indians in British Guiana. I do not know why a similar mode of weaving (more like knitting without the knots) of some material having the mellow feeling of the rush used in rush-bottomed chairs could not be managed in this country.

FAINTING.

The word swoon means the same as the medical term syncope. It is due to the failure of the heart to send the necessary supply of blood to the brain. It may be partial, or complete.

In the latter case, the person suddenly turns pale, and soon falls, with a loss of consciousness and an apparent stoppage of the pulse and heart. The breathing, too, is either imperceptible, or occurs only in occasional weak sighs. The patient, to the ordinary observer, may seem to be dead.

Of course the action of the heart has not ceased, but it is feeble. This condition may last only a few moments, or it may continue for hours. It generally ends in recovery, beginning with slight movement of the features and hands, and deep sighing. The pulse becomes more distinct, and the heart-beat stronger. Color and warmth return, and consciousness is gradually restored in full.

Among the causes are organic diseases of the heart, especially fatty degeneration; extreme heat, combined with impure air; loss of blood, or impoverished blood (as in anæmia); the reflex action of certain conditions of the stomach or other organs of the heart. More or less of these causes are sometimes combined. Some persons faint from very slight causes—an unpleasant sight or odor. We have known persons to faint easily and often, and yet enjoy good health to extreme age. But when fainting is due to organic disease of the heart, or to loss of blood, or to extreme heat, it may prove speedily fatal unless soon relieved.

In its treatment lay the patent flat on the back. This favors the flow of blood to the brain. We had a friend who could generally anticipate an attack, and check it, or cut it short, by at once taking a recumbent position. Never allow one who has fainted to be lifted into a sitting posture, or to have even the head raised.

If the fainting is due to excessive loss of blood, this of course must be arrested. Meanwhile manage to place the head lower than the rest of the body. The heart, too, should be stimulated with some form of alcohol, ammonia, ether or cologne-water.

In all cases secure the purest air, and loosen the dress, especially about the chest and neck.

A writer in the *Lancet* says that in many cases a person accustomed to faint from slight causes may avert the attack by applying heat to the head.

Horseback Tobogganing.

Turkish riders are very daring, and their horses are well-trained. Capt. Burnaby tells of an adventure he met with in riding through the mountains of Armenia which is certainly novel. With his guide and servants, he came to a glacier down which they must go. The frozen surface extended for at least one hundred yards. The incline, he says, was steeper than the roof of an average English house. One of the servants cast an inquiring glance at the guide. The latter gave a grunt.

"What do you think of it, Mohammed?" I asked.

"Effendi, we shall go down very fast. If the Lord wills it, we shall not break our bones."

"If we do not take this route," said the guide, "we must make a detour for at least two hours. I think the horses can manage it, effendi."

"Very well," I said, "you can try."

The guide rode his horse to the glacier. The poor animal trembled when he reached the brink.

"*Haide*, get on!" cried Mohammed from behind, and, striking the quadruped on his flanks, the animal stretched his fore-legs over the declivity, almost touching the slippery surface with his girth.

Another crack with the whip, away went the guide and horse down the glacier. For the first fifty yards the man succeeded in keeping his steed's head straight. A slight inequality in the ice gave the animal's face a twist in another direction; horse and rider went round in many circles. They had nearly attained the velocity of an express train, when they were suddenly brought up by a snow-drift.

There was not much damage done, and now I prepared to make the descent. It was not an agreeable sensation. I was on the edge of the precipice. The yelling Mohammed was castigating my animal from behind. I would have gladly given him five shillings or a new coat to desist from the flagellating process.

However, the die was cast. My followers were looking on. What the guide had done, it was very clear that an Englishman ought to do. I committed myself to Providence. Away we went.

Was I on my horse, or was I not? Now we were waltzing madly down the slippery surface, and then my boots were touching the ice itself, owing to my animal's position. A second later we were buried, as the guide had been, in six feet of snow.

Next came the turn of my followers. Their descent was a fearful thing to witness, but, fortunately, not half so dangerous as it appeared. With the exception of some damage to the luggage and saddlery, there was little harm done.

"I never thought as how a horse could skate, sir, before!" remarked my English servant, as he slowly extricated himself from the snow-drift. "It was more than sliding, that it was—a cutting of figures of eight all down the roof of a house! And then I was buried alive to finish up with!"

A wealthy man had engaged a splendid cottage at Newport and also a new driver for his horses. The driver was advised to be very polite if he intended to keep his place. Accordingly, when the master went to the Queen Anne stable, the following dialogue ensued: Master—"Well, John, how are the horses?" Coachman—"They are quite well, thank you, and how are you?"

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1886.

THE YOUNG LIBERALS IN COUNCIL.

The Regina Scaffold adopted as a Plank of the Platform.

A Vote of Sympathy with Mr. Blake on the Riel Question.

MONTREAL, July 1st.—The first order of business was the appointing of a committee to nominate officers for the Young Men's Liberal Association of Canada, who reported the following names as the first officers of the association:—

"The committee appointed to nominate officers for the Young Men's Liberal Association of Canada beg to submit the following names as the first officers of the association:—
Hon. president—Hon. Ed. Blake.
President—R. Prefontaine.
Vice presidents—Northwest territories, Jas. Cochrane, Qu'Appelle, N.W.T.
Manitoba, T. J. Mathers, Winnipeg.
Ontario, D. E. Cameron, Lucknow, Ont.
Quebec, E. Pacaud, Quebec.
New Brunswick, J. Hannington, St. John.
Nova Scotia, J. W. Fielding ("Secesh"), Halifax.
Prince Edward Island, Hon. L. H. Davies, M.P., Charlottetown.
British Columbia, nobody.
Secretaries—T. C. Robinette, Toronto; Achille Dorion, Montreal.
Executive committee—Ontario, G. M. Reid, London; J. D. Clark, Hamilton; J. F. Edgar, Toronto; J. Y. Hawke, Ottawa.
Quebec—Chas. Langelier, Quebec; G. M. Deschene, Quebec; H. M. Ryder, Stanstead; L. P. Brodeur, Montreal; H. J. Cloran, Montreal.
Manitoba—Clifford Sefton, Brandon; Smith Curtis, Portage la Prairie; F. E. Burnham, Emerson; Dr McArthur, Winnipeg; Fred C. Wade, Winnipeg.
The report was unanimously adopted.

The question of independence, which raised such a storm between the Quebecers and Ontarians, was left over until next year's convention. A motion was moved by Mr. Dumont, seconded by Mr. McMahon, condemning the Government for employing the public funds for the purpose of assisting immigration from the old country to settle in Canada, which was unanimously carried.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

It was proposed by Mr. Barthe, Three Rivers, and seconded by Mr. Reid, of London, (Ontario)—

"That, in the opinion of this convention, all restrictions on the trade and commerce of the Dominion are detrimental to the best interests of the people, and that it is absolutely necessary as a step toward the more equitable government of Canada that at the earliest possible moment the tax on coal, flour and other necessaries of life and on raw material for manufacture should be abolished."

This was carried without discussion.

PATRIOTIC FOR A PURPOSE.

It was moved by Mr. Thos. Duffy and seconded by Mr. A. F. McIntyre:

"That this meeting express its sympathy with the gallant efforts now being made by Mr Gladstone, Mr. Parnell and their followers to grant to the people of Ireland a parliament to manage their local affairs and that the establishment of such a parliament in Ireland is, in the opinion of this meeting, in accordance with the wants and rights of the Irish people and would tend to the peace, harmony and prosperity of the Empire."

Mr. Denis Barry, lawyer, Mr. B. J. Coghlin, Mr. L. O. David, Mr. L. M. Taylor, (Ottawa), Dr. Graham and others addressed the meeting on the home rule resolutions.

Cheers were given for Gladstone, Blake, Laurier and Parnell, and the motion was declared adopted.

It was moved by Mr. Cameron, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone.

At a later stage in the proceedings Mr. McIntyre (Ottawa) said that there were some members of the convention ready to put up the money for the cable to Mr. Gladstone as they did not think it fair to place the club at the expense.

Mr. Prefontaine said that this matter would be all right and that the club would get the necessary cash.

THE LATE MR. HUNTINGDON.

It was moved by Mr. G. W. Stephens, seconded by Mr. Noyes,

"That this convention has learned with deep regret of the death of the Hon. L. S. Huntingdon, one of the most distinguished leaders of the Liberal party of the Dominion of Canada, whose assiduous services on behalf of pure government and in the best interests of the Dominion and whose warm sympathy with the young men of the country deserves the heartfelt recognition of the convention. It is further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to the family of the deceased."

The resolutions were cordially received by the convention.

MANITOBA LANDS.

Mr. Mathers (Winnipeg), seconded by Mr. Cochrane (N. W. T.), moved,

"That the public lands of Manitoba shall be restored to the province and compensation given for those already alienated for Crown purposes less the cost of survey and administration."

This resolution was the cause of quite a long discussion.

Mr. Cameron asked, "Are you going to pass the resolution as it is? will you give Manitoba back her lands without deducting the cost of the Canadian Pacific railway and opening up the country? (Cries of "Yes" and "No.")

Mr. Brodeur, moved in amendment,

"That the lands be handed over to the province."

Mr. Cameron Moved a sub-amendment,

"That the Manitoba lands be handed over to the province on such conditions as are just and equitable."

The sub amendment was adopted.

THE REGINA PLATFORM.

Mr. MCINTYRE, president of the Ontario Liberal club, moved

"That the convention approves of the course of the Hon. Mr. Blake in relation to the execution of Louis Riel, and are desirous of joining in the censure of the Dominion Government for the reason stated by the leader of the Liberal party during the late session of Parliament."

MR. MCINTYRE, as an Ontario Liberal, had Much pleasure in seconding the motion. He justified the rebellion of the Metis and, poetically describing their "plundered homes and ruined shrines," said that they would be less than men and less than Canadians if they did not rebel. (The Club National men rose in their places and cheered his sentiment.) Mr. McIntyre, as a lawyer, declared Riel's trial unconstitutional and said if Riel had had fair play he would be alive to-day.

Mayor BEAUGRAND said that his opinions on the Riel execution were well known through *La Patrie*. He regretted more than he did the death of Riel that in the nineteenth century a government could be found who were ready to shed blood or anything else because of political bickerings. (Applause.) He hoped that next election would see those men turned out of power. Although a number of Conservatives had voted for his election as Mayor, he hoped they would never expect him to give up his political convictions (Applause.)

MR. MCSHANE, in the course of his speech, declared that he had always "supported Riel."

MR. L. O. DAVID having spoken, the motion was declared unanimously adopted.

THE FISHERIES.

The following resolution was passed without discussion:

"Resolved that this convention is convinced that no settlement of the respective fishing rights of Canada and the United States will prove satisfactory unless the policy of England in the negotiations is based on the recommendations of the Canadian Government."

The session adjourned at 1.30 until 2.30.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At 3 o'clock the convention reassembled.

PROVINCIAL "RIGHTS."

It was moved by Mr. J. P. Noyes, seconded by Mr. A. M. Taylor and carried unanimously,

"That this convention protests against the unjust and unconstitutional encroachments of the Federal Government upon the rights guaranteed to the several provinces of the Dominion, and believes that the veto power now possessed by the Governor-General-in-Council with respect to provincial legislation should be abolished, and further believes that the courts constitute a sufficient check upon unconstitutional provincial legislation."

This was adopted.

THE SENATE.

Mr. Willison, of the *Globe*, seconded by Mr. James Mitchell, (Montreal), moved

"That the Dominion Senate, as at present constituted, is utterly useless as a legislative body and fails to realize the hopes or expectation of those who at Confederation believed that a second chamber composed entirely of members nominated by the Crown, would prove a non partisan body and check upon hasty or imprudent legislation by the House of Commons; that in the opinion of this convention the Senate should be reformed in such a way as to make an elective chamber without interfering with the present proportionable representation of the various provinces therein."

Mr. Brodeur moved, seconded by Mr. Martineau, in amendment—

"That the Senate be abolished."

Mr. Hawke, seconded by Mr. Kerr, of Cobourg, moved, as a sub-amendment, an addition to the main motion, that—

"It be resolved that the Territories of Assiniboine, Saskatchewan and Alberta shall have representation in the Senate."

Mr. Hawke was not in favor of abolition of the Senate, but of reform.

Mr. Taylor said that if one or two egotistical individuals had not insisted on speaking seven or eight times to each question they would have more time to discuss this important question. He spoke in favor of the abolition of the Senate.

It was decided to abolish the Senate by a vote of 55 to 26 who voted for an elective Senate.

Mr. Hawke said that the vote was ridiculous, and that non delegates had joined in it.

THE BENCH.

It was moved by Mr. Noyes

"That the judges of provincial courts should be appointed by provincial governments."

Mr. Martineau, seconded by Mr. Brodeur, proposed

"That the judges should be appointed by provincial governments on the recommendation of the Bar."

The main motion of Mr. Noyes was adopted after a long discussion.

A RUSH.

As it was now getting late, the following motions as props to the Liberal platform were moved with reckless haste and declared carried:—

MANITOBA RAILWAYS.

Moved by F. G. Mathers, seconded by W. F. Kerr, and resolved:

"That the right of the province of Manitoba, under the British North America act, to charter railways within its boundaries should not be interfered with."

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Moved by T. C. Robinette, seconded by Mr. Tremblay, and resolved:—

"That the notorious abuses in connection with the civil service of the Dominion are such as call for immediate action; that the annual expenditure upon the civil service is far beyond the requirements of the country; that the present system of examinations is farcical and useless, merit being wholly ignored; that a complete measure of civil service reform is necessary by which the expenditure may be reduced, the nepotism and favoritism practised by the present Government rendered impossible, and the public service rendered independent of political parties. That this convention desires to place upon record its condemnation of the practice of importing men to fill positions in the public service which can be properly and efficiently filled by Canadians."

BOARDS OF ARBITRATION.

Moved by Mr. Cameron, and seconded by Mr. Robinette:

"That in the opinion of this convention Dominion boards of arbitrators should be appointed, with compulsory powers to settle labor disputes between public corporations and their employees, and this convention further recommends the appointment of a commission to enquire into and report upon the whole trades and labor question."

Moved in amendment by Mr. Crysler, and seconded by Mr. Knowles.

"That the consideration of the resolution with reference to Dominion Boards of Arbitrators be adjourned until the next meeting of convention."

Moved by J. S. Willisey, seconded by Mr. McMahon,

"That this convention is in favor of joint boards of arbitration appointed by the employers and employees of the corporations concerned, with legal powers of settlement."

The main motion was adopted after a discussion.

CIVIL SERVICE PENSIONS.

Moved by Mr. Willison, seconded by Mr. Ryder, and adopted:—

"That the system of superannuation and granting of pensions to members of the civil service is attended with great abuses, and, having due regard to existing rights, should be entirely abolished."

GERRYMANDERING.

It was moved by Mr. Robinette, seconded by D. E. Cameron,

"That the Dominion authorities shall have no power to change the electoral divisions, but that the provincial Government shall have full control of all such matters."

Lost.

Mr. Willison moved in amendment:—

"That this convention condemns, in the strongest possible terms, the gerrymandering of the constituencies, as undertaken most unwarrantably by the present Dominion Government, and resolves that the evil should be undone at the earliest possible moment."

The amendment was declared carried.

INDEPENDENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Moved by Mr. McMahon, seconded by Mr. Tremblay:—

"That no member, solicitor, or employee of a corporation seeking or receiving land, money subsidies or other pecuniary advantages from the Government should be permitted to sit or vote in Parliament."

Mr. Denis Barry wanted to have "contractors" added, but he was shouted down and the motion was declared carried.

A BOOMERANG MOTION.

Moved by Mr. Hawke, seconded by Mr. Chysler, and carried.

"Resolved, That in the opinion of this convention bribery at elections is a conspiracy against the public welfare and should be made punishable by imprisonment without the option of a fine in the cases of both briber and bribee."

THE PUBLIC LANDS.

Moved by Mr. Clarke, seconded by Mr. Brodeur, and carried.

"Resolved, In the opinion of this convention the policy of granting the public lands to speculators pursued by the present Dominion Government is to be condemned, and that in the future all the public lands should be granted to actual settlers only."

RECIPROCITY.

Moved by E. Judge, seconded by E. Pacaud,

"That this convention is strongly in favor of a treaty of reciprocity with the United States."

The motion was adopted.

Mr. Mitchell, son of the Hon. Peter Mitchell, seconded by Mr. Snellgrove, moved:

Whereas, a "Congress of American Nations" is to be held at Washington to promote the political progress and commercial prosperity of the American nations represented thereat, and said congress will embrace delegates from each of the republics of Mexico of Central and South America, Hayti, San Domingo, and from Brazil, to deal with the question of the formation of a customs union, the establishment of a steamship communication, the adopting of a uniform system of weights and measures, a common silver coin, a plan of arbitration of differences, and all such matters as may promote peace and prosperity;

"And whereas, no steps have been taken to have Canada represented at said congress.

"Resolved, That this convention wishes to express its dissatisfaction at the exclusion of Canada from said congress, whether it be due to supineness on the part of the Dominion Government or to Canada's not possessing the attributes of sovereignty, and to express its earnest desire for the opening up and the maintaining, on a favorable basis, of the closest commercial relations with every nation of the Amerian continent."

Mr. Perry said that Mr. Mitchell was not a delegate.

Mr. Mitchell got excited at this, and said that he got his ticket from "Jimmy McShane" and Alfred Perry.

Mr. Perry—"You are not a delegate and have no right to propose a motion."

The President said that although Mr. Mitchell might not be a delegate yet he was a "young Liberal" and was heartily welcomed.

Mr. Perry maintained that Mr. Mitchell was not a duly credited delegate and he had no right to propose a motion. The motion meant independence, and if the convention wanted this let them come out straight.

Mr. Mitchell.—"I was always a Liberal, and I spent more money in the late Mr. Devlin's election than Fred. Perry ever did."

A general wordy scene ensued.

The Chairman explained that if Mr. Mitchell had been a Conservative and wished to be a Liberal he could be so. (Laughter.) He was resolved to accept his motion.

Mr. B J. Coghlin entered another protest with Mr. Perry.

Finally an amendment that the question should be postponed until next convention was adopted.

The convention resolved that there should be a "penny postage" system in Canada.

The business then terminated.

THREE MORE FISHING VESSELS SEIZED.—The Portland fishing schooner *City Point*, *C. B. Harrington*, and *George W. Cushing*, are detained at Shelburne for violation of Customs laws and obtaining men and bate.

The Portland mackereling steamer *Novelty*, put into Pictou on the 2nd to obtain a supply of Bunker coal, but as coal was not wood and was not covered by the treaty of 1818, she did not get it.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

(*Taken from the Educational Record.*)

The interest which teachers feel in these gatherings is shown by the number of enquiries received concerning the dates and places at which the Institutes are to be held this summer. Three institutes will be held during the month of July, one in each of three districts of Inspectors Hubbard, McLoughlin and McGregor. The work will be carried on upon the same plan as last year, under the direction of Dr. Robins, Dr. McGregor and the English Secretary of the Department.

Dr. Robins will take up Geography, English and Methods of Teaching, Dr. McGregor will take up Arithmetic, Geometry and methods of Teachings, and the Rev. Mr. Rexford will take up School Discipline in relation to school boards, parents, teachers and pupils. An hour each day will be given to the *General Question Box* which proved so useful and interesting at Waterloo and Ormstown last year. We hope that School Commissioners and teachers will unite in making the gatherings successful. In one or two instances, last year, meetings for the engagement of teachers were held during the time the institutes were in session and some teachers were kept from the institute in consequence. This should be avoided in the future. The first Institute will open at Lennoxville, on Tuesday, July 6th; the second on July 13th, probably at Knowlton; the third at Lachute or Hull, July 20th.

We invite attention to the foregoing extract and are glad to be able to state that the attendance of the Institute has been secured for Lachute. The members will begin to arrive on the 20th instant, and will be received at the college building which is now being put in order for the occasion. The attendance will number about eighty, for three or four days. A committee of citizens are already moving in the direction of extending a cordial welcome.

The growing interest in these gatherings of educators is tending to make the place where they assemble, an object to be contended for. The benefit to education—aside from the indirect benefit to the community—is incalculable. We look to the beauty and voluntary co-operation of our townspeople, to make the occasion one to be pleasantly remembered. All friends of education who may desire to assist in the reception should communicate at once with Dr. Christie, the chairman of the committee.

COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

[*From the "Canadian Gazette," London, England, June 20, 1886*]

CURRENT NOTES.

It will be with unfeigned regret that many Canadians will have learned of the somewhat sudden death of Sir Alexander Stuart, the Executive Commissioner for New South Wales, at the Exhibition. As Premier of the Colony at the time of the despatch of the Soudan contingent, Sir Alexander, aided by Mr. Dalley, the acting Premier, showed a timely patriotism, for which the thanks of every Briton are due. And since that time, when crossing Canadian territory on his voyage to England in search of new life and vigour, never unhappily attained, he showed a like spirit, appreciating to the full the courage which had spurred on Canadians to the great enterprise which, now fortunately complete, will make Australasia so much nearer in distance and in feeling to the heart of the Empire.

The speaking, at the banquet given on Wednesday of last week by the St George's Club to the members of the Royal Commission and Executive Commissioners of the Exhibition, was worthy of the occasion. To Sir Charles Tupper fell the duty of proposing the toast of the "Imperial forces." He declared that no forces in the world were commanded by abler or more gallant officers, and no officers in the world had the honour of commanding more brave and valiant men than those who formed the rank and file of the British army, the navy, and the Home and Colonial volunteers of the Empire. What these Colonial volunteers could do was amply shown by the troops—Roman Catholic and Protestant—who sprang to arms in Canada and followed General Middleton to the Saskatchewan to put down the Riel rebellion and uphold the honour of the British flag.

Sir F. Middleton, in reply, said that some time ago he had read a statistical account by a German of the forces of Great Britain, in which were allotted so many to the regular army, so many to the volunteers, so many to the militia, and so many to the Indian army. Since he had had the honour of commanding in Canada he was convinced that there were others who should be put on that list. His task in Canada had been made easy by the good will and obedience of the men of the Canadian Militia; and what was true of the Canadian Militia would, he was sure, be found to be true of the militia of all the great Colonies of the Empire. Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Grant responded for the "Reserve Forces." The Hon. Hector Fabre was, among others, present at the banquet.

—The Hamilton *Times* (Liberal) says, "reciprocity is a humbug." We are inclined to coincide with the *Times* in that opinion, and in that of independence, free trade, et cetera.

THE "LITTLE MAXWELL" PARADE

Maxwell's Binder Delivery Paris.

("Brant Review," June 11th, 1886.)

For several years past the genial proprietor of the Paris Agricultural Works has devoted much of his time and energies towards the development of a Harvester Binder that should at once be free from the complicated machinery of the ordinary binder, and at the same time be of such light construction that a span of ordinary horses could operate it successfully. His untiring perseverence has been rewarded with success, and last season he manufactured and placed upon the market a limited number of machines which filled the bill and charmed the heart of almost every farmer who saw them work.

The new machine proved to be just what the Ontario farmers wanted, and being subjected to the most severe tests, it proved itself lighter of draught, more simple in construction, and more easily manipulated than any binder yet manufactured in Canada or the United States. In fact, the "Little Maxwell" is

YEARS IN ADVANCE

of the cumbersome machines with which farmers have been obliged to content themselves up to the present. So well satisfied was Mr. Maxwell with the success of this machine that he resolved to manufacture largely for the coming season, and accordingly has turned out, or has in course of construction, about 500 machines.

The rapidity with which orders for the Little Maxwell have been received justifies Mr. Maxwell's utmost confidence, and now the prospects are that before the harvest is fairly upon us there will not be a machine left in the works. In the surrounding district embracing Brantford and Galt the sale of these machines has far exceeded that of all other manufactures, local and otherwise put together. To day (Friday) the

DELIVERY OF MACHINES

from the Paris Agricultural works to the farmers immediately surrounding Paris, took place, and Mr. Maxwell is justified in having made the occasion one of more than passing notice.

About twelve o'clock (noon) forty farmers with their teams congregated at the works and, one by one they were driven under the storeroom and the machines let down upon their wagons. The Paris Brass Band, twenty-five strong, struck up one of their favorite marches, and the long procession started from the works with banners flying, and headed by the band took up their line of march down Willow street to the Dundas street bridge; then up River street about a mile to Charlotte street; from Charlotte street Broadway was reached and followed to Mechanic, from which the head of the procession again reached River street where the tail of the procession had just passed.

At Bradford's Hotel the band halted and the long array of teams, after being massed together in several rows, were photographed by our popular artist Mr. T. Baustaugh.

At the invitation of Mr. Maxwell the farmers took out their teams and adjourned to the Bradford House where, together with a number of leading citizens of the town, they sat down to a banquet prepared at the expense of the Paris Agricultural Works.

Ex-Mayor Whitlaw made a few graceful and congratulatory remarks as to the occasion of the gathering, and called upon Rev. Mr. Wylie who offered grace.

About 125 persons enjoyed the repast and intense sociability prevailed for the following half hour.

On congregating again in the other rooms of the hotel Mr. John Conworth moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Maxwell for the kind manner in which they had been entertained. He took occassion to express on the part of himself and farmers present the satisfaction felt by all in Mr. Maxwell's success.

Mr. Guthrie seconded the motion which was responded to by three ringing cheers.

Mr. Maxwell responded in a few words thanking those present for the interest they had evinced in his success, and for their presence there. He could only wish that the machines they had purchased might require to be worked to their utmost capacity during this and future harvests. After which the proceedings terminated.

To-morrow (Saturday) there will be numerous deliveries of binders in Galt and Brantford, the Paris Band going to head the procession in Brantford City.

Brantford.

On Saturday the 12th June, the city of Brantford was treated to a similar parade. Twenty-five farmers' teams formed near the Grand Trunk freight sheds, at the foot of Colborne street, and headed by the Paris Brass Band the procession moved up Colborne St. Being a market day the greatest interest was evinced by the many farmers in the city, and fully three thousand people witnessed the procession. Arriving at the American Hotel dinner was served, after which the proceedings terminated.

Galt.

Saturday the 12th June.

As this town is the centre of a thriving and enterprising class of farmers, the sales of "The Little Maxwell" were equally large and the turn-out was as imposing as at Brantford and Paris, and took place on the same day as that at the former city. Mr. Maxwell is to be congratulated on the success that has attended him throughout his business career, and especially the immese patronage accorded him in the face of keen competition, and by intelligent farmers, who fully tested this Binder, or saw it tested last year; and under the most trying circumstances.

Parties wishing to purchase apply to W. D. Cook, Lachute.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR.—If nothing unforeseen occurs it is anticipated by the Loyal Orange Association of Argenteuil, to celebrate the 12th inst. in Mr. Thomas Barron's grove, Lachute, where we hope to meet all in love and unity as we do on all other days of ordinary business.

I am Sir,
Yours, COM.
Shrewsbury, July 6th, 1886.

Mr. R. Dudderidge, Mayor of Lachute, will be nominated for Argenteuil as candidate for the Local Legislature, in the Liberal interest, in opposition to Mr. Owens, M. P. The Hon. Mr. Abbott will be opposed by Mr. R. G. Meikle, ex-M. P. P., for the Federal. Mr. Meikle and Mr. Dudderidge are both considered strong men.—*Witness.*

BRITISH ELECTIONS.

THE LATEST TOTALS.

Conservatives	240
Liberal Unionists	47
Liberals	119
Parnelites	55

THE PACIFIC IN FIVE DAYS

AND NINETEEN HOURS—SOMETHING NEW FOR THIS CONTINENT.

The first through train on the Canadian Pacific Railway, which left Montreal at eight o'clock on Monday evening, June 28th, reached Vancouver at 12 noon, yesterday, July 4th—which is equivalent to 4 p.m. Montreal time. The distance is 2,906 miles. This train left Winnipeg a little late of the advertised time, (9.40 p. m. Wednesday) reaching Canmore, on this side of the Rockies, on time, (2.10 a. m.) Saturday, and passing Donald, the first station west of the summit, at 9.50 the same morning. The distance from Winnipeg to Vancouver is 1,482 miles. The total actual time consumed in the through journey was 139 hours, or nearly 21 miles an hour, including stoppages.—*Witness.*

PERRY DAVIS'
PAIN-KILLER
IS RECOMMENDED BY
Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Work-shops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals, —in short, everybody everywhere who has ever given it a trial.
TAKEN INTERNALLY MIXED WITH A WINE GLASS OF HOT MILK AND SUGAR, IT WILL BE FOUND A NEVER FAILING CURE FOR
SUDDEN COLDS, CHILLS, CONGESTION OR STOPPAGE OF CIRCULATION, CRAMPS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, SUMMER AND BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SORE THROAT, &c.
APPLIED EXTERNALLY,
EXPERIENCE HAS PROVEN IT THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND BEST LINIMENT ON EARTH IN REMOVING THE PAIN ARISING FROM
SPRAINS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SWELLED FACE, TOOTHACHE, BURNS, FROST BITES, &c., &c.
25cts. per Bottle.
Beware of Imitations.

CAMPBELL'S
TONIC ELIXIR
This agreeable yet potent preparation is especially adapted for the relief and cure of that class of disorders attendant upon a low or reduced state of the system, and usually accompanied by Pallor, Weakness and Palpitation of the Heart. Prompt results will follow its use in cases of Sudden Exhaustion arising from Loss of Blood, Acute or Chronic Diseases, and in the weakness that invariably accompanies the recovery from Wasting Fevers. No remedy will give more speedy relief in Dyspepsia or Indigestion. For Impoverished Blood, Loss of Appetite, Despondency, and in all cases where an EFFECTIVE and CERTAIN STIMULANT is required, the ELIXIR will be found INVALUABLE.
Price $1 per Bottle or Six Bottles for $5
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited)
SOLE AGENTS,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
CELEBRATED
Florida Water
The Universal Perfume.
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, THE TOILET AND THE BATH.

CAMPBELL'S
CATHARTIC COMPOUND
is effective in small doses, acts without griping, does not occasion nausea, and will not create irritation and congestion as do many of the usual cathartics administered in the form of Pills, &c.
Ladies and Children having the most sensitive stomachs take this medicine without trouble or complaint.
CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND is especially adapted for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINTS AND BILIOUS DISORDERS.
FOR ACID STOMACH AND LOSS OF APPETITE.
FOR SICK HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA.
FOR CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.
FOR ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM A DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH
This medicine being in liquid form, the dose can be easily regulated to meet the requirements of different persons, thus making it equally well adapted to the use of the little child as to the adult. Put up in three ounce bottles, and sold by all dealers in family medicines.
Price Retail, 25 Cents.

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

Dominion, Quebec Provincial,
AND SECOND ANNUAL
EXHIBITION,
—OF THE—
Eastern Townships Agricultural Association.
WILL BE HELD AT THE CITY OF
SHERBROOKE,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
THURSDAY, 23 SEPTEMBER,
—TO—
SATURDAY, 2nd OCTOBER.
$25,000.00 IN PREMIUMS.
Entries on Live Stock to close Saturday 4th September; on all other classes, on Saturday, 11th Sept.
Reduced rates and Cheap Excursions from all points.
For further particulars, apply to,
ROBERT H. TYLEE,
Sec.-Treas.
Sherbrooke, 28th, June, 1886.

To most children the bare suggestion of a dose of castor oil is nauseating. Why not, then, when physic is necessary for the little ones, use Ayer's Cathartic Pills? They combine every essential and valuable principle of a cathartic medicine, and being sugar coated are easily taken.

NOTICE
TO BUIDERS AND PARTIES REQUIRING LUMBER, go to Lachute Saw Mills where you will find a very large and complete stock of Pine, Spruce, Hemlock, Tamarack and Cedar. Long timber in Spruce and Tamarack cut to order. Also a quantity of Hardwood Lumber, dressed flooring and sawed Shingles kept in stock.
Large quantities of mixed lumber to be sold at Six Dollars per thousand.
P. & A. MACGIBBON,
41-3 m Lachute Mills.

WATCHES & JEWELLERY.
—:o:—
BEST ASSORTMENT IN TOWN
SPRING STOCK JUST ARRIVED.
Prices moderate and all Goods warranted for what they are sold for.
—ALSO—
REPAIRS DONE IN FIRST CLASS STYLE.
T. JOUSSE,
Watchmaker,
Old Stand Opposite Post Office.
Lachute.

"Steam Carriage Factory."
(ESTABLISHED 1851.)
Call and see the large stock of CARRIAGES at the *Old* and *Reliable Stand* of DUDDERIDGE & MITCHELL, comprising *Buggies* of all descriptions, light single do., open and with tops—*Lumber Wagons*, heavy and light, ~~suitable~~ to all tastes—*Carts*, in almost every variety —*Buck Boards—Cart Wheels*—several very fine *Express Wagons—Wheel Barrows etc.* This is the largest assortment of vehicles and the greatest variety ever offered for sale in this County, and are at greatly reduced prices.
OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING:
Buggies from $50.00 upward.
Steel Springed Carts, $35.00.
Lumber Wagons, $65.00, with Steel Spring Seat.
All Whiffletrees, Neck Yokes, etc., complete.
Canadian Carts, $23 00 to $26.00
Ironed Cart Wheels, $12.00.
All work made from best materials, come and examine our stock of seasoned lumber, the only time that lumber can be judged (as to quality) is before painting, even an expert will be deceived after the paint is laid on.
Repairing of all Carriages done promptly, also trimming and painting of Buggies etc.
Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, will find it to your advantage as everything is *cheap*. Don't fail to examine this immense stock.
DUDDERIDGE & MITCHELL.
Lachute, April 30th, 1886. 35-3 m

HAGYARD'S
YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

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

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

ROBUST HEALTH
Is not always enjoyed by those who seem to possess it. The taint of corrupted blood may be secretly undermining the constitution. In time, the poison will certainly show its effects, and with all the more virulence the longer it has been allowed to permeate the system. Each pimple, sty, boil, skin disorder and sense of unnatural lassitude, or languor, is one of Nature's warnings of the consequences of neglect.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Is the only remedy that can be relied upon, in all cases, to eradicate the taint of hereditary disease and the special corruptions of the blood. It is the only alterative that is sufficiently powerful to thoroughly cleanse the system of Scrofulous and Mercurial impurities and the pollution of Contagious Diseases. It also neutralizes the poisons left by Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever, and enables rapid recuperation from the enfeeblement and debility caused by these diseases.
Myriads of Cures
Achieved by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, in the past forty years, are attested, and there is no blood disease, at all possible of cure, that will not yield to it. Whatever the ailments of this class, and wherever found, from the scurvy of the Arctic circle to the "veldt-sores" of South Africa, this remedy has afforded health to the sufferers by whom it was employed. Druggists everywhere can cite numerous cases, within their personal knowledge, of remarkable cures wrought by it, where all other treatment had been unavailing. People will do well to
Trust Nothing Else
than AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Numerous crude mixtures are offered to the public as "blood purifiers," which only allure the patient with the pretense of many cheap doses, and with which it is folly to experiment while disease is steadily becoming more deep-seated and difficult of cure. Some of these mixtures do much lasting harm. Bear in mind that the only medicine that can radically purify the vitiated blood is
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

Plants for Sale.
TOMATOES
CABBAGE,
RED CABBAGE,
CAULIFLOWERS,
SCOTCH KALE,
CELERY,
TOBACCO,
PEPPER,
LETTUCE,
R. T. MANLEY,
Lachute Mills.

Large Assortment of Goods
FOR
Spring Trade
NOW ON HAND.
ALL KINDS OF
Household Furniture
Of the Best Quality,
AND
Lowest Prices.
One uniform Price.
West End Furniture Store,
R. T. MANLEY.

LACHUTE
Flour Mills.
THECHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR
STRONG BAKER'S FLOUR
OGILVIES BEST
ROLLER FLOUR
ALWAYS ON HAND.
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, April 24th, 1885. 2517

The Bain Wagon
IS THE
Farmers Favorite
AND THE
HORSES FRIEND.
BECAUSE
It is the lightest running wagon made.
BECAUSE
It is made in the most careful manner, from the best selected seasoned timber.
BECAUSE
The wheels, before the tire is put on, are thoroughly saturated in boiling linseed oil, which is a sure preventive of loose tires.
BECAUSE
The patent arms made by the Bain Wagon Co., are superior to those made by other makers.
BECAUSE
Every wagon is inspected in all its parts by one of the members of the company before being sent out.
BECAUSE
It is just as represented every time.
BECAUSE
The undersigned will sell it cheaper than any other wagon "of the same quality" can be sold.
ANDREW BOA,
Lachute, Que.

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

VETERINARY.
Mr. M. A. Piche,
LICENTIATE OF THE
MONTREAL VETINARY SCHOOL.
Has opened his Vetinary Office at T. JOUSSE'S Jewellery Store, Right Opposite Post Office, Lachute.
He is now ready to attend to all diseases of Domestic Animals.
Special care given to Surgical Operations, the latest instruments in use.
He with confidence solicits a share of Public Patronage.
M. A. PICHE, V. S.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Dominion Exhibition—R. A. Tylee.
Matrimonial Agency.—Jensen & Co.
Annual July Sale.—S. Carsley.
Look out for Bargains—W. D. Cooke
Robust Health—Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co
A Safeguard—Dr J. C. Ayer & Co.

LOCAL.

MONEY TO LOAN
IN SUMS OF
$1,000 and upwards on first-class farm property.
Apply to
R. G. MEIKLE.

Surgeon Dentist Stackhouse requests us to say that he will hereafter be at Lachute from the 10th to the 18th of each month, instead of from the 13th to the 18th.

McGregor's Speedy Cure.

It is popularly admitted everywhere that McGregor's Speedy Cure is the safest, most reliable and by far the cheapest remedy for Constipation, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Impure Blood, Loss of Appetite, and all similar troubles. It is not necessary to take a great quantity before any result is produced. A few doses will convince you of its merits. Trial bottle given free at T. Christie's Drug Store, Lachute.

"Our Little One's" for July is to hand, and we note that the contents are all good, interesting and amusing—just what children like.

Cholera Preventative.

In order to withstand Cholera and such like epidemics a perfect purity of blood, and the proper action of the stomach are required. To insure that end, in the cheapest, most available and complete manner, use McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia and Impure Blood. There is no purer, safer or more reliable remedy in existence for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, etc. Ask your neighbor or any person who has used it. Sold by T. Christie, Druggist, Lachute. Trial bottle given free.

HANLAN VICTORIOUS.—The single scull race at St. Johns on Dominion Day, between Hanlan and Ross, for a purse of $3,000 was won after a sharp contest by Hanlan.

Rev. J. G. Fallis, Dutton, certifies: "For some years my wife has been troubled with Dyspepsia, and has tried one thing after another recommended with but little or no effect till advised to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. Since taking the first bottle I have noticed a decided improvement, and can with confidence recommend it to be one of, if not the best medicine extant for Dyspepsia. This invaluable medicine for Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Kidney Complaint, is purely vegetable. Sold at T. Christie's Drug Store. Trial bottle given free.

PLEASANT ROOMS and good board for the season at reasonable rates.
MRS. MASSIAH,
East End, Lachute.

For Dyspepsia and Liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Catarrh Cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

Dominion Day was universally celebrated throughout Canada, save in Lachute—here there was no public celebration—the Queen's Birth day being considered sufficient for both.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

DANGEROUS FITS are often caused by worms. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy worms.

For sale cheap, a first class Mowing Machine, as good as new. Owner purchased it just previous to selling his farm. Apply to,
LIEUT.-COL SIMPSON,
44-3 in Lachute.

Five Years of Torture.

Mrs. U. Aston, of Bracebridge, writes to say that Burdock Blood Bitters cured her of headaches, from which she had suffered for five years, all other means having failed.

Easily Cured.

Mrs. Berkinshaw, 26 Pembroke St., Toronto, cured of a bad lameness of the knee joint, upon which the surgeons were about to operate. Other treatment had been tried in vain. Hagyards Yellow Oil was the remedy used.

The Ormstown *Courier* of last week says—"The first turkey red cotton ever manufactured in Canada was turned out at the Cotton Mills here a few days ago. This adds another to the many varities of goods made in this mill. The management has never been in as good hands."

Compelled to Yield.

Obstinate skin diseases, humors of the blood, eruptions and old sores are cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, which purify and regulate all the secretions.

After Twenty Three Years Suffering.

Rev. Wm. Stout, Wiarton, was cured of scrofulous abscess that seventeen doctors could not cure. Burdock Blood Bitters was the only successful remedy. It cures all impurities of the blood.

TEN MEN BLOWN TO ATOMS.—A terrible explosion took place on the 2nd inst., at the Atlantic Giant Powder Works, situated between McCainsville and Drakesville, N.J., resulting in the loss of ten lives and the injury of ten or twelve others. The explosion took place in the mixing house; but the cause is unknown.

A Golden Opinion.

Mrs. Wm. Allan, of Acton declares that Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best household remedy in the world for colds, croup, sore throat, burns, scalds and other painful complaints. Her opinion is well founded.

A Midnight Alarm.

There is scarcely any fright more alarming to a mother than the ominous sound of croup—so liable at the hour of night. When Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam (for the throat and lungs) is at hand, croup and distressing coughs lose half their terrors. It cures coughs, asthma and bronchitis.

The village of New Edinburgh has by a vote of 137 to 25 gone for annexation to the City of Ottawa. Rochester on the West will soon follow the example of New Edinburgh in the East. The other suburban villages must soon follow as a matter of course. When these are all annexed to the city, Ottawa will become a large city.

AROUSE THE LIVER when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-bilious cathartic, sugar-coated.

That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.—T. CHRISTIE, Druggist, Lachute.

The Selkirk *Herald* to show the healthfulness of the place, and that there is never any sickness in Selkirk, says:—"Our worthy tonsorial artist weighed 165 lbs. four months ago, and now weighs 230, a gain of 65 lbs. in four months, or 16 lbs. per month, which would be at the rate of gaining a little over a half pound of flesh every day." And then adds "can any town in the Dominion beat that record?" We think not, particularly at 95 degrees in the shade. It is only Selkirk can boast of putting on of fat at that rate.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

SIR ADOLPHE CARON, Minister of Militia, laid the corner stone of the new infantry school in London, Ont., on the 1st. inst. A welcome reception was extended to Sir Adolphus, and the ceremony was witnessed by an immense number of people. The Mayor on behalf of the London Corporation, presented the Minister of Militia with an address, to which the Minister made a suitable reply. He afterwards reviewed the citizen soldiers in camp, and addressed them. In the forenoon he was entertained by the Corporation, and by the Mayor in the afternoon.

ANNUAL JULY SALE
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Our Annual July Clearing Sale at reduced prices begins on MONDAY, July 5th.
S. CARSLEY

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Our Annual July Cheap sale is now looked upon as a Yearly Treat of Cheap Dry Goods.
S. CARSLEY.

WRITING FOR IT.

Ladies from distant localities are writing for Brooks' Spool Cotton in preference to other makes. Sales are increasing every day for Brooks' Spool Cotton. It is to be the popular Sewing Cotton for this Dominion, as it is the favorite thread in England for machine or hand sewing. The name J. BROOKS & BROS. is on each spool.

At a meeting of the ratepayers and resident householders of the Municipality of the Parish of St. Jerusalem d'Argenteuil, held on the 5th of July instant, for the election of two School Commissioners in room and place of two whose term expired at the end of the Scholastic year 1885-6. The two retiring School Commissioners viz:—Mr. P. S. Dunbar, and Mr. Andrew McOuat, were re-elected as School Commissioners for the Municipality by acclamation.

WINNIPEG, Man., July 5.—Chief Poundmaker died yesterday at Crowfoot Camp, from the bursting of a blood vessel. He had been despondent ever since his release from prison and brooded much over his connection with the late rebellion.

Are You Made miserable by Indigestion Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

The *Weekly Tosin* is the name of a new temperance publication just started in Hamilton, Ont., by J. G. Y. Burkholden & Co. It is a neatly printed small paper of four pages, and ably edited. Its object is to further the interests of the prohibitionists. It has in its third number a very good likeness of Prof. A. A. Hopkins, of New York, the leader of prohibition in New York, who is to be present at the Hamilton Camp meeting of the Order of Good Templars, on August 9th, and will deliver an address. Our contemporary has our good wishes for his future prosperity.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Summer Heat, Eruptions and general toilet purposes use Low's Sulphur Soap.

PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE ARGENEUIL RANGERS AT RICHMOND.

BRIGADE CAMP, Richmond, July 1st.

About 1,500 spectators assembled in the morning to witness the parade of the troops at 10.30 to take part in the presentation of colors to the 11th Argenteuil Rangers. The 11th formed three sides of a square, the drums being piled in front of them. The Cavalry and Artillery were on the right and the 54th and 58th on the left, forming the two outer sides so that the whole of the men were able to witness the presentation. Among those present were the Mayor and Corporation of Richmond. The colors were presented to the 11th by Mrs. Hoy, of Montreal. The following address, which was printed on white satin, accompanied the presentation:—

To Lieut.-Col. Cushing, Officers and Men of the 11th Argenteuil Rangers:

We, the ladies of Argenteuil, seek the honor of presenting you to day with the future colors to your battalion. We deem it a very great honor to be admitted to present them, and we ask you to receive them at our hands as a proof of the pride in which your corps is so justly held by us all.

The colors which we give you to day we believe you will ever hold sacred and follow them proudly in time of peace and fearlessly in the hour of danger.

You have been honored in the past by being among the first called to arms in time of threatened invasions, and you have proved yourselves worthy of your country's confidence by the readiness with which you have ever responded to your country's call.

Knowing therefore your loyalty to our beloved Queen and Canada our country, and knowing the courage with which you are ever ready to prove this loyalty, we entrust these colors into your hands, confident that as the colors of the Argenteuil Rangers a coward shall never march under them nor an enemy of our country do them an indignity.

IRENA E. HOY,
ANNIE WATSON,
EUGENE LOUISE KENNEDY.
Camp, Richmond, P. Q., 1st July, 1886.

The address bore the names of 210 ladies, who contributed to the colors. The colors were then consecrated by the Rev. F. M. Davey, of Richmond, after which they were placed under the escort of the color party, and with their band playing the national anthem, and color party proceeded down the front of the regiment to their respective positions.

11th BATTALION (ARGENTEUIL RANGERS.)
332 officers and men.
Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Cushing, commanding.
Major W. Hoy.
Captains, Weightman, Smith, Jekill, Walker Evans, Pollock and Hodgson.
Lieutenants, McMartin, H. Jekill, Good, Morrison, Watchorn, Burns, Barron Rogers, Sheriff, W. Pollock, Wanless, Pittington and Williamson.
Quartermaster, W. B. McArthur,
Paymaster, Major T. Lamb,
Surgeon-Major, Mayrand,
Assistant-Surgeon, W. Smith,

MOUNT MAPLE.

The usual quietness of this place was disturbed yesterday (30th June) by an event which created no small stir, viz: the marriage of Miss Jennie Warwick, to Mr. Alex. McGibbon, of Brownsburg, Que. The happy bride was made the recipient of a beautiful conchoid shaped bouquet of flowers from her former pupils of Mt. Maple School—tastefully arranged by their present teacher; and was conveyed to her amid the hearty cheering of the children. The flag was hoisted and every body appeared pleased and happy. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride, where, after a sumptuous repast was partaken of—the happy couple took their departure for Montreal midst a cloud of rice—from thence they purpose visiting Niagara.

MARRIED.

MCGIBBON—WARWICK.—At Mount Maple, Que., June 30th by the Rev. John Mackie, A. J. McGibbon, of Brownsburg, to Jennie Warwick, of Mount Maple.

Keep Quiet a Few Days.

London Times

This is what the good doctor and kind friends say time and again to those whose nerves are all unstrung, worn out with labor and care, sleepless nights, poor appetites, unable to digest the little they do eat, and a general miserableness all over. There is no doubt about the advice being good, but how many of the suffering thousands can follow it? Not one in twenty! The clergyman who keeps together a large congregation; the man that manages an important business; the poor man with his family to support, as well as the wife who presides over the rich man's household, seeing that everything is complete and in order; or the mother who cannot afford a nurse, and is broken up by a fretful baby must all go on, notwithstanding the advice to

Keep Quiet a Few Days.

What then are you to do? To go on seems certain death. And drop all cares you cannot; the road looks dark, but 'tis before day. Will and determination have much to do with our existence Never give up. Study to find where you have gone against Nature the hardest, and abandon all things possible that do you harm. Yet you will find it necessary at times to depend on a good reliable medicine to help you out. Hops are a good nervine and tonic; Podopholin a cathartic and liver regulator; Buchu acts on the kidneys and urinary organs.

These, properly combined with other ingredients, have proved the greatest medicine ever prepared, and known throughout the world as Hop Bitters.

☞ 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.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday June 28th, trains will leave Lachute as follows:—

GOING WEST.—8.50 a.m., 10.15 a.m. 7.43 p.m.

GOING EAST.—6.56 a.m., 11.08 a.m., 7.17 p.m.

In new time bill of C. P. R., the Winnipeg express has been changed and will hereafter be attached to the Toronto train which leaves Montreal at 8 p.m.

CLOSING THE TOWN SCHOOLS.

The inhabitants of Lachute for the first time for several years, had the opportunity of attending the distribution of prizes on the occasion of closing of the public Schools. It was a most pleasing and profitable time. The teachers were all present and such an array of smiling young faces, that every visitor seemed happy; but there were very few visitors perhaps owing to the expectation of getting formal invitations while such are not customary, as all interested in education are equally welcome on such occasions. The prizes in Mr. Cockfield's department, academy, were presented by Dr. Christie, who made some excellent remarks and stated that for the first time he saw that practical attention was given to Hygiene and which he considered was a subject of great importance to have taught in the Schools. Mr. Ireland one of the Commissioners, presented the prizes for Mr. Haney's School, and also made some appropriate remarks and as the prizes were handed out he referred to some of them being for efficiency in the study of Hygiene, showing that Mr. Haney too was devoting considerable attention to that study. Mr. Burroughs presented the prizes for Miss Sarah McGibbon's School and the Rev. Mr. Sanders for Miss Kate McGibbon's School in the West End, both of these gentlemen referred to the pleasure it afforded them of being present, so also did Mr. Barron who made a short speech Besides the Prize list published in last week's paper the following prizes were distributed to the successful scholars in the other Schools. The following is the Prize List for the Intermediate Department. Mr. Haney, Teacher.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Willie Stewart for Hygiene, Sacred and Canadian History and gen. proficiency.
Jessie Burch, General Proficiency.
Albert Patenaude, General Proficiency.
Nettie Giles, Sacred and Canadian History and general proficiency.
Robbie Stewart, General Proficiency.
Bella Rait, Writing and Geography.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Gracie Barron, Hygiene, Geography, Arithmetic, French and general proficiency.
Mary Hilsden, French and gen. proficiency.
Austin Ireland, Punctuality, Hygiene and Sacred History.
George Mitchell, General Proficiency.
Oswald Stackhouse, General Proficiency.
Sarah Bradshaw, Sacred History.
Willie Christie and Kenneth Davidson were awarded prizes not being enough of books for the occasion they will receive them again.

The West End School prize List is as follows, Miss K. M. McGibbon, Teacher.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Maggie Smith, for proficiency in IV Grade.
Robbie Barley, for proficiency in III Grade.
Ethel McOuat, for proficiency in II Grade 1st class.
Bessie McRae, for proficiency in II Grade 2nd class.
Annie Wilson, for improvement in Grammar
Eddie Wilson, for improvement in writing.
George Barley, for excellence in Arithmetic.
Charley Ireland, for good conduct.
Ida Patenaude for punctual and regular attendance.
Emma Morell, for Geography; Blanche Ireland and Bertha Barley, deserve prizes with Emma as the three were equal in Geography.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Miss Sarah McGibbon, Teacher.

GRADE I.

John Paul, General Progress.
Euphemia Creswell, Excellence III Reader.
Arthur Stackhouse, Writing.
Mary Belanger, Application to Study.

GRADE II.

Carl Frazer. Excellence II Reader.
Ettie McKimmie, Writing.
Frank Brannian, General Progress.
Guy Frazer, General Progress.
James McKnight, General Progress.

GRADE III.

Gordon Meikle, Excellence II Reader 2nd Part.

For Lame Back Side, or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 Cents.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

HAWKESBURY.

The village of Hawkesbury presented quite a holiday appearance on Dominion Day, and every one seemed to go in for a full day's sport. A large number of the inhabitants went Vankleek Hill to attend a picnic while a few thousand from Hawkesbury and surrounding country attended the races at Rochon's Driving Park.

The prizes given we were informed, amounted to about six hundred dollars, and quite a number of very fast horses competed for the prizes, amongst whom we specially note the two best being from Moose Creek and Cornwall.

Mr. Rochon should be congratulated upon his enterprise in going to the expense of building so fine a racing track, with the propability of never being properly remunerated for the expense, but those acquainted with the gentleman knows that he has faced greater risks before and came out all right, and he now possesses one of the finest Country Hotels in Canada, with a large livery stable attached.

Almost every person has some form of scrofulous poison latent in his veins. When this poison develops in scrofulous sores, ulcers, or eruptions, rheumatism, or organic diseases, the suffering is terrible. Hence the gratitude of those who discover that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will eradicate this evil.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN WALES ABOUT A MARVELLOUS CURE. LIVING SIX YEARS WITHOUT GOING TO BED.

MR. EDITOR.—While spending a few days at the pleasant seaside town of Aberystwith, Cardiganshire, Wales, I heard related what seemed to me either a fabulous story or a marvellous cure.

The story was that of a poor sufferer who had not been able to lie down in bed for six long years, given up to die by all the Doctors, had been speedily cured by some Patent Medicine. It was related with the more implicit confidence from the circumstances, as was said, that the Vicar of Llanrystyd was familiar with the facts, and could vouch for the truth of the report.

Having a little curiosity to know how such stories grow in travelling, I took the liberty while at the village of Llanrystyd to call upon the Vicar, the Rev. T. Evans, and to enquire about this wonderful cure. Though a total stranger to him, both he and his wife most graciously entertained me in a half hour's conversation, principally touching the case of Mr. Pugh, in which they seemed to take a deep and sympathetic interest, having been familiar with his sufferings, and now rejoiced in what seemed to them a most remarkable cure.

The Vicar remarked that he presumed his name had been connected with the report from his having mentioned the case to Mr. John Thomas, a chemist of Llanon. He said Mr. Pugh was formerly a resident of their parish, but was now living in the parish of Llanddeinol.

He strongly vouched Mr. Wm. Pugh's character as a respectable farmer and worthy of credit I left the venerable Vicar with a livelier sense of the happy relation of a pastor and people, feeling that he was one who truly sympathised with all who are afflicted in mind, body, or estate.

On my return to Aberystwith, I was impressed with a desire to see Mr. Pugh, whose reputation stood so high. His farm is called Pancom-Mawr, signifying "above the dingle," situated near the summit of a smooth round hill, overlooking a beautiful valley in which is situated the lovely ivy-mantled Church of Llanddeinol. I found Mr. Pugh, apparently about 40 years old, of medium height, rather slight, with a pleasant and intelligent face. I told him I had heard of his great affliction and of his remarkable and almost miraculous relief, and that I had come to learn from his own lips, what there was of truth in the reports.

Mr. Pugh remarked that his neighbours had taken a kindly and sympathetic interest in his case for many years, but of late their interest had been greatly awakened by a happy change in his condition. What you report as having heard abroad, said he, is substantially true, with one exception. I never understood that my case was ever given up as hopeless by any physician. I have been treated by several Doctors hereabouts, as good as any in Wales, but unfortunately no prescription of theirs ever brought the desired relief.

Fifteen years ago, he said I first became conscious of a sour and deranged stomach and loss of appetite, which the Doctors told me was Dyspepsia. What food I could hold in my stomach seemed to do me no good and was often thrown up with painful retchings. This followed after a time with a hoarseness and a raw soreness of the throat which the Doctors called bronchitis, and I was treated for that, but with little success. Then came shortness of breath and a sense of suffocation, especially nights, with clammy sweat, and I would have to get out of bed and sometimes open a door or window in winter weather to fill my lungs with the cold air.

About six years ago I became so bad that I could not sleep in bed, but had to take my quiet rest and dreamy sleep sitting in an armchair. My affliction seemed to be working downward into my bowels as well as upwards into my lungs and throat. In the violent coughing spasms which grew more frequent, my abdomen would expand and collapse and at times it would seem that I should suffocate. All this time I was reduced in strength so that I could perform no hard labour and my spirits were consequently much depressed.

Early in this last spring I had a still more severe spasmodic attack, and my family and neighbours became alarmed, believing that certainly I would not survive. when a neighbour, who had some knowledge, or had heard of the medicine, sent to Aberystwith by the driver of the Omnibus Post, some seven miles distant, and fetched a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

This medicine they administered to me according to the directions, when to their surprise and delight no less than my own, the spasm ceased. I became at ease, and my stomach was calmed. My bowels were moved as by a gentle cathartic, and I felt a sense of quiet comfort all through such as I had not before realized in many years. I could walk around the house and breathe comfortably in a few hours after I had taken the medicine. I have continued to take the medicine daily now for something over two months, and I can lay down and sleep sweetly at nights and have not since had a recurrence of those terrible spasms and sweatings. I have been so long broken down and reduced in my whole system that I have not tried to perform any very hard out-door labour, deeming it best to be prudent lest by over-exertion I may do myself injury before my strength is fully restored. I feel that my stomach and bowels have been and are being thoroughly renovated and renewed by the medicine. In fact I feel like a new man.

I have been much congratulated by my neighbours, especially by the good Vicar of Llanrystyd, who with his sympathetic wife have come three miles to shed tears of joy on my recovery.

I bade Mr. Pugh good bye, happy that even one at least among thousands had found a remedy for an aggravating disease.

Believing this remarkable case of Dyspeptic Asthma should be known to the public, I beg to submit the above facts as they are related to me.
F. T. W.

The Prince of Wales and the Colonial Empire.

LONDON, June 30.—The Lord Mayor entertained the Prince of Wales and a number of distinguished colonists at the Mansion house last night. The Prince of Wales made a speech, in which he said that no occasion had given him greater pleasure than did the present one. The Colonial exhibition would mark an epoch in the Queen's reign. The greatest pride of his life was to knit together in bonds of friendship the colonies and England. He hoped to form a permanent colonial museum in London. He declared that all had one great desire at heart, namely to preserve the unity and strength of the Empire. (Cheers.) General Middleton responded to the toast of the "Canadian Militia" and the Marquis of Lorne to that of the "Colonial Empir."

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The fatal rapidity with which slight Colds and Coughs frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

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Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

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CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

The days go on, and we see much of him, and our aunts become quite fond of him. Sometimes we go and see him riding in all his bravery, and we are proud of him; once he makes a sensation by coming to see us in his uniform, and aunt Mary is dreadfully frightened of his sword.

One day Jack points out a paragraph in a newspaper, from which I learn that Lord and Lady Rydall are returning to England; but, as it will make little difference to us, I forget it, and Jack never mentions the subject again.

So time flies by, and at length I begin to see a change in Jack; it is not that his kindness changes, but sometimes he is very gloomy, at others painfully gay, again, at others, abstracted, and at last the explanation comes. He walks into the parlour one day as I am knitting for aunt, and, sitting down beside me, examines my work with a painful attempt at gaiety.

"Jack, what is the matter?" I ask. "You have some trouble, I am sure, and you might tell me."

He gets up then, and begins walking up and down.

"I may as well get it over," he says. "The fact is, Vera, I am going away."

"Going away?"

"Yes. The regiment is ordered abroad—to some blessed sunstroke station or other."

Ordered abroad! Going away! I simply sit and stare at him. It is one of my faults not to look at the future, and I have never anticipated such a calamity as this; it has seemed to me that our drives and talks and walks, our little adventures, our coaxing of aunt Priscilla, our songs and readings, will go on forever; but now it is ended, and there is to be no more Jack. As I sit gazing at him mutely, his figure begins to waver to and fro, and I feel a rush of tears that I cannot hide if I would; my head drops on my hands and I feel my own sobs shaking me; the knowledge that Jack don't like scenes and that men dislike tears has no effect on me, for in the hands of a mighty grief I am powerless. After a long time, Jack touches my hair and speaks in a voice quite soft and low.

"You poor little thing, does it matter so much?" he says. "Do you really care so much about me?"

"Why, who in the [illegible] have I had to care for but you?" I gasp. "How could I help caring for you?"

And then I break down again and hide my face; it is ten minutes or so before I look up and see Jack standing by the window watching passers-by; he is a man, and I cannot expect him to show his grief as I do; he is very white and stern and I steal to his side.

"Don't be vexed, Jack; I couldn't help it. I am so sorry you are going, if indeed you are."

"I am indeed. I have known it for some time; but I did not want to tell you until I was obliged."

"When do you go?"

"Soon. I shall have to be in London for a time; but we shall have some hours together yet, Vera. Don't cry, don't cry; it is very much better as it is. And it might have been better still if I'd never come to Idlehurst."

I look at him in wonder, and he goes on hastily—

"If I hadn't come, you would not have missed me; you would not have been crying now—for you it might have been better if I had never come!"

"Don't say that!" I exclaim. "'E'en though we've shattered our skiff on the rocks, the voyage was sweet while it lasted;' we shall always have those pleasant days to remember, and your unselfishness——"

"My unselfishness?" he repeats, dropping my hand, and staring at me so strangely that I ask what he means. "Nothing, nothing!" he says, drawing his hand across his eyes. "Only it is new to one who is used to being called the most selfish wretch disfiguring the earth. No one will miss me save you, little Vera."

"How long will you be away?" I ask.

"I can't tell; it is not active service, you know. Very likely, when I return," he says, looking down at me from his lofty height, and pushing my hair out of my eyes, "you will be married to a duke or to some one, and won't want to know your scamp of a cousin."

"If I married a prince," I return, "it would never make the least difference between you and me. No one knows what changes may come; but I shall never change to you. Will you write to me?"

"No; I shall not carry my selfishness so far as that," he says. "I shall hear of you be sure; and, if anything very important happens, you shall hear of me. Do you know what I should like best? That there would be war, and that I might die in it fighting for my country, filling a soldier's grave—that is my ambition."

We are both silent; I indeed am past speaking for the time.

"Will you be very lonely?" he asks at length.

"Yes," I answer briefly, for I dare not trust myself to look at the long dull way before me, the sea with waves that neither sink to rest nor swell to storm.

"Yes, it will be dull," he says, looking round with his old shrug. "Eliza Cook and Mrs. Grandmother, red flannel and black worsted; but only for me you would have been contented. Perhaps I may atone I may do something to save you from loneliness and dulness, from being shut in this cramped place; perhaps for you I'll even bend my pride."

"Do our aunts know?" I ask.

"Yes; and they are almost as sorry as if the curate were leaving; but I must leave you now, because the Colonel wants me."

"This is not good bye, is it?" I gasp.

"Not at all," he says, smiling; "I am not going off like sheet-lightning, child, I have some days here yet."

At the door he pauses for a moment or two, as if he had something to add; but he does not speak—the hesitation passes, and he goes; and I am left alone with my desolation, with my first sorrow.

CHAPTER III.

My aunts say they are sorry that Jack is going; but in some way I divine that they are less so than they would have me believe. However they make much of Jack, and I am sure that all his spare moments are spent with us; he never comes empty-handed either, he brings books or flowers, and one day he crowns aunt Priscilla with a marvellous cap, and folds aunt Mary in an unspeakable shawl. Then, as he is going away, I, who have accompanied him to the door, feel something slipped into my hand, and see a leather case, which I instantly open; lying on blue velvet is a locket of dead gold with my initial—"V"—in diamonds on it.

"Oh, Jack!" I can say no more, and he laughs; then, as I try to open the locket, he speaks.

"My portrait isn't inside, Vera, I didn't want to spoil it. Keep that as a *souvenir* of me and give me this."

"This" is a little gold cross I wear at my neck, I at once detach it, fastening it to his watch-chain as he bids me.

So time goes on until the fatal day of parting comes; I should like to go to the station, but I know that there will be a number of other officers with Jack, and that I should be in the way. It is in the evening that he comes, and our aunts have had the goodness to leave us together. Jack has his little terrier Tip, in his arms, and releasing him as he enters, he says—

"Take care of him for me, will you, Vera?"

We do not speak again until he is going. We sit silently by the fire, Jack staring moodily into the embers, I at him—at the face whose every change I know, and which I shall soon see no more. Thus we sit, until he rises, and the very moment of adieu has come; he takes my hand, and so we stand, my tears fast falling.

"You will not forget me, Vera, quite?"

"Never—never! I shall pray for you always; I shall be your friend for ever; I—I——"

"There—my poor little girl!" he says soothingly, as I break down; then he forces a smile—"Don't send me back to barracks red-eyed."

I look up at him, and finish my sentence steadily.

"I shall always be your friend, Jack. No one will ever turn me against you, and, whatever comes, I will remain true to you."

"A promise is a promise, Vera."

"And mine will never be broken."

He is very pale, and looks at me steadfastly, breathing like one who has been running hard.

"Good-bye, my only friend, the only being who cares for me. Remember me at my best."

His best! As if to me he were aught but good! He bends down and touches my forehead with his lips; but mine are pressed to the hand which had given me kindness, with royal bounty, full measure, pressed down and running over. Then as we separate, I sink into a chair with tears of agony, and he goes unsteadily to the door in silence; but I must hear him speak; I must once more hear the voice that perhaps will never sound in my ears again.

"Jack, Jack, good-by! Say it once more!"

But he does not; he is in the open doorway when he turns round and waves his hand; and I see that he is beyond speaking, that he is blinded by the tears which have overpowered him at last. It is all over; he is gone!

I clasp my hands behind my neck as I look round the room and think of the many happy hours we have had together, think that no more shall I listen for his step, that no more will he break in upon my solitude, with his kindly plans for my pleasure. There is the music he gave me—the "Sweethearts" and "Nearest and Dearest," and, oh, why is the old book of ballads open at "Lochaber no more? I look at his last gift. It that dog were pleased and happy and nestled down in the fireglow, I should hate him; but he stands with one paw uplifted, his tail drooping, his nose quivering, and gives a pitiful little whine for his master; then I threw myself on the rug beside him and sob out—

"Oh, doggie, doggie, are you sorry too?"

I take him in my arms then and carry him to my room, falling upon my knees to cry, as never have I done before, until indeed my tears are gone; and I can only stretch out my hands in dumb agony, my heart praying for my lost brother, for the one man whose kindness to me never changed, and whom, at this hour as I write, despite what others have said and what I knew I still uphold as noble at the core.

When it is dark, I creep quietly to bed, and my aunts are good and do not disturb me. It is long before I fall asleep; but, when I do, I am only roused by the entrance of Aunt Priscilla with a cup of of tea and realize that it is morning—Jack's departure is a night old. I have never seen my aunt look so gentle. And then I begin to reproach myself as selfish, and resolve that I will not inflict my melancholy upon them. But, oh, when I enter that room; see the chair which was his favorite place, see the music, see the flowers, something rises in my throat and chokes me, and the whole room swims round.

As I sit staring at the fire and stroking Tip, aunt Mary comes in and takes up her sewing, and thus we remain for a little while.

"You will miss him very much," says aunt; "but I suppose he will write to you."

"No, aunt; he would not promise."

"Did he say anything to you?"

"Say!" I repeat vaguely, not understanding.

"I mean, dear, about waiting for him. Did he ask you to be engaged to him?"

"Jack ask me! No, indeed, aunt! I am sure he never thought of such a thing, any more than I did. Why, we are cousins; we were like brother and sister."

"I thought you were fond of each other my dear—that is all."

"Why, so we were, so we are, so we always shall be," I reply; "but not in that way."

She looks relieved, and I sit examining Jack's name engraved on Tip's collar, musing. If marriage means what my life has been of late, if we could go on amusing ourselves, and nothing more serious lie in our way than aunt Priscilla's scoldings, Jack and I may be suited for each other.

But I know better than that; marriage is a serious thing. It is the giving up of everything, the entrusting of one's whole life in one man's hands. That man therefore must be one to be trusted, whose nature is deeper and higher and stronger than that of the woman he marries; she should be able to look up to him with respect, to feel implicit confidence in him, to believe that he, her guide and protector, will lead her in the right path with the gentleness of love and firmness of wise manhood. That, at least, is my idea; but my dear careless Jack is not the ideal, and I am sure he never thought of me as aunt supposed.

It is lonely and dull without Jack, and everything in Idlehurst reminds me of him. I am in a very despondent state of mind, when some ill news comes to my aunts—the tidings of the loss of a portion of their little fortune—and over this they naturally look very grave; and rumours reached my ears that they may have to leave Laurel Lodge for a smaller house, and then I muse upon the expense I have been to them. On them fell the burden of my education and all things else, and I am still here doing nothing, and feeling powerless to aid them. If I were away, they might not have to leave home—the old home they love. But then whither can I go—what can I do? Oh, what a helpless, useless being I am?

These thoughts pass through my mind as I wander homeward after a melancholy walk. When I reach home, the consciousness of something having happened forces itself upon me, for when Susan opens the door her face is full of importance. But, instead of questioning, I walk right into the parlor with Tip at my heels, and there I find a stranger—a lady—who rises on my entrance.

I have never, even in a picture, seen one more beautiful, and it is not alone her face and figure, but her every movement—even her dress—that is full of grace and charm indefinable, and that draws me to her at once, for I worship beauty in anything. She looks a queen; she may be a duchess, and I gaze at her in speechless admiration. She looks at me quickly, and, if I mistake not, with something like surprise; in the frank, clear gaze of her eyes is something—I know not what—which sets my heart beating and keeps me motionless; and my lips utter one name only, and that is "Jack."

"I must introduce myself," she says, advancing with her hand extended. "Vera, I am Constance."

"Lady Rydall?"

"Not to you. I am your cousin, my dear, and it is very strange that we have never met before."

Then I remember that this is the sister who has been hard on Jack, and with whom he is not on very good terms. But I cannot dislike her; she is too beautiful and too winning—that high-held head is worthy the coronet. Much do I wonder why this graceful lady has come here—to the byeway of our life. But evidently she possesses the gift of adapting herself to circumstances and both my aunts are charmed with her.

I ask if Lord Rydall has accompanied her.

"No," she replies; "he is in attendance on Her Majesty at Balmoral, Vera, and will be there for some few days. We have not been very long at home, as perhaps you know."

"Jack told me," I reply, and very nearly disgrace myself by quoting his remark about the windmill. "You have seen him, Constance?"

"Yes, I saw him just before he left England," she replies, with her eyes on mine. And then Tip scratches and paws until she is compelled to stroke him; and then she sees the name on the collar."

"Jack left him for me to take care of," I explain.

"Oh, indeed! You and Jack were good friends, I believe?"

"Yes," I answer briefly. But I cannot trust myself to utter more; the pain of his loss is still keen upon me.

My newly-found cousin is very winning. Prejudiced against her though I was, she disarms me, and I wonder how or why Jack disagreed, but, of course, do not ask. She plays; and how differently does the instrument sound when her firm fingers touch it from the weak jingle I evoke!

"You have plenty of new music," she says, smiling.

"Jack gave it to me," I reply; and she looks at me with the gaze I do not understand, and which seems a blending of puzzled wonder and of pity.

She has been with us some days before I learn that the object of her visit is to offer me a home with herself, and that, provided I like the idea, our aunts will consent to the change. Leave Idlehurst! I have never thought of that; it has seemed to me that my lines are to be cast here for ever; and I love the place, I love the old house, and of my affection for my aunts need I speak? but I am a burden; were I provided for, they could remain in their home, and the loss they have sustained would be of less moment. However I can only gasp and gaze at Lady Rydall, who leaves me three whole days to consider, and, at the end thereof, finding me still silent, plays the final card.

"You must please yourself, my dear, Vera," she says, in the kind, cordial tone which, like her manner, is ever the same; "but I think you would be happy with me, and, if you were not you would always be at liberty to return to Idlehurst."

"I am sure I should be happy," I reply; "but Lord Rydall——"

My cousin laughs as I stop.

"He is certainly a terrible man, born to be a Czar, Vera; but I'll protect you."

"I wonder how you came to think of me, Constance?"

"It was through Jack," she answers slowly.

"Through Jack?"

"Yes," she replies, looking steadily into the fire; "he came to see me in London, and told me that you were very lonely and quiet here, and that it was in my power to do a kind action."

"Did Jack wish me to go with you?" I ask eagerly.

"That was as you pleased, my dear. He suggested that I should at least ask you, and, candidly speaking, I think it a pity that you should mope here; had your father lived, your position would have been very different, and so my brother said."

"Jack thinks of every one save himself," I reply touched by this proof of his kindness and remembrance.

"Possibly he is no one's enemy but his own," says Lady Rydall thoughtfully.

This decides the question; I am to leave Idlehurst for a new world, and my day of farewell comes and passes, and I see the quiet old place through a mist of tears. My aunts are overjoyed at my brilliant prospects, and see dim visions of coronets looming through the future. Nevertheless, when the parting moment comes, they break down completely.

When I am in the train, my thoughts fly back to the day when I travelled hither—not hence—to the stranger who invaded my compartment, to the languid gentleman who followed, and proved to be my dear old Jack. We are both very tired when our journey is at an end, and, when I realize that I am in London, a great awe falls upon me. This is the heart of England whose beats are felt throughout the world, "the city of sweet speech scorned," but nevertheless my Mecca.

We drive to Lady Rydall's residence, and after a dim vision of powdered footmen, of a great hall and marble staircase with grave bronze busts, I am sipping tea in the daintiest of rooms, and my cousin has asked me if I will go down to dinner.

"Please yourself," she says: "there will be no one save my terrible husband, and, as you look small and pale and tired, he may not altogether crush you."

As I think she wishes me to go down, I say that I will; and then I am left to rest, and fall asleep by the fire to dream of Idlehurst.

My wardrobe is very limited; but as I put on Jack's locket—my sole ornament—I console myself with the thought that my cousin did not bring me here for my wardrobe's sake. She enters presently and smiles, then admires my locket with its sparkling diamonds.

"Jack gave it to me," I explain; and she turns away.

"Jack was very kind," she says, drawing my arm within hers. "Now for my tyrant."

We go down-stairs together and enter a charming room, where, leaning against the mantelpiece, I see a gentleman with gray eyes and a short dark beard, who looks dignified but not formal, and who, turning, greets me with so much kindness that I forget my shyness, and think that, though the cash and coronet may have influenced Constance, she cannot have married for wealth's sake only.

We go into dinner, and he talks to me as if he had known me for years, and I think of Walter Raleigh, the chivalrous high-bred gentleman, and I compare the Earl of Rydall to him.

"You have never been to a ball, have you, Vera?" asks Constance presently.

"Never. Jack wanted to take me to one at Idlehurst; but aunt Priscilla would not allow him."

"She was quite right," says Constance, glancing over silver and Sevres, fruit and flowers, to Garry Granville, Earl of Rydall; "but you shall go with me, and to the Opera if you like the idea."

"Oh, indeed, I shall!" I exclaim. "Jack and I——"

"*Toujours* Jack!" says Constance; and I stop, wondering if I have said anything wrong. Sometimes I divine that Jack's name is not reverenced here, that he is indeed an unpleasant subject of conversation; but, fortunately, Lord Rydall is too engrossed with his fruit and Constance with hers for either of them to notice my confused pause and subsequent reddening as I end my account of our visit to the theatre.

"Major Wylder will have reached headquarters now, I believe," observes Lord Rydall; and then Major Wylder's dog comes pawing at my skirts and claims general attention.

"Come with me, Vera," says my cousin, rising, "and I will show you the loveliest thing you ever saw."

"Present company excepted," says Lord Rydall, with a long grave gaze at his own reflection in the mirror opposite.

We go up-stairs, and I find myself contemplating the little heir of Rydall, as he lies asleep, a pink flush on his cheek, whilst his mother bends over him to brush aside a sunshiny mass of curls. So Lord Rydall finds us, when, with subdued tread, he enters the realms of the nursery to contemplate his sleeping son.

"I thought you were showing Vera my portrait," he says, "you certainly implied it."

"How did I imply it?"

"The 'loveliest thing' was the expression you used."

"My dear Garry, you do say the most nonsensical things!" says Constance pityingly.

"For your benefit, my love. Little things please little minds."

"That is why you are so satisfied with yourself," retorts Constance.

"My dear I take it as the reason why I married you."

"Really? Now I wonder why you really did?"

"Because you asked me," says Lord Rydall coolly; and then, when she turns on him with indignation—"Or I asked you; one of us must have done it—myself in all probability, because I am most self-sacrificing."

"Ah, I wonder what you would do if I died?"

"I was never good at guessing conundrums, dear; but in all probability I should attend your funeral, if the State could spare me 'for so trivial a cause,' as your young naval officer said when he apologised for leaving the scene of battle to have his arm amputated."

"Well, permit me to remind you that my train doesn't carry passengers," says Constance, laughing; and we go away together, when Garry steps off her flowing robes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OLD TIME MAIL SERVICE.

Reminiscences of the First Lake Superior Steamer.

Captain Dicke, Inspector of Hulls, was the first who navigated a steamer up to Fort William, Lake Superior. This was in 1858. The fact was an interesting one, and a reporter, meeting the genial captain in the hotel, at Kingston had a lengthened conversation with him about it. He said that along about 1858 a company of Toronto gentlemen was formed and a contract given to them to carry the mails from Collingwood to Fort Garry, now Winnipeg. Captain Dicke and his brother went to Buffalo and purchased the steamer Rescue, a handsome craft. The boat was originally built for service on the coast of Florida, but the company who had her in hand failed and the Dickes secured her for one-third of her value. The captain found her to be the safest steamer he ever commanded. The wildest gales of the upper lakes did not disturb her. She is now employed in the Gulf, laying the buoys. There was great opposition to the proposed opening up of the North-West by the Hudson's Bay Company, and through their efforts the mail contract was abrogated and the Toronto gentlemen suffered a great loss.

Mr. Dawson, now member of Parliament for Algoma, was engineer of the company's case. He laid out the route for taking the mails through from Fort William. Bridle paths were cut through to Dog Lake, Thence to Rainy River and down as far as the boundary line. Boats were then despatched down the Winnipeg river, and finally the bags were carried across the plains to Fort Garry by Indians. The first trip of the voyageurs was a dangerous one, and the mails were forwarded at the point of the pistol. The Indians objected to the advance of civilization.

"My first trip," said the captain, "was to Fort William on the Rescue. I had never been up the lakes before, but by the chart I succeeded in getting to my destination without touching shoal or snag. It was a bright moonlight night when I anchored off Fort William, and in ten minutes afterwards the boat was surrounded by a hundred canoes. They were filled with Indians, who had silently swept out to see the monster. They would not come near to the vessel. Presently the Hudson Bay's factor approached in a huge gondola, rowed by twenty Indians, who sang their boating songs. The night was pleasantly spent in conversation with the factor, who pointed out (the night being very clear) the magnificent territory which the Hudson's Bay Company controlled. The company afterwards charged exorbitantly for everything we wanted. They were opposed to our going into the country, and finally succeeded in getting our contracts cancelled. We had much trouble in keeping our canoe stations intact. Once that at Dog Lake was torn down and the boats scattered. I later bought one of our own boats at Fort William, but as soon as I discovered our brand beneath the seat I refused to pay for it. We used coal on our up trips and wood on our down trips. We bought the land where Port Arthur is located, and we think we still have a claim there. The Government sold it without our leave, but the money we paid for it lies in the Crown Lands office, and we intend to have a refund or some satisfaction very soon. Many a time I have taken on wood at Port Arthur. When I first went up the lakes there were only three white men living on the route."

"What did you get," enquired the reporter, "for carrying the mails?"

"We got $1,200 a trip."

"Did you carry much mail matter?"

"The first mail I took up consisted of two letters and three papers. Previously the mail for the Hudson's Bay Company's factors was sent in from Hudson's Bay."

CHINA'S GREAT WALL.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Celestial's Walled Defences.

Of course we had to go to the great wall of China. China abounds in great walls. Her mural defences were most extensive—walled country, walled villages, walled palaces and temples—wall after wall and wall within wall. But the greatest of all is the great wall of China. To go to Pekin and not go to the wall would be unpardonable. It matters not that the Pekin wall is higher and wider, nor that the way is cold and rough and often perilous—you must go and see the great wall.

Six mortal hours to make the last 15 miles. Squeezing through the last deep gorge and a deep rift in solid rock, cut out by ages of rolling wheels and tramping feet, we reach the great frowning, double-bastioned gate of stone and hard-burned brick—one archway tumbled in. This was the object of our mission—the great wall of China, built 213 years before our era! built of great slabs of well-hewn stone, laid in regular courses some twenty feet high, and then topped out with large hard burned brick, filled in with earth, and closely paved on the top with more dark, tawny brick—the ramparts high and thick and castellated for use of arms. Right and left the great wall sprung

FAR UP THE MOUNTAIN-

side—now straight, now curved, to meet the mountain ridge, furrowed each 300 feet—a frowning mass of masonry. No need to tell you of this wall; the books will tell you that—how it was built to keep the warlike Tartars out—25 feet high by 40 thick, 1,200 miles long, with room on top for six horses to be ridden abreast. Nor shall I tell you that for 1,400 years it kept these herdes at bay, nor that in the main the material used upon it is just as good and firm and strong as when put in place: To tell you how one feels while standing on this vast work, scrutinizing its old masonry, its queer old cannon, and ambitious sweep along the mountain crest, were only folly. In speechless awe we strolled or sat and gazed in silent wonder. Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic work, built on the rugged, craggy mountain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning wild streams, netting the river archways with huge, hard bars of copper; with double gates, with swinging doors and bars set thick with iron armour—a wonder in the world, before which the oldtime classic seven wonders, all gone now save the great pyramid—were toys. The great pyramid has 85,000,000 cubic feet, the great wall 6,350,000,000 cubic feet. An engineer in Seward's party here some years ago gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labour at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick right straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labour the world has ever known. You stand before it as before the great Omnipotent—bowed and silent.—

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EXTRAORDINARY CRIME.

Two Sisters Commit Murder and One Tries to Poison the Other.

In the village of Groland, on the Rochelle and Niort canal, near the termination of the marshes of La Vendee two sisters lived in a small cottage. Julie was married to a wood chopper named Perrin, and the three lived together in poor circumstances. About a month ago an absconding cashier from Paris obtained lodgings in this cottage, and incautiously exposed the money. The unmarried sister conceived the idea of robbing him and going to Paris to set up as a dressmaker. In order to accomplish this she put arsenic in a tumbler of spiced wine she gave the traveller before going to bed. He died in great agony during the night. Finding it impossible to dispose of the body alone, she let her sister into the secret and they shared the money and carried out the body and concealed it in the marshes. The unmarried sister whose name is Nannette Fagart, still resolved upon possessing the entire amount, and to carry out her design she made a jug of lemonade a few days ago, and having dosed it with arsenic she placed it conspicuously on the table where her married sister and her husband would be sure to see it on their return from the fields where they were weeding. The man drank a tumblerful of the mixture, and died in a few hours, while the wife who had only tasted a little escaped. She got up early in the morning and let herself quietly out of the house, when she ran along the road in the direction of Rochelle until she met a gendarme, to whom she denounced her sister as the murderess of her husband. Upon Nannette being arrested, she told the story of the murder of the Paris cashier, and Mme. Perrin was also arrested, and both are now in gaol awaiting their trial.

The Parachute.

The parachute is a huge umbrella presenting a surface of sufficient dimensions to resist the pressure of the air enough so that a descending weight shall not move downward with greater velocity than safety requires. In the East it is sometimes used by jumpers to enable them to jump from lofty heights. Father Loubere, in an account of Siam, writes that a man famous in that country for his feats was accustomed to amuse the royal court by jumping from high places with two umbrellas, with long slender handles fastened to his girdles.

The first parachute constructed for an aeronaut, in case of accident, was made by Blanchard. In 1785 he let down a parachute with a basket containing a dog from a great height, which reached the ground in safety. The first man to try a descent by the method was Jacques Garnerin, October 22, 1797. He came down all right. A niece, Eliza Garnerin, made several descents, having a large orifice in the top of the parachute to check the oscillation.

Mr. Cocking was the next to try. His parachute was made wedge-shaped, and was intended to cleave through the air instead of offering resistance to it. On July 29, 1837, Mr. Cocking went up in the great Nassau balloon, and when his parachute was liberated from the balloon with the inventor in it the apparatus collapsed and came down at a terrible rate. Mr. Cocking died.

Mr. Hampton made several successful descents, once attaining an altitude of nearly two miles. He described his feelings at first as both unpleasant and alarming. His eyes and the top of his head seemed forced upward, but the sensation soon passed away. The descent was slow and steady and the earth seemed to be coming up while the parachute was stationary.

Humorous Side of a Tornado.

One among the most amusing is told on old Father Minnich. He saw the cyclone approaching as it came over the hill, and, standing in the back door and being beside himself, waved his arms toward it and cried out: "Shoo, shoo, go 'way, go 'way." The storm didn't harm him, and no one can prove that his effort was in vain. Another one is told on our industrious tailor. He made all possible haste to reach his dwelling and save his wife, but the cyclone overtook him, and he had to throw himself on the ground and hold to a fence post. He was terribly shaken up, and about as soon as he reached his feet was asked by Attorney Reid if he was hurt. He replied: "I don't know, but I think I am. My head is awful soft right here; please examine it." Ried did so, and found the soft place to be a huge piece of mud which was plastered behind his ear. J. A. Miller also came in as a subject for a little fun by running away from his store, carefully carrying away an old clothing sign which was worth more for what it had done than for any future service. J. A. knows the value of advertising, however, and hence his idea was not so laughable, after all. In the country when Mrs. Titus was taken out of the wreck, apparently almost dead, one of her little boys, about 4 years old, exclaimed: "Why, papa, you'll have to get us a new mamma now—ours won't be good for anything anymore." The Enterprise quill, too, was a trifle out of his head, and was made fun of because he was inviting some of the homeless to his house for shelter, when the roof was off his building and the rain dripping from the ceiling as through a sieve. They also say that Warren Garst insists that he was standing near the cyclone, watching it as it passed, when in fact he was in a cave with fifteen women and a preacher, and so badly frightened that, notwithstanding his proverbial gallantry, he could not be induced by a lady to run to her house and secure a valise which she seemed to be very anxious to save.—*Iowa Exchange.*

Tourist—"Can you sell us threepenny worth of milk?" Mrs. McJeb—"Whit did ye say? Losh me!—sell milk on the Sabbath day? Na, Na! I couldna' dae that; but as ye seem dacent boys, I'll jist gie ye thripence worth for naethin', an' ye'll j'st make me a present o' a shullin'."

Young or middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address with 10 cents in stamps for large treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Robinson, at a ball, had just taken his partner back to her seat. Instead of retiring, however, after the interchange of the usual polite nothings, he remained standing in front of her and seemed embarrassed. "Do you wish anything?" asked the lady. "My opera hat, if you please; it has the honor of occupying the same seat as yourself."

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"I left a little check for $10,000 among the wedding gifts," said the girl's father to his prospective son-in-law, "and after the ceremony is over we will quietly tear it up. See? That's the style, nowadays, George." "Yes," hesitated George, "that's the style, but I'm afraid it's too late to tear it up now." "Why?" "Because I went down to the bank and got it cashed."

There seems to be a conspiracy between two hens, a horse, and the dog of a South Windham farmer to deprive him of his rights in eggs. One of the hens daily lays an egg in the dog house and the dog daily eats it. The other hen lays her eggs in the horse's manger and he eats it. Indeed, so fond is the steed of fresh eggs that he sometimes lifts the hen off the nest to see if the egg has been laid.

A Woman's Age.

A woman, it is said, is no older than she looks. Many women, however, look double their actual age by reason of those functional disorders which wear upon the nerves and vitality, and which, if unchecked, are liable to change the most robust woman to a weak, broken-down invalid. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will positively cure every irregularity and weakness peculiar to the sex, and requires but a single trial to prove its surpassing merit. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

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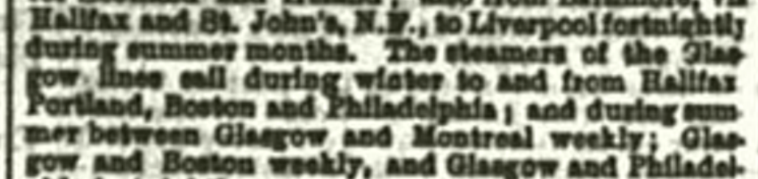

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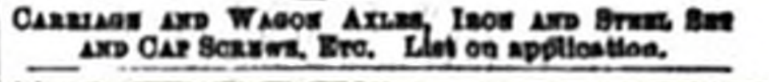

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THE WATCHMAN,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. IX LACHUTE, QUE., FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1886. NO. 46

THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

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HERE AND THERE.

Street venders of Chicago are selling medals commemorative of the "Haymarket massacre," in which are inserted what they insist are pieces of the death-dealing Anarchist bomb.

Citizens of an Illinois town made a kite seven feet long, and a few days ago sent it 2,000 feet into the air. A windlass was rigged, and it required the power of three men to draw the kite back to earth again.

I. J. Whipple of Creston, Ia., is not as pretty as he was, but he knows more. He tried to break a mustang pony, and the pony bucked. When Whipple was picked up it was found that his left shoulder blade was broken and one ear torn completely off.

A Mexican confined in jail at San Antonio, Texas, climbed to the highest grating, stuck his toes in the iron work, hung head downward, folded his arms, cried "Adios," and dropped to the basement. He struck on his head, but failed to kill himself.

It is estimated that when the Lick telescope shall be finished and set in position it will have cost $164 850. The observatory dome will cost $56 850, the mounting $42,000, the visual objective $53,000, and the cost of the photographic objective will be $13,000.

When a Macon colored woman returned from a recent day's work, she found a negro sitting in her kitchen, clad only in his dark skin. She said nothing, but stepped to the next room, picked up a pistol, and began blazing away at the airy caller. She didn't hit him, and he went away.

Cole Younger, one of those celebrated Minnesota bandits, the Younger brothers, is said to be a man of great ability and considerable education. Since his imprisonment he has studied the Bible carefully, and now regularly preaches to his fellow convicts in the Stillwater penitentiary.

A Colorado cowboy was recently bitten on the finger by a rattlesnake. He began to drink whiskey as fast as possible, and had swallowed a gallon before it had the slightest effect on him. Then it began to get in its work, and the rattlesnake poison had no show. But the cowboy came near dying just the same.

Noah Myers of Woodland, Cal., lost a valuable ring while fishing at Bartlett Springs last year. He recently heard that a fisherman in the mountains had found a ring inside of a trout. Correspondence followed, and the result was that Mr. Myers got back his ring quite unchanged and the fisherman got a $10 bill.

Recently Fred P. Paulson, a white farmer near Dallas, Texas, was married to Catherine Robinson, a colored woman. Miscegenation is a penitentiary offence in Texas, and the happy couple will be called to account. But to make sure that justice was done, their neighbors tarred and feathered them the wedding night.

A woman with a 5 year-old boy in her arms attracted no attention in San Francisco the other day, until in attempting to get on a boat the woman tumbled into the bay. Both were fished out and sent to a hospital, and there the woman was recognized as a notorious child stealer. The little boy was one that she had stolen from an infant asylum two weeks before.

Decatur, Ind., was treated to a sight of that rare phenomenon, a lunar rainbow, one night last week. At 10 o'clock the wind blew so hard that many citizens went out to see if a tornado was coming. In the southeast the full moon shone brightly, in a cloudless sky. A slight rain was falling on the town, and in the northeast was the rainbow, as bright in colors as if it was midday. There was also a vivid reflected bow.

John Barkley, of New London, Mo., saw an old fox and a litter of cubs in the road and captured one of the little ones. When he started toward his wagon with it the mother fox grabbed his trousers and hung on until kicked loose, and afterward she followed the wagon for some distance.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

HOME.

During June one thousand and fifteen immigrants arrived in Winnipeg.

Twenty five members of the Midland Battalion who fought at Batoche have been presented with their medals.

The financial statement of the Toronto Musical Festival Association shows a surplus of one thousand dollars.

Four Montreal dealers are being prosecuted by the Inland Revenue Department for the adulteration of coffee.

"Doc" Andrews has been sentenced at the Toronto Criminal Assizes to five years in the penitentiary for procuring an abortion.

The threatened strike of Toronto carpenters has been averted, a satisfactory arrangement having been effected between the employers and the men.

The number of Canadians making a trip to the Old Country this year is unprecedented, all the outgoing steamships being filled with passengers.

The old Dominion Bolt Works' premises and other buildings in Toronto were recently destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of about $20,000, with trifling insurance.

Three fishery protection cruisers and the steamers Lansdowne have been ordered to the coast of Prince Edward Island to watch the fisheries, the mackerel having struck in shore along the coast.

Tillson's oatmeal mill and elevator at Tilsonburg, together with a large quantity of grain and manufactured oatmeal, has been destroyed by fire, the loss being estimated at $30,000, insured for $13,000.

Count Gazzoli, the Pope's special messenger, has formally presented Cardinal Archbishop Taschereau with the official letters announcing the elevation of his Eminence to the cardinalate and the red hat, emblematic of his dignity.

While grappling near Hanlan's Point for the body of Thomas Broomnall, recently drowned, the body of Geo. L. Crosser, connected with the Chicago *News*, was recovered. As the pockets of deceased's clothing were filled with stones it is supposed to be a case of suicide. The following day another body was found in the bay. It was identified as that of H. H. Hampton, of Cleveland, Ohio.

After an absence of three months the Rebellion Claims Commissioners have returned to Winnipeg, having investigated nearly eight hundred claims and examined about one hundred witnesses. A few claims yet remain to be investigated in Winnipeg before the commissioners conclude their labour and make their report to the Dominion Government.

Dominion Day was generally observed throughout the Dominion as a public holiday, the usual sports being indulged in, full reports of which will be found in the sporting columns. The day passed without a single untoward event being reported from any quarter, even in Toronto, where the bay has for several consecutive public holiday claimed its quota of victims.

An immense demonstration was made in Winnipeg the other morning on the arrival of the first train through to the Pacific coast. An address of welcome and congratulation to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was read by the City Clerk, to which General Superintendent Egan replied, and at three minutes past ten the train steamed out of Winnipeg *en route* for Vancouver.

AMERICAN

The English sparrow has crossed the continent and appeared in full force in California.

The entire hop crop of the State of New York is threatened with destruction by lice and honeydew.

Two hundred and six persons were killed and over five hundred injured on railroads in New Jersey during 1885.

At 12 o'clock on Wednesday night of last week the liquor licenses in Georgia expired. Prohibition now goes into effect throughout the State.

The population of Chicago, as indicated by the new directory just out, is over 750,000. An increase of 50,000 in population is shown over last year.

The unfortunate lady who committed suicide at the whirlpool in the Niagara river has been identified as Miss Frances Whipple, of Adrian, Michigan, who is believed to have ended her life while suffering from a fit of dementia.

At the trial of the Chicago Anarchists evidence was given proving that the fatal bomb at the Haymarket riots was thrown by Rheinhold Krueger, the man who was mortally wounded by officer Madden the afternoon following the riots.

A Buffalo family consisting of five people and a servant are seriously ill from trichinosis, caused by eating a mixture of beef and pork only just warmed through. The mixture was eaten on Saturday night and the victims were stricken on Sunday afternoon. The doctor, however, thinks all will recover.

Dr. McCollum, of Niagara Falls, New York, was the other morning found in a dying condition in a room of his unfinished house, and died a few minutes afterwards. It was at first supposed to be a case of deliberate suicide, but later developements have aroused a strong suspicion that the unfortunate man was murdered.

Last week there died in an obscure part of St Louis a man with a most remarkable history. This was James L. Birkey, who committed suicide by taking a large dose carbolic acid, and thus at a age of 73 terminated a life which at one time was full of promise. He died in an almost penniless condition and unattended by any relative, although at one time he was one of the wealthiest men in Ohio, a large stockholder and director of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and the owner of the huge coal fields in the southeast portion of Missouri.

FOREIGN.

Cholera has again broken out in Japan.

The King of Portugal will visit England in August.

The Porte has ordered the withdrawal of 40,000 Turkish troops from the frontier of Greece.

The conference of the Irish Methodist Church has by a large majority condemned Mr. Gladstone's Irish scheme.

Fifty-one persons in all were killed in the late election riots in Chili, and the hospitals are filled with wounded.

The French Radical press are now demanding the expulsion of all the Orleanist princes and the seizure of their property.

It is now explained that the French flag was never hoisted officially over the New Hebrides, but simply displayed at a French storehouse on one of the islands.

Prince Luitpold has been formally made Regent of Bavaria to administer affairs during the occupation of the throne by King Otto, the insane successor to the late King Ludwig.

It is stated that the majority of the members of the French Chamber of Deputies hold the opinion that the Government ought not to interfere with the affairs of the Panama Canal Company.

Despatches from Rangoon report that fighting has been renewed between the Dacoits and the British, and that the latter, in a recent skirmish, lost seven killed and twenty-three wounded.

The appeal in the Crawford-Dilke divorce case has been dismissed. The decision prevents Sir Charles Dilke and Mrs. Crawford from appearing as witnesses in their own defence.

An explosion of sewer gas in the British Parliament buildings the other day created great alarm, and led to the circulation of a number of rumours of dynamite outrages and Fenian plots.

HOUSEHOLD.

HOUSEHOLD MACHINERY.

It is with a sense of humiliation that one thinks of the great number of women in whose hands the most valuable labor saving inventions amount to nothing at all. An inherent hostility to new methods, or a lack of energy to learn how to make use of novel waysand means, prevents many women from getting the full benefit of efforts to lighten their work.

We all know the woman whose sewing machine is always out of order; if you ask what is the trouble with it, her reply is something like this: "Oh, it's got a freak of bothering me," as if it were animate and subject to fits of temper. Possibly yesterday she let the baby pull out the thread, the needle was sprung a little out of line, and to-day the thread is cut out every stitch; perhaps an older child has turned the wheel with the feed and needle plate together, any the teeth are so worn as no longer to carry the cloth along. Possibly she may have forgotten to oil some particular point, or have wound a bobbin unevenly, and now she petulantly denounces the whole class of sewing machines and declares that her fingers and a common needle are better.

Another woman of this kind is induced to buy a carpet-sweeper; it runs well a week or two, then turns hard, skips over a part of the dirt, and is generally faulty in its work, when she promptly decides that it is a fraud and wishes she had her three dollars back again, etc., etc.

Her more patient neighbor examines the sweeper, pulls out the shreds and bits of string which have wound themselves about the gears, adds a drop of oil, and then it flies over the carpet as easily as when the smooth-tongued agent displayed its usefulness, after the manner of his class, entirely reckless of paint or furniture, until the nervous housekeeper almost buys a sweeper to save a possible bill of repairs.

The same unwillingness to learn the mechanical working of no matter how simple an invention, is noticed in the use of nearly all kinds of household machinery, including the many useful dairy utensils.

There are, however, exceptions to the value of what are intended to be labor savers, and the writer believes the washing-machine to be such an exception. Having made something of a study of ways and means of making laundry work easier, we have used, and seen others use, a great variety of washers, and the same general fault applies to all. They are made by men, and are adapted only to the strength of men; they turn easily while holding a pailful of water and a towel or two, as displayed at the fair, or by the travelling agent, but in practical use the fatigue of using them is as great as is the result of a morning's work at the old fashioned tub and board. If a woman has a good store of strength, and carefully follows directions for washing but a garment or two at a time, she may find help in one of these machines.

A few more years will probably bring some practical labor saver for use in family washing and ironing, or an improvement in public laundries.

The aggregate cost of discarded patent household articles which are now stored in attics and lumber rooms in this country would amount to a large sum of money, but in a great number of cases the strength and time that might be saved by the intelligent use of many of these articles, would reach even a greater value.

HINTS

The Angler vouches for the effectiveness of the following mixture for keeping off mosquitoes: Olive oil, three parts; oil of pennyroyal, two parts; glycerine, one part; ammonia, one part. To be well shaken before applying to the face and hands. Avoid getting the mixture into the eyes.

When you have spilled anything on the stove, or milk has boiled over and a suffocating smoke arises, sprinkle the spot with salt and it will disappear immediately.

To make good starch, quite a number of rules have been given. Some advocate long boiling, while others say it is not necessary. Very good starch may be made by putting in a bright tin pail a quarter of a pound of starch, over which pour three pints of boiling water and then add a pint of cold water. Let it boil fifteen minutes. A little salt or sugar, a small piece of wax, or a teaspoonful of coal oil added, will make the starch iron smooth. The starch should be strained and slightly blued before using. Flour starch is frequently used for course or colored clothes, and potato starch may also be used. Isinglass is a very delicate starch for very fine muslins, and rice water is equally so. Muslins and laces should be dipped in thin starch and dried in the sun; linens should have the starch rubbed in until they will absorb no more. Individual taste and fashion in starching clothes must be the guide of the housekeeper in giving directions to her laundress.

If any article of household furniture requires disinfecting occasionally it is a carpet; especially if it has been used a considerable time. The following is a method recommended by a lady housekeeper, both as a disinfectant and a preventive of moths: Add three teaspoonfuls of turpentine to three quarts of water. Saturate a large sponge with this mixture, squeeze it about two-thirds dry, and go over the carpet carefully. As soon as the sponge becomes dirty cleanse it and take in a fresh supply of water.

He Will Do it for Glory.

C. D. Graham, a young cooper of Philadelphia, has been for some days at Niagara Falls studying the whirlpool rapids, in which Capt. Webb was killed. Graham intends to go through the rapids in a barrel which he has already built. It is egg-shaped and very strong, the occupant being protected from injury by a bag-shaped hammock.

The principal difficulty will be in getting air, although Graham expects no trouble on that score. He has spent several Sundays making experimental trials with barrels weighted with sand, and he says they have been successful. Eight minutes sufficed for the passage of one from the Suspension Bridge to the Whirlpool, the barrel being uninjured, according to Graham's statement.

Two souls with but a single thought—the Anarchists Parsons', and the public's. Parsons wants to make a martyr of himself, and the public is perfectly willing that he shall.

FARM.

SCISSORED AND PENNED.

It costs as much to produce weeds as it does to grow useful plants.

How to produce cheaply should be a matter of careful consideration with farmers as well as manufacturers.

Farms differ in their productiveness mainly according to the amount of intelligence that is brought to their cultivation.

A writer says: Farmers in feeding horses give nearly twice as much hay as city people do, and yet city horses are in the best condition for the road.

The *American Dairyman* says that the finest butter made in the country comes from farm dairies and that the eastern dairies are the finest dairy schools in the world.

A starved animal on a farm shows a starved farm, and worse, a starved brain in the head of the owner. Poverty is no excuse, for butcher-knives are cheap.

Keep your tomato vines on their feet. Drive in four laths to the hill, allowing them to meet at the top. As the plants grow tie with woolen twine, as that will not cut the tender branches.

Old and unfashionable houses often form more beautiful pictures when set in living frames of green, than costly new and pretentious ones standing alone without relief or background.

No farmer's wife ought to be too busy to give an hour or more, occasionally, to a few plants and flowers around the house. The place will look more "home like" and make a more favorable impression upon observers.

The *National Stockman* is of the opinion that cribbing is a habits for which there seems to be no cure. The many mechanical contrivances sold in the market and guaranteed to overcome this trouble are of no earthly account, in its opinion.

If agricultural fairs next September are to be a success preparations must begin at once. The early spring has raised hopes of the best matured and biggest crop in many a farmer's breast and it is improbable that the good start given by nature will be wasted.

Farming unquestionably belongs to the fine arts, and any person who follows it with no enthusiasm and with no desire to improve should quit the business, go to town, and by a long and painstaking course of training fit himself to carry a hod.

If farmers' sons are to receive a liberal education, there is no reason in the world why they should not attend the same colleges as the sons of merchants, bankers, millers, or those of any other calling. They must pursue the same studies, and why not in the same class?

Buckwheat is one of the most valuable grains both for human food and for feeding animals. It is only slightly inferior to rye in nutritious matter, having much the same character as a food and containing very nearly as much nutriment as oats.

Col. F. D. Curtis pleads for more attention to the culture of peas as a more healthful food for hogs. He says: "Modern science is the cloak for a good deal of evil. We are too smart. We produce animated lard instead of pork, buttering for butter, and make corn victuals and drink."

The practice of butter salting is not based upon the actual requirements of the butter itself but the consumer. Butter free from all foreign matter and beyond the influence of the air needs no salt. The line of perfect salting of butter is drawn at the point where all the salt will dissolve in the butter.

Only the finest butter made by the best known rules—and the great butter dealer knows the difference at sight—brings the best prices, and it occupies a place in the market by itself. The ordinary farm butter made by old-styled ways is classed with bogus butter and sells for a mixed grease price. The market calls for a fresh-made sweet flavored butter and will have it.

If potatoes are slow in coming up run over the field with a light harrow. Anything that will stir the ground sufficiently to cause the death of the little weeds and break the crusted surface will answer. When the rows can be seen cover them with about two inches of dirt with a shovel plough; this should be done thoroughly. Frequent cultivation is essential, and if attended to properly there will be little need of hand labor. Pull the large weeds if any remain in August.

The outdoor laborer—especially the farmer—who works with heroic energy all day long, unavoidably gathers on the entire surface of his body a complete prisonwall of dust and thickening, gummy perspiration; and when his day's work is done he needs then more than other things not only a wash, but a good, luscious full bath to fit him for a clean bed and a refreshing sleep.

Paper Money.

The history of Guernsey furnishes a curious and perhaps instructive instance of the kind of uses that paper money may serve. It was determined to build a meat market, and £4,000 were voted to defray the cost. Notes were issued by the authorities for that amount, and were guaranteed on the "whole of the property of the Island, said to be worth four millions." These notes were useless outside of Guernsey, and so they were never exported. They were one-pound notes, and were numbered from 1 up to 4000. With them the contractor was paid, he paid his workmen in the same money, and those that supplied him with materials. Tradesmen took them for goods, landlords for rent, and the authorities for taxes. "In due season," to quote from Jonathan Duncan, "the market was complete. The butchers' stalls, with some public rooms constructed over them, were let for an annual rent of £400. At the first year of tenancy, the States called in the first batch of notes, numbering from 1 to 400, and with the £400 real money received for rent, redeemed the £400 of representative money expressed by the 'Meat Market Notes.' At the end of ten years, all the notes were redeemed through the application of ten years' rental; and since that period the meat market has returned a clear annual revenue to the States, and continues to afford accommodation without having cost a farthing in taxes to any inhabitant."

Crazed by a Tragedy.

Miss Julia I, Sand, a well-known contributor to the Century, Harper's and other magazines, has been sent to an insane asylum. It is the end of pathetic and aimless wanderings by Miss Sands in various parts of the country to find a clew to the whereabouts of a young man for whom she formed an ardent attachment three years ago at a summer resort near Mount Desert, Me. Howard Semon, the young man in question, who was also a native of Brooklyn and who was the junior of Miss Sand, was drowned before her eyes at Mount Desert. The tragedy, it appears, unsettled her mind. She has at times since the sad event believed he was still living and had been spirited away and was about to be murdered.

Extract from the criminal record: "John Mulcahey fell out of a window yesterday and was seriously injured about the head. It is not thought amputation will be necessary."

LOITERINGS IN ENGLAND.

BY J. A. KERR.

The English sky has cleared once more after a three days' crying fit of unusual energy, and the wooded hills around us are looking as bright and beautiful as the "Delectable Mountains" of Bunyan, although happily free from those insufferable shepherds who put the tired and footsore pilgrims through such an exhausting course of sightseeing. It must be owned that the showers of May are a priceless addition to the beauty of English scenery. When the trees stand thick with living green and the glad carol of the birds fills the air, and the lately shrunken brooks rush downwards with a joyous gurgle from the shadowy thickets to dance and sparkle in the sunlight, and the parched, yellowish grass springs up again fresh and bright in the fullness of a new life, with a tiny rainbow upon every blade, then, indeed, every one may well rejoice in nature's holiday, except the thick skulled clodhoppers who have lost what little feeling they ever had, and the tasteless excursionists who have never had any to lose.

Who would remain pent up between four walls on a day like this, when one has only to pocket one's writing materials and plunge at once into the fragrant shadow of the fir-woods—a better studio than hand of man has ever built? Away we go, past snug little cottages embowered in twining creepers and all alive with the merry voices of the children whose rosy faces peep from every doorway—past broad brown ponds still haunted by the spirits of the "fine old British farmers" in the appropriate shape of fat geese—past quaint old country houses half buried in trees, with the tall slender chimneys, peaked roofs, and deep shadowy porches of the last century—past wide, green, sunny meadows, dotted with grazing sheep and bright with golden cowslips. It is pleasant to see as we pass the door of yonder queer little lozenge-paned school house thrown open and a flood of red-cheeked boys and flaxen-haired girls pouring fourth with shouts of glee; for on such a morning these restless little bodies will be better employed in gathering wild flowers, climbing trees, paddling in the brook, or running races across the village green than in sitting boxed up in a hot schoolroom upon hard benches, studying the interesting but somewhat unpractical statement that "A was an Archer who shot a Frog, B was a Butcher who had a big Dog."

And now comes a steep winding path up a bold curving ridge, on either side of which, through a green mist of clustering leaves, the taper stems of the silver birches rise tall and slender and shining as the columns of some fairy palace. Beyond this we come out upon a vast breadth of plowed land, in which several burly fellows are working manfully in the blazing midday sun, while a small white dog, with his forepaws planted firmly on the jacket which his master has set him to guard, greets us with a shrill little bark of defiance as we go by. Then a sharp turn to the right, and all in one moment the dazzling sunshine melts into the rich purple twilight of the woods, in the deep, dreamful stillness of which all the cares and troubles of the outer world are blotted out as if they had never been.

As we seat ourselves on a soft cushion of moss at the foot of a mighty fir and take out our pen and paper, a strange gleam of sunshine, filtering through the overarching boughs, makes a dim rainbow on the glistening back of a small lizard which pauses doubtfully in front of us for a moment and then scurries away into the tangled undergrowth, which is still thickly strewn with the leaves of last Autumn. A squirrel darts like an acrobat upon the nearest pine, and then having reached a safe height, salutes us with a saucy whisk of his bushy tail, and a quick, mocking glance of its small bright eye. A tiny bird, perching on a slender branch a few feet overhead, twitters merrily as the swaying bough swings it to and fro. And now a splendid butterfly, gorgeous with all the richest hues of purple and gold, hovers above us for a few seconds with expanded wings, and then flits away into the deeper shadows, seeming to carry with it through the gloom a ray of that cloudless sunlight from which it has come. But it will not do to loiter here too long for the day is wearing on, and while others go a-Maying we must go a-marching on. So away we tramp again through shadowy glade and bushy dell, up steep banks slippery with fallen pine needles, down into gloomy hollows where the woodman's axe has been busy, and the felled giants lie strewn like the dead upon a hard-fought battlefield. Many a slip do we meet with, and more than one awkward tumble.

The chime of falling water suddenly strikes our ears, and a tiny waterfall, swollen by the recent rains, is seen skipping from ledge to ledge of a moss-grown cliff in successive spouts of glittering spray, which are outlined very effectively against the background of dark green leaves, till it sinks at length, as if exhausted, into the deep, still, shadowy pool below, like some wayward genius who, after a brief and troubled career on earth, has found in death that peace which life denied him. Just beyond it we plunge suddenly into a dismal hollow, upon which the shadows of the trees fall darkest and deepest, making it as black and ghostly as that gloomy spot in Kingsley's famous poem, where

> "The black, sour haulm covered over
> The blood of a murdered man."

A little further on comes a still more unpleasant phenomenon, viz., a vast patch of puddle water and half-liquid mud, which, like Apollyon in Bunyan, spreads itself across the whole breadth of the way, and is not to be avoided by any strategy. So through it we go as best we may, at first picking our way coolly and carefully, getting gradually excited as we plunge ankledeep into puddle after puddle, and at last tramping savagely through the very sloppiest part with a stern satisfaction in the consciousness that nothing can befall us worse than what has happened already.

But this labor is amply repaid a few minutes later, when the wood ends as suddenly as if swallowed up by an earthquake, and we pass at one stride into a new world. From the spot where we stand the ground falls away in one great plunge (now a sheet of living green) down to a broad, smooth lake, sentineled on either side by a line of giant oaks, bright with all the leafy richness of early Summer. Far down the valley stands a solitary house, a large, gloomy mansion of hewed stone, which, in its cold and lonely dignity, seems a type of some proud but poverty-stricken noble secluding himself from a world where he can no longer lord it among the best.

One sound alone breaks the stillness. From a far distance comes a dull, strange noise, half rattle and half rumble, warning us that even here we are not quite beyond the reach of the unresting railway. In truth, go where one will, it is not easy to escape from the haunting presence of the world's rush and roar.

SURREY HILLS, Eng.

"Is there anything more excruciating than the music of a Japanese tom-tom orchestra?" asks a writer. Did you ever hear the music of a tom-tom cat?

HEALTH.

DEAD OF AVOIDABLE DISEASE.

A large proportion of the dead people were victims of avoidable disease. Only a small minority die from the natural cause, old age. Food, air, or climatic conditions, and water, are great agencies of destruction. Typhoid fever, Asiatic cholera and epidemic dysentery are more generally propagated by potable water than by all other causes combined. The excretions of the sick contain the seeds of these diseases, which will multiply indefinitely in a medium containing food for their growth (decomposing organic matter), moisture and a given temperature.

Excretal matters in sewer or cesspool should excite solicitude, not alone for the filth but because it may contain disease-germs capable of indefinite multiplication. A pound of arsenic in Croton Reservoir would be incapable of reproduction, and the enormous dilution would remove all danger from individual consumers; but the presence in the water supply of New York of the excreta of one person smitten with cholera or typhoid fever might bring death to thousands, because germinal matter is not destroyed by dilution. The sewage of one Plymouth, Penn., household filled that little city with "lamentations and mourning and woe."

Sewage is always nasty, and may be deadly when it contains excretions of the sick. The water supply as well as the manural supply may then hold the seed of disease which shall early ripen the harvest of death. Keep the well, spring, river, free from all possibility of sewage contamination, that they may remain what they have been called in all languages, "fountains of life." If there be any suspicions, and its cause cannot be removed, refuse to drink such water unless it has first been thoroughly boiled to destroy every living germ; or else use rain water stored in clean cisterns.

HEALTH AND PECUNIARY CONDITION.

A western newspaper very reasonably affirms that one's condition for health or disease often depends upon his pecuniary state. To insure health, so far as human effort can control the matter, one should, above all, be cheerful, contented, and calm. You can not do this if you intentionally or unintentionally incur debt, for debt is embarrassing and painfully annoying. No person of the least pride or self-respect can possibly be comfortable if in debt. Debt is something that can not always be avoided, although it never fails to produce, in persons of principle, an amount of mental worry that is absolutely distressing. Mental tension, pecuniary trouble, is one of the chief causes of insanity. Men struggle for a competency, because they, especially those not far removed from poverty, fear poverty, not for themselves, but for others.

A father will suffer more in the thought that his wife or daughter may be penniless than he will if the family physician tells him that the wife has an incurable cancer and may die any moment, or that the daughter will be crippled for life. He prefers even this to the thought that she may be forced to manual labor. It is true that poverty in our artificial state of society involves all the miseries—hunger, overwork, humiliation, and sickness, yet we can hardly understand why men choose them all rather than sickness and physical suffering.

The man who commits suicide from pecuniary troubles is, nine times in ten found to be one who is overworked, or who has raged secretly or openly at the apparent injustice involved in work that brings no return, or who, haunted by fear of poverty, has lived beyond his income, incurred annoying debts, and takes his life to escape the consequent misery and mental agony. Nothing overturns the mental balance so surely as a long continued sense of injustice or long continued debt, and nothing is so frequent a cause for suicide. "Hope is said to spring eternal in the human breast," but in the matter of money-making years of non-success kill hope and destroy mental vigor and bodily health. No other form of misery produces quite the same impression as financial wrong. To be a healthy man, learn to bear cheerfully the misfortune as well as the good fortune of life. Therefore, the mental requirements of the laws of health are cheerfulness, contentment, and calmness, and that man live within his income, however small.

A SCOTCH BOY'S CAREER.

The Millionaire Carnegie's Start Out in Life.

David Brooks was manager of a Pittsburg railroad office when a boy named Andrew Carnegie was a messenger in it at a salary of $3 a week. The boy had just arrived with his father and mother from Scotland, the land of his birth. That was very little more than thirty-six years ago, yet to-day he is the millionaire ironmonger of Pittsburg. Andrew Carnegie has said, "I owe my rise in life to a game of checkers." I will explain to you what that remark means. The elder Carnegie was a moulder in a pottery. Like many Scotchmen he was exceedingly fond of playing checkers. In Pittsburg at that time was a well-known ale-house, in one room of which those who loved to play checkers were wont to assemble. Among them were Carnegie and Brooks, and in this way the two men became acquainted. Carnegie's son also came there at times with his father, and he, too, tested David Brooks' powers at draughts. One day the elder Carnegie remarked that he did not know what to do with his son. "Send him down to my office and I will make a messenger boy of him," said Mr. Brooks. The next day he began his new employment. The lad was intelligent and industrious. Manager Brooks had an old telegraph instrument fitted up in the office, and when the messenger boys were not engaged he showed them on this how to tick out the Morse alphabet. With this instruction young Carnegie soon became a skilful operator. Thomas A. Scott was at that time Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Road in Pittsburg. He had a telegraph instrument rigged up in his office and wanted some one to manipulate the key. Manager Brooks recommended young Carnegie and he was employed. He showed such aptitude in managing the movement of trains by telegraph that he was transferred to the Superintendent's office in Altoona. There he continued to attract the attention of Thomas A. Scott and was rapidly pushed along. He was given opportunities to engage in some coal and oil speculations that were successful, and afterwards made money from the first sleeping cars that were built.

Questions to be Answered.

Should you say that "the sweets of domestic life" are kept in "family jars?"

When you are pitched out of your buggy on the top of your head, would you describe the sensation as "awfully stunning?"

Would you say that the ladies who "light up" best at evening parties are those who have lantern-jaws?

Should you be inclined to describe the magistrate who gives you "Ten dollars or thirty days" as a "fine imposing personage?"

Is your fishmonger like a rope dancer because he gets his living by his sole?

The Mountain and the Sea.

Once upon a time the Air, the Mountain, and the Sea lived undisturbed upon all the earth. The mountain alone was immovable; he stood always here upon his rocky foundation and the Sea rippled and foamed at his feet, while the Air danced freely over his head and about his grim face. It came to pass that both the Sea and the Air loved the Mountain, but the Mountain loved the Sea.

"Dance on forever, O Air," said the Mountain; "dance on and sing your merry songs. But I love the gentle Sea who in sweet humility crouches at my feet or playfully dashes her white spray against my brown bosom."

Now the sea was full of joy when she heard these words, and her thousand voices sang softly with delight. But the Air was filled with rage and jealousy, and she swore a terrible revenge.

"The Mountain shall not wed the Sea," muttered the envious Air. "Enjoy your triumph while you may, O slumberous sister; I will steal you from your haughty lover!"

And it came to pass that, ever after that the Air each day caught up huge parts of the Sea and sent them floating forever through the air in the shape of clouds. So each day the Sea receded from the feet of the Mountain, and her tuneful waves played no more around his majestic base.

"Whither art thou going, my love!" cried the Mountain in dismay.

"She is false to thee," laughed the Air, mockingly. "She is going to another love far away."

But the Mountain would not believe it. He towered his head aloft and cried more beseechingly than before: "Oh, whither art thou going, my beloved? I do not hear thy sweet voice nor do thy soft, white arms compass me about."

Then the Sea cried out in an agony of helpless love. But the mountain heard her not, for the Air refused to bring the words she said.

"She is false!" whispered the Air. "I alone am true to thee."

But the Mountain believed her not. Day after day he reared his massive head aloft and turned his honest face to the receding Sea and begged her to return; day after day the Sea threw up her snowy arms and uttered the wildest lamentations, but the Mountain heard her not, and day by day the Sea receded farther and farther from the Mountain's base. Where she once had spread her fair surface appeared fertile plains and verdant groves all peopled with living things whose voice's the Air brought to the Mountain's ears in the hope that they might distract the Mountain from his mourning.

But the Mountain would not be comforted; he lifted his sturdy head aloft and his sorrowing face was turned over towards the fleeting object of his love. Hills, valleys, forests, plains, and other mountains separated them now, but over and beyond them all he could see her fair face lifted pleadingly toward him, while her white arms tossed wildly to and fro. But he did not know what words she said, for the envious Air would not bear her messages to him.

Then many ages came and went, until now the Sea was far distant—so very distant that the Mountain could not behold her—nay, had he been ten thousand times loftier he could not have seen her, she was so far away. But, still as of old, the Mountain stood with his majestic head high in the sky, and his face turned whither he had seen her fading, like a dream, away.

"Come back, come back, O my beloved!" he cried and cried.

And the Sea, a thousand miles or more away, still thought forever of the Mountain. Vainly he peered over the western horizon for a glimpse of his proud head and honest face. The horizon was dark. Her lover was far beyond; forests, plains, hills, valleys, rivers, and other mountains intervened. Her watching was as hopeless as her love.

"She is false!" whispered the Air to the Mountain. "She is false and she has gone to another lover. I alone am true!"

But the mountain believed her not. And one day clouds came floating through the sky and hovered around the Mountain's crest.

"Who art thou," cried the mountain, "who art thou that fill'st me with such a subtle consolation? Thy breath is like my beloved's and thy kisses are like her kisses."

"We come from the sea," answered the Clouds. "She loves thee and she has sent us to bid thee be courageous for she will come back to thee."

Then the Clouds covered the Mountain and bathed him with the glory of the Sea's true love. The Air raged furiously, but all in vain. Ever after that the Clouds came each day with love messages from the Sea, and oftentimes the Clouds bore back to the distant Sea the tender words the Mountain spoke.

And so the ages come and go, the Mountain rearing his giant head aloft and his brown, honest face turned whither the Sea departed; the Sea stretching forth her arms to the distant Mountain and repeating his dear name with her thousand voices.

Stand on the beach and see the Sea's majestic calm and hear her murmurings, or when, in the frenzy of her hopeless love, she surges wildly and tosses her white arms and shrieks—then you shall know how the Sea loves the distant Mountain.

The Mountain is old and sear; the storms have beaten upon his breast, and great scars and seams and wrinkles are on his sturdy head and honest face. But he towers majestically aloft, and he looks always toward the distant Sea and waits for her coming.

And so the ages come and go, but love is eternal.

They Want to Go Home.

"I happened to be in one of the wards of the Children's Hospital some time ago," said a lady to the historian the other day, "at the hour when at the beginning of the short Winter twilight the children had been prepared for sleep. It was a beautiful sight to see the little convalescents kneeling in their little cots and lisping "Our Father" and "Now I lay me down to sleep," and even more touching and beautiful to see those who were too weak to rise lifting their tiny weak hands in prayer. Suddenly one poor little baby in a distant corner set up a pitiful, wailing cry:

"'I want to go home; I want to go home!'

"The words were taken up and repeated from many a cot. It brought the tears into my eyes, and I said to the nurse:

"'This must be very hard for you to bear!'

"'It is,' she said, 'but we generally expect to hear that when nightfall comes. Books and toys while away the time for such as are able to sit up, and the other poor little things lie very patiently all day, but when the evening comes, and the prayers, there seems to come a great longing for their homes and for their mothers. There is little we can do to prevent it; it generally ends when one by one they drop off to sleep.'

"While I was walking through one of the corridors of the City Hospital I happened to pass the ward where the fever patients lay, and I heard these same words, but uttered this time in delirium, and from the lips of strong men. If the children's cry had been woefully pitiful, this was still more so, and the thought came that in many cases the oft repeated prayer would be answered before many days."

An experiment to test the speed of the swallow's flight has just been made at Paris. Two hen birds were taken from their broods, carried to Milan and there released at a given hour. Both made their way back to their nest in thirteen minutes, which gives their rate of speed at eighty-seven and a half miles an hour.

A fruit grower in Vineland, N. J., is suddenly ambitious to become the modern Herod. He says that, in case an excursion of Philadelphia orphans visits that place, he will "see that the children get all the fruit they can eat." Why he should have such a deep-rooted hatred against orphan children is not explained.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1886.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

Although the Provincial Parliament has not yet been dissolved, nor the time fixed for the general elections, the leaders of both parties are holding meetings and selecting candidates for the various constituencies. In Argenteuil no meeting that we are aware of has been held for the purpose of selecting a candidate. True the Grit press of Montreal has mentioned the name of our worthy Mayor, Mr. Richard Dudderidge, who it says is to be brought out in opposition to Mr William Owens, the present representative of the County. Whether Mr. Dudderidge contemplates doing so or not, we do not know; if he does, he has made no sign. But we are inclined to believe he will not. Mr. Dudderidge it too shrewd a man to run the risk of certain defeat—which he assuredly would in opposing Mr. Owens. Mr. Owens is a very popular man in the County—he has laboured faithfully and effectually for the interests of the people of Argenteuil, in getting money grants for roads and bridges in the County, and they will remember it to him when election day comes should he be opposed.

We understand a meeting of the friends of Mr. Owens will be held in Olivet Hall on Saturday (to-morrow) to get up a requisition to him, requesting him to allow himself to be again nominated as a candidate for the County of Argenteuil in the Provincial Assembly. The meeting we are sure will be very numerously attended. There is no man in the County that we know of, to compare with Mr. Owens, or need oppose him; from all parts of the County we hear the expression—"Mr. Owens is the best member we have ever had; he has done more for us, understands our wants better, has done his best to get us justice, and we would be ungrateful if we did not show our gratitude by again returning him to Parliament as our representative." Mr. Owens has not only been faithful to his constituents of Argenteuil, but he has been equally mindful of the interests of the whole Province. Indeed he was so popular in the House of Assembly that we looked forward to his becoming a minister of the Crown, and we are sure he would make a good and acceptable one. As some changes will likely take place in the ministry before Parliament again meets, it would not surprise us if Mr. Owens was called to form part of the ministry to meet the next Parliament. Who knows but that this may be accomplished before the elections come off, and save another appeal to the people. Such an appointment would be popular with the English speaking portion of the people of the Province, and would not be distasteful either to a large portion of our French Canadian fellow subjects.

HISTORICAL REPETITIONS.

Comparisons may, perhaps, be odious and repetitions may be equally distasteful, but they occasionally occur even in the best regulated families, and it therefore is obvious, or must become so, that they are not without their meaning and application. Immediately anterior to the French Revolution of, in many respects, most unhappy memory, the juvenile advocates and promoters of the new movement were accustomed to promenade the streets of Paris and to appear in its public places decorated and adorned with the tri-colour—which in its red have fitly symbolized the blood that was to be shed in its blue stripe—the class who were to be made its victims; and in its white the purity that was to be supposed to associate with the contemplated movement. What happened is matter of history. The blood that was shed—the "bluest" that the nation possessed, and the purity of the Revolutionists as symbolized in the white, was amply demonstrated in the subsequent manipulation of public affairs. During the recent Liberal Convention held in the city of Montreal, many of the French delegates appeared to be proud to wear the tri-colour upon their breasts, and that tri-colour bearing across its face the significant word "Independence." It has been attempted to make out that the word "Independence" was surreptitiously inscribed, but we declare without hesitation that it was deliberately placed there by the advice and counsel of Mr. J. X. Perrault, whose mind is manifestly made up that no good thing can possibly come out of Canada either as a dependency of the Empire or as a Crown Colony. What they want is to go alone, and to this end they are striving—for the present—it would appear, in sections; but in the end with an united force. Our friends had better be on their guard against these beginnings of evil.

The inconsistencies of these gentlemen and the political parties they represent should not be lost sight of—for side or rather local issues, such as that of Riel—should never be regarded as sufficient to seduce any one to secede from the party with which all of his interests are bound up. But we will go further and say that men like these act as they do, and from motives that are fairly attributable to them, we ought not to forget that there are many who would do any mortal thing—dishonorable or otherwise, so long as they could serve a point against the Government.

The electors of this County should demand from all candidates who may present themselves a due and satisfactory explanation of the hope that is in them; and unless the Liberal candidate, whoever he may be, show the Conservative to be wrong, or it be possible to reverse the conditions, no man ought to be returned; for it is carrying out a lie to suppose that Mr. so and so should be put in the House of Parliament merely because he was Mr. so and so regardless of principle or honor.

BRITISH ELECTIONS.

LONDON, July 15.—The elections yesterday were all in favor of the Unionists, Conservative gains being reported from nine counties, including one in Scotland. The Liberal-Unionists also gained two seats in Scotland. Up to midnight there had been returned 304 Conservatives, 75 Liberal-Unionists, 166 Gladstonians and 79 Parnellites, making the parties now stand as follows:—

Total number of seats	670
Number of elections held	624
To be held	46
Conservatives elected	304
Liberal Unionists	75
Gladstonians	166
Parnellites	79
Unionist and Conservative majority	134

A FORECAST OF THE RESULT.

The Conservatives and Unionists now estimate the final result as follows:

Conservatives	323
Liberal-Unionists	73
Gladstonians	188
Parnellites	86

LACHUTE TOWN SCHOOL COMMISSIONER'S REPORT FOR 1885-6.

The undersigned School Commissioners named by the Chairman of the Board to prepare a report, based upon the Secretary's Annual Statement, for the information of the rate payers and inhabitants of Lachute, respectfully submit as follows:—

(1) By the Special Act of Incorporation, 48 Vic. Chap. 72, (9 May, 1885), the territory of the town was erected into a new Municipality for school purposes.

(2) By commission of His Honor, the Lieut. Governor, the present Board of School Commissioners were appointed for the said town.

(3) From these premises it appears that the new Corporation had no liabilities and no assets except the school property situate within the town limits, the ownership of which became vested in the new Corporation by law subject to such share *pro rata* as the Parish Municipality may establish.

(4) The board have during the year ending 30th June, 1886, received,

The College Grant	$228.16
" School "	24.37
Assessments from Town Secretary	522.00
School Fees	409 25
Total Receipts	$1,183.78

The Board expect to receive the following:—

The College Grant (say)	$ 500.00
School Grant (say)	24.37
Assessments due from the Town	540.63
School Fees still due	166.95
	$1,231.95
Total from all sources	$2,415 73

The Board have contracted and paid in part, liabilities during the year, viz:—

Teachers Salaries	$1,684.00
Caretakers for four Schools	64.66
Secretary's Commission	59.18
New books, Fuel, Repairs and other necessary expenses	192.23
	$2,000.07

From the above it appears that there is a surplus of $415.66 to be carried forward to next year, to provide a fund for paying the teachers quarterly according to resolution.

PARISH ACCOUNT.

(1) On the 5th of October 1885, this Board was requested by resolution of the School Commissioners of the Parish of St. Jerusalem d'Argenteuil (the Municipality out of which this Municipality was erected) to take over certain of its liabilities and assets as follows:—

LIABILITIES.

Due to teachers for salaries	$273.53
Accounts for rent &c	59.40
Loans	800.00
Interest on Loans	25.00
Total Parish Liabilities	$1,157.93

ASSETS.

College Grant	$228.16
Arrears of fees and assessments	262.60
Cash	18.53
Total Parish Assets	$509.29

(2) On the 2nd Nov. 1885, this Board by resolution took over the said Parish liabilities and assets, the acceptance being made subject to certain conditions of verification which the Parish Board were requested to have made.

(3) On the 2nd May, 1886, the conditions had finally been complied with, although this Board has not as yet formally accepted.

(4) During the year this Board received from Parish assets as follows:—

College Grant	$228.16
Arrears	137 34
Cash	18.53
	$384.03

Leaving a deficiency of $773 90 from the Parish Board which this Board will have to provide for.

This Board has paid off Parish liabilities as follows:—

Balance due Teachers	$273 53
Accounts	16.48
Interest	3.00
Cost of collection (not yet admitted say)	50.00
	$342.91

The Board have also during the year funded the fuel accounts—that is, made them payable out of the general fund—instead of as formerly, so much a month from pupils.

The school fees have also been reduced to 25c. a month for Elementary, and 50c. per month for the Academy. The fees are double these amounts for pupils coming from outside the Town, except when their parents are rate-payers in the Town.

Since the Secretary's Report has been made out, we learn that the College Grant is $550, being a much larger sum than before, showing that the schools have advanced and merited increased public and Government aid.

F. C. IRELAND, } *School*
J. PALLISER. } *Commissioners.*

Lachute, July 12th, 1886.

Quarterly Meeting of School Commissioners of the Parish of St. Jerusalem d'Argenteuil, held 5th July, 1886.

Present, P. S. Dunbar, Esq., Chairman, Messrs. Alex. Murray, Andrew McOuat, James Armstrong, and James Leashman. Secretary Treasurer being also present.

The above gentlemen forming the full Board of the School Commissioners, and this being the first meeting for the year. The chairman stated the first business of the meeting would be the election of a chairman and secretary.

Moved by Mr. James Armstrong, seconded by Mr. Alex. Murray and unanimously resolved, that Mr. Patrick S. Dunbar be re-elected as Chairman, and Mr. G. J. Walker as Secretary Treasurer of the Board for the incoming year.

Minutes of last meeting together with the minutes of the public meeting held in a previous part of this day for election of School Commissioners being then read. The said minutes were duly approved of and confirmed.

An extract from the minutes of the Lachute Town School Commissioners of session of 21st June, in answer to resolution passed by this Board at last session in reference to settlement of matters between the said Boards was read. The secretary was requested to write the Town School Commissioners and urge upon them the necessity of giving a definite answer without further delay.

Mr. Wm. V. Walker appeared before the meeting petitioning to be annexed to School District No. 1 for school purposes.

Moved by Mr. Andrew McOuat, seconded by Mr. Alexander Murray and resolved, that the petition of Mr. Wm. V. Walker be received, and acceded too on account of his situation, and that his property be disannexed from District No. 2 School, and be annexed to District No. 1 School, and his fees for the future be reduced to 20c. per month.

The collection roll as prepared by the Secretary for the year 1886-87 was then read by the Secretary, and on motion of Mr. McOuat, seconded by Mr. Armstrong it was unanimously resolved that the same be adopted and approved of by this Board.

An account of $8.00 due for repairs to Hill Head school to Mr. Wm. Armstrong was ordered to be paid.

Recommendations from the school managers of District No. 3 to engage Miss Maggie Shepherd for eight months at the rate of $12.50 for said District, and a recommendation from the school managers of No. 5 District to engage Miss Sarah Creswell as teacher for said District for ten months at $16.00 per month were handed in and duly read.

Moved by Mr. Murray, seconded by Mr. James Armstrong and resolved, that the recommendations read over from the school managers of Districts No. 3 and 5 be received, and the said teachers recommended viz: Miss Maggie Shepherd and Miss Sarah Creswell be engaged by this Board for the number of months and at the salary stated.

Commissioner Jas Leashman stated that Miss Ellen Mooney had been recommended for No. 4 District school for eight months at $12.00 per month.

Commissioner Alex. Murray stated that Miss Catton had been recommended for No. 6 District School for eight months at $13.50 per month.

Moved by Mr. McOuat, seconded by Mr. James Armstrong, and resolved, that the said teachers be engaged for the said school Districts viz:—Miss Ellen Mooney for eight months for No. 4 school District at the rate of $12.00 per month, and Miss Catton for eight months for No. 6 District school at the rate of $13.00 per month.

A detailed statement of the receipts and expenditure of the Municipality for the year ending 30th June, 1886, was then presented by the Secretary-Treasurer, and upon the same being read over, it was on motion of Mr. James Armstrong, seconded by Mr. James Leashman, and unanimously resolved that the said Financial statement be received and approved of by this Board, and be referred to the auditors to examine and report thereon, and that the Secretary of this Board, Mr. G. J. Walker, receive the thanks of this Board for the able and satisfactory manner he has kept the books of the Municipality during the year.

Moved by Mr. Andrew McOuat, seconded by Mr. James Leashman, and resolved that the auditors for this year be Richard Dudderidge and Robert G. Meikle, Esquires.

Meeting adjourned.

Are You Made miserable by Indigestion Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

THE TWELFTH IN LACHUTE.

The day was all that could be desired, and the Orangemen from the County marched in, in full regalia, with fifes and drums and flags flying. They were received by their Lachute brethren in open file, and escorted through the principal streets of the town, and thence to Barron's grove, where they were addressed by the Revs. Messrs. Sanders, Armstrong, Mackie and Mr. John Hammond. Also by Deputy Provincial Grand Master Jekill, and District Master John Chambers.

The address of the Rev. Mr. Sanders was well received, it was to the point, and elicited rapturous applause during its delivery. Mr. Sanders though a young man spoke in an easy, fluent manner, showing a thorough acquaintance with the subject he was speaking on, and gave the Orangemen good advice. He referred to the cause that gave rise to the Orange order in Ireland—that the institution was established for the support of Protestant ascendancy in Great Britain and Ireland, but at the same time granting liberty of concience to their fellow Roman Catholics—liberty of speech and action—that an Orangeman's obligation gave offence to no one—what they claimed for themselves they were ready to grant to all others.

The Deputy Grand Master then stepped forward, and read the declaration and obligation of the Orange institution. He was followed in a short address to the assembled brethren and their friends by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong who advised them to shun the taverns, keep sober and return home in the same good order in which they had entered Lachute. The Rev. Mr. Mackie followed in a speech lauding Mr. Gladstone and his Home Rule policy for Ireland—acknowledged himself as a Scotch Radical, that his father and grandfather were Radicals, and that he gloried in being one also, and was pleased to state that Scotland, Wales and Ireland supported Mr. Gladstone in his Irish Home Rule policy—while England only was opposed to it. His remarks were ill timed, and inappropriate and did not go down well with the people he was addressing, and he was frequently interrupted during the delivery of his address. Mr. John Hammond followed Mr. Mackie in a short speech, which was well received and attentively listened to. A collection was taken up to be equally divided between the Ministers and the Band, but the members of the band refused to take any part of it, and consequently it was equally divided between the three clergymen who had addressed the Orangemen. The Lachute band discoursed appropriate music at intervels during the stay of the brethren in the grove, for which they received a vote of thanks Before leaving the grounds three cheers were given, and rapturously responded to, for the Queen—three for the Orangemen of Ireland, and three for the Ladies.

THE TWELFTH ELSEWHERE.

All through Canada the 12th passed off peacefully. Even in Ireland there was no disturbance that we have heard of. This is remarkable, as trouble was anticipated in many parts of the Kingdom. It is to be hoped the people are becoming wiser and more tolerant.

ALL WELL PLEASED.—The children like Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and parents rejoice over its virtues.

WHERE ARE OUR FISH.

We have had occasion to notice that some of the Fishing Overseers of this County who are paid by the Dominion Government are active in doing their duty. Mr. Alex. Beaton of Lost River, makes regular trips through several townships in looking after people who fish in the close season and the mill run to see that fish racks are on their dams so the fish can assend to the higher waters. He earns his salary by active attention to the interests of the public. We do not know whether there is an overseer for the North River now or not, but we have occasion to know that there are no fish racks on the mill dams between here and the Ottawa, and consequently there are no fish or very few fish in the North River above Lachute mill dams. If there is a Fishery Overseer we would respectfully call his attention to the need of attending to this important matter and without delay to see and have fish racks put upon all the mill dams. We learn that the Lachute dams will be fixed as soon as the ones below are in shape, but there is no use for the mill men here putting on racks unless those below do the same.

The Conservative Party.

LONDON, July 12.—Negotiations between Lord Hartington and Lord Salisbury are in progress. It is reported that Lord Hartington has pledged himself to support Lord Salisbury's local government bill and to reject all approaches of Mr. Gladstone. If Mr. Gladstone remains in office the first move of the Unionists will be a vote of want of confidence. In a speech foreshadowing the Conservative policy, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach said the first measure would be to suppress the Irish National league, exercise the *Cloture* and suspend the Irish obstructionists.

HARTINGTON ON THE FENIANS.

LONDON, July 12.—Lord Hartington spoke to-night at a mass meeting at Derby. He said the result of the elections abundantly justified the action of himself and his fellow-Unionists. He said Irishmen had been taught to look upon separation as the only condition of future prosperity. They had been taught to disregard the rights of property and individual freedom. The Parnellites had never attempted to formulate a scheme of home rule. Mr. Parnell had worked by parliamentary methods, but the speaker doubted if they were constitutional ones. Besides adopting a cource of obstruction Mr. Parnell had accepted an alliance with Fenian organizations in America and Ireland. Lord Hartington said he did not know the terms of that alliance or the exact relations of Mr. Parnell with the Fenian leaders, but it was undeniable that there existed through the Land league means of communing, virtually uniting the whole movement into one body, the well known objects of which were nothing short of complete independence and the establishment of an independent Irish republic.

A COWARDLY CRIME.

An Attempt to Wreck a Canada Atlantic Excursion Train—Four Hundred Lives Endangered.

OTTAWA, July 13.—A dastardly attempt was made to wreck the Canada Atlantic special train bringing the Ottawa Orangemen home from Kingston this morning. Soon after the train passed Alexandria the engineer noticed an obstruction on the track a short distance ahead. He applied the break and the train being running unusually slow just then was able to stop in time, bringing up about twenty yards from the obstacle, which proved to be a tie laid across the rails and secured with boulders at each end as well as being firmly bound with rope. The obstruction was hidden by a curve in the road until the train was very close. There were between four and five hundred persons on the train. The sudden stoppage threw many from their seats and caused a good deal of alarm, but no one was hurt.

Hawkesbury Ripples.

Farmers in the neighborhood report the hay crop as light but new fields seem to be up to the average.

An infant 13 months old was run over the other day by Higginson's express and severely injured. Hopes are held of its recovery.

Although fishing here is below par yet some very good hauls have been made. The largest of the season was caught on Wednesday last by Mr. M. Miller, one of our local sportsmen. He hooked it while out trolling near Lawlor's wharf, and after a couple of hours fine sport succeeded in landing it. It was a fine maskalonge and weighed about 35 lbs. Mr. Wm. Barr also succeeded in hooking a very large one but having only a small rod and line it escaped taking part of the line with it.

Still we are called upon to remember that in the midst of life we are in death, by the sudden decease of Mr. Wm. Brown, son of the late Lt.-Col. Brown on Thursday the 8th instant, aged 60 years.

Two serious fires occurred here last week. On Thursday last a tenament house belonging to Mr. R. Lawlor, was burnt to the ground. Six or seven families were left almost destitute as most of their effects were burnt. Capt. Wyman's grist mill was also destroyed by fire on Saturday morning. The fire was discovered in the top flat about half past eight in the morning, and had made so much headway that it was soon seen to be impossible to save the main building. When the alarm was given the villagers turned out "en masse" and went to work with a will. Soon the fire engines were on the spot and in a short time three powerful streams were playing on the flames but without avail. The men worked like Trojans, and succeeded in saving the boiler and engine house with the out buildings. In an hour's time the mill was completely gutted, causing a loss to the proprietor of about $20,000, about half of which was covered by insurance. The loss of the mill will be greatly felt by the farmers and others in the vicinity.

The 12th was celebrated by a general meeting of all the Orange Lodges of the County at Marston's grove, Cassburn. Dinner was provided by the members of the Methodist Church, and during the afternoon speeches were delivered by several reverend gentlemen. A noticeable feature was the good music, especially that of the bag-pipes, whose notes could be heard ringing through the woods for a considerable distance. About 5 o'clock the meeting broke up, each Lodge headed by its music took its departure while the many smiling faces showed that the day had been joyously spent.

THE EAST BOUND PACIFIC EXPRESS TRAIN BURNED.

The train left Port Moody on Wednesday of last week for Montreal. The disaster occurred a few miles from Donald, the principal station in the Columbian Valley. The extreme hot weather caused the bush and prairie to be exceedingly dry, and a fire occurred which soon spread into a vast conflagration. The intense heat caused the rails to warp. The result was the train was derailed. The fire was a considerable distance from the tracks, and the train would have passed through in safety if the rails had not warped. The baggage and mail car, and the first and second class cars were destroyed. The sleeper with all the mails and the baggage were saved. No passengers were injured. No delay will be caused in the train service. The line will be immediately cleared and renovated.

WIGGINS' GREAT STORM.

Prof. Wiggins, the Ottawa weather prophet, insists that the great storm he predicted for this fall will be on hand. He says he does not anticipate further great changes to the weather until the fall. "September," he says, "will open cold and stormy, premonitary to my great storm commencing on the afternoon of September 29th. This great war of the elements will come as sure as the sun is in the heavens. It will be a storm of unparalled violence and after sweeping across the Atlantic and traversing the country, will exhaust its energies upon the Rocky Mountains. The fishermen of the maritime provinces and Newfoundland have not been slow to appreciate my prediction and I have already received intelligence from many that they have made arrangements to be in port on the date of the destructive storm."

The Dominion detectives, says the Montreal *Gazette*, have evidently got hold of the counterfeiting gang just in time. Judging by the plates found at Brighton several additions to the already too long list of bogus notes would soon have been issued. The organization has evidently been a large one, extending both to the United States and Canada, and must include a number of persons not yet in custody, besides the fellow who slipped away from Montreal under the noses of the officials. A good beginning has, however, been made, and it is hoped that before long other of the rascals will be placed where it will be out of their power for some time to work mischief.

The traffic between Japan and Canada will considerably swell the totals of this year's trade and navigation returns when in the course of time they reach the public. The first vessel from Yokohama to Vancouver in connection with the Canadian Pacific route, the W. B. Flint, sailed on the 20th of last month and may soon be expected at her destination; but before her arrival there will be in her wake another ship freighted for the same port. A circular from Messrs. Frazer & Co., of New York, announces the sailing on the 10th instant of the Flora P. Stafford on the same route with a full cargo, and the chartering of the Zoroyo to load teas strawbraid, etc., at Hiogo and Yokohama for the Pacific terminus, her freight being destined for Eastern Canada and United States points. The same firm is also arranging for the despatch of a fourth vessel early in August. This may be called a good beginning, and though, of course, there will be no return freight from the Dominion for the Mikado's kingdom, the benefit to this country will be a decided consideration.—*Mont. Gazette.*

PERRY DAVIS'
PAIN-KILLER
IS RECOMMENDED BY
Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Work-shops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals, —in short, everybody everywhere who has ever given it a trial.
TAKEN INTERNALLY MIXED WITH A WINE GLASS OF HOT MILK AND SUGAR, IT WILL BE FOUND A NEVER FAILING CURE FOR
SUDDEN COLDS, CHILLS, CONGESTION OR STOPPAGE OF CIRCULATION, CRAMPS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, SUMMER AND BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SORE THROAT, &c.
APPLIED EXTERNALLY,
EXPERIENCE HAS PROVEN IT THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND BEST LINIMENT ON EARTH IN REMOVING THE PAIN ARISING FROM
SPRAINS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SWELLED FACE, TOOTHACHE, BURNS, FROST BITES, &c., &c.
25cts. per Bottle.
Beware of Imitations.

CAMPBELL'S
TONIC ELIXIR
This agreeable yet potent preparation is especially adapted for the relief and cure of that class of disorders attendant upon a low or reduced state of the system, and usually accompanied by Pallor, Weakness and Palpitation of the Heart. Prompt results will follow its use in cases of Sudden Exhaustion arising from Loss of Blood, Acute or Chronic Diseases, and in the weakness that invariably accompanies the recovery from Wasting Fevers. No remedy will give more speedy relief in Dyspepsia or Indigestion. For Impoverished Blood, Loss of Appetite, Despondency, and in all cases where an EFFECTIVE AND CERTAIN STIMULANT is required, the ELIXIR will be found INVALUABLE.
Price $1 per Bottle or Six Bottles for $5
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited)
SOLE AGENTS,
MONTREAL, P. Q.

BRISTOL'S
Sarsaparilla
The Great Purifier
OF THE
BLOOD AND HUMORS.

CAMPBELL'S
CATHARTIC COMPOUND
is effective in small doses, acts without griping, does not occasion nausea, and will not create irritation and congestion as do many of the usual cathartics administered in the form of Pills, &c.
Ladies and Children having the most sensitive stomachs take this medicine without trouble or complaint.
CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND is especially adapted for the cure of
LIVER COMPLAINTS AND BILLIOUS DISORDERS.
FOR ACID STOMACH AND LOSS OF APPETITE.
FOR SICK HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA.
FOR CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.
FOR ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM A DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH
This medicine being in liquid form, the dose can be easily regulated to meet the requirements of different persons, thus making it equally well adapted to the use of the little child as to the adult. Put up in three ounce bottles, and sold by all dealers in family medicines.
Price Retail, 25 Cents.

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

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.—JENSEN & Co., 9, Station Road, Plaistow, London, England Established to supply Settlers in the Colonies with the addresses of respectable young women who are willing to communicate with bona fide Tradesmen, Farmers, and others desirous of meeting with useful wives. They will be supplied from the Agricultural Districts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, as well as the Continent of Europe. Applicants should state their particular requirements and preferences, enclosing Postal Order for Two Shillings, to meet preliminary expenses.

NOTICE
TO BUIDERS AND PARTIES REQUIRING LUMBER, go to Lachute Saw Mills where you will find a very large and complete stock of Pine, Spruce, Hemlock, Tamarack and Cedar. Long timber in Spruce and Tamarack cut to order. Also a quantity of Hardwood Lumber, dressed flooring and sawed Shingles kept in Stock.
Large quantities of mixed lumber to be sold at Six Dollars per thousand.
P. & A. MACGIBBON,
41-3 m Lachute Mills.

WATCHES & JEWELLERY.
BEST ASSORTMENT IN TOWN
SPRING STOCK JUST ARRIVED.
Prices moderate and all Goods warranted for what they are sold for.
—ALSO—
REPAIRS DONE IN FIRST CLASS STYLE.
T. JOUSSE,
Watchmaker,
Old Stand Opposite Post Office.
Lachute.

"Steam Carriage Factory,"
(ESTABLISHED 1851.)
Call and see the large stock of CARRIAGES at the *Old* and *Reliable Stand* of DUDDERIDGE & MITCHELL, comprising *Buggies* of all descriptions, light single do., open and with tops—*Lumber Wagons*, heavy and light, suitable to all tastes—*Carts*, in almost every variety—*Buck Boards—Cart Wheels*—several very fine *Express Wagons—Wheel Barrows etc.* This is the largest assortment of vehicles and the greatest variety ever offered for sale in this County, and are at greatly reduced prices.
OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING:
Buggies from $50.00 upward.
Steel Springed Carts, $35.00.
Lumber Wagons, $65.00, with Steel Spring Seat.
All Whiffletrees, Neck Yokes, etc., complete.
Canadian Carts, $23 00 to $26.00
Ironed Cart Wheels, $12.00.
All work made from best materials, come and examine our stock of seasoned lumber, the only time that lumber can be judged (as to quality) is before painting, even an expert will be deceived after the paint is laid on.
Repairing of all Carriages done promptly, also trimming and painting of Buggies etc.
Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, will find it to your advantage as everything is *cheap.* Don't fail to examine this immense stock.
DUDDERIDGE & MITCHELL.
Lachute, April 30th, 1886. 35-3 m

HAGYARD'S
YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

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

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS.
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.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

KING'S EVIL
Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that
SCROFULA
can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Is the only powerful and always reliable blood-purifying medicine. It is so effectual an alterative that it eradicates from the system Hereditary Scrofula, and the kindred poisons of contagious diseases and mercury. At the same time it enriches and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and rejuvenating the entire system. This great
Regenerative Medicine
Is composed of the genuine *Honduras Sarsaparilla*, with *Yellow Dock, Stillingia*, the *Iodides of Potassium* and *Iron*, and other ingredients of great potency, carefully and scientifically compounded. Its formula is generally known to the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe AYER'S SARSAPARILLA as an
Absolute Cure
For all diseases caused by the vitiation of the blood. It is concentrated to the highest practicable degree, far beyond any other preparation for which like effects are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest, as well as the best blood purifying medicine, in the world.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass
[Analytical Chemists.]
Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

Plants for Sale.
TOMATOES
CABBAGE,
RED CABBAGE,
CAULIFLOWERS,
SCOTCH KALE,
CELERY,
TOBACCO,
PEPPER,
LETTUCE.
R. T. MANLEY,
Lachute Mills.

Large Assortment of Goods
FOR
Spring Trade
NOW ON HAND.
ALL KINDS OF
Household Furniture
Of the Best Quality,
AND
Lowest Prices.
One uniform Price.
West End Furniture Store,
R. T. MANLEY.

LACHUTE
Flour Mills.
THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR
STRONG BAKER'S FLOUR
OGILVIES BEST
ROLLER FLOUR
ALWAYS ON HAND.
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, April 24th, 1885. 26ly

The Bain Wagon
IS THE
Farmers Favorite
AND THE
HORSES FRIEND.
BECAUSE
It is the lightest running wagon made.
BECAUSE
It is made in the most careful manner, from the best selected seasoned timber.
BECAUSE
The wheels, before the tire is put on, are thoroughly saturated in boiling linseed oil, which is a sure preventive of loose tires.
BECAUSE
The patent arms made by the Bain Wagon Co. are superior to those made by other makers.
BECAUSE
Every wagon is inspected in all its parts by one of the members of the company before being sent out.
BECAUSE
It is just as represented every time.
BECAUSE
The undersigned will sell it cheaper than any other wagon "of the same quality" can be sold.
ANDREW BOA,
Lachute, Que.

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

VETERINARY.
Mr. M. A. Piche,
LICENTIATE OF THE
MONTREAL VETINARY SCHOOL
Has opened his Vetinary Office at T. Jousse's Jewellery Store, Right Opposite Post Office, Lachute.
He is now ready to attend to all diseases of Domestic Animals.
Special care given to Surgical Operations, the latest instruments in use.
He with confidence solicits a share of Public Patronage.
M. A. PICHE, V.S.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

6,000 Feet.—R. Lanigan.
For Sale.—G. J. Walker.
Farming Machinery.—T. Stewart.
Metal Bedsteads.—S. Carsley.
King's Evil—Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co
Twin foes of Life.—Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co

LOCAL.

MONEY TO LOAN
IN SUMS OF
$1,000 and upwards on first-class farm property.
Apply to
R. G. MEIKLE.

Surgeon Dentist Stackhouse requests us to say that he will hereafter be at Lachute from the 10th to the 18th of each month, instead of from the 13th to the 18th.

Hamilton Happenings.

There is now being manufactured here an article for instantly removing pain of any acute external nature, and it is certainly the most perfect cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache and the like that has ever been tried. It is called Fluid Lightning from the rapid manner in which it acts, and is manufactured by McGregor & Parke. Sold in Lachute by T. Christie, Druggist.

F. X. BERTRAND'S is the place to buy your Coarse Salt, and Fine Butter Salt.

Fluid Lightning is simply a marvellous Rheumatic Remedy. I was for two months a cripple, unable to get out of the house from Sciatica. One bottle gave me instant relief, and placed me on my feet again. I have driven fourteen miles to-day (something I could not have done were it not for Fluid Lightning) for the express purpose of procuring another bottle. So says Wm. Dixon, Gananoque. Only 25 cents per bottle at T. Christie's, Lachute.

Fluid Lightning does not take a day or an hour to remove Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Lumbago or Rheumatism, but will do it instantly, and without carrying your head in a poultice for a day or using greasy liniments. Try a 25c. bottle from T. Christie, Druggist, Lachute.

A large number of visitors are at Lachute this summer as usual living in private houses and at the Hotels.

For Lame Back Side, or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 Cents.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

Will You Suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

PLEASANT ROOMS and good board for the season at reasonable rates.
MRS. MASSIAH,
East End, Lachute.

A Bad Breakdown.

It is a common thing now-a-days to hear one complain of feeling a broken down with a faint, weary, restless languor, with strength and appetite nearly gone, and no well defined cause. This is general debility, which Burdock Blood Bitters promptly relieves, and most invariably cures.

NEW PIER.—The new pier to protect Fish's Bridge, is well under way and seems to be a substantial piece of work that will protect the Bridge for many years to come.

For Dyspepsia and Liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Catarrh Cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

Mr. Cockfield who has been Head master of Lachute Academy for two years past has been engaged to teach in Montreal at $1,000 a year.

Unknown.

There is no remedy know to medical science that can excel Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, or any form of Summer Complaint afflicting children or adults.

The Board of School Commissioners of Lachute Town have a large number of applications for the position of Head Master for the Academy here.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure it sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

DANGEROUS FITS are often caused by worms. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy worms.

For sale cheap, a first class Mowing Machine, as good as new. Owner purchased it just previous to selling his farm. Apply to,
LIEUT.-COL. SIMPSON,
44-3 in Lachute.

An Invisible Foe.

The poisonous germs of disease are lurking in the air we breathe and in the water we drink. The system should be kept carefully purified and all the organs toned to proper action. This can best be done by the regulating, purifying and tonic powers of Burdock Blood Bitters.

DANGER OF FIRE.—Piling old bones; Straw and papers thrown out at the back doors and scattered about, will likely cause a big blaze in Lachute some of these days. Citizens beware.

AROUSE THE LIVER when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-bilious cathartic, sugar-coated.

That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.—T. CHRISTIE, Druggist, Lachute.

WEEDS. WEEDS.—The Streets and lanes of our town are lined with weeds and burrs which are a great nuisance and no effort made to destroy them. There will likely be more next year.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

Warden Laviolette, of St. Vincient de Paul Penitentiary, has recovered from his serious wounds and will be able to resume his duties in a few days

FOR NETTLE RASH, Summer Heat Eruptions and general toilet purposes use Low's Sulphur Soap

A Buffalo cooper has just succeeded in successfully navigating the Niagara Rapids in a barrel! We would advise him not to try it again.

He Acted Wisely.

"I am so weak I can hardly move, all run down with a Chronic Summer Complaint," said one gentleman to another on our street the other day. "Now, take my advice," replied his friend, "go to your Druggist an I get a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I have never known it to fail in curing any kind of Summer Complaints.

The steamer *Welshman* unloaded 100,000 shingles on the 13th inst., at Calumet Basin, to be forwarded by the Canadian Pacific to Rhode Island.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most effective blood purifier ever devised. It is recommended by the best physicians.

The C. P. R. Company are unloading timber at the Calumet to be rafted and floated to St. Anns, to serve for coffer dams, trestle work, &c. The lot comes from Sudbury and will comprise about two hundred and fifty car loads.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer never fails in restoring gray hair to its youthful color, lustre, and vitality. Dr A. A. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, endorses it, and all who give it a fair trial unite in grateful testimony to its many virtues.

The California wheat crop will be the largest ever harvested in that state. The total yield is estimated at over 70,000,000 bushels, leaving nearly 60,000,000 bushels for export.

A Radical Change.

The best eradicator of foul humors of the Blood is Burdock Blood Bitters. A few bottles produce a radical change for the better in health and beauty. It removes the blood taint of Scrofula, that terrible disease so common in this country.

Mr. Hiram Robinson, the General Manager for Messrs. Hamilton Bros., lumber merchants, who has just returned to Ottawa from an extended trip through the Gatinean regions, inspecting the different farms and works of the firm in that region, states that the crops, all the way from Chelsea to the river Desert, are in a very flourishing condition.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company are doing much in the way of advertising Canada. Its latest publication is "British Columbia," a neatly printed pamphlet, containing information for miners, tourists, and agriculturists and sportsmen, a clearly executed map of the province and illustrations taken from photographs.

G. C. ARLESS, Photographer, from Montreal, will open a Studio in Mr. J. A. Bedard's premises, in a few days. Parties desirous of having first-class pictures taken, had better give him a call.

DEATH OF CAPT. E. A. DENISON.—Word has reached Toronto that Capt. Egerton A. Denison, of the Third Staffordshire regiment of Militia died on board the steamer *Vancouver* while on his way home on sick leave. He contracted fever on the Gold coast, where he had received an appointment on the Honsa forces. He was the youngest son of the late Col. Geo. C. Denison, of Toronto, and served through the Soudan Campaign with the Canadian voyageurs under the command of his brother, Col. F. G. Denison, C.M.G., and received the medal and clasp.

Mr. G. J. Walker has removed his office to his own residence where he will carry on his usual business. Insurance, Collecting &c., all business intrusted to him will be attended to promptly as heretofore.

"A" and "B" Batteries have been ordered to headquarters, at Kingston and Quebec.

The coal heavers employed by the Canada Pacific Railway at Fort William have struck for higher wages, and have compelled the company to accede to their demands.

The Canadian Pacific Railway are now prepared to take through freights over the line from Montreal to Vancouver, British Columbia.

Lt.-Col. Thomas Wily, formerly Government Store keeper, Militia Department, Ottawa, died at his son in-laws, Mr. J. B. Pruyn, Montreal, on the 9th inst., aged 79. His remains were taken to Ottawa and interred in Beechwood Cemetery. The pallbearers were Lieut.-Cols. Powell, Panet, Beacon, Whyte and Majors Wicksteed and McPherson.

It was industriously circulated by the Rouge press that the Hon. Mr. Lynch, Commissioner of Crown Lands, was about to retire from public life. But Mr. Lynch has given a flat denial to the report by accepting again the nomination of the Conservative party of the County of Brome. He will therefore be a Candidate for that constituency at the next election. His opponent is Capt. Warne, of Bolton, who has twice been rejected by the electors of Brome. Probably he thinks the third time is the charm; but we fancy he will again be disappointed.

St. Andrews.

Picnics seem to be the order of the day. The Band of Hope held their annual one near the village on Thursday last, which was a very enjoyable affair, it broke up only when nature's light began to fail.

The "St. Andrews Picnic Co. (Limited)" also had one to Chute au Blondeau, Monday afternoon, although the grounds were occupied by a gathering of Orangemen, they found a vacant spot. The result of the outing is that those who had the pleasure of being there will long retain its memory. The party contained several visitors in cluding Mr. Stowe from Scitico, Conn.

Quite a number of town people who enjoy beauty and quietness have taken up their abode here for the season, which makes time pass quicker.

The W. C. T. U. intend having a lawn ice cream party on Monday evening next, if fine, if not, the first evening that is. They have prices so low that all can come.

Breeding Saddle Horses.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR.—The hunting horses of Great Britain are saddle horses in every sense of the word, and may be as readily trained to fancy paces as any other. Their chief quality of excellence, however, lies in their elegance, speed and stoutness, the ability to carry weight fast and long distances. The Kentucky saddle comes nearer the English idea of a hunter than any other in tha country. The increase of wealth in cities tends year by year to make the demand for really fine saddle horses greater and greater. In relation to the manner of breeding, an English journal gives, on the authority of Wm. H. Pratt, one of the most successful breeders of light horses in Ireland, distinct rules for the breeding of hunters and saddle horses. Having determined what you intend to breed, it is held that this must never be lost sight of, and for the best results the mare should be four years old before being bred. In other words procure a young mother that has arrived at maturity and is healthy, roomy, round, well shaped, large sized, with good temper and good action, and remember the better bred the mare is, if possessing these qualities, the more valuable she will be. This accomplished the general rules of guidance are as follows:—The dam as a general rule has a more direct influence on her offspring, as reards health and size, than the sire has.

The offspring bred from greatly dissimilar parents, in either size or character, should never be used for breeding purposes; the offspring will certainly prove to be mongrels of nondescript character. That the parents should be as similar as possible is a rule the neglect of which has led to more dissappointments than almost any other rule I know of. A pure thoroughbred sire that has got good bones should be selected, and I do not think that a really good weight carrying hunter will ever be bred from anything but a thoroughbred horse. The sire has more direct influence on the bones, heart, tendons and nerves of the foal, than the mare.

JOHN CLARK.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE publishes a letter in the London *Times* concerning the views entertained by Americans on the Home Rule question, and appeals to them to clearly understand the Unionist intention, namely, that it has been for Ireland's sake solely that the Unionists have given opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Irish scheme. He concludes his letter in the following words.—"It is the Unionists and not the members of the Government who are fighting for the liberties of the Irish people. Even if Mr. Parnell were immortal or if his party represented a far larger numerical majority of the Irish people than it really does, neither he nor they would have a right to dispose of the constitutional rights of Ireland. We do not desire to see Ireland reduced to the condition of being but a tributary province and banished from the Imperial councils. Neither can we see her endowed with powers over her own people which no civilized government ought to have or ask. We desire to see her continue sharing in the deliberations which the eloquence of her sons has so often adorned."

—On the 9th inst., at St. Isadore, a young man named Peter Sicotte, deliberately blew out his brains with a revolver. The deceased had been unwell all spring, but recovered sufficiently of late to move about. No cause can be assigned for the rash act.

—Saturday's *Canada Gazette* contains the Proclamation for the taking of a Census in the province of Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and the District of Keewatin, and for the dividing of the Province of Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and the District of Keewatin, or the parts of the said Province, Territories and District in which a census is directed to be taken as thereinbefore provided, into census Districts, and each census District into sub Districts. Stewart Mulvey, Esq., is appointed Chief Census Officer for the Province of Manitoba, &c.

MARRIED.

MCCONNELL—MUIR.—At the residence of the bride's father, Woodstock, on July 7th 1886, by the Rev. T. Trotter, B. A., Gilbert Smith McConnell, Esq., of Qu'Appelle, N.W.T., to Miss Nettie Muir of Woodstock.

Keep Quiet a Few Days.

London Times

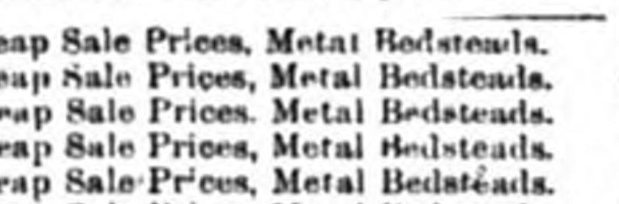
This is what the good doctor and kind friends say time and again to those whose nerves are all unstrung, worn out with labor and care, sleepless nights, poor appetites, unable to digest the little they do eat, and a general miserableness all over. There is no doubt about the advice being good, but how many of the suffering thousands can follow it? Not one in twenty! The clergyman who keeps together a large congregation; the man that manages an important business; the poor man with his family to support, as well as the wife who presides over the rich man's household, seeing that everything is complete and in order; or the mother who cannot afford a nurse, and is broken up by a fretful baby must all go on, notwithstanding the advice to

Keep Quiet a Few Days.

What then are you to do? To go on seems certain death. And drop all cares you cannot; the road looks dark, but 'tis before day. Will and determination have much to do with our existence. Never give up. Study to find where you have gone against Nature the hardest, and abandon all things possible that do you harm. Yet you will find it necessary at times to depend on a good reliable medicine to help you out. Hops are a good nervine and tonic; Podophyllin is a cathartic and liver regulator; Buchu acts on the kidneys and urinary organs.

These, properly combined with other ingredients, have proved the greatest medicine ever prepared, and known throughout the world as Hop Bitters.

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.



C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday June 28th, trains will leave Lachute as follows:—
GOING WEST.—8.50 a.m., 10.15 a.m. 7.43 p.m.
GOING EAST.—6 56 a.m., 11.08 a.m., 7.17 p.m.

In new time bill of C. P. R., the Winnipeg express has been changed and will hereafter be attached to the Toronto train which leaves Montreal at 8 p.m.

At Cheap Sale Prices, Metal Bedsteads.
At Cheap Sale Prices, Metal Bedsteads.
At Cheap Sale Prices, Metal Bedsteads.
At Cheap Sale Prices, Metal Bedsteads.
At Cheap Sale Prices, Metal Bedsteads.
At Cheap Sale Prices, Metal Bedsteads.
Curtains and Materials, at Cheap Sale Prices.
Curtains and Materials at Cheap Sale Prices.
Curtains and Materials at Cheap Sale Prices.
Curtains and Materials at Cheap Sale Prices.
Curtains and Materials at Cheap Sale Prices
Curtains and Materials at Cheap Sale Prices.

A Recognized Fact! that the reduction made on all goods at this season, is an appreciable one. See the cheap lines in Bedsteads, Curtains, Furniture Coverings, Cretonnes, Quilts and Blankets.

At S. CARSLEY'S.

BOYS' JERSEY SUITS
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Special Sale of Boys' Jersey Suits this week At S. CARSLEY'S.

ASHANTEE HAMMOCKS.

Just received, a shipment of genuine Ashantee Hammocks, made of fisherman's twine, to stand all weathers. Best Hammocks in the world; one equal for wear to four of other makes. Prices very low.

S. CARSLEY

WRITING FOR IT.

Ladies from distant localities are writing for Brooks' Spool Cotton in preference to other makes. Sales are increasing every day for Brooks' Spool Cotton. It is to be the popular Sewing Cotton for this Dominion, as it is the favorite thread in England for machine or hand sewing.

The name J. BROOKS & BROS. is on each spool.

A QUEBECER'S SUCCESS.

At a Conservative Convention, held at Clearwater, on Saturday last, Mr. Robert Rogers was unanimously chosen to contest the County of Mountain against Mr. Thos. Greenway, leader of the Opposition in the Province of Manitoba. Last year Mr. Rogers was instrumental in securing to Southern Manitoba the South-Western Railway, and has done more to open up the country than any other man. The Government feels confident that Mr. Rogers will be elected by a large majority. Mr. Rogers was born in Lakefield, in the Province of Quebec, and is a brother of the Rev. Geo. Rogers, rector of St Luke's, Montreal. He went out to Manitoba about four years ago, being but eighteen years of age. His success in Manitoba should encourage the young men of the East to avail themselves of the advantages of this young growing country.—*Com.*

WIFE MURDER.—At Montebello, on the 4th, a man named Wildman, residing in Unity Township, County of Ottawa, murdered his wife and then tried to kill himself by cutting his throat. The cause for killing his wife was because she refused to let him have the control of $12,000 which she fell heir to, and willed the whole of it to her children.

Farming Machines.

Farmers of Argenteuil Read This.

I claim to have the best Mowing Machine.
I claim to have the best Reaper.
I claim to have the best Horse Rake.
I claim to have the best Binder.
I claim to have the best Threshing Machine,

And I claim to have the best Machines of all kinds of Agricultural Implements in the market, and on the most reasonable terms, and not afraid to put them against any other machine sold. See me before purchasing elsewhere, and want any other agent selling to put their Machines against me in the field, and leave the Farmers to Judge.

T. STEWART,
46-t.f. Lachute.

6,000 FEET.

THE CALUMET SPOOL FACTORY, with a floor accommodation of 6,000 feet, Steam power, all in perfect order, can be had at a bargain from

R. LANIGAN,
Eden Dale, P. O.
46-4 in

FOR SALE.

TWO VALUABLE TIMBERED LOTS of land being the East half of Lot No. 15, and the west Half of lot No. 16 in the Second range of Gore, within easy access of a Saw Mill, each lot containing 100 acres. Terms easy. For further information, apply to,

G. J. WALKER,
General Agent.
Lachute, July 13th, 1886. 46-t.f.

WE SHOULD BLOT OUT DISEASE IN ITS EARLY STAGES.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and in fact the entire glandular system; and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted:—Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling, attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky mucous gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pain in the sides and back? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from an horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys highly colored, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against the latter agonising 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 "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, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it root and branch out of the system. Ask your chemist for Seigel's Curative Syrup

"East street Mills, Cambridge heath,
London, E. C., July 24th, 1882.

"Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to be able to add my testimony in favor of your valuable Syrup as a curative agent. I had suffered for some length of time from a severe form of indigestion, and the long train of distressing symptoms following that disease. I had tried all possible means to get relief, by seeking the best medical advice. I had swallowed sufficient of their stuff to float a man-of war, so to speak, but all to no avail. A friend of mine, coming on the scene in the midst of my sufferings, brought with him a bottle of your Seigel Syrup; he advised me to try it, stating he felt confident it would benefit me. Being weary of trying so many drugs, I condemned it before trial, thinking it could not possibly do me any good, but ultimately determined to take the Syrup. After doing so for a short time it worked such a change in me that I continued taking it for nearly two months, and I then felt thoroughly cured, for I have discontinued its use for five weeks, and feel in the best of health, and can partake any kind of food with ease and comfort. I am therefore thankful to you that, through the instrumentality of your valuable medicine, I am restored to the state of health I now enjoy.—Yours truly,

"To Mr. A. J. White." "W. S. FORSTER.

Those who are in the "Asthma Furnanee" should lose no time in obtaining relief by the use of "The Rosingweed Tar Mixture;" but do not use the medicine unless you will follow all the directions "to the letter."

Poor Asthma sufferers, who are strangers to "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," should make use of "The Rosinweed Tax Mixture." Quiet refreshing sleep will follow its use

"Waterloo House, London Stile, Chiswick,
"February 17th, 1882,
"Messrs. White and Co, London.

"Gentlemen.—It is with great pleasure that I add my testimony to the wonderful effects of Seigel's Syrup. For years I had been suffering from bilious attacks, which began with giddiness; then a mist would come before my eyes, so that I should not be able to recognize any one or anything at the distance of a yard or two from my face. This would be followed by excessive trembling of my knees so that I could not stand without support; after which a severe headache would occur lasting often two or three days. I have tried various remedies for these distressing symptoms, but until I tried Seigel's I had no relief. Since then I have had excellent health in every respect, and if I feel a headache coming on I take one dose of the Syrup, which arrests it. Hoping that this testimonial may be the means of inducing others (who suffer as I used) to try the Syrup, as I feel sure they will receive speedy benefit and ultimately be cured, I beg to remain, yours faithfully,

"A. H. HORTON."

Seigel's Operating Pills prevent ill effects from excess in eating or drinking. A good dose at bed-time renders a person fit for business in the morning. If you have Asthma use "The Rosinweed Tar Mixture."

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

Twin Foes to Life

Are Indigestion and Constipation. Their primary symptoms are among the most distressing of minor human ailments, and a host of diseases, speedily resultant from them, mutually aggravate each other and assail at once the whole machinery of life. Nausea, Foul Breath, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Headaches, Bilious Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Kidney Diseases, Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dropsy, and various Skin Disorders, are among the symptoms and maladies caused by derangement of the stomach and bowels.

A Thorough Purgative

medicine is the first necessity for cure. Then the cathartic effect must be maintained, in a mild degree, just sufficient to prevent a recurrence of costiveness, and at the same time the liver, kidneys and stomach must be stimulated and strengthened.

Ayer's Pills

Accomplish this restorative work better than any other medicine. They are searching and thorough, yet mild, in their purgative action. They do not gripe the patient, and do not induce a costive reaction, as is the effect of other cathartics. Withal, they possess special properties, diuretic, hepatic and tonic, of the highest medicinal value and

Absolutely Cure

All diseases proceeding from disorder of the digestive and assimilatory organs. The prompt use of AYER'S PILLS to correct the first indications of costiveness, averts the serious illnesses which neglect of that condition would inevitably induce. All irregularities in the action of the bowels—looseness as well as constipation—are beneficially controlled by AYER'S PILLS, and for the stimulation of digestive organs weakened by long-continued dyspepsia, one or two of AYER'S PILLS daily, after dinner, will do more good than anything else.

Leading Physicians Concede

That AYER'S PILLS are the best of all cathartic medicines, and many practitioners, of the highest standing, customarily prescribe them.

AYER'S PILLS,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
[Analytical Chemists.]
For sale by all Druggists.

A STANDARD MEDICAL WORK.
FOR YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN
ONLY $1 BY MAIL, POSTPAID.
ILLUSTRATIVE SAMPLE FREE to ALL.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE

KNOW THYSELF.

A Great Medical Work on Manhood

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, Errors of youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion or excesses. A book for every man, young, middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 25 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense than any other sold in this country for $2.50, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only $1.00 by mail, post-paid. Illustrative sample free to any body. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association, to the President of which, the Hon. P. A. Bissell, and associate officers of the Board the reader is respectfully referred.

The Science of Life is worth more to the young and middle-aged men of this generation than all the gold mines of California and the silver mines of Nevada combined.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

The Science of Life points out the rocks and quicksands on which the constitution and hopes of many a young man have been fatally wrecked.—*Manchester Mirror.*

The Science of Life is of greater value than all the medical works published in this country for the past 50 years.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Science of Life is a superb and masterly treatise on nervous and pyhysical debility.—*Detroit Free Press.*

There is no member of society to whom The Science of Life will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—*Argonaut.*

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. Mention WATCHMAN, Lachute, Que.

BARGAINS
AT THE
"PEOPLE'S CASH STORE."

BEFORE THE SEASON CLOSES,

We have removed from the shelves and marked down a lot of Dress Goods, Remnants etc., at BELOW COST.

Canada Prints at 8 cents, Silk Sunshades, Braided Jerseys and Ladies Underwear at twenty per cent reduction from regular prices.

Ladies White Skirts from 75c. upwards, Little Boys Suits (for hot weather) 75c. and upwards,

C. T. WALES & CO.
St. Andrews, June 22, 1886

Dominion, Quebec Provincial,
AND SECOND ANNUAL
EXHIBITION,
—OF THE—
Eastern Townships Agricultural Association.
WILL BE HELD AT THE CITY OF
SHERBROOKE,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
THURSDAY, 23 SEPTEMBER,
—TO—
SATURDAY, 2nd OCTOBER.
$25,000.00 IN PREMIUMS.

Entries on Live Stock to close Saturday 4th September, on all other classes on Saturday, 11th Sept.

Reduced rates and Cheap Excursions from all points.

For further particulars, apply to,
ROBERT H. TYLEE
Sec.-Treas.
Sherbrooke, 28th, June, 1886.

MARVELOUS PRICES!
BOOKS FOR THE MILLION
Complete Novels and Other Works, by Famous Authors, Almost Given Away!

The following books are published in neat pamphlet form, many of them handsomely illustrated, and all are printed from good type upon good paper. They treat of a great variety of subjects, and we think no one can examine the list without finding therein many that he or she would like to possess. In cloth-bound form these books would cost $1.00 each. Each book is complete in itself.

The Widow Bedott Papers. This is the book over which your grandmothers laughed till they cried, and it is just as funny to-day as it ever was.

Grimm's Fairy Stories for the Young. The finest collection of fairy stories ever published. The children will be delighted with them.

The Lady of the Lake. By Sir Walter Scott. "The Lady of the Lake" is a romance in verse, and of all the works of Scott none is more beautiful than this.

Manual of Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen, a guide to politeness and good breeding, giving the rules of modern etiquette for all occasions.

The Standard Letter Writer for Ladies and Gentlemen, a complete guide to correspondence, giving plain directions for the composition of letters of every kind, with innumerable forms and examples.

Winter Evening Recreations, a large collection of Acting Charades, Tableaux, Games, Puzzles, etc., for social gatherings, private theatricals, and evenings at home; illustrated.

Dialogues, Recitations and Readings, a large and choice collection for school exhibitions and public and private entertainments.

Parlor Magic and Chemical Experiments, a book which tells how to perform hundreds of amusing tricks in magic and instructive experiments with simple agents.

The Home Cook Book and Family Physician, containing hundreds of excellent cooking recipes and hints to housekeepers, also telling how to cure all common ailments by simple home remedies.

Sixteen Complete Stories by Popular Authors, embracing love, humorous and detective stories, stories of society life, of adventure, of railway life, etc., all very interesting.

Called Back. A Novel. By Hugh Conway, author of "Dark Days," etc.

At the World's Mercy. A Novel. By Florence Warden, author of "The House on the Marsh," etc.

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John Bowerbank's Wife. A Novel. By Miss [illegible]

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OUR UNEQUALED OFFER!

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MAIL BUILDING, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Victoria Foundry.

COOK STOVES,
IRON & WIRE FENCING,
CEMETERY RAILING,
CRESTING,

REAPERS,
MOWERS,
RAKES,
CULTIVATORS,

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SCHOOL DESKS.

The Best Yet.

There is no preparation before the public to-day that commands [illegible] or more [illegible] Fowler's [illegible] infallible [illegible] plaints.

FARMERS

!!Look out for Bargains!!

As I have my full line of Binders, Reapers, Mowers and Rakes on hand, it will be to your interest to look at my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

STOCK CONSISTING OF
FROST & WOOD'S BINDERS,
LITTLE MAXWELL BINDERS,
Maxwell Reapers, Daisy Reapers, Warrior Mowers, New Model Mowers, Tiger Rakes, Mason Rakes, Maxwell Rakes,
ALSO
Latest Improved Hay Car from
$11.00 to $20.00.

Rock bottom prices for cash—four payments on Reapers and Mowers. Also extra parts for Mowers, Reapers and Rakes kept in stock.

It is to your interest to buy where you can get breakages replaced on shortest notice.

W. D. COOKE,
Foundry Street, Lachute.

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HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTERS,
Foundry St, or address
P. O. BOX 100, LACHUTE.
29-y

A. G. Stackhouse,
Photo. and Picture Framer,

IS NOW taking Photos exclusively by the INSTANTANEOUS process, makes a specialty in Large Photos for Frames.

A. G. STACKHOUSE
St. Andrews, Dec. 9th, 1884.

W. A. WEIR,
(Of the firm of Quinn & Weir,)
COUNSELLOR AT LAW, ATTORNEY, COMMISSIONER &c.
181 St. James Street, Montreal.

Attention given to all Civil and Criminal matters. G-ly

LUMBER.

For Sale a large quantity of Spruce and Hemlock lumber.

ALSO

Dimension lumber kept in stock and cut to order at lowest possible prices.

ORDERS BY MAIL
will have prompt attention.

LUMBER DELIVERED AT LACHUTE.
SUMMERBY & SCHOLEFIELD.
Burnside, June 23 1885. 43-tf.

Moxie Nerve Food.

—)o(—

A discovery that will shake this country more than Telephones or Telegraphs, a harmless simple beverage that will supersede the use of Stimulents and nervines. That will recover nervousness, insomnia, nervous and mental exhaustion at once and leaves no reaction.

Price per quart bottle.................. 40c

```
PPPP  UU  UU  RRRR   EEEEE
P   P  U   U  R   R  E    E
P   P  U   U  R   R  E
PPPP   U   U  RRRR   EEEE
P      U   U  R  R   E
P      U   U  R   R  E
P      U   U  R   R  E   E
PP     UUUUU  RR   R EEEEE
```

—)o(—

We recommend the following pure Coffees to all housekeepers as First Class articles:

Challenge Java.
Preanger Java.
Old Govt. Java.

Our Challenge Java speaks for itself, for purity, strength and flavor. There is not a better Coffee on the market.

J. E. IRELAND'S.
Lachute Mills, March 3rd, 1886.

Lachute Furniture
WAREHOUSE.
Hope's Block.

NOTICE.
PICTURES FRAMED.
FURNITURE
OF ALL KINDS
REPAIRED.

P.S.—Pianos repaired and Tuned.

C. J. BROWN,
Lachute.

VETERINARY.
GEO. SANGSTER, V. S.
GRADUATE OF THE
MONTREAL VETERINARY COLLEGE,

would inform the public that he will open an office three doors south of

MR. LAMB'S STORE
ST. ANDREWS.

where he will be found except Tuesdays, when he will be at RODRIGUE'S HOTEL, Lachute; and on Fridays at THE GRENVILLE HOUSE, Grenville. 33-6 mos.

UNDERTAKING.

TORONTO COFFINS from Twelve to twenty dollars and upwards. Half glass embalming done. Black and white cloth coffins a speciality. Crapes, white and black gloves always on hand. Large and small Hearse.

CHAS. GEIGERICH,
Undertaker
Lachute, P.Q.
24-tf.

New Burnt Lime

For Sale at THOS. C. NOYES,
Chatham, Mar. 22nd, 1886. 20-f.f.

Lachute Marble Works,

MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES, 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.

NOTICE

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

W. ARMSTRONG,
Farrier.
Lachute, April 15th, 1885. 11-tf

FARM FOR SALE

BEING NORTH HALF of Lot No. 7, in the 9th range of Chatham, containing 100 acres, well watered, good Sugar Bush and Orchard, and in a good state of cultivation. Good Buildings on premises. No incumbrances. For further particulars apply to

WM. JOSS,
16-t.f. Dalesville

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.

PHŒNIX FIRE ASSURANCE CO.
LONDON.
ESTABLISHED IN 1782.
CANADIAN BRANCH Established in 1804.

Losses paid, since the establishment of the Company, have exceeded $80,000,000.
Balance held in hand, for payment of Fire Losses only, exceeds $3,000,000.
Liability of Shareholders Unlimited.
Deposit with the Dominion Government, for the security of Policy Holders in Canada, upwards of $100,000.

No. 12 St. Sacrament street, next to Montreal Telegraph Building.

GILLESPIE, MOFFAT & CO.
Agents for the Dominion.
ROBERT. W. TYRE, Manager.
W. J. SIMPSON, Lachute.
Agent for the County of Argenteuil.
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FOR SALE.

A BUSH LOT within easy distance of Lachute.

J. PALLISER,
18-t.f. Advocate.

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

JUST ARRIVED
AT THE WEST END
CROOKED SIGN STORE,
OF
F. X. BERTRAND,

Spring dry-goods at lowest market price, print from 6c. a yard upwards grey cottons from 4c. a yard up to 10c, ginghams for shirting, aprons and childrens summer suits at 10c. a yard upwards, dress goods at all prices and a variety.

TWEEDS! TWEEDS!! TWEEDS!!!

Many may boast but the like of my tweeds cannot be beat on the market, all wool tweeds for summer suits from 45c. upwards, and a variety to choose from—call early and select for spring

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HARDWARE.—Cut nails, Finishing nails and Clinch Nails all sizes at low prices.

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Crockery Sets reduced to $3.00 and $3.50 China Sets for $5.50 never sold under $5.50 Parlor Lamps for $1.00 worth $1.25, Glass sets 4 pieces, for 45c. worth 60c.

Rats in hard and soft wool.

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Tea dust no equal at 15c. per pound Jayans from 25c. up to 50c.

Call early and get ready for spring purchases at the West End Cheap Store.

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MONEY SAVED IS MONEY MADE.

Go to J. A. Bedard's for first class Boots and Rubbers. Cheap for cash.

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Go to J. A. Bedard's for the Gold Medal Wanzer Sewing Machine to be obtained on reasonable terms.

J. A. BEDARD,
Main Street,
Lachute Town.
Feb. 4th.

JACK'S QUEEN;

OR,

Light at Last.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED)

To-morrow is to be spent in shopping, in visits to milliners and dressmakers. I am glad when it comes and passes, and we are once more home.

"I want to show you a protrait," says Constance, coming into my room; and I must have your opinion of it."

So we go into a great and handsome room and pause before a fine painting, a protrait of a distinguished-looking man whom I describe by a quotation—"Oh, what a deal of scorn looks in the contempt and anger of his lip!"—and Constance laughs as she answers—

"You have certainly found his foible—failing I will not call it, as it is hereditary, that pride of his. You see, he has the blood of heroes in his veins and the glories of an unconquered past in his heart and memory. He is Sir Percy Glencairn of Glowring, Lochdhui, Garry's other self.

I look up at Sir Percy's protrait, and remember where I have seen that dark face before, and how the royal jewel flashing on the owner's hand had transfixed me.

"Pride is a family failing of the Glencairn's," goes on my cousin. "You see, they belong to a country never conquered—only annexed, and to a race of Highland heroes, their crest being a dagger, and their mottoes *N'oubliez pas* and *Teine agus Claidheamh*, for Glencairn; the other for Glowring. 'Do not forget!' They obey it! And the Glencairn motto, being translated from its native Gaelic, means, 'Fire and sword.'

"They are noble mottoes, and he looks noble."

"To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune. He was born and bred in a noble atmosphere, in that land of rowans and gowans, amid legends of such men as Dundee and Montrose, and as a Glencairn 'forgets,' no doubt he profits by his early training. He dines with us to night."

And, when Sir Percy Glencairn makes his appearance, I find he is really my fellow-traveller. Here I see no sign of pride in him, and the Rydalls are evidently much attached to him. He is young, and lord of himself, and, after dinner, he and I get into an argument on Othello, whose claim to be called the "noble" Moor I dispute. It has arisen out of a reference to Irving, whom I am to see under Lady Rydall's wing.

"The only noble thing Othello did," says Lord Rydall, "was killing his wife. For my part, I always looked upon him as a humbug-hero, given to excuse himself at others' cost, as in the scene where he tells the senators that Desdemona did the wooing. She deserved her fate for believing his fearful bombast about the Atthropophagi."

"Perhaps I might admire him if I knew what beauty lay in jealousy," observes Constance.

"Well, I don't admire that certainly," says Sir Percy; "it is the one feeling I can't understand and never should feel."

Why do Jack's words come echoing in my ears now, as I hear Sir Percy disclaim jealousy—"When people praise a virtue, I'm sure they haven't got it; when a man cries out against deceit, I know that's the ware he deals in himself!" If I follow Jack's rule, jealousy is in Sir Percy Glencairn, despite his assertion; but in a moment or two later I am playing for him, as he sings at Lord Rydall's request, Scotch ballads *ad libitum*. He sings that sad old song, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!" and my cousin's room seems to fade away, and I see the rolling mist on the hills, hear the roar of Cumberland's cannon; and the low wind, the gray sea, wail, "Charlie, Charlie, wae's me for Prince Charlie!" Ah, is not enthusiasm mostly on the losing side?

I am asked to sing afterwards: but I choose the "Braes o' Mair," because I am sorry for the Stuarts, and, when I play the last bars of that grand gathering, I see my Highland hero's face flushed with enthusiasm, and think of the days when the Glencairns fought for the House of Stuart to the cry of "*Teine agus Claidheamh!*"—and no doubt his own thoughts are in that stormy past.

The day after this evening with the Jacobites, Constance and I pay and receive some visits, Lord Rydall having got into his "paint," and gone to a levee, giving me before he goes a book for my reading.

It is evening before I have time to look into it, and then I find its title to be *White Heather*, and that it is a volume of poetry.

"Garry evidently thinks you have a weakness for our Northern neighbors," says Constance.

"It is beautiful. 'After Culloden' is exquisite, or I think so, because I admire the ideal, if not the real, Charles Edward."

"The author is Sir Percy Glencairn," says Constance, "so tell how charmed you are with the poems."

"Not now. He would certainly think it flattery."

"Not from you, Miss North," says Sir Percy himself, as he enters smiling, and in time to hear our last sentence.

I redden absurdly with a feeling of being caught, and Constance asks for her husband. He is dressing for dinner, and has been serving his country by smiling on dusky princes, Sir Percy tells her, and we discuss *White Heather* until his lordship enters. About Sir Percy there are no airs, no sign of foolscap uniform turned up with ink, though, as I afterwards learn, he has won laurels and golden fame with his pen.

After dinner we go and laugh at *Patience*, and, as if that were not sufficient excitement for one evening, Constance tells me at home, as I am retracing the opera, that very soon I am to accompany her to Lady Yorkminster's ball.

A ball, and my first! Oh, how I wish for Jack to share my pleasures and my triumphs, to see all my dresses! and I cannot even write him an account.

"Could you give me Jack's address?" I ask eagerly.

"Jack's address, my dear! I do not write to him,' says Constance gravely; and my face lengthens.

She puts her hand upon my shoulder, and looks at me with her kind true eyes, the eyes of a woman in whom is the rare grace of steadfastness.

"Jack and I were not good friends," she says; "he wasted his time, his best years, and—well, I will tell you another time."

For at this point her maid appears. Poor Jack! Have not I already heard of his misdemeanours from our aunts? Does my cousin think that anything can change my gratitude!

CHAPTER IV.

Some days of visiting, of shopping, of many new faces, and much excitement, and my Walpurgis night draws nearer and more near, until I am actually dressing for the ball. What my dress is I do not know; it is some marvellous creamy white thing of my cousin's selection, and Sir Percy Glencairn has sent us splendid bouquets, whilst on my dressing-table lies a fan presented by Lord Rydall. I am very much inclined to be nervous, and I go to my cousin's room for inspection.

"Shall I do?" I ask, contemplating the imperial beauty with some awe, and she looks round, laughing, then gives me a touch here and there.

"Of course, Vera. Do you think I will do in this?"

"You would 'do' in anything," I answer, with admiration—"in bombazine or—or anything at all."

"That is not very flattering. It reminds me of the lady who told Mark Twain that nothing could destroy his good looks, not even small-pox.'

"But I mean what I say, Constance. Everybody loves you, and would do anything for you;" and then I stop, for Lord Rydall, after knocking, enters.

"Here is a young lady telling me that no one could refuse me anything," she says gaily.

"One poor victim agrees with her," he replies, laughing. "My inability to say 'No' to you has been the ruin of my life."

What a handsome happy pair they are—how proud and fond of each other! I look at them as they stand there, she in her beautiful robes, with her good and true face, he so high and noble, with the star of some Order glittering on his breast, and I think how some are favoured by Fortune; lavishly has she showered her gifts here!

We drive away presently, and I next find myself in halls of dazzling light, as the song says—so many gorgeous dresses that I am bewildered; but I see no finer man than Lord Rydall, no woman more fair than his wife; and every one bows to them.

I go through my first quadrille with a grave gentleman who asks if I like dancing, if I have seen *Patience*, and then becomes silent. The next is a waltz, for which I am claimed by Mr. Cecil Hawden, whom I have met before and who is one of the men who make the best of everything.

When the last notes die away, Mr. Hawden asks me if he may introduce a friend, and presently returns with a very good-looking young officer, whose clear-cut features need no moustache to set them off; which is as well, seeing that he possesses none; his close-cropped hair is parted down the centre and his evening-dress faultless. In him I recognize Jack's friend, who saw us at the theatre and driving, and he is presented as Captain; he looks at me and bows, says something, initials my programme, looks at me again and withdraws. My cousin has been dancing with her husband, which, according to a dowager on my left, is a thing too seldom seen in these times; then she goes through a quadrille with the Moravian Ambassador, and comes to me when it is finished.

"Your next is with Sir Percy, is it not, Vera?"

"Oh, no, with Captain Dallas!" I reply; and already I see the bright restless eyes of that gentleman turning in my direction.

"Glencairn is not here yet," says Lord Rydall, inspecting my programme previous to putting his own name on it; "he went to pull some struggling young genius through the first night of a play. All the crushed authors make for him as naturally as people with grievances make for Gladstone."

Captain Dallas comes up with an aggressive glance at Lord Rydall, who greets him cordially.

"This is ours, Miss North," he says, as if he expected my saying "No;" but, though he does not seem remarkably amiable, his dancing is unexceptionable, even after Mr. Hawdon, whose partner is a very pretty young lady, Miss Edith Lamarche, whom everybody admires.

When our dance is ended, Captain Dallas leads me into a fairy-land of ferns and flowers and trees and subdued lights.

"It is cool and pleasant here, after that hot room," he says, as we stroll to and fro.

"By-the-way, Miss North, I have seen you before—down at Idlehurst."

"Yes. My home was there until recently.'

"Indeed? Take this seat; it is out of the draught. Major Wylder was with you, I remember."

"He is my cousin," I return, as Captain Dallas leans forward so that all the light falls upon his handsome face; at some distance I perceive Mr. Hawdon industriously fanning Miss Lamarche; but he does not I think.

"Indeed! Jack is an old friend of mine. He wouldn't introduce me to you at the theatre that night, though I very much wished it. He is crotchety, you know."

"I can't say that I do know, because I never remarked it."

"Ah, he changed a little, we all thought, after that affair! But, as he had done a good deal in that line himself, it was righteous retribution."

I do not answer; but I feel sorry that every one knows Jack has been jilted.

"Will you do me a favor?" Captain Dallas resumes. "Jack is under promise to write me, and, if you would mention my name, he may remember his promise."

"I do not correspond with my cousin, or——"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure! I must ask Lady Rydall. I am putting down my name for another, Miss North, and then your programme is filled, to my great regret."

"This, as Miss Lamarche passes with Mr. Hawden, who is too absorbed in what he is saying to see us; she is claimed by a youthful *attache*, and Mr. Hawdon strolls past again.

"The Laird o' the Lochs is coming to claim you, Miss North," he says, in his off-hand way. "Dallas, dear fellow, do you know in what play of Shakespeare these lines occur—'The Count is neither sick nor sad, nor merry nor well, but civil, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion?'"

Captain Dallas reddens a little, then pales.

"You had better ask Miss Lamarche," he says scornfully.

"I did, dear boy; and she referred me to you, or would have done, if she had remembered you, no doubt."

Captain Dallas rises, offering me his arm; his handsome face is quite white; he is annoyed—why, I do not know.

"Shall we return, Miss North? I am only sorry this next is not mine."

But it happens to be Sir Percy Glencairn's, and he has been searching for me already; and he tells me, as we walk down the room, that his friend's play was a success.

I listen to the music—"that strain again!"—the beautiful "Blue Danube" valse! How my memory rushes back as Sir Percy guides me through the dancers so easily and so skillfully! I am no more in the brilliant ball-room with the stately Laird of Glencairn and Glowring, but in the little Idlehurst parlor with Jack, flying round to the Danube valse, to be caught by aunt Priscilla, whom he soothes by allusions to Sir George Fyatt.

"You liked that, I think," says Sir Percy, looking at my face, which no doubt is tell-tale; and we stroll back to the conservatory where Miss Lamarche is talking to the *attache*; and Captain Dallas hovers about, a restless spirit.

More valses—supper, to which Sir Percy takes me—and my first ball is ended, a night of unalloyed delight. Miss Lamarche goes home with us, and in boudoir-confidence pronounces the ball splendid. She throws down her bouquet, the principal flower of which I had seen in Mr. Hawdon's coat, her fan and gloves, and, both of us being too excited for sleep, we sit over the fire for a talk, or, rather, she talks, and I admire the rich blackness of her hair, the clearness of her complexion, the off-hand grace of her manner.

"All good dancers, weren't they, if you except those æsthetic youths? Great bores, aren't they? One can't flirt with such limp creatures—but perhaps you think it wicked to flirt, Miss North?'

"I never thought very much about it; but I fancy it can't be quite just."

"Not if it's all on one side—oh, no! I don't believe in burning my own or any one else's wings. The safest man to flirt with is Cecil Hawdon; everybody knows that he means nothing, and he has more privileges than any one else. Sir Percy Glencairn is too like his native granite for that species of amusement.'

And so she goes on until everyone has been discussed save Captain Dallas. I learn from Constance that he has devoted himself to Miss Lamarche for some time; but that at present there is a lover's quarrel between them.

On the next day Miss Lamarche goes out driving with Constance, whilst I, having in some mysterious way caught cold at the ball, settle myself in the drawing-room with some of the magazines, and Tip stretched on the rug at my feet; and we are very cosy and comfortable together, when a visitor is announced—Captain Dallas.

He says that he is glad I have survived the ball, and asks if I enjoyed it, as Tip opens one eye to survey him.

"Lady Yorkminster's balls always are good," he says, when I have answered in the affirmative. "This is your first season? Do you go to Scotland?"

"I believe so; Lord Rydall is a keen sportsman."

"I am going to Lochmere, I think. You have seen Irving? You enjoy the theatre, I know, and driving, I suspect."

"I enjoyed that drive," I reply, knowing to what he alludes, and remembering how the grays bolted.

"Yes; Wylder was splendid at driving. I suppose he took you all over the country that day; those grays of his were good for almost any distance."

"I don't know how far he went in point of miles, I am sure; and we had a long halt at a farm-house."

"You must have missed your cousin very much," he says slowly; and then Tip gives a long yawn, and Dallas, bending down to stroke him, exclaims, "Hallo, Tip, old boy! I thought I knew you! Shake hands!"

Tip does so, and I laugh, and say that I did not know that he possessed that accomplishment.

"Wylder taught him down at Idlehurst, and I helped. If I had known he was destined for you, I should have taken more pains with his education. I do wish I had known you down there, Miss North; Jack was not the only being who possessed horses."

"I suppose not; but I never wanted any one else."

"Happy Jack!" says Captain Dallas, and begins examining my magazines and reading flowery extracts; and I think he is very kind to remain, saving me from solitude; and, when he is going, I tell him so.

I do not quite understand the look he gives me; there is something puzzling in it as if he doubted me; but he only says that it is a selfish sort of kindness.

Sir Percy Glencairn dines with us, also a Mr. Cameron, a fine old Highland chieftain, who is already speaking of the twelfth, to whose residence we are going for the shooting season. He and the Rydalls, not having met for some time, have much to talk of, and Sir Percy, pitying my insignificance, takes the seat beside me. I think that he is so clever, so accomplished, so manly, shows his chivalry by thus bearing with the feeble utterances of a girl whose horizon has hitherto been very limited, and I quite agree with Constance when she says, after he is gone, that he is unselfish and generous.

Later on, Constance asks me how I got on while she was absent, and I tell her of my visitor.

"Did you know him before the ball?" she asks.

"By sight very well, for he was down at Idlehurst. He is a friend of Jack's."

"That in itself is a recommendation," she says calmly.

"Perhaps so. Jack's friends were scarce enough."

"Sir Percy says your waltzing is perfect," remarks my cousin, after a pause.

"It should be. Jack and I——"

And I stop, remembering that I had resolved not to speak of him again; Constance slowly fans herself, but Lord Rydall turns his kind face to me, smiling.

"Jack taught you waltzing?" he asks, and my sentence gets to an end with an account of how Jack used to soothe aunt Priscilla. Lord Rydalls listens and smile, and now and again throwing in a questions.

"Good night, Vera," he says, when I am on the point of retiring to my room; he looks at me thoughtfully as I stand before him. "You lost a friend when Major—when Jack went away, you said; but I hope, my dear girl, you will find a true one in me."

There are more balls, with variations of Opera, of rides in the Row; and, if truth be confessed, I am growing a little weary of it all. Constance has always something better and higher to fall back upon and is not swallowed up in a life of pleasure; she looks happier, when the heir of Rydall pul's her beautiful hair with his dimpled hands and shrieks with triumph this morning, than she did last, when Royalty smiled upon her and Lord Rydall looks much more proud than he did when a foreign potentate showered honeyed compliments upon him. He tosses his boy upon his shoulder, laughing, and holds him there with one hand while with the other he smooths his wife's ruffled tresses; and they seem to be in a fair little world of their own, where the trail of the serpent never has been.

I have written often to my aunts, telling them what I am doing, and they respond, with invariable "love to Tip."

One morning we—Constance and I—are driving in the park, and I have choked down an illusion to Jack, brought into my mind by a pair of grays; my cousin is making me smile by telling me one of Mr. Hawdon's jokes at the expense of Captain Dallas who, Cecil declares, went to see *Hamlet*, and left in disgust, because, he said, the play was all made of quotations, when my eye is caught by a somewhat gaudy equipage bearing down upon us, the sole occupant of which is a lady; I have written "lady," so the word may stand; but, as my eyes fall upon her, I fancy she is wanting in that nameless finer leaven; her face is a little coarse, her dress a little loud, the arm which holds a tinted parasol, or at least as much of it as I can see, is covered with bracelets that are positively dazzling in the sunshine; and, as she draws near, she leans forward and bows in a marked manner, with a smile that is radiant as her jewels. As I do not know her in the least, I glance at Constance; but she is looking straight ahead, with a face absolutely devoid of expression.

"Did you not see the lady who bowed just now?" I ask.

"No, I did not!" she replies quietly.

"She bowed to one of us. Should I have returned it?"

"Certainly not, Vera!" says my cousin hastily. "Never bow to any one whom I do not acknowledge, and, above all, not to that—lady!"

"Who is she, Constance?" I ask wonderingly.

"I will tell you at home. And, to oblige me, do not mention this to Garry; he has quite enough to annoy him without being told of that."

There is an unusual shade of annoyance on her own face; but it passes as she smiles on old Lady Spleuchan, and I see it no more.

To-night Lady Rydall has a reception, I am awed by Ambassadors in glittering dress, and Cabinet-Ministers, distinguished foreigners, and a heavy-eyed Russian Grand Duke. When it is all over, I go, according to custom, to my cousin's room; she looks fatigued, and, if I mistake not, anxious; the diamond arch spanning her hair has been removed, and her rich tresses fall over her shoulders; the handkerchief in her fingers is moistened with eau-de-Cologne. As I enter, her maid obeys a sign and retires, and we are left together.

"You look tired," I remark, possessing myself of the chair beside her.

"I am a little tired; and Garry has had one of his frightful headaches the whole evening, poor fellow; he had to hide it, of course, and talked as if nothing were the matter, so it is revenging itself now for the slight. If he complained, I should have less sympathy."

We are silent for a while, and then she looks at me.

"Do you wish to ask me anything, Vera?'

"No," I answer wonderingly. "Why, Constance?"

"Not about the—lady—in the park?"

"Oh, I had forgotten all about her! But you promised to tell me who she is."

"I suppose, then, I had better tell you; indeed, Garry says that I should have done so at the first; but it is a subject from which I shrink. You cannot even imagine who she is?"

"No, I can't; she is not a relative?"

"Yes—by marriage; she is my sister-in-law; she is Jack's wife!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A writer compares an old maid to a lemon. The comparison is faulty. Young men often squeeze lemons.

One of the people who truly appreciate peace and quiet is Gustav Freytag, the German author, who has addressed an earnest appeal to his fellow countrymen to spare the visits and congratulations on the approaching seventieth anniversary of his birth.

THE STORY OF A HIRED GIRL.

How a Beardless Young Man Made a Living in Swanston.

A young man who, under various aliases, has figured in several Western cities of late and who has just served a term in the Bridewell in Chicago on conviction of theft, related a few of his adventures the other night. He now calls himself Henry Jackson and at first glance he might be taken for a young man who, perhaps, was old enough to vote. A closer scrutiny, however, would convince the observer that he was not much under 30. His slight figure, small hands and feet, smooth face and fair complexion, gave him an appearance of youth, which was belied by the few wrinkles on his forehead and about his eyes.

"When I came West six years ago," he said "I stopped in Milwaukee for a time and looked for work. I knew nobody, and the kind of employment that I thought myself fitted for was not open to me. As my necessities became greater, I sought work as a laborer, but owing to my size, I was either refused by bosses in search of men, or as soon as they could find a heavier man they laid me off. I was about discouraged when a cheap restaurant where I had boarded, lost one of its waiters, and I applied for and got the job. I did not like the business, but as it promised to keep body and soul together through the winter, I concluded to keep at it. At the end of a month the owner of the place sold out and I lost my job. After looking around a little and seeing no prospect of getting work here, I concluded to go to Chicago and try. I could at least get a job there as a waiter, I thought and to that I bent my energies. At the end of a week I found myself installed in a beer hall and restaurant at half a dollar a day. While there I noticed that it was comparatively easy to get men, but that steady and efficient girls for the kitchen were scarce. One day I read an article in the paper about the scarcity of house servants and explaining how good girls could easily get $5 a week and a comfortable home. That set me to thinking, and in the course of a short time I had decided to

TRY MY LUCK AS A GIRL.

I always had a smooth face, and I knew that I could get myself up so as to look as well as the average house servant. One of the girls of the restaurant was a friend of mine, and between us the job was fixed up. I left the restaurant one night in woman's clothes, and as a man I was never seen there again.

"The next day, with a list of people who were advertising for girls, I started out. As Wisconsin servant girls are at a premium in Chicago, I told everybody that I was the daughter of a farmer who lived near Milwaukee. Three or four ladies did not want me because I could not say that I was a good cook. One said she liked my looks and wanted me to call again the next day. Toward evening I called at a house where the lady informed me that she had got a girl, but that she had a friend living in Swanston, a suburban town, who wanted one, and that if I would call again in the evening I could see her. As she held out a prospect of big pay I thought I would try it any way, and so in the evening I put in an appearance. The Swanston lady was there waiting for me, and the upshot of it was that I hired out to her for $5 a week, with half a day off each week. I was to do general housework and she volunteered to teach me the things that I did not know. The next day I moved out there and was duly installed as a maid of all work. There was another girl in the house, but as she was a nurse I did not see much of her.

"Now, I knew considerable about cooking and housework or I never should have thought of trying it. At home, I had as a boy helped my mother a great deal, and there were plenty of things that I could do as well as anybody. The lady appeared to like my style, and as she was an experienced housekeeper she was not only willing but able to give me such instruction as I needed.

I SWEPT, COOKED, AND WASHED

and ironed, and as soon as I got well settled in my place I came to the conclusion that it was a great deal better than starving as a man. I had just made up my mind that the girls who refuse to do housework and prefer to struggle along in shops and stores in the cities were making fools of themselves, when one day, after I had been at my place about three months, the butcher boy, a lubberly fellow, who used to make himself quite fresh around the house, grabbed me when I was off my guard and planted a kiss on my mouth. I came within an ace of planting my fist in his nose, but it suddenly occurred to me that that was probably what servant girls had to expect, and I could feel my cheeks burning with the confusion which came upon me. Then he twitted me about blushing, and finally wound up by inviting me to go sleighing, which I finally agreed to do. From that time on the butcher and I were great friends. I tried to keep the cuss at arms' length, but the more distant and dignified I became the more he seemed to think of me. Finally he wanted me to marry him, and I put him off on the plea that I had promised my mother on her death bed that I would not marry until all my little brothers and sisters had become able to support themselves. He became so much of a nuisance at length that I had to leave that place, much against my will, and find another in the city.

"By that time I was reasonably competent in all branches of housework, and I had no trouble in getting work in Chicago. I found the conditions the same as they had been. While there were plenty of men out of work and plenty of women who were trying to get work at

STARVATION WAGES DOWN TOWN

it was as easy as rolling off a log to get good situations as house servants. I think if I had seen any chance of getting something to do as a man, I would have left off my dresses, but I didn't, and I then set out with the idea that I would try and save enough money to make the necessary deposit and become a street car conductor. My new place was harder than the old one, but I got along all right, and stayed there for two years, when the family broke up. My acquaintances were nearly all among the girls, and the only way that I could find out how the labor market was was by asking market men what show there was for a brother of mine. I got a job in this way as the driver of a delivery wagon for a grocer, and for a year or so I dressed as a man; but as another chap finally cut under me in wages and secured the place I became disgusted with my sex, and after looking in vain for work, donned my dresses again and got a place as cook in a big family where they had a house full of servants. I stayed there a good while, and might have been there yet, only one of the girls got mad at me, and, communicating her suspicions to the lady, the latter cornered me and made me admit that I was not a girl. Then, to get even with me, she had me arrested for stealing, and the worst of it was she swore so stiffly against me that she convicted me.

"I'm just out of that scrape, and I don't think I shall ever try the servant girl scheme again. Still, I am of the opinion that it is a great opening for young men who can't make their living in any other way. If the girls themselves would try to get work at hard labor for a while, and find themselves thrown out every time that a bigger fellow came along, they would soon discover the advantage of having a bed to go to and something to eat, rain or shine."

Struck With Lightning,

Neatly describes the position of a hard or soft corn when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is applied. It does its work so quickly and without pain that it seems magical in action. Try it. Recollect the name—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

A writer in a New York paper complains of the plain and homely appearance of the lamp-posts in that city. He thinks they should be more ornamental. Perhaps it would be a good idea to ornament each one with an Anarchist—if there are enough of this obnoxious class to go round.

Frightful Waste.

Consumption carries off its thousands of victims every year. Yes, thousands of human lives are being wasted that might be saved, for the fact is now established that consumption, in its early stages, is curable. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, if used in time, effect a permanent cure. It has no equal as a remedy for bronchitis, coughs and colds. Its efficacy has been proved in thousands of cases. All druggists.

Now that the open trout season is well on, the boycotting of the truth by fishermen is increasing to an alarming extent.

"Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer." Don't neglect your cough. If you do your fate may be that of the countless thousands who have done likewise and who to day fill consumptive's graves. Night-sweats, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and consumption itself if taken in time can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." This wonderful preparation has no equal as a remedy for lung and throat diseases. All druggists.

Little Jenny's big sister is entertaining Mr. Skribbers, and thinks she can get along without any assistance; so she pats the little pet on the head and says: "Come, little pet, it's time your eyes were closed in sleep." "Think not," said Jenny; "for mother told me to keep my eyes open when you and Mr. Skibbers were together."

The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets."

A Frenchman, intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said: "She is one mutton as is small."

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, &c., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the Bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the Blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine 50cts.

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A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and *kindred habits*. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it *if so desired*. Send 6c in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Cut this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

"I can furnish a stained wood coffin, madam," said the undertaker to the widow, "that cannot be distinguished from the genuine mahogany and will come much cheaper." "The stained wood will do," replied the grief-stricken woman, and then she went into a mourning store. "What kind of crape do you wish, madam?" inquired the dealer, gently. "The very best," said the widow, with difficulty repressing a sob.

A. P. 288

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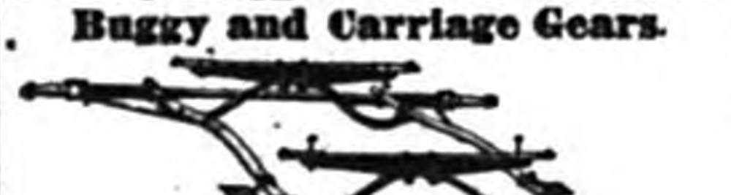

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Mounted & Down Powers, 8 & 10 Horse, My Specialties.
Prices.
No. 3, Thresher and Power Complete, $360
No. 4, do do do 400
No. 5, do do do 425
No. 5, do (for steam) 375
Discount for Cash.
These machines are the fastest and lightest running and also the best separator than any other style in use. I invite correspondence from farmers and threshermen. In writing mention what you want. Descriptive circular sent on application.
Agents wanted. Mention this paper.
James Sharman,
STRATFORD, ONT.

THE WATCHMAN,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. IX   LACHUTE, QUE., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1886.   NO. 47

THE WATCHMAN

—AND—

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

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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.

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Will attend Courts of the Counties of Argenteuil, Ottawa and Pontiac.

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"The Prairie."

There is not a bush or tree,
No hing that the eye can see,
Far beyond me, like the sea,
Lies the prairie.

Snow clad plain how dull thou art!
Nought of joy canst thou impart
To a dull, unthinking heart
Nor make merry.

But, how full of beauty thou
Art to those whose hearts do bow
To the One who makes thee so,
Lovely prairie!

Now the spring has come again
Now the grass is on the plain,
Lightly falls the gentle rain
On the prairie.

Beauty, beauty, all around,
Birds with notes of sweetest sound,
Flowers covering all the ground,
Charming prairie!

Oh! the summer, summer rain,
Falling lightly o'er the plain.
Watering the thirsty grain
Thou art cheery!

Summer days are long and bright,
Summer skies are full of light,
Bright by day, and light by night,
Naught is dreary.

Summer morn, how bright and clear!
Nature singing everywhere,
Thou art come our hearts to cheer
And make merry,

Evening's sun is sinking low,
Evening's skies are all aglow,
Evening's zephyrs gently blow
O'er the prairie.

Now the summer day is past,
Now the dew is falling fast,
Now the moon doth shadows cast,
On the prairie.

Evening air is damp and chill
Darkness spreads o'er nature till
Everything is hushed and still
On the prairie.

Who would think our lives forlorn?
Who would laugh our joys to scorn?
Come, and taste the dewy morn
Of the prairie.

Seventeen Men Killed by an Elephant.

A terrible elephant story comes from India. On the morning of the 8th of April last, while an elephant was being ridden by its keeper in the district of Sultangore, in Oude, the animal resented prodding with a spear by pulling the man from his back and throwing him some distance away. Fortunately the man fell in a hollow, and remained there undiscovered by the elephant, who went to a neighboring village.

There he chased an old man into a house, then broke down the walls, pulled the man out, and dashed him to pieces. The same night the elephant knocked down several houses in quest of human beings, in the villages of Sadarpur, Bargaon, and Jalsingpur. He killed six men in Bersoma, three in Seta, four in Gangeo, and four in Mardan. He likewise killed a bullock and a pony, and also completely destroyed a new carriage. The animal used to stand at the door of a house, force his entry by demolishing the walls on either side, and would then kill as many of the inmates as he could, pursuing others who tried to run away. He mangled the corpses terribly.

After securing a victim he sometimes returned to the spot to see if life was extinct, and would commence mutilating the body afresh. He carried several bodies long distances and threw them into ravines, &c. The elephant found his way to the Dehra Rajah's place, where he tried to enter the house of a gardener; but some men, mounted on three elephants, assisted by spearmen, drove him off. He then returned to Bebipur, where he tried to break down his master's house, in which several persons had taken refuge. The police got into the house from a back window, and were obliged to send for help to the Dehra Rajah, who sent three elephants and some spearmen. The animal received two gunshots on the head at Bebipur, which, however, only temporarily drove him off. He was ultimately captured, at imminent risk, by the Rajah's three elephants and men.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

Friends of Mr. Goldwin Smith in Manitoba are endeavoring to secure a constituency for him in that Province.

The erection of the new Parliament buildings in the Queen's park, Toronto, will be commenced in about a month.

Orangeville had a seventeen thousand dollar fire the other night, caused by a large explosion at the clothing store of Messrs. Gilchrist & Kent.

The Kingston Water Works Company has stopped the city's supply of water for fire purposes, the corporation having refused to pay an increase in the price.

A man named Donnelly has been arrested in Worcester for cruelty to his eight-year-old son, whom he had kept fastened to a post for forty-eight hours without food.

Chief Poundmaker, of rebellion fame, died at Crowfoot's camp, near Blackfoot Crossing, on Sunday of last week. Death was caused by the bursting of a blood vessel.

A number of person holding land on the Caughnawaga reserve, whose claims are contested, have received notice to vacate their holdings after their crops have been harvested.

A fine of four hundred each has been imposed on the three Portland fishing schooners seized at Shelburne, N. S., for infraction of the Customs law. The vessels will be held till the fines are paid.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have laid information against and intend to prosecute the parties who took part in the recent pigeon-shooting competition in the city of Ottawa.

Near Omemee, the other night, the engine of a special freight train and eight cars were thrown from the track by coming in collision with a cow, the brakesman being instantly killed and the fireman fatally scalded.

A fatal affray occurred a few days ago between two lumber drivers on the Upper Gatineau, about sixteen miles from Gilmour's camp, one man being shot dead, his murderer being so badly injured that he is now lying in a precarious condition.

An unusually large number of fires have taken place in various parts of Ontario. Fortunately none of them were very extensive, the more serious being at Florence, West Middlesex, where property valued at between five and six thousand dollars was destroyed.

The first through train from Montreal to the Pacific coast completed its journey successfully. It arrived at Port Moody, within twelve miles of Vacouver, amid great enthusiasm. The train ran right on time all the way from Montreal to its destination.

AMERICAN.

Anarchists in Chicago fired on the American flag carried by a procession of Norwegians, wounding one of the processionists.

A Boston man, after many years of experiment, has succeeded in perfecting an automatic railway signal, which is claimed to be a complete success.

Intensely hot weather prevails throughout Dakota. At one point recently the thermometer marked 165 in the shade, and one night people were forced to get to get into their cellars to avoid suffocation from a violent hot wind.

Forest fires are raging fiercely in several parts of Michigan and Wisconsin, destroying an immense quantity of valuable timber and other property. The other afternoon the entire hamlet of Romeo, Wis., was destroyed, entailing a loss of $150,000.

Early the other morning a fire broke out in a five-story hotel in Chicago, cutting off the escape of nearly forty persons sleeping in the upper floors. All but two eventually escaped, not without being severely burned, the bodies of the two unfortunates being found charred beyond recognition after the flames were subdued.

FOREIGN.

The Porte, on account of the Bulgarian complications, has stopped disbanding the troops.

Eight French torpedo boats were lost during the recent storms in the Atlantic and fifty persons drowned.

M. De Lesseps says it is possible to complete the level Panama canal in three years, at a cost of 600,000,000 f.

During twenty-four hours of last week there were 155 new cases of cholera and 46 deaths in villages around Brindisi.

Heinrich Franke, a Berlin butler, has been sentenced to death for murdering his wife, whom he was compelled to marry after having seduced her.

Owing to the excessively warm weather in England and the spread of cholera in Italy, the Local Government Board are taking strong measures to prevent the importation of the disease.

The English Government will not take isolated action in connection with the closing of the port of Batoum by Russia, but will join the other powers in sending a diplomatic protest.

An anti-Semitic riot occurred in Delginoff, Russia, which had to be suppressed by a military force. In the conflict twenty-three persons were injured, nine of whom are in a critical condition.

An attempt was recently made to assassin Sultan Abdul Hamid, and in consequence of this and an old prophecy of his sudden and violent end, his Majesty is in as much fear of his life as the Czar of Russia.

African advices say that Moorish troops have sacked and destroyed the English factories at Cape Juby, on the west coast of the Sahara, and that the English Minister at Tangiers has demanded of the Sultan of Morrocco instant redress for the outrage.

A Statesman's View.

It is commonly thought that statesmen are little troubled by conscience, and are governed simply by expediency or ambition. Metternich, who had the reputation of a model statesman of this order, helped to rearrange the map of Europe after the overthrow of Napoleon, and was the leader of Austria politics, till the popular revolution of 1848. He seemed to be governed by ambitious aims and to have had no regard for justice or the rights of the people.

But, if his journals may be trusted, he thought himself loyal to conscience, and governed always by a desire to do right. He says of himself,—

"After thirty-six years of public life, I have never lived to self. The part I have played has not been from choice, but imposed by a feeling of duty. Free from every ambition but the desire of honestly fulfilling tasks which, for a variety of reasons, were laid upon me from the very commencement of my ministry, I have never left the path which seemed to me to be the right one. Unmoved by the errors of our time, errors which always lead society to the abyss, I have had the happiness in a time full of danger to serve the cause of peace, and the welfare of the nations, which will never be advanced by revolutions."

If Metternich was sincere, he has been greatly misjudged. If the popular verdict is correct, he must have been strangely ignorant of his own motives.

FARM.

ABOUT HORSES.

Among other valuable hints given by Prof. O R. Gleason to his hearers, at a recent exhibition where he was demonstrating his power over the horse, he said:

"Never buy a horse that has long ears with long, straight hair inside of them; is narrow between the ears and between the eyes; has flat, round eyes in sunken orbits and whose nostrils are small and thick; for he will certainly prove to be a beast of small intelligence, hard to teach, incapable of remembering, and liable to be obstinate, just as stupid persons are. And do not buy the horse that is narrow at the top of the head, bulging between the eyes, and has a sunken, dish-like face between them, for he is sure to be vicious and treacherous. But take the horse that has short ears, with short, curly hair inside them; that is broad between the ears and eyes, with a regular, straight face, and large, thin nostrils; for in him you will find an intelligent, spirited, yet willing servant and faithful friend, if you will only treat him rightly.

"Never say 'whoa' unless you want your horse to stop. Say 'easy' or 'slow' or 'steady,' always using the same word.

"It is a foolish thing to make a horse wear blinders under any circumstances, without the bad habit of them has been forced upon him. Never use cruel bits. Never bang a horse over the head or on the shins with a club or loaded whip.

"Balkiness is the hardest of equine vices to cure. The most practical step to be taken with an old balky horse is—to trade him off to somebody else. Sometimes a handful of road dirt thrown into a balky horse's mouth or a bunch of roughly broken twigs placed under his tail will start him, simply by giving him something else to think of.

"The habit of rearing can be broken by using the double safety rope to trip the horse, and a guy rope to the bridle that will keep him from going clear up, and hold him so that when he rears there will be a great and painful strain on his hind legs, and when he comes down it will be upon his knees. Tight check reins are a cruel and unnecessary restraint."

SCISSORED AND PENNED.

Cut worms and other insects are unusually damaging this season.

The best means of making a profit from the dairy is to keep good cows and keep them well.

The dairyman disgusted at present prices is laying his plans to have more cows in milk next winter.

Milk is a perfect food for the entire animal organism. The best inventions of skilled and scientific culinary art are poor and bungling compared with this marvellous natural product.

F. D. Curtis says that a cross of Jersey and Ayrshire makes excellent cows. "The offspring of such a union, he continues, "gives more milk than the average Jersey, and it is of better quality than the Ayrshire milk usually is. If I were to breed a cow for the family, or to make a family breed, this would be the cross."

"New England agriculture is full of promise socially and financially when pursued with a spirit of economy and enterprise, and with a just appreciation of the privileges which surround it," so says Dr. Loring in a recent magazine article.

All farmers know the fatal effects of clover bloat on cattle. I cure mine by tying in the animal's mouth a smooth, round stick from three to four inches in diameter. I put a little salt in the mouth to make them chew and swallow. In twenty to thirty minutes the gas will pass off through the animal's mouth, when the stick may be removed.

Very often fruit trees set out in spring will make but a few leaves on the top branches, pushing out shoots from the stem. Do not cut off these shoots, but leave them to grow the whole season, cutting them off in winter. Every leaf they make means more roots, and these roots will feed the tree next year. Many a tree has been destroyed, by the too-early removal of such growth.

The farmer can place no better meat on his table than the flesh of the sheep, and most farmers ought to keep a small flock of sheep if for no other purpose than to have an occasional sheep or lamb to kill. There are thousands of farmers who keep no sheep who could just as well as not keep a small flock of sheep cheaply and profitably, and they might be made an interesting feature of the farm. A small flock, if petted and handled as they should be, afford their owner a wonderful sight of pleasure. Some people have the idea that sheep are a hard animal to fence, but I would rather fence a flock of sheep than any other farm stock. Sheep bring their owner a cash return twice a year—wool in summer and lambs in the fall—as the butcher ever stands ready to take at a good price all the surplus lambs farmer may have.

Keep a sharp lookout in the orchard for the nests of the tent caterpillar. Destroy them at once by cutting off the limb, or, if out of reach, by burning out the nests by means of a small bundle of rags tied upon the end of a long pole and saturated with kerosene oil.

H. Brown writes: "Two years ago my corn crop failed utterly, and I was at a loss to know what I was going to do with my forty or fifty hogs. I had a large crop of oats and began feeding them whole. I never had hogs do better; never had hogs grow so thrifty. Last winter I did the same thing, though I had a large corn crop. This winter I am doing the same thing with equally gratifying results. The so-called cholera is all around me—on the next farm—but my hogs never were more healthy and thrifty."

Hobart Pasha's Achievements.

The conclusion forced upon the mind by a brief consideration of Hobart Pasha's career is twofold. In the first place, it goes to prove how strong a hold the idea had gained upon him that Turkey was the only possible ally for England, not only in the Eastern but also in the Central Asian question. In the second place, it shows that adventures are still to the adventurous. There are still many English officers who can boast of equally honorable achievements in slave chasing and slave deliverance, and the annals of our small wars for 30 years are full of the gallantry of sailors upon land, from Peel's Brigade in the mutiny to Beresford and Benbow's feat on the Upper Nile last year. But Hobart Pasha's blockade running experiences against an ironclad fleet, his conduct of the blockade of Crete, and his befiling of the Russian torpedoes in the Black Sea were all achieved at sea and under novel conditions of warfare. They furnish his real claim to be remembered, and they show that the English Navy can still produce men who may be named with Nelson's Captains, with Sidney Smith, Pellew, and Cochrane.

Probably Expensive.

Smith: I saw you carrying home a couple of nice looking watermelons last night, Brown. How much did they cost you?

Brown: I don't know yet. The doctor is up at the house now.

SWIMMING FOR LIFE.

Terrible Struggle of Six of the Crew of a Capsized Yacht to Reach Shore.

The gay, light-hearted throng who watched so closely the exciting race off Marblehead the other day little dreamed of the terrible struggle for life which was being made by six men not five miles from the race course. So closely was the attention riveted on the struggle between the great yachts that no one noticed the schooner yacht Pelican rounding Shag Rocks off Nahant. No one saw her kneel over beneath a sudden squall. Her disappearing caused no remark, for all were cheering the Puritan as she passed the Priscilla. The poor fellows were alone on the slimy bottom of a yacht five miles from help of any kind. Suddenly the uncertain support rolled heavily and

SANK IN SIXTY FEET OF WATER.

The men were left struggling in the water with nothing to sustain them. All were good swimmers, but the shore was far distant. The men thus thrown in such a perilous situation were Hugh Donahoe, Thomas Crane, John McGreevey, William Curran, Fred Recomendus and Bernard McCormick. Donahoe was married, and was spurred on to do his utmost to reach land by the thought of a wife and three little ones at home. All the others were unmarried and lived in the same neighborhood at East Boston. Curran had been a diver nearly all his life, and through long use of the heavy armor had lost the strength of his legs. Recomendus had but one perfect hand, his right hand being badly deformed. Slowly the swimmers divested themselves of shoes and superfluous clothing and

STARTED FOR THE SHORE.

Recomendus was the last to start. He tried vainly to untie his shoes, but owing to his deformity he was unable to do so. He was therefore obliged to swim encumbered as he was. Donahoe had been the first to strike out, saying as he did so: "Well, boys, I suppose we've got to swim for it." He held the lead for a short distance and then fell to the rear. Recomendus and McCormick were soon the leaders. The choppy sea struck full in their faces and almost smothered them. Occasionally they looked behind and spoke encouragingly to those whose strength was beginning to give way. They had swam about a mile when Donahoe exclaimed: "My God! I can't hold out any longer!

"I'VE GOT TO GO!"

There was a choking sound and he disappeared. Curran was the next to go. He bade his comrades farewell and tried to encourage them to hold out until they were saved. Then he, too, sank. Only four were now left. Crane and McGreevery were far behind the others, and sank without making a sound. The shore was only about two miles distant, but the strength of the two brave swimmers was rapidly falling. They dare not look behind for their companions, but they felt instinctively that all the others had perished. Not a word was spoken by either. All their strength was stored up for the terrible struggle for life. Again and again were they obliged to gasp for breath after being struck by a blinding wave. At length they could make no further progress. Stunned, breathless, half-drowned, they lay upon the surface of the ocean. They had abandoned all hope, when they heard the welcome sound of a human voice They were too far gone to respond. But

THEY WERE SEEN AND SAVED.

Two young men, whose tent was pitched on Ram Island, had gone out in a dory for a row. Providence led them to where the two swimmers were struggling for life. They had not seen the accident nor did they see Recomendus until they were nearly upon him. Tenderly they pulled him over the side of the boat and laid him upon the seats. He had strength enough to point to where his only surviving companion—McCormick—was floating. He, too, was saved. The others had long before sunk to the bottom.

OVER THE OCEAN.

Count Herbert Bismarck has abandoned his projected visit to England.

The Russian Government has sent M. Pasteur a hundred thousand francs for his institute.

The historian, Ferdinand Gregorovius, has lately visited the archives of Palermo and Naples, where he has gathered material for a forthcoming history of Athens in the Middle Ages. His last work on the Emperor Hadrian has just been translated into French by Mme. Noemi Pricheri, a daughter of Ernest Renan.

A lesson in thrift might be taken from the Edinburgh Town Council. This latter body recently received the Marquis Tseng, the Chinese Ambassador, and instead of having a sumptuous banquet, they provided cake and wine, for which £10 19s 7d was paid. In London one or two thousand pounds would have been spent.

The Irish Privy Council, as at present constituted, is one of the most curious institutions in the kingdom. The wisdom of its members is supposed to assist Dublin Castle in governing the country. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar is a late addition to this assemblage of wise men, and the latest is an octogenarian, Sir J. Lentaigne.

The house at Endsleigh, where the Duke and Duchess of Bedford will stay most of the summer, is unique. It is a cottage which was built about 70 years ago, and probably it is the most luxurious cottage in the world, while the grounds, richly wooded and sloping to the Tamar, are exquisitely beautiful. There are 60 miles of gravel walks and grass rides. The building and laying out of the place cost £100,000. Endsleigh is locally known as "The Paradise of the Tamar."

A well known surgeon, says The Glasgow Mail, a few days ago performed an operation on a little boy. The operation was comparatively trifling. The mother and the father and the little boy were in the surgeon's house just quarter of an hour. "What is your fee?" said the father. "A hundred guineas," was the reply. The father was startled, and said he had not a hundred guineas. "Oh! then I will take fifty guineas." "But I cannot afford it," said the father; "and had you told me what your charge would be, I would not have come." "Then I will take twenty-five guineas." After a little more delay the surgeon took ten guineas on account.

One hears a good deal about "muscular Christianity," but it is not often that one sees a really worthy exhibition of it. The Rev. G. H. Hawkins, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Strand, has, however, relates London Truth, just given a practical and striking exemplification of it. While the rev. gentleman was out walking with his wife, he saw two men amusing themselves by setting a dog on to a poor old woman. He remonstrated with the ruffians, who retaliated by attacking him in a most savage manner. He defended himself with his stick and his fists, and with such effect that he knocked one of his assailants down two or three times, though, while he was holding him down, the other man savagely kicked him. The Strand magistrate thought a fine of 10s, and 8s 6d costs, was sufficient punishment for the brutal savages.

HOUSEHOLD.

SOMETHING ABOUT WASHING.

A very good washing fluid may be made by bringing to a boil one pound salsoda, half a pound unslacked lime, a small lump of borax, and five quarts of water. When cool pour off and bottle. Use one teacupful to a boiler of clothes. This will not injure the clothes. To wash blankets, put boiling hot suds into the washer with a tablespoonful of borax to each gallon of suds. Put in the blankets, one at a time, and wash each five minutes, adding liquid soap (that is, soap dissolved in hot water) as is needed. Wring from the suds and put into a tub of scalding water. Rinse thoroughly in this, soucing the goods up and down with the clothes-stick. Pass through the wringer and hang upon the line. Quilts can be washed in the same way easily. The soap in which flannels are washed should contain no resin, as resin hardens the fiber. If this precaution is used and bluing put in the scalding rinse-water, blankets may be washed a great many times, and still retain their original softness and whiteness. The nap on them may be raised, as it wears off, with a pair of fuller's cards. These are excellent to raise nap on the inside of woolen hose, thus adding greatly to their softness and warmth.

During hot summer days there is no need of boiling or scalding clothes in order to cleanse and whiten them. If washed in warm soapsuds and laid on the grass the sun will draw out the dirt; wetting them with clean suds occasionally will facilitate the the process. Washing can as well—and much better on many accounts—be carried on out of doors under a tree, or on the shady side of the house, than in a hot, steaming kitchen. A bright little friend of mine does her ironing as well as her washing out of doors in summer time, and she insists that the birds and trees, grass and flowers minister to her in such a way that the work loses its monotony and becomes enjoyable. Of course she uses an oil stove.

A STEAM COOKER.

Every housekeeper knows how much trouble it is to cook rice, hominy, cracked wheat, and various other articles which, unless carefully watched, are apt to get burned, and if cooked in a single kettle they must be frequently stirred, which breaks the grain and spoils the appearance of the article when cooked. For a long time I have cooked these articles in a tin pail set in an iron kettle, but have lately seen the invention of a friend which is much more convenient and works like a charm. She had a small tin boiler made with a brim or flange two inches wide around the top, making the article in shape very much like a stove-pipe hat. It has a tight-fitting cover and a bail fastened to the rim, and in size will slip into one of her stove kettles, leaving a space of about an inch at the sides and two or three inches at the bottom. To use this, all you have to do is to put about two quarts of water in one of the stove kettles, and put the hominy, rice, or whatever you wish to cook, in the stove pipe hat, with water enough to cook it, set it in the kettle, and leave it to cook itself. No matter how hot the fire is, it cannot burn. The only care is to have water enough in the kettle, so it will not get dry. As the steam is all kept inside, the water does not evaporate fast. You cook it as long as you please and over a slow or hot fire. Any tinner will make one and the cost will not be more than 50 or 60 cents.

SUMMER BEVERAGES.

LEMON SYRUP.—Put in a preserving bottle three pounds of white sugar, cover with one quart of water, and let it boil until it is a clear syrup, stirring frequently; when cool add one ounce of citric acid and two teaspoonfuls of oil of lemon; bottle immediately.

HOP BEER.—Put three gallons of water into a bell-metal or porcelain-lined preserving kettle; add two handfuls of hops; after boiling for half an hour put in one cup of wheat bran and one quart of molasses; let it boil for fifteen minutes longer; when it is milk-warm add one teaspoonful of light yeast. Set the mixture in a warm place to ferment for a day and night, after which it may be bottled; secure the corks with wire or string and lay the bottles on the side in a cool place.

MEAD.—Boil well together three pounds of sugar and one quart of water; when cool add one ounce of tartaric acid and vanilla to taste. It is ready for use at once. If it is to be kept bottle and cork securely. When used put three tablespoonfuls in a tumbler, add a quarter of a teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda, and fill the glass with ice-water.

STRAWBERRY OR RASPBERRY ACID.—Take two and a half ounces of citric acid, sprinkle it over six quarts of the fruit, add one pint of water, and let the mixture stand for twenty-four hours; pour off the liquid slowly, and to each pint add one and a half pounds of white sugar; stir every day for a week until the sugar is dissolved, then bottle, but do not cork for a day or two.

A BRUTAL DOCTOR.

Breaking the Backs of Dogs.

A New Jersey doctor, Beriah A. Watson, is an "expert" employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in accident damage suits. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has been annoyed by suits brought against it by persons who claim to have received spinal injuries in railroad accidents. The Jersey City doctor conceived the notion that by subjecting a few hundred dogs to prolonged torture he might gain some data that could be worked to the pecuniary advantage of his employers, by carefully noting the death in life of a sufficient number of brutes whose spines had been broken in his trap, and making detailed memoranda of the successive stages of their agony.

Forty-one dogs, gathered up by newsboys, had been led into the doctor's barn and put through the trap, and their living and dying duly recorded, without anything of material benefit to the railroad "expert," when the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals stepped in and put an end to the abomination. There is every prospect that the Doctor will be denied any further watching of broken backed dogs. If he longs for new scientific fields to conquer, there is an opening up on the Northwest coast. The Kootenai Indians of British Columbia have a cheerful custom of carrying the helpless old people of the tribe to remote localities and there abandoning them to die. Science might profit by a minute and faithful record of the successive stages of the subject's symptoms, as observed by a dispassionate and coldly professional student. The savages probably would not interfere, and the doctor, baulked of fame and fortune from his investigation of broken spined dogs, would have the field of lingering Kootenai dissolution all to himself.

While Charles Rasch of Sprague was taking a bottle of soda water from an ice chest the bottle exploded and the patent stopper was thrown into his face with force enough to tear out one of his eyes.

PEOPLE.

Joaquin Miller is in Arizona, and says he has shaken the dust of the East from his feet forever.

Francis Murphy, the noted temperance reformer, is now trying to induce beer-drinking Cincinnati to don the blue ribbon.

Fred Douglas will visit Europe as soon as the District Marshalship is filled. His wife, who has never crossed the ocean, is very anxious to make the trip.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins, the millionaire widow, has for her factotum a young colored man, who manages much of her business and conducts a part of her correspondence.

"He flies to ills he knows not of.' Henry Dixon Jones, late instructor of elocution at Harvard, intends making the stage his profession. He will appear only in Shakspearean parts.

Fourteen of the seventy-six United States Senators chew tobacco and fifty-eight use it in one form or another, while of the 325 members of the House, only a few wholly abstain from the weed.

Twenty-five years ago Rose Bell was one of the queens of opera bouffe and was petted, feted and lionized. The other day she died in London, poor, neglected and forgotten. She was fifty-two years old.

The latest archæological discovery of importance that has been reported is that Mr. Petrie, the Egyptian explorer, thinks he has found the site of Tahpauhes, the city of Egypt mentioned in the Book of Jeremiah.

The man who for falsely claiming to be Sir Roger Tichborne has served a term of several years' imprisonment in England, has commenced to lecture in this country. His prospects for success are bad.

If the New York Tribune is to be believed royalty itself is sometimes gluttoneous. It says that the late Tukaji Rat Holkar Maharajah, of Isidore, was physically a giant, and was able to eat a whole wild boar at a single meal.

Herr Einwald, the Zulu traveller and the negotiator of the treaty ceding St. Lucia bay to Germany, having completed his lectures before the German geographical societies, intends to return to South Africa. He is about to commence his fifth exploration.

Stuart Robson, the comedian, who was brought up as a Methodist "of the strictest sect," is writing a book which will be published in the autumn. It is entitled "Crimes of the Clergy," and will have an introduction written by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

George Ohnet, the noted French dramatist, who is only 38 years old, narrowly escaped destroying her own fortune. He was dissatisfied with "Le Maitre de Forges" and threw it into the fire. Mme. Ohnet snatched it from the flames, and it was this play which made his reputation and his fortune.

Queen Victoria having married off all of her daughters is trying to keep her hand in with her grandchildren, and is said to be anxious to arrange a match between the second son, Prince Henry, of the Crown Prince of Germany and Anne of Hesse, the third daughter of the Grand Duke. His royal parents, however, are thought to have other plans for him.

Lady Waterlow, the wife of Sir Sidney Waterlow, ex Mayor of London, who is now in Washington, is a daughter of George Hamilton, of California. When she first met her husband she was doing fashion and society gossip for a San Francisco paper, and was a pet, it is said, of the Mackays and Stanfords. Her husband is 68 years old.

The Lewiston (Me.) Journal claims that John F. Chase, of Augusta, is the most wounded man of the war of the rebellion. He was in the Fifth Maine Battery, and never had a scratch during three years, in which he was in every battle in which he was engaged, until Gettysburg, where he received forty-eight wounds. He is credited at the Pension Bureau with more wounds than any other soldier now living.

WHY THEY MARRIED.

A Whole Community Deal Seriously with A Momentous Question.

A New York paper sent out postal cards to the married men of a small town in Western New York, with the inquiry, "Why did you marry?' The following are a few of the responses received:—

"That's what I have been trying for eleven years to find out. X."

"Married to get even with her mother, but never have. W."

"Because I was too lazy to work. I. V."

"Because Sarah told me that five other young men had proposed to her. C."

"The old man thought eight years' courtin' was almost long enough. B."

"I was lonesome and melancholy, and wanted some one to make me lively. N. B. She makes me very lively. D."

"I was tired of buying icecream and candies, and going to theatres and church, and wanted a rest. Have saved money. J. C."

"Please don't stir me up. J."

"Because I thought she was one among thousand; now I sometimes think she is a thousand among one. E."

"I think it was because I was cross-eyed; now I am afflicted with two pairs of cross-eyes daily. Peter."

"Because I did not have the experience I have now. G."

"The governor was going to give me his foot, so I took his daughter's hand. H."

"I thought it would be cheaper than a breach of promise suit. A. C."

"That's the same fool question that my friends and neighbors ask me. C. H."

"Because I had more money than I knew what to do with. Now I have more to do than I have money with. B. D."

"I wanted a companion of the opposite sex. P. S.—She is still opposite. A."

"Don't mention it. F."

"Had difficulty unlocking the door at night, and wanted somebody to let me in. Bob."

"I was embarrassed and gave my wife the benefit of my name so that I could take the benefit of her name signed to a cheque. SCROOGE."

"Because it is just my luck. P. J."

"I didn't intend to go to do it. S."

"I yearned for company. We now have it all the time. KARL."

"Have exhausted all the figures in the arithmetic to figure out an answer to your question; between multiplication and division in the family, and distraction in addition, the answer is hard to arrive at. OLD MAN."

"I married to get the best wife in the world. SIMON."

"Because I asked her if she'd have me. She said she would. I think she's got me. 'BLIVINS"

He Said Rats.

"I don't know what has got into Johnny," said a fond mother. "I am afraid he is seeking evil associates."

"I hope not," said a sympathising friend.

"But we cannot tell what influence our boys sometimes fall under. The other night I told him he must always try to be a good boy and he yelled 'rats!' and ran out doors. Now what could put an idea to do that in a boy's head and what could he mean?"

And the good woman sighed.

HEALTH.

GENERAL HINTS.

A two-foot rule: Keep your feet dry.

God's oxygen is the best tonic known.

Dirt, debauchery, disease and death are links of the same chain.

Fluid extract of eucalyptus is useful as a local paint in erysipelas.

Half drachm doses of liquid extract of ergot will arrest obstinate hiccough.

For boils, a teaspoonful of German yeast internally four times a day is well recommended.

A glassful of buttermilk taken in the early morning is a capital potion for biliousness.

Persons predisposed to consumption should accustom themselves to the daily use of large quantities of milk.

Sunshine is one of nature's most potent remedies. It cures more diseases than the whole category of medicines.

The *British Medical Journal* notes an instance of the cure of sea-sickness by the use of hydro-chlorate of cocaine, of the solution of 1 in 1,000.

The following is a good remedy for burns: Mix four ounces of the yolks of eggs with five ounces of pure glycerine. This forms a kind of varnish.

A writer in a foreign medical journal reports a case of chronic spasmodic asthma cured by applying the faradic electrical current to the neck for a few minutes daily.

If used in proportion to the age of the patient, atropia sulph. Two grains to the ounce of distilled water, used locally, will give great relief in painful affections of the ear.

Dr. Frank Bosworth says that he has had great success with a two per cent. solution of muriate of cocaine in hay fever. He thinks that catarrh can be caused by dry air.

A lozenge, containing from one-twentieth to one-tenth of cocaine, relieves cough arising from irritation of the throat, as, for example, where there are cheesy follicles in the tonsils.

One grain of powdered digitalis taken internally frequently affords prompt relief in toothache and neuralgia. The tincture or other preparations do not appear to answer the purpose nearly so well.

For warts, corns and other indurations of the cuticle, nothing acts more satisfactorily than a mixture of equal parts of tincture of iodine and glacial acetic acid, applied in repeated layers with a brush, night and morning.

Dr. J. Solis Cohen says the two great principles in treatment of naso-pharyngeal catarrh are to keep the parts clean so as to let them have a chance to get well of themselves, and to take care of the general health.

In chronic coryza and hay fever, nothing affords so much relief as cocaine. A two or three per cent. solution may be used in the spray for this purpose, or a snuff-powder of starch and bismuth, containing one per cent. of cocaine.

The galvano-cauterization treatment of diphtheria bids fair to become a most important mode in the therapeutics of this dread affection. It is said to be painless, fever soon disappears, there are no secondary effects, and the operation is easily accomplished.

Jacond, in his work on phthisis, speaks highly of glycerine, pure, given as one would cod-liver oil to consumptive patients. From an ounce to an ounce and a half a day is the amount recommended, and if flavored with a couple of drachms of brandy, it is digested more easily.

Chronic enlargement of the tonsils frequently yields to small continuous doses of sulphide of calcium. In tonsilitis, with rapid suppuration, it is very useful given in the same way—say one-sixth of a grain five or six times a day. It hastens maturation, and leaves the tonsils firm and shrunken.

Mustard plasters are sometimes useful, but rarely more so than fomentations or hot plates. The proper way to make a mustard plaster so as to prevent the counter irritant effect from injury to the skin, is by mixing the flour with a little white of egg. It should be spread on a cloth and applied to the part.

Brown-Sequard's Mixture for Epilepsy.—Iodide of potassium, 8 parts; bromide of potassium, 8 parts; bromide of ammonia, 4 parts; bicarbonate of potassium, 5 parts; infusion of calumbo, 360 parts. Dissolve. A teaspoonful before each of the principal meals, and three dessert spoonfuls on going to bed.

Dr. A. G. Gibson calls attention to the old Hippocratic aphorism, "Sneezing occurring after hiccough removes the hiccough," and suggests, in cases of hiccough, the production of sneezing by tickling the nostrils, and he tells us that he has in this way been very successful in the arresting of this disagreeable affection.

ESCAPED FROM GERONIMO.

A Mexican Girl Rescued from the Apache Marauders.

The little Chaves girl, better known as "the little Peck girl," who was captured by the Apaches on April 27, near Calabasas, and recaptured on June 20, has arrived at the front in an exhausted condition. The girl is a full-blooded Mexican, speaking no English. Her condition is far better than one would have expected, considering that she had been a captive for two months with a band of hostile Indians. On her arrival she was taken to the house of Mrs. Rivero, the wife of the prefect, who provided her with ample and necessary clothing, the girl being in rags and barefooted. Next morning she looked neat and tidy. With the exception of her

BRUISED AND SWOLLEN FACE,

where she had been beaten by the squaws, she was in good condition, both mentally and physically. She does not complain of having received bad treatment, only when she could not understand what the Indians would say. Then the old squaw who had her in charge would beat her with her fist. She states that the Indians never stopped two nights in the same place, and they would travel all day. She has no idea of the section of country traversed. Sometimes it was so rough the Indians were compelled to go afoot, leading their horses, and when afoot the girl was cautioned not to step on the soft soil, but always step on the rocks or grass. When not pursued or in a dangerous locality Chief Geronimo took her on his horse, but when they were in dangerous places she was placed in charge of an old squaw. There were about thirty Indians in the band, and they generally traveled together, except when small bands would go on marauding expeditions. When the Mexicans returned the fire of the hostiles the old squaw was

KILLED AT THE FIRST FIRE.

An Indian in front endeavored to draw the squaw's body off the field and compel the girl to go with him, but being himself wounded was compelled to leave the squaw on the ground, while the little girl ran to her countrymen. When on the march the Indians subsisted on horseflesh, except when they captured a ranch that had flour.

A few days ago, in the presence of and assisted by the members of the Highgate Gospel Temperance Help One Another Society, Mr. William Green, of Bishopwood House, Highgate, the President of the Society, destroyed his cellar of wine, about 2,300 bottles, valued at about £600. In a speech explaining his reasons he said that after mature reflection and earnest prayer he had come to the conclusion that it was God's will that he should part with the contents of his wine cellar. After this address the contents of the bottles were poured into the sewer.

A Minneapolis man says that in China red is thought to be a lucky color, and that is the reason why Chinese laundrymen in this country use so much red paint and so many red curtains.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1886.

COUNTY OF ARGENTEUIL.

Meeting of Electors.

Re-nomination of Wm. Owens, Esq., M.P.P.

In accordance with a circular issued from the Conservative Association of Argenteuil to the electors of the County, a meeting of said electors was held in Olivet Hall, Lachute, on Saturday the 17th inst.. The attendance of electors from the various townships of the County was good. F. C. Ireland, Esq., President of the Conservative Association, took the chair, and in the absence of the Secretary, W. J. Simpson, Esq., Joseph Palliser, Esq. was requested to act as secretary. The Chairman having called the meeting to order, and letters of apology from Mr. Alex. Pridham and Mr. R. Lanigan, were read regretting their inability to be present, but pledging their support to Mr. Owens.

Mr. Ireland then addressed the meeting in a clever, forcible speech, in the course of which he explained the qualifications essentially necessary to a good representative in the Provincial Legislature. There were difficulties he said to be encountered in the distribution of moneys devoted to colonization purposes and other matters pertaining to Government administration in the counties. Then there were difficulties in the House to deal with which required men of special adaptability to deal with. He condemned in strong terms the frequent changes in the municipal code and the amount of inconsequent and unnecessary legislation that was continually being brought up, with which it required men of special qualification to deal with. He then referred to the political career of Mr. Owens during the last five years, which he was sure met with the approval of all present. And now he called upon them to give expression to their views upon those acts and votes of his in the Legislature.

Mr. George Simpson, of St. Andrews, then rose and gave his approval of Mr Owens' conduct in Parliament, by again re nominating him as M.P.P. for Argenteuil which nomination was seconded by Mr. David Williamson, of Grenville, and ably supported by Messrs. John Hammond, John Newton, Antoine Robert, William Lennan, John Douglas, Adam Douglas, John Rogers, Jr., John Fitzgerald, Wm. Bradford, George Morrison, John Chambers, Robert Morrison, James Fish, Geo' Moncrief, Lieut. Col. John Simpson, and many others whose names we did not catch.

The nomination being put to the meeting, it was unanimously carried with loud applause.

Mr. Owens on rising to return thanks, was received with repeated cheers. He thanked them for their unanimous renewal of their confidence in him. And then entered into an extended review of his Parliamentary career during the last five years, which met with the approval of the electors.

Committees were struck for the different townships, after which votes of thanks were passed to the Chairman, the Secretary, and to Mr. James Fish, for the use of the Hall, the meeting adjourned.

Mr. Owens is now fairly brought before the electors of Argenteuil, and his claims on them are great. A word, therefore, of advice may not be out of season, and it is one that is always more or less necessary, but more especially so at this present stage of affairs, and that word is—*lose no time*; organize at once, make a thorough canvass of the county, throw no chance away, and leave no stone unturned. Whatever the merits of the candidate may be, and however strong his party, there can be no more fatal mistake made than to undervalue the strength or despise the exertions of your opponents. This is a wise maxim, and we hope the friends of Mr. Owens will act upon it. Although the elections may not come on till after harvest, still, in the meantime, it is best to be up and doing.

MR. CURRAN, M.P. for Montreal Centre, has published a scathing letter in the Montreal *Gazette*, in reply to attacks made upon him through the *Post* and *True Witness* by the Editor of these journals, Mr. J. P. Whelan, because he refused to be a party to influence the Government in the purchase of 100,000 copies of the *True Witness* at five cents a piece, amounting to the nice little sum of $5000, in which were articles advising the peasants of Ireland to emigrate to Canada in large numbers. This Mr. Curran was opposed to on the ground that it would deplete Ireland of her population—that the Hierachy of Ireland and the Nationalists were endeavoring to keep the people at home, and that he, himself, had spoken in the House of Commons in that sense with reference to certain resolutions passed, he thinks by the Montreal branch of the National League, in which speech he said "he hoped that every man in Ireland who can make a living there will stay in Ireland for the benefit of Ireland." Mr. Whelan failing in getting the Government patronage he wanted, turns round and abuses the Government, the Hon. John Costigan and Mr. Curran. The Ottawa *Citizen* thus refers to this subject: "The patriot Riel offered to sell the half breeds for solid cash; the Montreal *Post* offered to abandon the independent role and to go the Tory ticket blind if Government would only accept its terms. The Government having refused to buy up Riel, he plotted a rebellion, urged the Indians to rise, and succeeded in inducing those whom he duped to take up arms. The Government having declined to come to the *Post's* terms, it took up the cause of the red-handed Riel, and from being independent went straight into opposition at that. The unfortunate man Riel is dead; but the *Post* lives to prove how to take vengeance upon those who would not come down handsomely."

IRISH HOME RULE.

"Home Rule for Ireland," at any rate for the present, appears to have been sent as Lord Dundreary might possibly have expressed it, to the everlasting bowwows." Mr. Gladstone, in a word, would appear to have been knocked higher than a kite. The elections have sufficiently demonstrated that the spirit of the British people is not dead yet, that the sentiments of the fathers still exists, and that the *tria juncta in uno* must still be the motto of the Empire. It is manifest the Conservatives have a majority sufficiently strong to work without being dependent on the Parnellites—or any other people, who holding the balance of power have made up their minds to traffic in it; then may we expect to have a satisfactory measure of Home Rule, not for Ireland alone, but for all the other portions of the United Kingdom. This is what is wanted and nothing short of it will suffice.

Mr. Gladstone has been described by many of his admirers as "the grand old man," but to our mind Mr. Bright has shown himself to be a man of far grander qualities since he rose to the exercise of the grandest patriotism when he abandoned his old party associates because he considered they had committed themselves to a false principle. Party and the lust of place and power not unfrequently lead people where otherwise they would not go; but when Mr. Bright came out from among the Home Rule gang that Mr. Gladstone now leads, the hope was only a forlorn one that Home Rule would not be successful.

MR. GLADSTONE DECIDES TO RESIGN IMMEDIATELY.

At an informal meeting of the cabinet on Saturday Mr. Gladstone spoke in favor of immediate resignation and was supported by Earl Spencer and Mr. Morley. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Childers, Mr. Campbell Bannerman and Sir Farrar Herschell were in favor of challenging a vote of the House of Commons on a motion affirming the principles of Home Rule for Ireland. Subsequently at dinner Mr. Gladstone stated he had inflexibly decided to resign and conduct an uncompromising opposition. In this decision Sir Wm. Harcourt and Mr. Childers then concurred. Lord Hartington and Sir Henry James have definitely declined to join a coalition ministry. Lord Salisbury's offer to make the Duke of Argyll Premier was contingent upon Lord Hartington joining the coalition, and of course is now withdrawn. The Duke of Argyll will probably be made Viceroy of Ireland, with Mr. Stanhope as Chief Secretary. The *Standard* states it believes if the Marquis of Salisbury assumes the task of forming a Government and asks Lord Hartington and his friends to assist in the work Lord Hartington will decline. The *Standard* says both parties in the House of Commons will support the re election of Arthur Wellesley Peel to the speakership. The Birmingham *Mail* states positively that Mr. Chamberlain will not join a coalition cabinet.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, now that their train service to the Pacific Coast is fully established, in order to encourage travel to British Columbia and give their many well wishers any opportunity of seeing the country and their line, have made a big reduction in rates. Second Class passage is offered to Vancouver or Victoria, from any point on their line in Ontario and Quebec, for $50.00; First-Class for $75.00, and First-Class return tourist tickets, good for stop over at any point of interest on the route, for $110.

Passengers have the option of going by their Lake Route or Rail Route. Return tourists, going by one route and returning the other.

ELECTION NOTES.

The workingmen of Montreal held a meeting on Saturday evening, for the purpose of selecting a workingman candidate for Montreal Centre in the coming elections for the Provincial Legislature. Mr. Wm. Keys, was selected for Montreal Centre, and Mr. W. W. Robertson, a sadler, and the elder of the Advent Christian Congregation, Freethought Hall, St. Catherine Street, as the labour standard bearer in Montreal West Mr. Keys is regarded as a clever workman, a good speaker, and is professedly a Roman Catholic. He said that the workingmen would no longer tolerate trickery. They had been hoodwinked long enough. When he was in the Legislature the representative of the workingmen he would bother his brains to improve the condition of the workingmen and he would bother the Legislature too until he succeeded.

Another workingman candidate is to be selected for Montreal East.

The Liberals have chosen Alderman Prefontaine of Montreal as candidate in Chambly. The same gentleman handled the $1,500 paid by Mr. Senecal to bribe two Liberal papers. Mr. Prefontaine's explanation on the transaction was never regarded as satisfactory.

A discussion is going on in the Ottawa papers between the Reeve of New Edinburgh and the Mayor of Ottawa City—anent the union of the former with the latter. On Monday the 5th inst., at the meeting of the City Council Alderman Brown introduced a resolution to admit New Edinburgh as a ward into the city, according to previous agreement between the two corporations. But for some unaccountable reason Mayor McDougal, who saw that the resolution would carry by one of a majority, voted twice—first as a member of Council thus making it a tie, and then gave his casting vote against the resolution as Mayor. This action of Mayor McDougal has given great offence to the citizens of Ottawa, who loudly condemn his conduct, as well as the people of New Edinburgh. Several sharp letters have passed between Mr. Henderson, the Reeve of New Edinburgh, and Mayor McDougal, which we have carefully perused, and the conclusion we have come to is, that Mr. Henderson has the best of the argument. Mayor McDougal was the chief mover in wishing to have New Edinburgh annexed to the city of Ottawa, attended several preliminary meetings, agreed to the basis of union, and evinced an anxious desire for the union upon the basis agreed upon. This basis of union was submitted to the ratepayers of New Edinbourgh, and a vote taken, which was almost unanimous in favor of union; but when the matter came before the city corporation for final settlement, for some unaccountable and not clearly and satisfactorily explained reason Mayor McDougal opposed its ratification. By this act Mr. Francis McDougal has destroyed his chance of again becoming Mayor of Ottawa City, or for that of becoming a member of either legislature, upon one of which it is said he casts a covetous eye.

LACHUTE TOWN COUNCIL.

The business transacted on the 14th by the Council was the reading of the report of the Market Committee which recommended the leasing or purchasing of four lots facing Barron Avenue—and that Mr. Barron binds himself to open Grace street as far as John street, known as Main street, West Ward, between P. Lane's and E. Rodrigue's property. On motion this report was laid over for further consideration.

On motion of coun. Fish, sec. by coun. Meikle, the Mayor is authorized to issue, negotiate, deliver and execute in the name of the corporation, its Bonds and Debentures to the amount of $4,500, for the purpose of paying off its current liabilities.

The committee appointed to meet a committee of the County Council, met in the Secretary's office and at next meeting of Town Council made their report which was adopted.

Coun. Meikle moved, sec. by coun. Bedard, that this Council is willing to meet the County Council in a friendly spirit respecting erection proposed by them of a new Court house building, to contain Council-room, Registry office and apartments as might be agreed upon, and are willing to apply to the Governor in-Council, with the said County Council, respecting the same.—Carried.

A letter was read from F. Lamarche, complaining of over hotel taxation. And on motion of coun. Burroughs, sec. by coun. Fish, his taxes were reduced from $96.00 to $75.00.

A letter was read from R. C. Lyman, enquiring whether there was a public reading room in Lachute or not.

An extract was read from minutes of Lachute School Commissioners, in reference to school taxes still uncollected. On motion of coun. McOuat, sec. by coun. Fish, the Secretary-Treasurer was instructed to write the Secretary of the School Commissioners stating that the taxes will be collected as fast as possible.

A petition was read from the owners of property on Foundry street, praying the Council to pass resolutions or By-laws ordering the proprietors of real estate on said street to round and gravel the street and build a side walk upon said street. The petitions was handed over to the Road Committee to report on.

Accounts amounting to $609.34 were presented to the Council by the Secretary, which were ordered to be handed over to the Finance Committee to report upon.

The matter of a gravel pit belonging to Wm Pollock on the Drennan property, the purchase of which, by the Town, for street purposes, was referred to the Road Committee.

Two letters were read from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, about the valuation they wish to put upon their property in Lachute Town. The consideration of the matter was left over to next meeting of Council.

By-laws No. 17 and 18 were read the third time and passed, and the Council adjourned to July 19th.

According to adjournment the Council met, a quorum being present. The minutes of previous meeting were read by the Secretary and approved of.

A letter was read from Mr. Barron addressed to coun. Bertrand, Chairman of the Market Committee, and on motion of coun. Christie, sec. by coun. Burroughs, the letter was referred back to the Market Committee.

The Market Committee's report, as read at the session of July 14th, 1886, was read over and fully discussed. On motion of coun. Burroughs it was ordered to stand over until report of Committee respecting assessment, be passed upon.

The Finance Committee presented their report which on motion of coun. McOuat was passed.

A petition was presented from Messrs. F. C Ireland and A. McConnell, in reference to a Lock-up and other matters—Referred to Police Committee to report upon.

On motion of coun. McOuat the Secretary-Treasurer was ordered to send out at once the accounts to the different parties owing the Corporation for work done by the Council upon their roads and side-walks.

On motion of coun. Burroughs, the letter from the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company, about assessment of their property be acknowledged.

The motion of coun. Burroughs for a reconsideration of the resolution authorizing the issue of $4,500 Bonds of the $9000 By-law was lost.

The Council then adjourned until Tuesday evening the 20th inst., the first business being the report of the Assessment Committee.

A lady writes: "I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for many years, and could not keep house without it. For the relief of the pai s consequent upon female weakness and irregularities, I consider it without an equal."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

The Rev. Mr. Mackie and the G. O. M.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR.—In your report of the 12th July proceedings at Lachute appears the following: "The Rev. Mr. Mackie followed in a speech lauding Mr. Gladstone and his Home Rule policy for Ireland, acknowledging himself as a Scotch Radical, &c. Now if Mr. Mackie had lauded John Bright who is opposed to Home Rule in Ireland I could have understood him. But why should any Scotch Radical laud this man Gladstone. Gladstone ordered the bombardment of Alexandria, John Bright was opposed to it. Does Mr. Mackie laud this wanton, cruel and uncalled for act entailing as it did such a vast destruction of life and property. Gladstone was an opponent of free trade and was opposed to the abolition of the Corn laws. Is Mr. Mackie a protectionist that he should laud this man; Gladstone was opposed to Household Suffrage in burghs and counties, and vote by ballot. What kind of a Radical is Mr. Mackie that he should laud this man. Gladstone strongly advocated the Crimean war, and sympathised strongly with the "unspeakable Turk" at that time. Is Mr. Mackie aware that this war was totally uncalled for on the part of Great Britain, that it did no earthly good, and caused a vast destruction of life and property. The Russians were our friends and former allies. Great Britain was made a cat's paw of by Napoleon III and his Jesuit friends. Perhaps this was the reason Gladstone so strongly advocated this war.

In the American Civil war Gladstone then as now, was in favor of *separation*. The son of a slaveholder himself, Gladstone's sympathies were with the slave owners. Now, John Bright was opposed to Gladstone in all these things, and was always right, at least I do not see how any Scotch Radical can think otherwise. In regard to Home Rule for Ireland, John Bright, the most able, honorable and brilliant of all Radicals, is decidedly opposed to it. The Irish Presbyterians lately sent a deputation to this man, Gladstone, to protest against his Home Rule policy. Being only Presbyterians they were not even received by the G. O. M. Had they been Jesuit Priests how cordial would their reception have been. I suppose the Irish Presbyterians who are noted all over the world for their shrewdness and enterprise, know what they are about when they so bitterly oppose Home Rule.

Gladstone says John Bright was always right until now. There is nothing more certain than that he is right as usual, and that this man, Gladstone, who has invariably been wrong, and has had to change round every time, is wrong again.

MILLE ISLE.

Mr. J. B. Falardeau has left for Europe to try and negotiate a loan of $200,000 for the Parish of Sacre Cœur and $150,000 for the new Parish of St. Jean Baptiste. The loan will probably be made in, Paris or Brussels.

Sir John in Winnipeg.

Sir John on his arrival at Winnipeg was presented with an address of welcome on this his first visit to that city and the North West. In reply he said that he had long desired to visit Winnipeg to see this great country, and more particularly by means of the Canadian Pacific road. He felt proud that his efforts to secure the completion of this great enterprise had been appreciated. He was proud that all difficulties had been overcome, and to see the fruits of our efforts, of the joint efforts of his colleagues and of his supporters in Parliament. In 1881, on returning from England, after securing a company to build the road, he had been given a reception in Montreal. Then he stated that as the company had been given ten years to do the work he could not hope to travel over the road himself, but he could look down upon those who would travel over it. Some of his opponents, however, told him he was more likely to look up. (Laughter.) He had disappointed both friends and foes by doing it upon horizontal lines. The importance of the road could not be exaggerated. It had made the Dominion a great country, not only in our own eyes—and we did not think a little of ourselves—but in the eyes of the rest of the world, and especially in the eyes of our fellow-countrymen in Great Britain and Ireland. Instead of being a drag upon the Empire and a source of danger, Canada was now felt to be a source of substantial strength to its military forces. He had never been more convinced of this than on his last visit to England, when the project had been warmly endorsed by the military and naval authorities. He referred to the uncertainties and dangers of the present route to India, and said that now troops, cannon and munitions of war could be carried across the continent without the slightest danger of interruption. The road had added immensely to the security of the Empire and to the security of her Asiatic possessions, while greatly benefiting the commercial resources of Canada. Some people had stated, and with some show of reason, that the road had been built too fast—that it should have been built more slowly. It could not have been done that way for many reasons, the principal of which was the carrying out of the arrangement with British Columbia. He hoped soon to travel westward and see the magnificent harvest and grand scenery of the Rockies and British Columbia. He had been told that his expectations would be more than realized, but he promised, with their consent, to give his impressions on his return. Alluding to the Asiatic trade, he said he did not think its magnitude was yet comprehended. A great portion of the trade between China and Japan and England would cross this continent over the Canadian Pacific road. When in England last winter he had consulted with Lord Salisbury in reference to aiding a line of steamers between British Columbia and Hong Kong, and he was glad to say that the Premier was convinced of the importance of the undertaking, and promised to recommend it to the Cabinet. The vessels would be constructed to carry guns in case of war, and the Canadian Pacific directors promised to transport troops and munitions of war at the lowest possible rate. When Lord Salisbury went out of office he left a memorandum for his successor stating what could have been done in the matter had he remained in power. By the result of the late elections either Lord Salisbury would return to power or Lord Hartington would take office. In either event he believed the arrangement with Lord Salisbury would be carried out, and a fleet of steamer would be built as rapidly as possible and placed on the Asiatic route next season. Canada would yet have the richest trade with China and Japan. We had still another string to our bow. Sir Charles Tupper had been instructed to act with the Agents-general of the Australian colonies for the purpose of establishing trade between this country and Australasia. He had the honor of acquaintance with the leading public men of the colonies. He believed the people of Canada, through their representatives, would also encourage this trade by subsidizing a line of steamers connecting the two countries. Mr. Van Horne had told him he had been enquiring closely into the San Francisco trade, and said that 90 per cent. of the articles sent to Australia could be furnished by the manufactures and other producers of this country. Referring to the Hudson Bay Railroad, Sir John said he wished the enterprise success. The Government had given a liberal grant of land, and for three seasons had sent a vessel to test the navigation question. It had been said the Alert was not a vessel of sufficient power, but he thought she was better calculated to solve the problem of practical navigation than a vessel of greater power. The reports received showed the navigation was possible for a longer period than had been expected. He hoped the capitalists would take hold of the enterprise. He had no doubt that a good deal of difficulty would be experienced, but they could take courage from the experience of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and hope with equal energy to ultimately succeed. In concluding Sir John stated that this was his first visit to this country, while Lady Macdonald now visited it for the third time. He thought he should have some difficulty in persuading the latter to return to the east, and jocularly alluded to the possibility when retiring from public life of his settling in the Northwest.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

In Morin Flats I lived till grown.
Among the boys who can hold their own,
Until Captain Jekill enlisted me
To join the Argenteuil Rangers.
He dressed me up in scarlet red
And put a White Helmet on my head;
Yet still I thought my heart would break
For the Girl I left behind me.

He marched us off to Saint Jerome—
I never before was so far from home—
Then on the cars we went away
And travelled the whole of the live long day.
We arrived at the Camp ground at 10 P. M.,
And pitched our tents in the dark and rain,
Thinking all night, I lay awake,
Of the girl I left behind me.

Six hours a day we drilled away,
All so bright and happy and gay;
Plenty of grub and lots of fun
I wished the Camping never was done.
At tug of war, and with the ladies fair
None with the Rangers could compare,
So happy was my lot, I clean forgot
The girl I left behind me.

Now all young men take my advice—
In the eyes of the ladies you want to look nice,
So enlist in the Argenteuil Rangers.
Pipe Clay for Helmets and belts,
Brush your boots and clean your brasses,
Look tidy and neat and keep step with your [feet,
And you are sure of the hearts of the lasses.
Sure when we left Richmond, the hearts were [all broke
Of the girls we left behind us.

Morin Flats, July 17, 1886. C. C.

—Letters patent of incorporation have been granted to the Brown Ranching Company, with a capital stock of $100,000.

HOME RULE.

When Gladstone first his scheme began,
And Parnell followed in the Van,
They promised Home Rule in all the land
Where Irish men could take a stand;
But in their visions night and day,
Both it seems have gone astray,
Even with Mrs. Gladstone on the stump,
Neither statesmen, have turned up trump.
In College green, will ne'er be seen
A meeting of Irish clothed in Green,
The Derry boys and from Care Hill
Has given them a deadly pill.
There is many a slip between the cup and the [lip,
As Gladstone has found he has lost his grip,
On the people of Ireland his power is gone
And none to console him but Parnell alone,
No traitor can injure the Empire at large,
Our sailors and soldiers will come to the [charge,
With Cannon and musket they'd clear the [field.
Our true British soldiers they never can *yield*.
Let the dear old flag still wave in the breeze,
While the leaves and the branches remain on [the trees,
Not a mark of dishonor shall ever be seen
While a true British soldier remains on the [green.
And now to conclude and to finish my song,
Let England and Ireland be seen in the [throng,
Let *rioting* cease and the land have a rest
As peace and prosperity is always the best.

CALCULATING ON THE CROPS.

The Outlook Generally Gives Promise of an Excellent Harvest.

New York, July 7.—The winter wheat crop on the whole is good, probable yield being 295,000,000 bushels against 212,000,000 in 1885, with slight increase in acreage. Spring wheat has been considerably injured by drought and blight. Yield will probably be 140,000,000 bushels against 145.000,000 last year. Total wheat crop will probably be 435,000,000 bushels against 357,000,000 bushels last year. Oats and potatoes promise well.

There will be a heavy crop of hay and there is a slight increase in the area of tobacco; a decrease in acreage under hops and cotton. Outside of New England apples are likely to be only a fair crop; the pear crop will be poor, and the peach crop below the average. On whole there is an excellent harvest outlook.

—Lieut.-Col. Kirkpatrick, M. P., and Hon. G. M. Ross, Toronto, have been appointed Honorary Commissioners to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

PERRY DAVIS'
PAIN-KILLER
IS RECOMMENDED BY
Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Work-shops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals,
—in short, everybody everywhere who has ever given it a trial.
TAKEN INTERNALLY MIXED WITH A WINE GLASS OF HOT MILK AND SUGAR, IT WILL BE FOUND A NEVER FAILING CURE FOR
SUDDEN COLDS, CHILLS, CONGESTION OR STOPPAGE OF CIRCULATION, CRAMPS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, SUMMER AND BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SORE THROAT, &c.
APPLIED EXTERNALLY,
EXPERIENCE HAS PROVEN IT THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND BEST LINIMENT ON EARTH IN REMOVING THE PAIN ARISING FROM
SPRAINS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SWELLED FACE, TOOTHACHE, BURNS, FROST BITES, &c., &c.
25cts. per Bottle.
Beware of Imitations.

CAMPBELL'S
TONIC ELIXIR
This agreeable yet potent preparation is especially adapted for the relief and cure of that class of disorders attendant upon a low or reduced state of the system, and usually accompanied by Pallor, Weakness and Palpitation of the Heart. Prompt results will follow its use in cases of Sudden Exhaustion arising from Loss of Blood, Acute or Chronic Diseases, and in the weakness that invariably accompanies the recovery from Wasting Fevers. No remedy will give more speedy relief in Dyspepsia or Indigestion. For Impoverished Blood, Loss of Appetite, Despondency, and in all cases where an EFFECTIVE and CERTAIN STIMULANT is required, the ELIXIR will be found INVALUABLE.
Price $1 per Bottle or Six Bottles for $5
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited)
SOLE AGENTS,
MONTREAL, P. Q.

BRISTOL'S
PILLS
The Infallible Remedy
—FOR ALL—
Affections of the Liver and Kidneys.

CAMPBELL'S
CATHARTIC COMPOUND
is effective in small doses, acts without griping, does not occasion nausea, and will not create Irritation and congestion as do many of the usual cathartics administered in the form of Pills, &c.
Ladies and Children having the most sensitive stomachs take this medicine without trouble or complaint.
CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND is especially adapted for the cure of
LIVER COMPLAINTS AND BILIOUS DISORDERS.
FOR ACID STOMACH AND LOSS OF APPETITE.
FOR SICK HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA.
FOR CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.
FOR ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM A DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH
This medicine being in liquid form, the dose can be easily regulated to meet the requirements of different persons, thus making it equally well adapted to the use of the little child as to the adult. Put up in three ounce bottles, and sold by all dealers in family medicines.
Price Retail, 25 Cents.

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

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.—JENSEN & Co., 9, Station Road, Plaistow, London, England Established to supply Settlers in the Colonies with the addresses of respectable young women who are willing to communicate with bona fide Tradesmen, Farmers, and others desirous of meeting with useful wives They will be supplied from the Agricultural Districts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, as well as the Continent of Europe Applicants should state their particular requirements and preferences, enclosing Postal Order for Two Shillings, to meet preliminary expenses.

NOTICE
TO BUIDERS AND PARTIES REQUIRING LUMBER, go to Lachute Saw Mills where you will find a very large and complete stock of Pine, Spruce, Hemlock, Tamarack and Cedar. Long timber in Spruce and Tamarack cut to order. Also a quantity of Hard wood Lumber, dressed flooring and sawed Shingles kept in stock.
Large quantities of mixed lumber to be sold at Six Dollars per thousand.
P. & A. MACGIBBON,
Lachute Mills.
41-3 m

WATCHES & JEWELLERY.
BEST ASSORTMENT IN TOWN
SPRING STOCK JUST ARRIVED.
Prices moderate and all Goods warranted for what they are sold for.
—ALSO—
REPAIRS DONE IN FIRST CLASS STYLE.
T. JOUSSE,
Watchmaker,
Old Stand Opposite Post Office.
Lachute.

"Steam Carriage Factory."
(ESTABLISHED 1851.)
Call and see the large stock of CARRIAGES at the *Old* and *Reliable Stand* of DUDDERIDGE & MITCHELL, comprising *Buggies* of all descriptions, light single do., open and with tops—*Lumber Wagons*, heavy and light, suitable to all tastes—*Carts*, in almost every variety—*Buck Boards*—*Cart Wheels*—several very fine *Express Wagons*—*Wheel Barrows etc.* This is the largest assortment of vehicles and the greatest variety ever offered for sale in this County, and are at greatly reduced prices.
OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING:
Buggies from $50.00 upward.
Steel Springed Carts, $35.00.
Lumber Wagons, $65.00, with Steel Spring Seat.
All Whiffletrees, Neck Yokes, etc., complete.
Canadian Carts, $23 00 to $26 00
Ironed Cart Wheels, $12 00.
All work made from best materials, come and examine our stock of seasoned lumber, the only time that lumber can be judged (as to quality) is before painting, even an expert will be deceived after the paint is laid on.
Repairing of all Carriages done promptly, also trimming and painting of Buggies etc.
Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, will find it to your advantage as everything is *cheap*. Don't fail to examine this immense stock.
DUDDERIDGE & MITCHELL.
Lachute, April 30th, 1886. 35-3 m

HAGYARD'S
YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S
WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in [illegible] or Adults

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

A Pretty Woman's Secret.
Fear of discovery, when she resorts to false hair and dyes, is a source of constant anxiety to her. The very persons from whom she most desires to hide the waning of her charms are the ones most likely to make the discovery. But there is no reason why she should not regain and retain all the beauty of hair that was her pride in youth. Let her use AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and, not only will her hair cease to fall out, but a new growth will appear where the scalp has been denuded; and locks that are turning gray, or have actually grown white, will return to their pristine freshness and brilliance of color. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR cures
Hereditary Baldness.
GEORGE MAYER, *Flatonia, Texas*, was bald at 23 years of age, as his ancestors had been for several generations. One bottle of HAIR VIGOR started a growth of soft, downy hair all over his scalp, which soon became thick, long, and vigorous.
Ayer's Hair Vigor
is *not a dye*, but, by healthful stimulation of the roots and color glands, speedily restores to its original color hair that is
Turning Gray.
MRS. CATHERINE DEAMER, *Point of Rocks, Md.*, had her hair suddenly blanched by fright, during the late civil war. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR restored it to its natural color, and made it softer, glossier, and more abundant than it had been before.
Scalp Diseases
Which cause dryness, brittleness, and falling of the hair, dandruff, itching, and annoying sores, are all quickly cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It cured HERBERT BOYD, *Minneapolis, Minn.*, of intolerable Itching of the Scalp; J. N. CARTER, JR., *Occoquan, Va.*, of Scald Head; MRS. D. V. S. LOVELACE, *Lovelaceville, Ky.*, of Tetter Sores; MISS BESSIE H. BEDLOE, *Burlington, Vt.*, of Scalp Disease and Dandruff. Torpidity of the roots of the hair, which, if neglected, may result in incurable baldness, is readily cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. As
A Toilet Luxury
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR has no equal. It is colorless, cleanly, delightfully perfumed, and has the effect of making the hair soft, pliant, and glossy.
Ayer's Hair Vigor,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

Plants for Sale.
TOMATOES
CABBAGE,
RED CABBAGE,
CAULIFLOWERS,
SCOTCH KALE,
CELERY,
TOBACCO,
PEPPER,
LETTUCE.
R. T. MANLEY,
Lachute Mills.

Large Assortment of Goods
FOR
Spring Trade
NOW ON HAND.
ALL KINDS OF
Household Furniture
Of the Best Quality,
AND
Lowest Prices.
One uniform Price.
West End Furniture Store,
R. T. MANLEY.

LACHUTE
Flour Mills.
THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR
STRONG BAKER'S FLOUR
OGILVIES BEST
ROLLER FLOUR
ALWAYS ON HAND.
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, April 24th, 1885. 25 1y

ANOTHER NEW ELECTION.
ANDREW BOA
Is Sure of Being Returned,
BECAUSE
He sells all kinds of Farming Impliments on reasonable terms,
MOWERS
New Model Buckeye, New Warrior, New Maxwell, New Howe.
REAPERS.
The Maxwell, Noxons Two Wheel Reaper, Noxons Single Wheel Reaper.
RAKES.
The Tiger, The Ithaca, The Maxwell.
I can furnish any kind of Repairs for Farming Impliments on very short notice and cheaper than the cheapest.
The above Machines are made by the best Manufacturers in the Dominion and do not need to be taken to the field to find out if they are better than others, they have been there, and never had to take a back seat; but when anything new or anything worthy of our steel comes out, they will take to the field again, but for the present the Manufacturers are satisfied, the Agents are satisfied, and any Farmers who are fortunate enough to get one will also be satisfied.
ANDREW BOA,
Main Street, Lachute.
Opposite Rodrigue's Hotel.

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

VETERINARY.
Mr. M. A. Piche,
LICENTIATE OF THE
MONTREAL VETINARY SCHOOL
Has opened his Vetinary Office at T. JOUSSE'S Jewellery Store, Right Opposite Post Office, Lachute.
He is now ready to attend to all diseases of Domestic Animals.
Special care given to Surgical Operations, the latest instruments in use.
He with confidence solicits a share of Public Patronage.
M. A. PICHE, V. S.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

A Pretty Woman's secret—Dr. J.C.Ayer & Co
Worthy.—Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co
Colored Silks—S. Carsley.
Another New Election.—A. Boa.
Teacher wanted.—T. Wilson

LOCAL.

MONEY TO LOAN
IN SUMS OF
$1,000 and upwards on first-class farm property.
Apply to
R. G. MEIKLE.

Surgeon Dentist Stackhouse requests us to say that he will hereafter be at Lachute from the 10th to the 18th of each month, instead of from the 13th to the 18th.

Hamilton Happenings.

There is now being manufactured here an article for instantly removing pain of any acute external nature, and it is certainly the most perfect cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache and the like that has ever been tried. It is called Fluid Lightning from the rapid manner in which it acts, and is manufactured by McGregor & Parke. Sold in Lachute by T. Christie, Druggist.

Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have sent in their resignation to the Queen. Lord Salisbury sent for.

Fluid Lightning is simply a marvellous Rheumatic Remedy. I was for two months a cripple, unable to get out of the house from Sciatica. One bottle gave me instant relief, and placed me on my feet again. I have driven fourteen miles to-day (something I could not have done were it not for Fluid Lightning) for the express purpose of procuring another bottle. So says Wm. Dixon, Gananoque. Only 25 cents per bottle at T. Christie's, Lachute.

The Pope has created Hon. Gideon Ouimet, a commander of the order of Gregory.

Fluid Lightning does not take a day or an hour to remove Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Lumbago or Rheumatism, but will do it instantly, and without carrying your head in a poultice for a day or using greasy liniments. Try a 25c. bottle from T. Christie, Druggist, Lachute.

Open air concerts on the river too, have been introduced at Lachute to enliven the pleasant summer evenings.

For Lame Back Side, or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 Cents.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

Will You Suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

PLEASANT ROOMS and good board for the season at reasonable rates.
MRS. MASSIAH,
East End, Lachute.

A Bad Breakdown.

It is a common thing now-a-days to hear one complain of feeling all broken down with a faint, weary, restless languor, with strength and appetite nearly gone, and no well defined cause. This is general debility, which Burdock Blood Bitters promptly relieves, and most invariably cures.

The present population of Ottawa City is reckoned at 35,000; imports at $2,500,000, and the exports at $5,000,000.

For Dyspepsia and Liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Catarrh Cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Moses Creswell is laid up sick with bronchitis—but it is to be hoped he will soon be restored to good health again.

Unknown.

There is no remedy know to medical science that can excel Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, or any form of Summer Complaint afflicting children or adults.

Mr. J. W. McOuat, B.A., has been engaged by a joint meeting of the Commissioners and Directors, to the position of Head Master in the Academy for the year.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure it sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

DANGEROUS FITS are often caused by worms. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy worms.

William O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*, has been defeated in South Tyrone, Ireland, by T. W. Russell, Liberal Unionist, the majority against him being 99.

An Invisible Foe.

The poisonous germs of disease are lurking in the air we breathe and in the water we drink. The system should be kept carefully purified and all the organs toned to proper action. This can best be done by the regulating, purifying and tonic powers of Burdock Blood Bitters.

The prospects of an abundant harvest are very good. The Hay is turning out better than anticipated; and will, on the whole, be an average crop, provided there is fair weather to gather it in.

AROUSE THE LIVER when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-bilious cathartic, sugar-coated.

That Kacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.—T. CHRISTIE, Druggist, Lachute.

Attention is directed to the trotting matches to be held on Wednesday next, on the racing park of Mr. Duncan Paul, Bethany. For particulars see posters.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Summer Heat, Eruptions and general toilet purposes use Low's Sulphur Soap

FARMER'S NOTICE.—On Wednesday, the 28th inst., there will be a Binder trial on Walter Paul's farm field adjoining race-course. Do not fail to see it, you will find it to your advantage. W. D. COOKE.

He Acted Wisely.

"I am so weak I can hardly move, all run down with a Chronic Summer Complaint," said one gentleman to another on our street the other day. Now, take my advice," replied his friend, "go to your Druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I have never known it to fail in curing any kind of Summer Complaints.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received a communication purporting to come from a subscriber, but who has not given his real name, and therefore we cannot insert it; besides if we did we might get into trouble, which we are desirous of avoiding if possible.

A Radical Change.

The best eradicator of foul humors of the Blood is Burdock Blood Bitters. A few bottles produce a radical change for the better in health and beauty. It removes the blood taint of Scrofula, that terrible disease so common in this country.

Communities which will not provide themselves with ample protection should learn a lesson from the city of Montreal which is now threatened by the Insurance Companies with either an increase of rates or an abandonment of the city. Penny wise policy is here as everywhere else pound foolish in its character.

ALL WELL PLEASED.—The children like Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and parents rejoice over its virtues.

A destructive fire broke out in the lumber yard of Kapp, Stout & Co., St. Louis, U.S., and before it could be subdued, the flames spread over the whole territory of yards, covering 35 acres. The fire was allowed to burn out, and at the end of four hours 25,000,000 feet of lumber were destroyed. The loss exceeds $400,000.

Are You Made miserable by Indigestion Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

S. CARSLEY'S PRICES.
Colored Silk Plush only $1.10 per yard; sold elsewhere at from $1 25 to $1.35.

S. CARSLEY'S PRICES.
Black Velveteens 38c; sold elsewhere at from 40c to 45c.

S. CARSLEY'S PRICES.
What are called Checked Dress Silks, 22c sold elsewhere at from 25c to 30c. These goods are not Silk, but are sold as such by some firms

S. CARSLEY'S PRICES.
Colored Satins, 25c; sold elsewhere at from 35c to 4?c.

S. CARSLEY'S PRICES.
Colored Dress Silks (all Silk) 38c much lower than Montreal regular rates.

NO MATTER WHAT
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NO MATTER WHAT
NO MATTER WHAT

PRICES OTHER STORES
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WE WILL ALWAYS
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GIVE THE BEST
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VALUE IN MONTREAL.
VALUE IN MONTREAL.
VALUE IN MONTREAL.
VALUE IN MONTREAL.
VALUE IN MONTREAL.

S. CARSLEY.
S. CARSLEY.
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S. CARSLEY.
S. CARSLEY.

G. C. ARLESS, Photographer, from Montreal, will open a Studio in Mr. J. A. Bedard's premises, in a few days. Parties desirous of having first-class pictures taken, had better give him a call.

IMPORTANT TO BEE KEEPERS.—Mr Andrew Jackson, Canning N. S., says:—I have long been engaged in Bee Keeping, and never found anything to compare with Graham's Pain Eradicator for Bee stings. It acts like a charm. The relief is instantaneous, and the cure complete. I find it just as good for other forms of pain.

The Teachers Institute assembled here during the week has been largely attended by teachers from a distance, Dr. Rolins, Inspector McGregor &c.

Not a particle of calomel or any other deleterious substance enters into the composition of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. On the contrary, they prove of special service to those who have used calomel and other mineral poisons as medicines, and feel their injurious effects. In such cases Ayer's Pills are invaluable.

The election of School Commissioners took place last Monday, when Messrs. Palliser and Cruise, the retiring Commissioners, were re elected unanimously.

According to the old saying that if it rains on St. Swissins day, it will rain for 40 days—well it did rain on that day, and sure enough has continued to do so ever since.

We have received from the Hon. John Carling, Minister of Agriculture, a guide book containing valuable information for intending settlers, illustrations of the principal cities and towns in the Dominion of Canada with map, for which he will please accept our thanks.

A daring mail robbery was perpetrated on Saturday last. The Prince Albert mail when within 25 miles of North Humbolt, was stopped by a man with a shot gun, and rifled the mail of about $50,000. The Mounted Police are in pursuit of the robber and his confederates

EDUCATION.—One feature about the Teachers Institute held here during the week was, that the citizens who availed themselves of the privilege of attending were as deeply interested as the teachers. It was a great treat to be there.

RUNAWAY.—On Tuesday, as Mr. Joseph Patenaude was driving round in his butcher's cart, the traces got loose and the shafts striking the horses heels, he made a jump and started to run, upsetting the cart and throwing Mr. Patenaude violently to the ground, fortunately without injury. The horse, however, did not fair so well, as he ran into one of the mill sheds striking his head against the boards, stunning him for the moment only.

We have just learned that a man and his son, from the neighbourhood of Carillon, had gone back to one of the rear townships in this County to purchase land, and had about $500 with him, and on the way the horse took fright and threw them out killing the man instantly. The son made his way back to the nearest house and had his father's corpse brought in. During the night the young man started out in his stockings and took to the bush, but have not learned whether he was captured. It is supposed the shock he received on his being thrown out of the buggy and the death of his father had unsettled his brain.

Another Yankee crank burning for fame proposes swimming through the whirlpool rapids of the Niagara Falls, in which attempt Capt. Webb lost his life. The man whose name is George W. White, a barber, of Oswego, has declared he will swim the whirlpool rapids, through which the other crank Cooper Graham went in a barrel on Sunday week, and whom he expects to outrival, if he succeeds in passing through safe as Graham did. The authorities on the British side of the river will prevent him if he attempts it on their side.

PERSONAL.

Gone to the sea shore—Rev. Mr. Hiscock and Mrs. Hiscock have gone to River du Loup for their summer holidays.

Mr. Robert Millar, wholesale stationer of Montreal, and his wife and daughter have been visiting Lachute.

Mr. Gilbert McConnell of Qu'Appelle, N. W. T., with his bride are visiting Lachute.

Dr. John Christie, of Chicago, is now in Lachute on a visit to his friends.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine
FOR AUGUST.

Kilima-Njaro, the recently discovered monarch of African Mountains, is the subject of the opening paper in FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE for August. It is finely illustrated. An article on Turner, the great English painter is accompanied by his portrait and reproductions of some of his works, including the famous "Slave Ship." Two beautiful pictures of "Tobias" and the "Archangel Raphael" from last year's Paris salon, accompany the text of the dramatic poem used by Gounod in his Oratorio "Tobie," and a narrative of the Book of Tobit in the Apocrypha. Mr. Thomas Powell begins "Leaves from my Life," with anecdotes and personal conversation about and with Charles Lamb and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Musical readers will be interested in the picture of the new organ in the cathedral at Riga, Russia, the largest in the world, and the very full description accompanying it. "Guilds of New York City, by F S., is a valuable contribution relating to the benevolent activities of the Episcopal Church in that city. "A Curious Conversion" is indeed a curious story, the scene being laid at Oxford, England. The serial story, "The Gems She Wore," begins to get exciting. "Dilettante Days" carries the reader to Switzerland and "The Tapestry Room" tells about the Brown Bull of Norrowa. There are portraits of Dr. Di Lewis, Archbishop Knox the new Primate of Ireland, the late Rabbi Isidor Kalisch, and the four new Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. There are many beautiful pictures, and the usual complement of short articles and poems

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Keep Quiet a Few Days.
London Times

This is what the good doctor and kind friends say time and again to those whose nerves are all unstrung, worn out with labor and care, sleepless nights, poor appetites, unable to digest the little they do eat, and a general miserableness all over. There is no doubt about the advice being good, but how many of the suffering thousands can follow it? Not one in twenty! The clergyman who keeps together a large congregation; the man that manages an important business; the poor man with his family to support, as well as the wife who presides over the rich man's household, seeing that everything is complete and in order; or the mother who cannot afford a nurse, and is broken up by a fretful baby must all go on, notwithstanding the advice to

Keep Quiet a Few Days.

What then are you to do? To go on seems certain death. And drop all cares you cannot; the road looks dark, but 'tis before day. Will and determination have much to do with our existence. Never give up. Study to find where you have gone against Nature the hardest, and abandon all things possible that do you harm. Yet you will find it necessary at times to depend on a good reliable medicine to help you out. Hops are a good nervine and tonic; Podophylin a cathartic and liver regulator; Buchu acts on the kidneys and urinary organs.

These, properly combined with other ingredients, have proved the greatest medicine ever prepared, and known throughout the world as Hop Bitters.

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.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday June 28th, trains will leave Lachute as follows:—

GOING WEST.—8.50 a.m., 10.15 a.m. 7.45 p.m.

GOING EAST.—6 56 a.m., 11.08 a.m., 7.17 p.m.

In new time bill of C P. R., the Winnipeg express has been changed and will hereafter be attached to the Toronto train which leaves Montreal at 8 p.m.

Farming Machines.

Farmers of Argenteuil Read This.

I claim to have the best Mowing Machine.
I claim to have the best Reaper.
I claim to have the best Horse Rake.
I claim to have the best Binder.
I claim to have the best Threshing Machine,

And I claim to have the best Machines of all kinds of Agricultural Implements in the market, and on the most reasonable terms, and not afraid to put them against any other machine sold. See me before purchasing elsewhere, and want any other agent selling to put their Machines against me in the field, and leave the Farmers to Judge.

T. STEWART,
46-t.f. Lachute.

6,000 FEET.

THE CALUMET SPOOL FACTORY, with a floor accommodation of 6,000 feet, Steam power, all in perfect order, can be had at a bargain from
R. LANIGAN,
46-4 in Eden Dale, P. O.

FOR SALE.

TWO VALUABLE TIMBERED LOTS of land being the East half of Lot No. 15, and the west half of lot No. 16 in the Second range of Gore, within easy access of a Saw Mill, each lot containing 100 acres. Terms easy. For further information, apply to,
G. J. WALKER,
General Agent.
Lachute, July 13th, 1886. 46-t.f.

OUR ACADEMY AND SCHOOLS.

The report of the Secretary of the School Commissioners of the town, was submitted to a public meeting held in the College, on the 8th inst., as well as the Committee's statement on the report for the year ending June 30th last. Every thing seems to have been successful and no one was found to complain of anything done by the School Board; but on the contrary, there was great credit given them for the manner in which the business of the year has been conducted. At a meeting of the rate payers held on the 17th inst., for the election of two Commissioners, the same two who had retired were unanimously chosen again, showing the appreciation of the rate payers to the services of the School Board. The trust confided to the School Commissioner's is a very sacred one, and it is pleasing and satisfactory when there is not even a suspicion cast upon the gentlemen who held that trust. There are often cranks to be found in School Municipalities who would bother the men whose services are gratuitously given to so high and deserving an object; but at Lachute no such one could be found to make the slightest objection to the policy of our School Board, which is a subject of congratulation all round. With the same Board for another year, and the deligence of the teachers, we look forward to still greater advancement in our schools for the coming year.

Hawkesbury Ripples.

Professor Ferguson, of Queen's College, Kingston, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian Church here, was in the village last week.

The amount of insurance received by Capt Wyman on his mill was only $7000, and not $10,000 as stated in last issue. It is rumored the Council will grant $5000 towards the erection of a new mill.

Quite a number of tourists are at present sojourning in the village, one of them was heard to remark to his companion, that this was the prettiest village on the Ottawa. His companion fully agreed with him in this, and said that it only required a railroad to be complete. More of the same kind will be cordially welcomed by our townsmen.

Mr. David Fairbairn, of Hawkesbury Mills, had one of his fingers so badly crushed last week, that it had to be amputated.

V. Lortie intends starting a branch store in the building known as "Smith's old Stand."

B. McManus is at present engaged in bricking his hotel, when finished it will be one of the finest buildings in the village.

The foundation of Hayes & Costello's new store has been laid and the building is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

Billy Ledword's four year old colt, "Little Doc," made the remarkably fast time of 2.58 the other night on Rochon's race-course. "YETIRF."

WANTED

A FEMALE TEACHER for No. 1 School Mille Isles, holding first class Elementary Diploma. Apply to
THOMAS WILSON, C.M.,
Stating wages required
Cambria P.O., P.Q.

WE SHOULD BLOT OUT DISEASE IN ITS EARLY STAGES.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and in fact the entire glandular system; and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted:—Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling, attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky mucous gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pain in the sides and back? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from an horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys highly colored with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against the 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 perserved in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "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, London, E.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it root and branch out of the system. Ask your chemist for Seigel's Curative Syrup

"East street Mills, Cambridge heath,
London, E. C., July 2 th, 1882.

"Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to be able to add my testimony in favor of your valuable Syrup as a curative agent. I had suffered for some length of time from a severe form of indigestion, and the long train of distressing symptoms following that disease. I had tried all possible means to get relief, by seeking the best medical advice. I had swallowed sufficient of their stuff to float a man-of war, so to speak, but all to no avail. A friend of mine, coming on the scene in the midst of my sufferings, brought with him a bottle of your Seigel Syrup; he advised me to try it, stating he felt confident it would benefit me. Being weary of trying so many drugs, I condemned it before trial, thinking it could not possibly do me any good, but ultimately determined to take the Syrup. After doing so for a short time it worked such a change in me that I continued taking it for nearly two months, and I then felt thoroughly cured, for I have discontinued its use for five weeks, and feel in the best of health, and can partake any kind of food with ease and comfort. I am therefore thankful to you that, through the instrumentality of your valuable medicine, I am restored to the state of health I now enjoy.—Yours truly.
"To Mr. A. J. White." "W. S. FORSTER."

Those who are in the "Asthma Furnance" should lose no time in obtaining relief by the use of "The Rosinweed Tar Mixture;" but do not use the medicine unless you will follow all the directions "to the letter."

Poor asthma sufferers, who are strangers to "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," should make use of "The Rosinweed Tar Mixture." Quiet refreshing sleep will follow its use

"Waterloo House, London Stile, Chiswick,
"February 17th, 1882,
"Messrs. White and Co., London.

"Gentlemen.—It is with great pleasure that I add my testimony to the wonderful effects of Seigel's Syrup. For years I had been suffering from bilious attacks, which began with giddiness; then a mist would come before my eyes, so that I should not be able to recognize any one or anything at the distance of a yard or two from my face. This would be followed by excessive trembling of my knees so that I could not stand without support; after which a severe headache would occur lasting often two or three days. I have tried various remedies for these distressing symptoms, but until I tried Seigel's I had no relief. Since then I have had excellent health in every respect, and if I feel a headache coming on I take one dose of the Syrup, which arrests it. Hoping that this testimonial may be the means of inducing others (who suffer as I used) to try the Syrup, as I feel sure they will receive speedy benefit and ultimately be cured, I beg to remain, yours faithfully,
"A. H. HORTON."

Seigel's Operating Pills prevent ill effects from excess in eating or drinking. A good dose at bed-time renders a person fit for business in the morning. If you have Asthma use "The Rosinweed Tar Mixture."

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

WORTHY
Of Confidence.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla is a medicine that, during nearly 40 years, in all parts of the world, has proved its efficacy as the best blood alterative known to medical science.

SARSAPARILLA (extracted from the root of the genuine Honduras Sarsaparilla) is its base, and its powers are enhanced by the extracts of Yellow Dock and Stillingia, the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and other potent ingredients.

IS your blood vitiated by derangements of the digestive and assimilatory functions? is it tainted by Scrofula? or does it contain the poison of Mercury or Contagious Disease?

THE leading physicians of the United States, who know the composition of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, say that nothing else so good for the purification of the blood is within the range of pharmacy.

ONLY by the use of this remedy is it possible for a person who has corrupted blood to attain sound health and prevent transmission of the destructive taint to posterity.

THOROUGHLY effective renovation of the system must include not only the removal of corruption from the blood, but its enrichment and the strengthening of the vital organs.

RELIABLE witnesses, all over the world, testify that this work is better accomplished by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA than by any other remedy.

BLOOD that is corrupted through disease is made pure, and blood weakened through diminution of the red corpuscles is made strong, by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

PURIFYING the blood and building up the system require time in serious cases, but benefit will be derived from the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA more speedily than from anything else.

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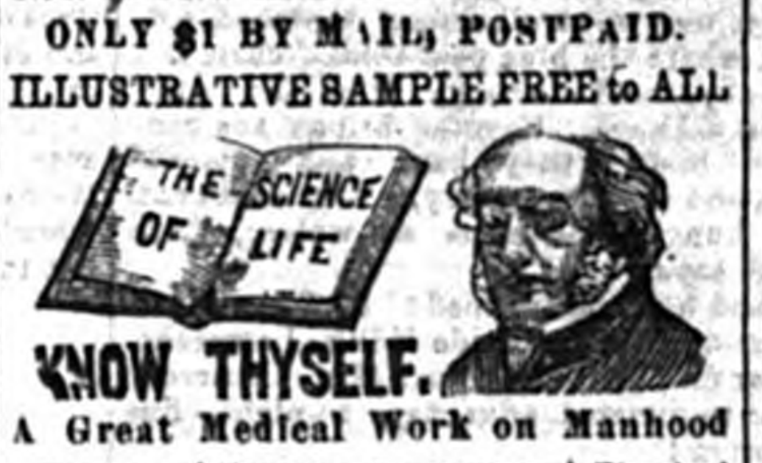

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CHAPTER V.

"Jack's wife!"

I simply stare at Constance as I stared at Jack when he told me that he was going away. Married! I can hardly realise it; I knew that he had troubles; but I certainly never thought of marriage. His wife—that overdressed being whom Constance will not acknowledge, and who looks fully ten years older than he! He is a gentleman; but she——

Constance gazes at me steadfastly, and with the anxiety still in her eyes, until I draw a long breath, and speak.

"Jack never told me this, Constance."

"I don't suppose he liked to speak of it, Vera."

"Do people know, or is it a secret?"

"Excepting yourself and our aunts, all who know Jack know that he is married. It is no secret."

Why I should think of Captain Dallas, I do not know; but I do think of him, and remark that it is strange no one ever mentioned it to me.

"It is an old story," Constance goes on, "forgotten or ignored. Most probably every one supposed that you knew. Jack should have told you, and I said so to him. He asked me to do so."

I stare into the fire, and think of Jack's weary face as I saw it that day in the railway-carriage.

"I am very sorry for him," I say slowly.

"And not for her?" asks Constance; but my sympathies do not go out to her, strange though it may seem.

"Have they quarrelled, or what?"

"They are separated, not judicially, but by mutual consent. What do you think of Jack now?"

"What I have always thought! You don't suppose that that could make any difference to me? Poor Jack! How did he come to marry that—to marry——"

"Marry her? I can soon tell you. It is not a story on which I care to dwell, and Jack said, when I last saw him, that I had never made allowance for his youth. Well, poor fellow, he is a man now, and by his youth's folly has marred his life. He was very wild, always, and he was spoilt by too much lenity, followed by too great severity. The end of one of his outbreaks was his being sent away from home, and during this exile papa was suddenly taken ill. At first we did not think it serious; but, as soon as we knew that it was, Jack was sent for. When he arrived, papa was dead, and they had parted in anger. I was very sorry for Jack, and, like all things else, his grief was wild and unreasonable; he had been very fond of papa, and his dying unreconciled was a terrible thing; poor Jack accused us of wilful delay, and, unfortunately, papa's will confirmed this idea.

"After this he became quite reckless; he made himself notorious; and though Garry, for my sake, tried to reason with him, it was useless. And then he fell in love with Miss Wilmot; she was older than he was, but very beautiful, and I really believe that Jack worshipped her. I blame her for encouraging him; for turning his brain; but I do not think any one could blame her for not marrying a wild and penniless young man. But she certainly had great power over him, and might have used that influence for good.

"You have heard the story of the ball-escapade. That night he made a last appeal to her, and I am sorry to say that she deceived him—denied the report of his engagement, though every one knew of it, and, when she had got him away, wrote to his tutor, telling him that Mr. Wylder had insulted her, and that if he—the tutor—did not take the matter in hand, her affianced husband would do so. Jack, of course, was expelled, and after that he seemed to go mad. Miss Wilmot had the cruelty to send him bride-cake; he returned the compliment, for, in his insanity, his wickedness, his blind anger, he married that third-rate actress whom we saw to-day, a woman with whom he had nothing in common—who was absolutely coarse.

"It was very painful for us, and Jack soon came to his senses, or, I should say, his wife brought them back to him. Garry was very sorry, and we agreed to try to make the best of it. We could not ignore Jack, and wheresoever he went his wife followed. Oh, Vera, you don't know the scenes we had, the things we bore with!

"At last I could stand it no longer, and I told Jack that I could not receive his wife any more; I had to consider Lord Rydall's position, and he agreed with me. He left off coming to my house; he dropped out of the world altogether, or as much as he possibly could, and at home he was miserable—miserable with a wife whose worst fault was not vulgarity, but, oh, Vera, Vera, a fondness for drink!"

Poor Jack, poor Jack! What a picture rises before me of his ruined manhood, of his blighted life, his degraded home, as I gaze into his sister's dilated eyes; and how I wonder that he has any faith in, any respect or reverence in womanhood.

"He bore with it for a long time," goes on Constance, "and then his regiment was removed to other quarters. She remained here, and began to annoy me by demands for money; then Garry saw her, and gave her a large sum, sufficiently to keep her comfortably, on condition that she annoyed me no more.

"She must have told Jack, for he came to us in a perfect fury; his pride was outraged, and he held himself humiliated and insulted; he said that, had I told him of his wife's visits, he would have stopped them without bribery. The result was a bitter quarrel between us. Garry was sent to Dinan soon after, and I was not at all sorry. Then we heard that Jack and his wife had separated. She went on the Continent, and I had heard nothing of her, had seen nothing of her, until to-day. Jack never wrote to me, and we had never met since our rupture, until he came here to ask me to be a friend to you."

I put my hand before my eyes, which are suddenly wet with tears. "Remember me at my best," he had said. Ah, he was always at his best with me! Poor Jack; no mortal power could drive him, but the weakest child could lead him! If one had remained true to him, if one had been kind, his life might have been so different! But no hand was stretched out to save him from shipwreck; he was thrown upon himself, he was left to struggle through his dark hour alone; those whom he loved best and trusted most left him, a bruised waif "on the sands of Life in the straits of Time."

"It is an old story now," says Constance, "and you will not speak of it, Vera. If Lord Rydall were any other man, he would have visited the sins of my brother on me. I know many who would not have been above taunting me with Jack's notorious folly. And that is his story."

"A melancholy one enough."

"Yes. I pity that unhappy woman—"

"I don't! I pity Jack with all my heart, because I think he was driven to desperation. And he is a man, exposed to temptation, as women are not."

"But a man has greater strength given him; manhood is no excuse, Vera. And look at Garry—"

"Ah, yes," I interrupt; "but his first love was true to him!"

"Yes, you are right, though I admit that when I married him, the love was more on his side than on mine; but the more I knew him the more I honored him, and love soon followed."

"I think Miss Wilmot will have a great deal to answer for," I say, gazing at the fire. "Oh, Constance, was there no one to help Jack, no one to save him from himself then, when he knew how false she had been?"

"Do you think it manly in him to have acted as he did for the sake of a coquette?"

"Not manly, but very human. And he was so young! Perhaps, if he had a friend to help him, to guide him over the first rough bit in his life's way, he might have tumbled indeed, but not fallen."

"That is a reproach to me, Vera. Poor Jack once told me that my charity was of the kind that never made allowances for others, and that, because it pleased Heaven never to send me temptation, I could not understand the weakness of less-favored mortals."

Her eyes are dim as she speaks; after all he is her brother. In her beautiful life, "sweet as perfume, pure as prayer," there are no shadows; hers is the tender gracious human love that crowns existence; all that fortune and nature can give her of good are hers. Look upon this life and upon that; the one so bright the other so dark, the one so full of love and liking, the other empty and forlorn. His own fault; it serves him right! Ah, yes! But what says that beautiful poem?

> "It may be in each other's hands
> We hold each other's souls!"

One day, how will sins of omission re-reproach us, the kindness left undone, the words unspoken, the help and counsel denied!

"Do you think Jack has forgotten Miss Wilmot?" I ask, and Constance is a long time ere she answers.

"In the sense you mean he has forgotten her. He has seen that his love was the mad foolish love of a boy. If she had accepted him, his life would have been equally spoiled. 'A young man married is a man that's marred;' and she is to blame only for deceiving him."

I go to my room thoughtfully, pondering what I have heard. Now I understand why Jack is a forbidden subject in the house, why the mention of his name is unpleasing; also I understand what he meant when he said that for me he would break his pride. What I have heard does not change my feelings towards him; on the contrary, it confirms me in my resolve to be his friend, and, as I have ever done since he left, I kneel and pray for him. As I creep sorrowfully to bed, I hear my cousin's light step passing from the nursery, and a picture rises before me of what might have been, of Jack in a happy home, where the loves and graces would have awakened his better nature.

In the morning, when I go down to breakfast, I find Lord Rydall alone; and in the glance he gives me I see something of the anxiety which was in Constance's face last night; but it passes directly.

The season comes to an end, and I am not sorry, for London is hot and drowsy, and I have grown tired of gaiety. If I had my choice, I should go to Idlehurst. As it is, we are at Euston Square, the starting-point for the Highlands. We go first to Mr. Cameron at Lochmore, after that to Lord Rydall's northern home, ending at Lochdhui, where the advantages for deer-stalking are undeniable. That is our programme.

There is quite a little crowd gathered on the platform. The train is of unusual length, and soon we are settled in our part of it, with all things necessary for relieving the tedium of travelling. Our party consists of the Rydalls and myself, Sir Percy Glencairn, and Miss Lamarche, and they are all in high spirits.

"Your first visit to Scotland, Vera," remarks Constance.

"You will find the people very strange," says Edith Lamarche. "Is it true, Sir Percy, that it takes five Highlanders to post a letter? One to buy the stamp, another to pay for it, another to stick it on, one to put it in the pillar-box, and one to gaze down the aperture after it!"

"You can't expect people who admire bagpipes to be very clever," returns Sir Percy, laughing.

"Well, I do admire your national musical instrument," says Constance. "It has a history, you know; and, oh, how sweet it must have sounded in the ears of Jessie Brown!"

"Poor Mary Stuart's first impression was less favorable," says Edith. "I hope you are all partisans of Queen Mary!"

I see Sir Percy's dark eyes kindle as Lord Rydall quotes lines which apply so well to the Laird of Glencairn that they might have been written for him—

> "Queen for whose house my fathers fought
> With hopes that rose and fall;
> Red star of boyhood's fiery thoughts,
> Farewell!
> They gave their lives, and I, my queen,
> Have given you of my life,
> Seeing your brave star burn high between
> Men's strife!"

We are a merry party in the big saloon, and we laugh and talk until midnight; the Glencairn valet in his tartans keeps an eye upon his master and is solicitous for his comfort; we three ladies retire into the sleeping-compartment, and I for one go off to dreamland, and do not open my eyes until I see gray mist rolling off the fields, and know that I am over the border, in the land of history and of heroes; so I lie and contemplate the moving landscape until the sun has mounted high, and we halt at Perth, where I have my first Scotch breakfast, baps and haddies and marmalade, such as benighted Englishers cannot produce, Sir Percy assures us; and then we move on through August sunshine, and I see the grand Highland hills, the deep rich tinted heather, solemn woods and silvery birch and red-stemmed pine; I see cool glen and mountain tarns, here and there a low cottage with a woman in spotless mutch, and Edith points with enthusiasm to a brown bird.

When next the train stops we get out; yesterday we were in London, to-day we are in Scotland, and climbing into a big *fourgon*, which takes us a long distance in the deepening twilight, and the August moon comes floating out full and clear through the pure unsullied sky, beaming on the great lochs and the wide moors.

A dark mass of building near the shore of a silver loch, where in the moonlight we discern a yacht at anchor, is pointed out to me as "Cameron's Crag," and next we are being heartily welcomed by that genial gentleman, who tells us that supper is waiting, and he supposes we are tired to death, at the same time, and in the same breath as it seems to me, bidding his dogs to be quiet.

Among the guests are Sir Peter and Lady Spleuchan, Cecil Hawdon, and Captain Dallas, and several others, all the men with grouse on the brain.

"We shall be at a discount to-morrow," says Edith to me, with pathos—"these selfish mortals will never give us a thought until dinner-time. It is a great shame, Mr. Hawdon, that grouse should be of so much more importance than I am."

"But you are not for a day, but for all time," he returns; "it's the other way round with the grouse."

And in the morning there is a grand turn out of heroes in tweed and knickerbockers, carrying guns, with an escort of solemn-faced gillies with game-bags and dogs; and they climb into the carts and go off merrily. We ladies are left to our own resources, and Edith becomes my pilot. A dream of lonely hills, where the only living things besides ourselves are great bees booming aimlessly about, of stretches of purple heather, of gurgling trout streams and brown salmon-pools and huge boulders, is the twelfth to me, and my first impression of the Highlands never leaves me.

"I should have liked a cooler day," says Edith, glancing at the sky, "not because I pity those men who are baking in the sun, but because I might have done a little fishing. However, we may make ourselves comfortable for the afternoon here."

"Here" is a nook in the wild garden of Cameron's Crag, amid bracken and boulder, where from cool shade we gaze upon the scorched hills, the dazzling loch, and the anchored yacht, the *Isabel*.

"I love the Highlands, because people are natural here," Edith goes on, stifling a yawn; "it is certainly the only place where the Glencairn thaws. We call him 'the unapproachable' in London."

"He is very clever, is he not?"

"He has written a book or two; but that is easy enough; it is only getting your ideas together."

"But when you haven't any ideas?" I suggest.

"Ah, that's another matter! But never marry an author, Vera. Ugh—it must be terrible! When he is rejected, he will be a rampant savage at home; when accepted, so conceited that even 'the harmless necessary cat' can't approach him, and it would turn my hair gray even to name the horrors of proof—of print—of publication!"

After tea we stroll among thatched cottages, where the blue peat-smoke curls to a bluer sky, and a shaggy Highland pony eyes us askance. Evening brings the gentlemen home; they have had splendid sport, and are very merry, very sunburnt, very hungry—ravenous as wolves, Lord Rydall says.

"And howling for food!" says Mr. Hawdon from his place beside Edith Lamarche. "Your menagerie, my dear Mrs. Cameron, is seen to unusual advantage to-night—fine collection!"

"You being the chimpanzee!" remarks Captain Dallas, dropping his compliment like a snowflake.

"Exactly, my dear fellow. Do you remember the joke when the reporter and the sub-editor were quarrelling under the eyes of the editor? 'You are a donkey!' says the courteous reporter. 'You are the greatest donkey I know!' says the sub-editor. 'Gentlemen, you forget that I am present,' says the editor, looking up. See the point of my discourse, Dallas?"

Captain Dallas looks as if he had swallowed a capsicum by mistake, and concentrates his attention on his plate.

I remark that he avoids even looking at Edith; but her bright glance rests on him without embarrassment; she never gives him the satisfaction of seeming to avoid him When we are in the drawing-room, Sir Percy comes to me.

"I have not spoken to you all day," he says. "What did you do with yourself? Did you see anything of the place?"

"Oh, yes, with Miss Lamarche! And then I read Rossetti until evening."

"Do you admire Rossetti?" he asks.

"I do indeed! I always find pictures in his poems; if I were an artist I should illustrate many of his lines."

And so we two sit comparing notes on what we have read, and finding that our tastes are very similar, until we are disturbed by a serenade from Mr. Cameron's piper, who gives us right merrily "Melville Castle;" we all step into the moonlight; but Duncan heeds us not.

"Absorbed in his inner consciousness," observes Mr. Hawdon. "Dallas, don't you feel inspired with yearnings for the outer inwardness by these strains?"

"Stop that nonsense, Hawdon—it sickens me!" says Dallas.

"Certainly, dear boy! I don't believe in casting pearls before swine, and I shan't waste my sweetness on your desert air. Bravo, Duncan! How are you?"

"She iss ferry well," returns Duncan, with the plaintive intonation of the Highlands; and he goes away to music of his own production.

"As Artemus Ward's Hamlet died," says Mr. Hawdon.

This day may be taken as a sample of many that follow. According to Miss Prescott, one of the guests, the gentlemen are more constant to their sport than they are to their affections, and Edith whispers that we are all prone to judge by our own experience.

It is a new life to me; and somehow I do think Sir Percy is seen to good advantage in his own country; he is less reserved and enters into the spirit of the season with right good will.

So it goes on, and the rowan berries glow ripe on the trees, and the woods are forbidden places to ladies during certain hours, when the glens conceal the shooting party and green leaves the gun-barrels that deal destruction to the deer.

One day we get up a pic-nic on the hills. We have travelled some distance along the loch to inspect an old ruin—an ancient stronghold of some clan; and we encamp in view of it, amid heather and fern and a burning blue sky above.

"This kind of thing appeals to my higher nature," says Lord Rydall, who is devoting himself to a game pie. "I feel that I have been born for this. My only trouble is Glencairn's monopoly of that bottle—purely unconscious, I admit, but as effectual as intention could be."

"Cast the beam out of thine own eye," retorts Glencairn, laughing, with a glance at the pie. "Captain Dallas, you don't seem to be getting on very well."

"Thank you—Davidson is attending to me," answers Dallas, who reclines a little out of our circle, and still wears his dissatisfied look, which now and again travels to Edith and Mr. Hawdon comparing notes.

I suppose it is because he looks the least happy there that Sir Percy draws him into conversation. This is one of the many little traits of consideration I have noticed in him. Presently we ramble about—Mr. Hawdon and Lady Spleuchan, Edith and Lord Rydall, forming a pleasant quartette, whilst Constance takes compassion on Captain Dallas, and I wander off to the ruin to explore the Covenanters' prison, in which is a spring, which, tradition says, rose by miracle to relieve the thirst of the suffering and dying prisoners. I am examining the old walls when Sir Percy Glencairn comes upon me.

"I have been looking everywhere for you," he says impatiently as I fancy.

"Have I kept them waiting?" I ask.

"Oh, not at all; but I wondered where you were hiding? Is this romantic enough for you?"

"Quite. I wish I knew the legends of the place."

"Their name is Legion. I don't know that Queen Mary was here; but Claverhouse—bonny Dundee—was. Have you enjoyed to-day?"

"Very much. I heard some one say that Sir Percy Glencairn's presence always made a pic-nic go off well."

"It makes you go off at any rate, Miss North! May I ask why you so invariably avoid me? Is it a case of 'I do not like thee, Doctor Fell'?"

"I avoid you!" I exclaim, astounded at the charge. "Indeed, Sir Percy, I can plead innocent. I think I have done the reverse, and you have been very kind."

"There's not an alarming amount of merit in that, Miss North; and possibly I had a selfish end in view. You are quite sure that I have not been boring you?"

"I don't think you would bore any one," I reply frankly.

"Yes; but you are not 'any one'! There is as much difference between you and others as there well can be."

"I have been told that before," I answer; "and I suppose it is the fault of my education, if not of myself. What is the name of that mountain?"

He smiles at the abrupt change; but I detest talking of my insignificant self to this Highland gentleman—born a poet, gifted by Nature in mind and body, and accustomed to the conversation of men equally gifted.

"You are not disappointed in Scotland?" he asks.

"Just the reverse. It exceeds my expectations, and I think the people the kindest I ever met; but you know we have it on very good authority that nowhere beats the heart so kindly as beneath the tartan plaid."

We move away from the shadow of the ruin into the hot sunshine, and the air is filled with the drowsy hum of insects—now and again a bee booms by.

"I wonder what you will think of Lochdhui," he says. "You seem fond of historical associations and relics, or, I should say are fond, for you never seem. Whoever chose your name must have had a foreknowledge of your nature."

We drive home in twilight, and the only one not in good spirits is Captain Dallas.

"You are out of sorts," says Sir Peter Spleuchan.

"It is jealousy," explains Mr. Hawdon; and Dallas turns on him so angrily that I think he is going to strike him.

"Of whom or of what am I likely to be jealous?"

"Of my hair," returns Mr. Hawdon coolly. "I heard you say you hated a man with curly hair. When a man begins to decry a thing it is a sure sign the grapes are sour."

"Your wit is only equalled by your courtesy," rejoins Dallas; and then Lord Rydall calls attention to the loch by moonlight, and tells us that to-morrow we are to have a sail in the yacht.

So I go to sleep with pleasant anticipations of the morrow. The small bickerings and rivalries do not trouble me, partly because I scarcely understand them, partly because I almost believe that I have some share in the esteem of my ideal gentleman. No doubt he is influenced very much by his friendship for the Rydalls; but that does not take away from my pleasure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CONQUERED.

How Father Cured His Balky Horse.

"Well," said Reuben, the story-teller, "father always wanted a horse because the folks in Greene live scattered, and he had so far to go to attend funerals and weddings and visit schools, you know; buy he never felt as if he could afford to but one. But one day he was coming afoot from Hildreth, and a stranger asked him to ride.

"Father said; 'That's a handsome horse you're driving. I would like to own such a horse myself."

"'What will you give for him?' asked the man.

"'Do you want to sell?' returned father.

"'Yes, I do; and I'll sell cheap, too,' said he.

"'Oh, well,' says father, 'it's no use talking, for I haven't the money to buy with.'

"Make me an offer,' says he.

"'Well, just to put an end to the talk,' father says, 'I'll give you $75 for the horse.'

"'You may have him,' says the man, as quick as a flash, "but you'll repent of your bargain in a week.'

"'Why, what ails the horse?' asked father.

"'Ails him? He's got the 'Old Nick in him, that's what ails him," says he. 'If he has a will to go, he'll go; but if he takes a notion to stop, all creation can't start him. I've stood and beat that horse till the sweat ran off me in streams; I have fired a gun close to his ears; I've burnt shavings under him. I might have beat him to death, or roasted him alive, before he would have budged an inch.'

"'I'll take the horse,' says father. 'What's his name?'

"'George,' said the man.

"'I shall call him Georgie,' said father.

"Well, father brought him home, and we boys were pleased, and we fixed a place for him in the barn, and curried him down and fed him well, and father said:

"'Talk to him, boys, and let him know you feel kindly.'

"So we coaxed and petted him, and the next morning father harnessed him and got into the wagon to go. But George wouldn't stir a step. Father got out and patted him, and we brought him apples and clover-tops, and once in a while father would say—"Get up Georgie,' but he didn't strike the horse a blow. By and by he says, 'this is going to take time. Well, Georgie, we'll see who has the most patience, you or I.' So he sat in the wagon and took out his skeletons—"

"Skeletons?" said Peppet, inquiringly.

"Of sermons, you know. Ministers always carry round a little book to put things they think of into when they are walking or riding, or hoeing in the garden.

"Well, father sat full two hours before the horse was ready to start; but when he did there was no trouble for that day. The next morning 'twas the same thing over again, only Georgie gave in a little sooner. All the time it seemed as if father couldn't do enough for the horse. He was round the stable, feeding and fussing over him, and talking to him in his pleasant gentle way; and the third morning when he had fed him and curried and harnessed him with his own hands, somehow there was a different look in the horse's eyes. But when father was ready to go, Georgie put his feet together and laid his ears back and wouldn't stir. Well, Dove was playing about the yard, and she brought her stool and climbed up by the horse's head. Dove, tell what you said to Georgie that morning."

"I gave him an awful talking to," said the little girl. "I told him it was perfectly 'edieulus for him to act so; that he'd come to a real good place to live, where everybody helped everybody; that he was a minister's horse, and God would not love him if he was not a good horse. That's what I told him. And then I kissed him on the nose."

"And what did Georgie do?"

"Why, he heard every word I said, and when I got through he felt so 'shamed of himself he couldn't hold up his head; so he 'most dropped it till it 'most touched the ground, and he looked as sheepish as if he had been stealing a hundred sheeps."

"Yes," said Reuben, "and when father told him to go, he was off like a shot. He has never made any trouble since. That's the way father cured a balky horse. And that night when he was unharnessing, he rubbed his head against his shoulder, and told him, as plain as he could speak, that he was sorry. He's tried to make it up with father ever since, for the trouble he gave him. When he's loose in the pasture, father has only to stand at the bars and call his name, and he walks up as quiet as an old sheep. Why, I've seen him back himself between the shafts of the wagon many a time to save father the trouble. Father wouldn't take two hundred dollars for the horse to-day. He eats anything you give him. Sis very often brings out some of her dinner to him."

"He likes to eat out of a plate," said Dove; "it makes him think he's folks."

Where the Plaster Was.

A rather modest young doctor was called in to see a lady who had been taken suddenly ill. The doctor found the application of a pitch plaster necessary and accordingly went to work and made one and laid it carefully by to prepare the lady for its application. Everything was ready and the doctor sought the plaster; but strange to say it had disappeared. The doctor and the negro nurse searched high and low, in every probable place, for the missing plaster, but it was in vain; it was gone, no one could tell where. The nurse had not seen it since the doctor laid it on the chair. There was no alternative but to go to work and make another, which was accordingly done. But still the question would present itself to all, what had become of the plaster? The circumstance of its having been spirited away began to tell unfavorably on the sick lady's nervous sensibility; but the doctor could not help it; he could not explain the mystery. The doctor, in a deep brown study, prepared to leave and stood up before the fire to warm himself before encountering the cold without. Through the force of a vulgar habit he parted his coat-tails behind, when the nurse, displaying about four inches of ivory, said:

"I found de plaster, massa doctor."

"Where?" eagerly asked the doctor; "where is it?"

"You have got it ahind," said the nurse, still grinning.

The doctor clapped his hand behind and there it was, sticking fast to the seat of his breeches, where he sat down on it when it was lying on the chair. This was too much for the modest doctor. He seized his hat and stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Disparage and depreciate no one; an insect has feeling, and an atom a shadow.—[Fuller.

It is certain that either wise bearing of ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another; therefore, let them take heed of their company.—[Shakspeare.

Employment, which Galen calls "Nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly a considered the mother of misery.—[Burton.

Five great enemies to peace inhabit with us, viz., avarice, ambition, envy, anger, pride. If these enemies were to be banished, we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.—[Plutarch.

Of all vanities and fopperies. the vanity of high birth is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased, but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.—[Burton.

Everyone must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere habit of complaining; and make their friends uneasy, and strangers merry, by murmuring at evils that do not exist and repining at grievances which they do not really feel.—[Graves.

Not to return one good office for another is inhuman; but to return evil for good is diabolical. There are too many even of this sort, who, the more they owe, the more they hate. There is nothing more dangerous than to oblige these people, for when they are conscious of not paying the debt, they wish the creditor out of the way.—[Seneca.

Danger Ahead!

There is danger ahead for you if you neglect the warning which nature is giving you of the approach of the fell-destroyer—consumption. Night-sweats, spitting of blood, loss of appetite—these symptons have a terrible meaning You can be cured if you do not wait until it is too late. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the greatest blood-purifier known, will restore your lost health. As a nutritive, it is far superior to cod liver oil. All druggists.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—[Charron.

"I Would That I Were Dead!"

cries many a wretched housewife to-day as, weary and disheartened, she forces herself to perform her daily task. "It don't seem as if I could get through the day. This dreadful back-ache, these frightful dragging-down sensations will kill me! Is there no relief?' Yes, madam, there is. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is an unfailing remedy for the complaints to which your sex is liable. It will restore you to health again. Try it. All druggists.

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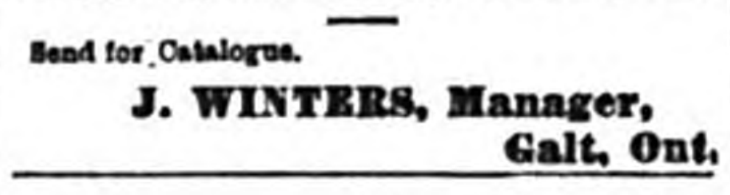

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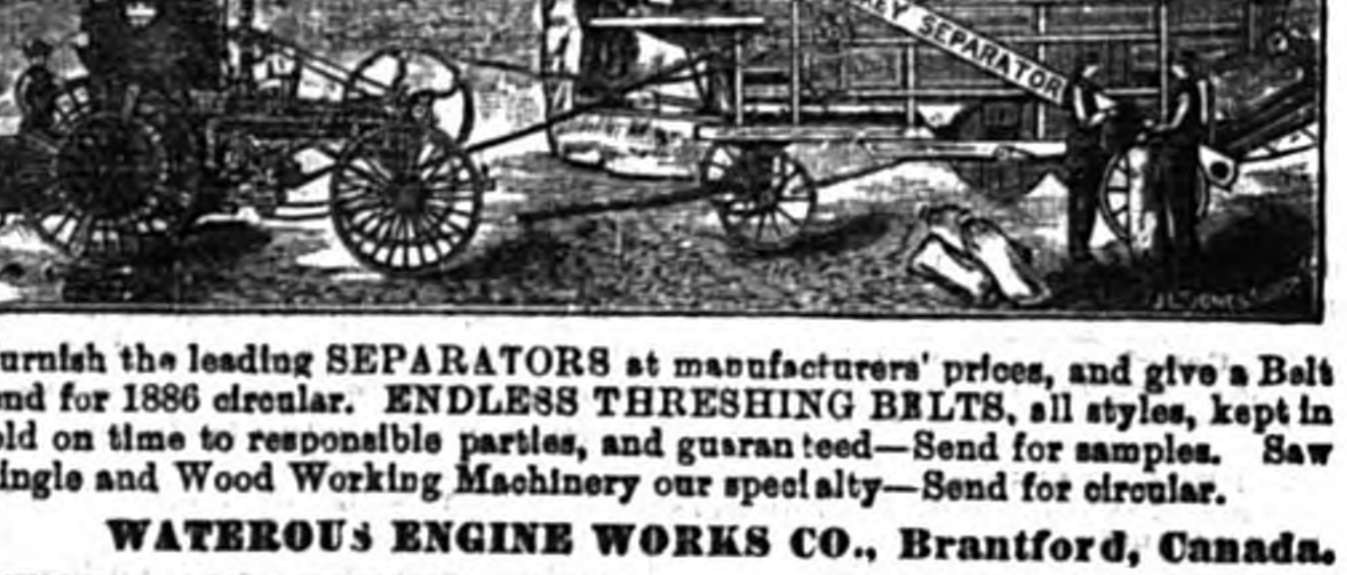

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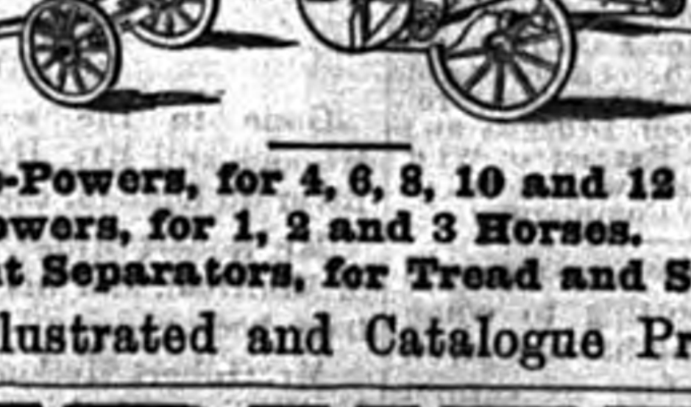

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THE WATCHMAN,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

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—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

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THE INDIAN FIGHTER.

Adam Poe and Bigfoot—The Story Related by Poe's Daughter.

A daughter of Adam Poe, known to the present pioneer-history reading generation as Adam Poe, the Indian fighter, is the oldest person living in Wayne County, O. She is nearly 95 years of age, the 15th of next month being the first day of her 95th year. In speaking of the conflict with Bigfoot she states that her father's account of the fight differs from the account given by historians, who wrote that her father, Adam Poe, had the encounter with Bigfoot, when she says that her father always told that his brother Andrew Poe, had the hand-to-hand fight with the Indian chief, while he, Adam, shot and killed the Indian. Her recital of her father's account is as follows: "A body of seven Wyandottes made a raid upon a white settlement on the Ohio River, near Fort Pitt, and

KILLED AN OLD MAN

who was alone in a cabin. The news of the murder soon spread, and my father and uncle Andrew, with some neighbors, set out to capture and punish the murderers. They followed the Indians all night, and next morning found a trail leading to the river. My uncle Andrew did not go directly to the river, but left father and the others and went through the thicket. He stole down to the bank and discovered Bigfoot and a little Indian with guns ready waiting for the pursuing party. Uncle Andrew concluded to shoot Bigfoot, and raised his gun and pulled the trigger. The gun only snapped and did not discharge. The snapping attracted the attention of the Indians and they discovered Andrew, who saw it was

TOO LATE FOR HIM TO RUN,

so he sprang towards the Indians. He caught them both and threw them down. The little Indian got loose and drew his tomahawk to kill Andrew, who kicked backward and knocked the tomahawk from the little Indian's hand. Meanwhile Andrew was holding Bigfoot. He finally released him and, seizing a gun belonging to the Indians, shot the little Indian. Bigfoot again grabbed Andrew and they rolled into the water, and Andrew got Bigfoot's head under water and, supposing the Indian was drowned, released his hold. His supposition was not correct, and they both started for shore. Bigfoot reached the shore first, and picked up the gun with which Andrew had shot the little Indian. At this time my father appeared on the scene, attracted there by the report of the gun. His gun happened to be empty, and both he and Bigfoot started on a race to load. In his hurry Bigfoot jerked his ramrod out too far, and it fell out of his hand. My father loaded first and shot Bigfoot just as the

INDIAN WAS RAISING HIS GUN.

Seeing Andrew in the water, my father looked after him, and found that he had been wounded in the wrist by the little Indian's tomahawk. Andrew called to father that he could help himself, but father was anxious for his safety and went to his assistance, while Bigfoot, in his dying struggles rolled into the river and his body was carried off by the current. The remainder of the pursuing party came up, and, seeing Andrew in the water, took him for an Indian and shot him in the shoulder, but he soon recovered. The other Indians were overtaken and killed, and in that fight my father was wounded."

Consolation.

Lightning Rod Agent—It's dangerous to be under this tree in a thunderstorm. One of us might get killed.

Victim—Well, if you are killed, you won't be able to talk any more; and if I am killed I can't hear you. So I guess we'd better stay.

There are no newsboys in the City of Mexico. The papers are all sold by women, who hold them out to passers-by, but never say a word.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

HOME.

Water in the Assiniboine River is lower this season than ever before known.

A sun dance is in progress at the Blackfeet reserve, near Gleichen, N. W. T.

Mrs. Mack, the victim of the tragedy at Belleville is now pronounced out of danger.

Boring for oil is about to be commenced in the Lake Dauphin district in the North-west.

Two Winnipeg firms have been boycotted for refusing to join in the early closing movement.

There are no crops this year in the vicinity of Duck Lake. At Batoche the crops are reported good.

Owen Sound ratepayers have decided in favour of lighting the streets by electricity by a vote of 243 to 46.

The Canadian Pacific telegraph system north of Lake Superior is expected to be open within a week or two.

Last week no fewer than 113 deaths of children under five years old occurred in Montreal out of a total mortality of 157.

Krupp has contracted to supply China with a million and a half tons of rails at a price 25 per cent. below the lowest English offer.

A series of dastardly outrages are being perpetrated upon active supporters of the Scott Act in many places where the measure is in force.

The anniversary of the capture of the Bastile was celebrated by the French-speaking citizens of Montreal by a picnic down the St. Lawrence.

Mining operations are progressing vigorously along the north shore of Lake Superior with very satisfactory results. Settlement is also going on rapidly.

Extensive prairie fires are raging along the boundary at Wood Mountain, N. W. T., and threaten to sweep the country east of the South Saskatchewan.

At Warkworth village two men, one boy and a woman were convicted of violations of the Scott Act on Dominion day and fined $50 and costs each.

The work of deepening the channel of the St. Lawrence at Montreal to 27½ feet is progressing so rapidly that it is expected to be completed early next year.

A through mail service between Moose Jaw, N. W. T., and Port Moody, B. C., has been established. The mail between Winnipeg and Victoria will now be conveyed in four days.

Nineteen "sports" were arrested in Montreal on a recent Sunday in a cockpit whilst a main was being fought, and next day they were all fined in sums ranging from forty dollars to ten dollars each.

The temperance people in the county of Lincoln are making vigorous efforts to enforce the Scott Act, a number of suspected places have been raided recently, and a quantity of liquor found and confiscated.

The Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias commenced its fourteenth annual session in Toronto, on Monday of last week. The grand parade of Uniformed Knights in the afternoon was one of the most imposing displays ever witnessed in the city.

An attempt was make to wreck the train taking the Ottawa Orangemen home from the Kingston demonstration, by placing an obstruction across the track near Alexandria. Fortunately the engineer discovered it in time to prevent a catastrophe.

Mr. Sandford Fleming has gone to England to negotiate with the British Government and the Australian Agents General for the establishment of cable communication between Canada and Japan, China and Australia, in connection with the Canadian Pacific telegraph system.

Emanuel Margerson, of the fifth concession of Moss, Middlesex county, suicided the other day by hanging. Cause, mental depression arising from the illness of wife and children, who are suffering from a severe form of diphtheria. One of the children died about an hour after the father's corpse was brought into the house.

The Canadian Pacific railway management are making preparations to run a through train, giving every convenience for commercial travellers to canvass for orders and carry samples all over the line. The rates will be exceedingly moderate for the accommodation given, and the round trip will occupy about thirty days.

Additional particulars of the disaster to the Canadian Pacific through train from Vancouver by the bush fire in the Rockies recently show that two passenger coaches and the mail and baggage car were destroyed, together with the passengers' baggage, the mails, however, being saved by the mail clerk, whose hands were severely burned. The engine was also rendered useless by the destruction of the woodwork. The railway authorities hold that the burning of the cars might have been prevented, and have dismissed the engineer and fireman of the train.

AMERICAN.

It is reported that a revolution has broken out in Mexico.

Malignant smallpox has broken out near Belan, Iowa. Fourteen cases and one death were reported one day recently.

Recently seven poles with the wire were cut near Marquette, on the Manitoba & North-western Railway, and carried away.

There were one hundred and fifty business firms in Vancouver, B. C., before the fire, and all but about a dozen have resumed business.

Twelve families of Half-breeds from Batoche are seeking a suitable place for settlement between Lethbridge and Fort McLeod.

Sioux Ben, of the BirdTail Indian reserve in the North West, is engaged in raising money to buy an organ for the new Indian church.

The owners of the trout streams two miles east of Acton have decided to re-stock the streams, and have determined to prevent fishing there in future.

Guelph prohibitionists are pointing triumphantly to the fact that there is a fine Swede turnip growing through a crack in the sidewalk in front of an hotel in that city.

In escaping from a fire in a Chicago livery stable one man was fatally injured, and three persons seriously hurt. The stables were destroyed and eleven horses burned to death.

The Canadian schooner Jessie Scarth has been seized at Cleveland for a violation of the customs laws, and will be confiscated unless her captain pays a fine of one thousand dollars.

An interesting feature in the closing ceremonies of the Victoria, N. B., High School, was the admission of nine girl graduates to the status of undergraduates to the Provincial University.

Irreparable damage has been done to the crops in nearly all parts of North Carolina by continuous heavy rains for more than a month. It is reported to be the heaviest flood for eighty years.

Captain Lawton is relentlessly pursuing the Apaches in Arizona, who are now inside a triangle, Mexican troops forming the two sides and Captain Lawton's command the base. Geronimo is reported by prisoners to be in the Sierra Madres and severely wounded, his son being in charge of the hostiles.

FOREIGN.

The Trans Caspian railway is now open for traffic as far as Merv.

The Queen will visit the Edinburgh Exhibition on the 18th August.

Attacks and assaults by armed Moonlighters are on the increase in Ireland.

The London *Times* is strongly in favor of the formation of a coalition Government.

The man who fired the shot in the French Chamber of Deputies is declared to be insane.

Despite all obstacles M. De Lesseps believes the Panama canal will be completed by 1889.

A conspiracy against the Government has been discovered in Hayti, and an outbreak is feared.

The report that the Emperors of Germany Austria and Russia will meet next autumn is revived.

It is stated that it was with very great difficulty that Mr. Gladstone's eldest son was prevented from running as a Unionist candidate.

Queen-Dowager Marie of Bavaria has ordered the erection of a memorial chapel near the spot where the remains of her son, King Ludwig, were found.

Lord Granville is complely broken up in health and will retire from public life. Lord Rosebery will succeed him as Liberal leader in the House of Lords.

Russia in future will not confer orders or decorations on British, American or Swiss subjects, because their respective Governments do not decorate Russian subjects.

The London *Times*, referring to Russia's action in closing the port of Batoum, says England must rely on her own strength and no longer put faith in Russian engagements.

The French Government has ordered the immediate distribution of $16,000 repeating rifles among the troops, as an offset to the action of Germany in arming her battalions in Alsace-Lorraine with a similar weapon.

Further particulars of the late storm in the island of Jamaica show that it was of a terribly destructive character, and caused widespread havoc among the plantations, the banana and corn crops being almost completely destroyed.

Iron's Rival.

The chemists say that aluminum is the metal of the future. Centuries of experiments with ores and furnaces have made iron the commonest and most useful of metals; but a writer in "Power" promises a still wider use of aluminum when the chemists shall succeed in overcoming its scarcity:

Now a new metal is coming upon the field, which some claim will soon be all its own, and iron, the great metal heretofore without a peer, and the greatest factor of human progress, must step down and out. Aluminum, they say, can be hardened till the diamond is its only rival; it can be drawn into a wire so fine or hammered into sheets so thin that the gold beater alone can do the work; the tensile strength of its wire rises to 100,000 pounds to the square inch of section; water and the atmosphere cannot corrode it, it will burnish like silver, blows cannot crystallize it, and its conductivity of heat surpasses that of copper. Then its alloys make an anti-friction metal, that goes beyond the power of brass or babbitt to produce.

Before such qualities as these iron pales into the merest insignificance. But before we throw away our hammer and chisel or break our locomotives up, let us look at what has made iron the metal of the world. It is easily summed up in two words, "Its cheapness." With crude iron at one cent a pound all things seem possible for it to accomplish, but multiply it by ten and all of our commonest conveniences will vanish like breath.

Sixty years ago a drop of aluminum was produced in a German laboratory after a research of fifty years with the best appliances of the time, and twenty years more were necessary to produce a larger bead. Then in ten years more the metal was in the market at $32 per pound.

Since then chemistry has been struggling with the task, and by its constant efforts the price has dropped to $15 for a pound and now a new discoverer tells us that it can be put upon the market at $4 to the pound. We know the metal well, and the chemist has tried it in his laboratory; he has hammered and drawn and melted and hardened, until every quality is known, but still the price must make it rare. It costs one eighth the price of thirty years ago, and still it is four hundred times the cost of iron So it matters little that it stands third in quantity of all the substances of which the earth is formed, that it lies about us in every bed of clay, or shale, and that nearly every rock is but an ore bed with wondrous possibilities; so long as nature holds the secret key by which it can be unlocked and freed from the combinations in which we find it, it cannot take the place of iron. That this may come in time is not beyond the range of what can be regarded as a possibility, but it must come by slow and labored steps; meanwhile our iron will hold its own and be used as heretofore, while aluminum must be a laboratory metal for a while, and get occasional application in the more expensive implements of science.

Bridgewater's Dogs.

The Earl of Bridgewater, famous for his eccentricities and extravagant caprices, was fortunately possessed of ample means to gratify them. He was a man with few acquaintances, and very few of his countrymen ever got so far as his dining hall.

His table, however, was constantly set out with a dozen covers and served by a suitable attendance. Who, then, were his privileged guests? None other than a dozen favorite dogs, who partook daily of milord's dinner, seated very gravely in chairs, each with a napkin round his neck. These honorable quadrupeds, as if gratified for such delicate attentions, comported themselves during the time of the repast with a decency and decorum which would do honor to a party of gentlemen; but if, by chance, one of them should, without due consideration, obey the natural instinct of his appetite, and transgress any one of the rules of good manners, his punishment was prompt; not corporal punishment, but another sort which seemed to hurt the offender's feelings much more severly. The day following the offence the dog was allowed to dine, and even to dine well—but not at milord's table. Banished to the ante chamber, and, dressed in livery, he was obliged to eat alone and in sorrow the bread of shame, and pick the bones of mortification, while his former place at table remained vacant till, by his repentance, he had merited a generous pardon.

Miss Rebecca Williams, a Baltimore belle, recently had her portrait painted by the famous Cabanal, at Paris, at a cost of $6,000.

FARM.

HOW TO MAKE FARMING PAY.

An American farmer writes:—I occasionally receive clippings from the agricultural papers stating that the enthusiasts are not all dead yet, that I am more of a doctor than a farmer, (which is true,) that I must make some $2 pill grimages to my neighbors to make my balance sheet square, &c. This is all very amusing to me for it carries me back forty years when I was called an enthusiast in my anti-slavery principles. Then we abolitionists were often told that we or our children would never see the slaves liberated, and in 1854 when we went to Worcester to form the republican party there were only two prominent men there, the elder Hoar and Henry Wilson. The next day both political parties called us enthusiasts, but we had faith in our cause, (as I have now in ensilage,) and kept working, trusting that God would open up a way to free the slaves. Well, we did not have to wait long, for soon almost all the North were abolitionists and the slaves were free. It was said of Wendell Phillips that he was always twenty years ahead of the masses.

Now it may be that men who have silos are enthusiastic, and how can they be otherwise when they can keep three or four times as many cattle as formerly. One great pleasure I take in farming has been to elevate the farmers, to get them out of their ruts. An old neighbor of mine used to raise calves and keep them until two years old and sell them for twelve or fourteen dollars. It was a long time before I could get it through his head that he had better not raise any calves if he could not keep them growing, as he had sold some at six or seven weeks old for eight or ten dollars, thus leaving him only two dollars a year for keeping, which could not be done even with silos. A good deal is said about the $5000 per year I am reported to have said I could make at farming. What I did say was that if I was a young man I would ask nothing better than to go back to the old homestead, and *after* five years I could make $5000 a year on that farm. It is a hundred acres of tillage land, also a meadow and swamp. The latter is wooded, but both are easy of access and the best of muck can be dug with ease. The upland is loamy with a yellow subsoil and so is well adapted to corn, rye or any kind of grain. I well remember of taking the poorest piece on the farm and planting potatoes with nothing but a good shovelful of muck, which had lain up a year, in the hill, and we had a good crop of potatoes. What is true of this farm is true of thousands in New England. On such farms the first object should be to save all the manure made and not let one-half go to waste. I think a great deal of liquid manure and save it. Were I carrying on the old homestead now I would plant ten acres of corn on it, and would put on five tons of fertilizers; plough what more I had time to, and sow buckwheat, which would grow there without manure. Some I would harvest for seed and what did not get ripe I would plough in for the next year's fertilizer. The corn and buckwheat would be cut off in time to sow rye which would produce abundantly without any more fertilizing. In starting I would buy ten cows and raise the best heifers, and pick up all I could get among the milkmen, raising not less than 25. Two or three acres of potatoes should be planted, which used to do well with a little plaster and ashes. A good breeding sow should be purchased and if an apple year, they would do well in the fall on them; 25 hens should be purchased and 200 chickens should be raised ready for another year's start. After haying there would be but little farm work to do, as there is no brush to cut. I would take that time to throw up three or four hundred loads of muck, and during the winter it should be drawn where wanted and spread, saving enough for absorbing all urine.

SOAKED CORN FOR SWINE.

The practice of feeding soaked shelled corn during the summer and early autumn months is one generally followed by the large swine raisers of Illinois. If soaked on the cob the grains swell up and tighten to the cob, so that the pigs experience the same trouble in getting them off that they find with the new corn when it is first fully and firmly ripened; but if first shelled and then thoroughly soaked it is easily masticated; but it is not so palatable and is not eaten with such a relish as new corn while in the milk or doughy state. When feeding soaked corn we have usually followed the practice of alternating it with dry shelled corn one or two days in the week, and we have thought that our pigs always did better under this practice than when confined exclusively to the soaked-corn diet.

The Car-Number Craze.

"Car numbers! Oh, who hasn't had this disease sometime during the course of his travelling career!" queried a nervous chap on the Omaha limited of his seat-mate.

"Before I went on the road," he continued, "I lived at Park Ridge, a suburban station near Chicago, on the Northwestern road, and used to ride in and out every day. I got to noticing the figures on the freight cars as my train passed along, and finally it got to be a mania with me. The moment I got on a moving car I was at the window looking out for the numbers of freight cars."

"Are you cured?" interrogated his companion.

"Wait and you will see," replied the nervous man. "I thought of the numbers by day, and actually dreamed of them by night. My main desire in that connection was to see a consecutive series. I was always on the lookout for the number 12,345 and if I saw such a number I believe I should have been perfectly satisfied. So interested in the search did I become that I conversed with train men about it and then learned it was a regular mania among the travelling public. The train men have it, too.

"Out on the road I went, still looking for the number. I happened to be out at Denver, Col., one very hot day in June. I got on the Kansas Pacific east-bound train, and had just taken my seat in the sleeper when the train pulled up. I was at the window, and there before my eyes was the number '12,345.' It was on a blue car. That cured me. I never look at the car numbers now. If I chance to be looking out of a window and see a freight car, the feeling is strong to look at the number, but I restrain myself, something that I could not do before, as I know how much I suffered in the past."

Queen Victoria's recent visit to Liverpool cost that city $60,000.

"Mamma, can't we go and hear Patti when she comes for her grand farewell tour next Fall?" Why, certainly, dear. Don't you remember we always went to hear Patti on her farewell tour? But, now I think of it, you weren't born then."

Small boy dialogue actually heard at the circus. "Say, Patsy, which would you rather, that the hippitypottermouse was a runnin' after you or the ryenowserhoss?" "By golly, Mike, I'd rather it was the kangaroo, 'cause I could get inside and ride."

COOL JACK.

His Tunnel Under the Prison Wall.

The escape of Jack McDonald, alias Cool Jack, from a Nova Scotia prison some years ago, was an instance of patience, perseverance, and nerve. He was sentenced to ten years for a safe robbery, which he committed alone, or was attempting to commit, when arrested. He had no relatives in the country, and could not depend upon any of the "fraternity" for assistance from the outside. When he was lying in jail awaiting trial he formed the acquaintance of a crook who had done time at the same prison, and this man gave him a pretty fair diagram of the buildings and yards. McDonald faithfully studied it for weak points, and he found one even before he entered the place. When he arrived he denied that he had ever worked at any trade, and also

PLEADED POOR GENERAL HEALTH.

Owing to these facts he was made a lumper, which is the prison term for a man of all work, and was assigned to a blacksmith shop. His duties were to run errands for this shop and assist in any piece of work where his services could be useful.

The place in which the stock of iron was kept was the building nearest to the wall. It had no floor, but the earth was beaten hard. Some of the iron bars stood on end in piles, while other portions of the stock rested on rough benches made for the purpose. There was another lumper besides McDonald for the same shop, and he was soon sounded as to his views on an attempt to escape. He was on a short term and declined to enter into any scheme. McDonald also judged him to be a man who would not hesitate to betray a fellow convict who was working for his liberty, and realized that he must guard against him. Fortunately for the safe blower, the fellow was fat, lazy, and unsuspicious, and only too willing for some one else to do all his work. It therefore soon happened that when stock was wanted for the shop, or there was anything to be taken to the wood shops or storehouse, McDonald was the one called upon. If both went to the stock house together, Pete had no objection to

HIDING AWAY FOR HALF AN HOUR

and taking a smoke while McDonald got out what they were after.

Across one corner of the building a great lot of iron bars stood slanted up in such a way as to leave considerable space behind them. It was stock seldom used, as the safe blower soon informed himself. After he had been imprisoned three weeks and the stock house had not in that time been visited once by an official he began a tunnel. He slipped in behind the bars of iron one morning and made an inspection and a calculation. It was twenty-eight feet to the wall, and the foundations of the wall were down five or six feet. He had previously secreted a spade in the house, and his first work on the tunnel lasted fifteen minutes. This was all the time he dared steal. On that same day his fellow met with an accident, and was laid up for six weeks. His place was taken by a convict known as a sucker, and not another stroke of work could be done on the tunnel until Pete returned.

Three months from the time McDonald entered the prison he had gone down four feet and begun his drift. Some days he got in ten minutes' work, and sometimes two or three days passed without his doing a stroke. The space behind the iron took care of his dirt, but one had only to step to that end of the building to discover the tunnel. When the convict began the drift he dug with a broken trowel, and hauled the dirt out in an old paint keg. Each time he went into the hole he ran the risk of some one entering the stock house to look for him and each time he came out he had to carefully brush his clothing for fear that a speck of fresh

DIRT WOULD BETRAY HIM.

He had the drift half way to the wall when a bar of iron fell on his foot, and it was seventy one days before he returned to work. During every working hour in all those days his tunnel was liable to discovery and he was never once approached by an official without feeling for the moment that he was to be charged with the enterprise. When he finally returned everything was as he had left it. It was now coming on fall, and McDonald was anxious to go ahead with his tunnel before cold weather should set in. For a good many days he managed to dig a few inches each day, but it was seven months before he struck the prison wall. He had run his drift on such a sharp slant that it was a hard task to back out of it, but he was not yet deep enough by a foot.

One day, just as the tunnel was under the wall, a prison official came to the stock house, inspected some of the bars behind which the convict had been working, and gave the lumpers orders to remove them to another portion of the building to make room for new stock. Just the slightest investigation on his part would have given the tunnel away, but he had no suspicions. Pete was ready to set about the removal at once, but McDonald bargained to do the work if the others would mind the lighter duties about the shop. When left alone the safe blower entered the tunnel and began digging as if for his life. For one long hour he took his chances of being missed from the shop, and when he crawled out his work was finished.

HE HAD SEEN DAYLIGHT

through the roots of the grass on the other side of the wall before he quit. There was but one more link to the chain. He dared not go out by daylight. It was now dark as the men knocked off work, and he must remain behind as they marched in. He would be missed in ten minutes, but that would give him time. When the bell struck McDonald closed the doors of the stock house and entered the tunnel, and five minutes later he was creeping away outside the walls, a free man. He was missed in a few minutes, but it was half an hour before his tunnel was discovered. A few days later the safe blower turned up in the States in good health, and the records do not show that he was ever recaptured.

A Drunken Brute.

The other night William Garrett, living ten miles south of Muncie, Ind., went to his home drunk, and not finding his wife at home, but being informed that she had gone to town to begin divorce proceedings against him on account of continued abuse, took his ax, went to his barn, and, having chopped to pieces much valuable farm machinery, set fire to and burned his barn with its contents. Then arming himself with a double-barreled shotgun he sat himself to watch for neighbors who might be drawn to the scene by the flames of the burning barn. Soon Walter Boner and a companion came. They were ordered to leave at once, but as they refused to go at once he fired upon them. Boner fell to the ground dangerously wounded in the back. Garrett fired upon his companion, who had stopped to assist Boner, but his aim was poor and the man was not hurt. The sheriff at Newcastle was notified of the affair, and with deputies proceeded to the place and arrested Garrett, who is now in jail. Garrett's shameful treatment of his wife, together with this affair, has created intense feeling against him, and if he were not secure behind the bars he would likely soon hang from a tree.

HOUSEHOLD.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Wide-Awake Pie.—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one-fourth cup of vinegar, two thirds cup of water, and butter the size of an egg. Simmer them together, then add one cup of powdered cracker, allspice, cinnamon, nutmeg, and raisins. Bake with two crusts. This makes two pies.

Squash Biscuit.—Two cups of sifted squash, one cup of yeast, two tablespoonfuls each of sugar, butter, and milk. Salt to taste. Knead with flour like bread and set to rise over night. Bake in a quick oven in biscuit for breakfast.

Currant Jelly.—Here is a recipe for currant jelly, which has been thoroughly tested, with great success, to our surprise, as we had always thought the use of water would be fatal. Boil together for half an hour four quarts of currants, stems and all, and one quart of water strain and boil fifteen minutes. Add one pound of sugar for every pound of juice, and just bring to a boil. Pour while hot into tumblers.

White Cake.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, the whites of five eggs, three cups flour, two teaspoons cream tartar, one teaspoon saleratus.

Black Cake.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one cup of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cloves, one nutmeg, five cups of flour, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one-quarter pound of citron. This cake will keep good several months.

Welsh Custards.—One cup of dry, grated cheese, four eggs, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of prepared flour mixed with the milk, bit of soda the size of a pea, half teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of cayenne. Heat the milk, stirring in the soda, butter, salt, and pepper, with the flour wet up with a little milk, and pour it scalding hot on the eggs beaten light in a bowl; add the cheese, beat up for a minute, pour into buttered custard cups, and bake in a brisk oven for about twenty minutes. They should be puffy and lightly browned. Serve instantly in the cups, as they soon fall; pass the wafers with them.

HOUSEHOLD INFORMATION.

When using buttermilk for griddle-cakes, dilute it a third with cold water, so that the cakes will not be sticky.

A shovelful of hot coals held over varnished furniture will, it is said, take out spots and stains. Rub the place while warm with flannel.

A dripping-pan half full of cold water on the upper grate in the oven will prevent pies or cakes from burning.

The latest fancy in splashers are large fans spread against the wall behind the washstand.

A tallow candle or piece of tallow wrapped in tissue paper and laid among furs or other garments will, it is said, prevent the ravages of moths. It is also a preventive of the Buffalo bug.

It is said that white silk lace can be cleaned by washing in benzine. It is best to do this work out of doors, away from fires and lights.

MAKING PICKLES.

First put one peck of coarse salt in a barrel and one pail of water; wash cucumbers; always leave on about one inch of the stem when cut from the vines; put them in the brine and lay all over them a piece of woolen cloth, a round cover that will go down to the bottom of the barrel, and a stone to keep them under the brine; pick cucumbers every day and put in until the barrel is full, adding water to keep them covered. Now the only trouble in keeping them is the scum that rises; put into the barrel about half a peck of horseradish root thoroughly washed and you will have no trouble of that kind; without that you must rinse your flannel cloth every day while you are making your pickles. To prepare them for use soak them in a brass kettle changing the water every day until quite fresh; to make them green put in a piece of alum in every water while you are soaking them; wipe them dry, put in a jar and pour hot vinegar over them; put spices, whole cloves, etc., in your vinegar.

For cucumbers to keep green, take three gallons of cucumbers, wash them, put them in pickle for six or seven days, changing the pickle once or twice during that time; scald vinegar and put in it a lump of alum as large as a butternut. Drain the pickles, pack into a jar, and pour the hot vinegar over them. Pick some grapevine leaves and lay over them. Close the jar for a week, then pour off this vinegar, which will do for another lot; scald fresh vinegar in which some green peppers have been placed, some horseradish, mustard seed, spices, and celery seed. Lay on fresh grapevine leaves and pour the vinegar on hot. Keep closed for awhile until thoroughly cool. This recipe is good and given by a lady who has made pickles the same way for forty years and never fails to have the best. They are green and firm; I may add, however, that she makes her own vinegar by saving apple parings and cores in a stone jar and keeping covered with warm water. It is clean and good. She sometimes adds a teaspoonful of white sugar.

A Merchant's "Honorable Conduct."

A story is told of a Marseilles merchant who enjoyed the "highest reputation" for honorable conduct. He received a cargo of coffee, for which the broker would only offer him 60 centimes a pound. Desirous of a larger profit, but equally anxious to remain within the strict limits of the truth, he descended to his kitchen, and addressing the cook, said, "Will you buy the cargo of coffee just arrived?" "Master must be joking," replied the cook. "Not at all; make an offer above 60 centimes, and I will consider about it." "Very well, sir, I offer 70 centimes," rejoined the cook. "Which offer I refuse," added the merchant, and left the perplexed cook to her cooking. When the broker returned, repeating his offer of 60 centimes, the merchant cried out, "Listen to me; you know that I have never been guilty of uttering an untruth; now, I pledge my word of honor that I have just refused an offer of 70 centimes for the coffee; give me a higher rate, and you shall have the cargo!" Of course the advance was given.

All women profess to hate men who are jealous, but in this way they belie themselves extravagantly. No woman ever loved a man violently whom she was unable to infect with a sting of the green-eyed monster. It is true that some women are fond of complacent, easy-going, and impassionate men, but as a rule such fellows can never inspire the genuine emotion. It is your hot-headed, passionate, and impulsive man who can drive a woman to destruction. All women are more or less sentimental, and so are all good men for that matter.

A horse frequently wins a race on the spur of the moment.

TWO BLOSSOMS.

A Pathetic Story of Life in a Great City.

On the fourth floor of a large tenement house in one of the poor localities in a great city, in a small back room, a little child lay ill. She had been ailing from her birth, and the neighbors said it was a wonder that she had lived so long, she was such a sickly little thing.

In the next room a woman toiled wearily over a washtub, rubbing and wringing, rubbing and wringing, while the perspiration rolled down her face. Every little while she would stop, and taking her arms out of the steaming tub, wipe them hastily on her apron, and putting her head into the tiny bedroom, ask: "Do you want anything, dear?" And the little child, shaking her head, would answer feebly: "No, ma'am." Then the woman would go back to the tub and rub, rub, rub, and think, think, think, till a tear mingled with the perspiration on her face, and then, brushing her eyes quickly, she would say: "What is the use of thinking and fretting; it won't make things any better," and she would turn again to the tub, and rub, rub, rub, and think, think, think.

Very often the neighbor down stairs came up to see the child, and watching the woman working would say: "Sure, woman, you'll kill yourself workin' so hard."

"I don't mind it. I'd work my finger nails off if she was only spared to me," the woman would answer, nodding her head in the direction of the other room.

"Indeed, I hope she will be," the neighbor replied, but when she was down in her own rooms she would say, with a long drawn sigh: "It would be well for both of them, if it was the Lord's will, if He would take them to Himself, for I see nothin' in this world for the poor but hard work and sorrer."

The little child never complained, but lay for hours and hours looking through the window at a small bit of blue sky, just visible between the housetops that shut in the narrow yard. The harsh tones of street peddlers, calling their wares, and the shrill voices of children, as they played and squabbled in the yard below, came in through the window, but she did not appear to heed them, but lay calmly watching the bit of sky and the clouds that passed over it.

She was very fond of flowers, and some one gave her a geranium in full bloom; but, owing to its having been forced in a hot-house, the leaves soon turned yellow, and it lived only a short time. The child felt so grieved that the woman obtained a box, and remembering the little cottage with the tiny porch in her country home that she had left years before the child was born, planted some scarlet runner beans, and placed the box on the ledge of the window of the tenement below. Very carefully they were watered each day, and in a little while began to show their heads. When told the little child asked: "When can I see them?" And the woman replied: "In a little while, dear."

So the child watched the blue sky and waited patiently till one day, a tiny leaf lifted its head and looked in. Then the little child was glad. And soon another leaf appeared, and then another, and she forgot the bit of sky and the clouds floating over it, and watched the vine as it grew. In a short time a bunch of green buds pressed against the pane and the child smiled for she knew the blossom was nigh.

She seldom turned from the window, unless some neighbor looked in and asked: "Do you feel better, dear?" and she would answer in a weak, little voice, "Yes, ma'am," and turn again to the window to watch the ripening buds.

"I never saw her so taken up with anything before. I think she must be getting better," the woman said.

And the neighbor answered, "She does look brighter."

One morning the little girl found the buds tipped with scarlet, and her eyes brightened, and she thought: "They will open to-morrow," but the next day came in dull and cloudy and the buds were no nearer opening. All day long she watched and waited, but the buds were waiting for the sun before they could burst through their green prison walls. When the day closed and they did not open, the little child grieved, and turning her face to the wall listened to the rub, rub, rub in the next room.

In the morning the sun shone out bright and clear, and the buds burst their bonds and, nodding their glowing, scarlet heads, tapped merrily at the window.

The curtain was drawn, and the rub, rub, rub, in the next room had ceased, and, in the small back room, the little child lay, with small, thin hands folded, and weary eyes closed, for she had found the eternal sun and bloomed in the land of perpetual summer.

The next day, while the tiny form lay in the small, pine coffin, the woman opened the window, and plucking the bright hued blossom, placed it tenderly on the pure, little, pulseless heart.

To-day, in a cemetery out in the suburbs of a great city, people pause and gaze curiously at a small grave, around which the scarlet runners run and twine lovingly, and away up on the fourth floor of a tenement house, a woman rubs, rubs, rubs, and thinks, thinks, thinks.

A Boycott in Africa.

Affairs are in a very unsatisfactory state at Cameroons. The natives have boycotted all the whites, and refused to trade with them or supply them with any food. No white man can buy a fowl or a bullock, and the natives have barred the way to the fresh water, so that the whites have to depend upon rain for all the water they require. Large numbers of the factories up the river are closed, and the traders are sending their working staffs home. The natives are determined that the German Government shall derive no advantages from the port. They are paying up all the debts they owe to the white traders, but are doing no fresh business.

The people on both sides of the river have joined together and made common cause against the Government. They do not threaten nor will they fight, but they will not work. Their houses as well as their plantations were all destroyed when the Germans bombarded the town, so that they have nothing to lose. The English traders have had an interview with the Vice-Consul and the German Governor, and unless some compromise is affected it will only be a question of how long the traders will keep their factories open, as they are losing money daily.

A Strange Combination.

It was a very curious and almost unprecedented change of causes, we imagine, which brought about the death of a little boy at Birmingham the other day. The boy ate during the day a quantity of sorrel which he found near his father's house. In the night, feeling thirsty, he drank freely of some soapy water which stood near his bedside. Next day he died, and an inquest being held, the medical evidence was to the effect that the alkali of the soap acting upon the sorrel had formed oxalic acid, a poisonous compound, by which the child had been killed.

One of the busiest and most energetic women in literature is Shirley Dare (Mrs. Susan D. Power.) She not only writes practical and entertaining books on household and sanitary topics but also keeps her own house unaided, gardens enthusiastically, writes pungent editorials for the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*, the New York *Mail and Express* and *Outing*, and last Winter as a diversion from regular journalistic work she translated an Italian epic, a French work on art, and a Hungarian novel.

As a six-days type-setting contest held in Boston lately between female compositors three of the women beat the best record made in a similar contest the week before between male compositors from leading newspaper offices.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1886.

We are informed that W. Owens, Esq., M.P.P. for this County, proposes, during the first week of August, to start on his annual visit of inspection of the various Colonization Roads throughout Argenteuil.

We learn that he will leave Stonefield on the morning of Tuesday, 3rd prox., and proceeding by the Rouge Road, to Moore's Hill, will meet the parties interested in that section, at the point where the proposed new road around that hill diverges from the old road, at about ten o'clock a. m.

From thence he will drive through Harrington to Lost River, and will attend a meeting of those interested in the roads of that locality, at seven o'clock the same evening

Proceeding to Arundel on Wednesday morning, Mr. Owens will spend the day in that Township, and attend a meeting of the electors and others interested, at the building known as Thompson's School House at seven o'clock in the evening.

Leaving Arundel the next morning, Thursday, Mr. Owens will return by way of Lost River and Edina. All residents of the various localities along the route, can make appointments accordinly. As is his wont, our member will have pleasure in meeting all who may be desirous of seeing him.

On the morning of Monday, 9th August, Mr. Owens, accompanied by Mr. Bureau, Government Explorer and Inspector of Colonization Roads, will drive to Farmer's Settlement in the Township of Wentworth, and will meet the parties interested in the Colonization Roads of that section, about eleven o'clock a. m., at the new Church of St. Michel. Mr. Bureau goes to the township of Wentworth to explore and locate the new Colonization Roads in that township, proposes to connect The Orphans' Home and Settlements in rear of Wentworth with the Town of Lachute.

From Wentworth, Mr. Owens will proceed to Lakefield, where a meeting will be held on Tuesday morning, 10th August, at ten o'clock.

He will thence drive to Mille Isles, to meet the electors and others interested at seven o'clock the same evening.

Mr. Owens will hold a meeting similarly, in the township of Morin, on Wednesday morning, the 11th, at the School-House at Morin Flats.

We have not any definite information as to his later appointments, but, unless other arrangements are entered into, it is quite possible that Mr. Owens may proceed—as he did last year—to the township of Howard, too inspect the important Colonization roads there opening, and return by the Orphans' Home and new French Settlements in the rear of Wentworth.

As it has been the invariable custom of Mr. Owens to make this annual tour of the country, it can scarcely be looked upon as an electioneering trip, at this time, even though an election is approaching, and we heartily endorse his action in making these yearly journeys, as they give to the inhabitants of the remoter sections of the County, opportunities of meeting their member, and of making known to him their wants and requirements in a direct manner, which would, otherwise, be difficult for them to do. When he accepted nomination—five years since—Mr. Owens signified to the electors, his intention to be present in his office at Stonefield, regularly upon the first Monday of each month, for the express purpose of meeting all who might be desirous of seeing him. This promise has, we understand, been faithfully performed at all seasons, excepting when Mr. Owens has been necessarily absent attending his Parliamentary duties at Quebec.

The Fishery Question is now to Canadians the all engrossing question. Minister Phelps is instructed by his Government, to protest in the most emphatic manner, against the Canadian and British interpretation of the head-land limit, but contend that the prohibition to fish in Canadian waters should only apply to the three mile limit from shore seawards—and not from headland to headland. To show the absurdity of this claim of the United States authorities—this very season they seized and confiscated a Spanish vessel for fishing within twelve miles of the United States coast. And in an insurance case recently tried before the United States Supreme Court it was decided that a ship anchored in the Chesapeake Bay at a point considerably beyond three miles from any part of the shore, was in American waters, because she was within a line drawn from headland to headland, although some of these headlands are over twelve or fifteen miles from the mainland. This we think fully disposes of their claim they have set up taking their own acts as a creterion to judge from. What is sauce for the goose must be sauce for the gander—and cannot be allowed either by the Canadian or British Government. The Yankee must knuckle under.

That the way of the man who against light and knowledge, sacred and divine, in the most flagrant manner is sooner or later sure of condign punishment has proved later the experience of Sir Charles Dilke, who not content with having his own skirts soiled by the developments of a previous divorce suit, desired to still farther blacken his guilty paramour, but in the attempt has covered himself with mud that can never be shaken off. In consequence he will be driven from public and social life, and if he does not become a fugitive and an exile upon the continent, it will be because of the almost unparalleled cheek of which he is possessed.

CONSERVATIVE NOMINATION.

We must say we are pleased that the choice of the Liberal Conservative convention fell on Mr. Owens, who for upwards of five years has been the trusted, tried and approved representative of the County of Argenteuil in the Provincial Legislature. In his representative capacity Mr. Owens has done not only the province but the County considerable service. He is a gentleman of sufficient business capacity and experience, to understand, appreciate and be equal to the different phases of the aggregate situation of the different districts of Quebec, and not only so, he has understood the requirements of the County, and bent his energies to have them provided for. Moreover, Mr. Owens is no bigot, sectarian, or sectionalist. He has aimed at the administration of even-handed justice, and has striven for the maintenance of the right. The meeting by which his candidature was endorsed was, it can not be denied, a representative one, and the enthusiasm of the gentlemen composing it may fairly be taken as an indication with which his candidature will be hailed when it is presented to them formally and officially. In our opinion Mr. Owens is as good a man as Argenteuil could have to represent it, he is respected on all hands, and his influence of very considerable weight with the Government, to which as a Conservative it becomes him to give his support. We are not one of those who have any idea that Argenteuil will go Liberal. We believe it to be Conservative, "by a large majority"; but we warn our readers of the fact that if the Liberals have not yet—though it has been reported they have—chosen a candidate to contest the election, they are likely to make an announcement at any moment. On this account those who believe in the continuance of a well-tried member should prepare themselves for a campaign, as the boast of the other side has been that they will bring out a candidate in every constituency. The prospects of our candidates should not be in any way preiudiced by such ideas as sometimes prevails that our candidate is sufficiently strong to need no bolstering up. We do not regard any legitimate support as bolstering; and we may add, that at election times the only thing that succeeds is success and that has to be worked for.

THE ISSUES BEFORE THE COUNTRY.

It is all very well for Hon. Mr. Laurier, Mr. Prefontaine and those who think like them, to raise all the fuss they are doing over the man whom, the other day, the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, himself a French Canadian Minister, did not hesitate to describe to his fellow countrymen as a traitor to his race, a coward, and an apostate. Of course it required considerable nerve on the part of the Secretary of State to do this in presence of the reception that was accorded to his deliverances. Possibly he had seldom previously been called upon to encounter so deliberately dissatisfied a crowd; for, if the story be true, it had been packed to oppose him and to dissent from his deliverances; nevertheless he was able to tell many wholesome truths not only as to the inner history of several political questions in which he was compelled to disclose the hidden hand of Mr. Senecal, and to demonstrate that it was not Conservatives alone upon whom it had been his practice to operate.

We have all along deprecated, and we still continue to deprecate, the making of the execution of Louis Riel a plank in any political platform in this Province; and for that reason, if for no other, we hold that Mr. Jodoin ought to be the choice of the electors of the County of Chambly. It may fairly be admitted that in that election the Goverment's North West policy may be put upon its trial, and the proceedings with respect to Riel may in that light be justified or condemned; but when nationality and religion are introduced we have no hesitation in declaring that a step too far in advance has been taken and that nothing can justify such deliverances as Mr. Mercier and his friends have incorporated in their platform. There has been too much theatrical business in connection with the Regina Scaffold, and probably there could have been nothing more indecent or more condemnable than the gross insult inflicted upon the Secretary of State when some miscreant levelled at his head a piece of rope and persons not less culpable and indecent exhibited their pictures of the condemned convict before an audience already sufficiently excited. There ought to be such a thing as decency everywhere; but it is a quality apparently possessed in very small amount by the Liberals of Chambly and the men who have cast their lot in with them.

We are not particularly impressed with the intellectual or the political strength of Mr. Jodoin; but even supposing that he may be a public employe or that he has sons in the public service, he is ahead of Mr. Prefontaine who cannot reasonably stake his own honor when there exists very peculiar suspicions as to what was done with some $1,500 of corruption money which Mr. Senecal placed in his hands, we suppose because in that way he thought the most good would be done with it. The object was corruption. The Liberals pass as purists. How do they meet the dilemma? Did Mr. Prefontaine take the money to prevent mischief being done with it, and did he devote it to charitable objects as was suggested by *La Patrie*; or where has it gone to? This is a question which will doubtless have been asked over and over again before the conclusion of the election which will have terminated before we went to press.

Mr. Gladstone has resigned; but the Marquis of Harington, we regret to say, has assumed a position towards Earl Salisbury that rather complicates matters. We had hoped that a government would have been formed of which both the last named would have formed part; but there appears to be insuperable incompatibilities between them, and that the Radical Unionists while opposing Mr. Gladstone on the subject of Home Rule, are not disposed to give any further pledges against him. Opposition such as this, is only half hearted and can only have the effect of increasing the difficulties of dealing with home affairs.

Lord Salisbury has succeeded in forming part of his ministry. Lord George Hamilton is to be Home Secretary; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chief Secretary for Ireland; Lord Iddesleigh, President of the Council; Viscount Cranbrook, Secretary for war; the Marquis of Londonderry, Vice Roy of Ireland, Lord Randolph Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader in the House of Commons. The Right Hon. Wm. Henry Smith, Sir Richard A. Cross and the Right Hon F. A. Stanly will enter the House of Lords.

SPEECH OF HON. MR. CHAPLEAU.

At the nomination of candidates for the House of Commons for the County of Chambly, the Hon. Mr. Chapleau made a rousing and telling speech, which we give below copied from the *Gazette*.

THE HON. MR. CHAPLEAU received an enthusiastic reception on ascending the platform to speak. He said:—Allow me to thank you most cordially for the greeting you have given me this evening. I take it that your enthusiasm is not for me individually but in favor of the ideas which I represent and in support of the position I have taken on the Riel question, which is now before the country, and which for the first time will be decided by the votes of the electors of this province. Your reception to me is, I am sure, especially cordial on account of the disgrace which hired bullies caused to the tait county of Chambly at Longueuil and which you and my French-Canadian compatriots will, I believe, resent. I came here this evening for two objects. First, at the invitation of some of your friends, to examine a part of this locality which has been injured by the floods, and which requires the immediate attention of the Government in the way of public improvements. (Hear, hear.) I know that your late member, Mr. Benoit, presented a petition some time ago from the municipality of this locality calling the attention of the Government to improvements which are absolutely needed and which the county had a right to ask from the Government. Due consideration had been promised by the Government, but the best evidence of all will be to lay before the Privy council the experience of a minister who has seen the place with his own eyes. I should tell you that if there is one thing I hate it is to call forth the votes of the electors by anything which would look like a bribe to the voters. I have not come here for that purpose. I was asked candidly this evening by one of your friends if the Government would really promise to do what the people here want. Life is too short to tell lies, and I answered him as candidly that I could not promise anything for the Government, but I will promise that I will remember what I have seen, that I will remember the wants of this county. I will take the electors assembled here into my confidence, and I will break no faith when I tell them

A LITTLE MINISTERIAL SECRET.

I do not like too much secrecy, because I like to have my public actions before the world. When Mr. Benoit was appointed to the position, after twenty years of service to his county, some of my colleagues in the Cabinet said that the county should not be opened until after the local elections. I do not like anything that is not manly and straightforward, and I told my colleagues, as I tell you, that I knew the election would not be carried on any political issues; that I knew the platform of our opponents would be the Regina platform, and that the gibbet and the red flag would be displayed by the Rouges to excite the prejudices of my fellow countrymen. I faced the issue like a true Canadian, as I did in June last, after Riel was arrested. I knew Riel as intimately as I know my best friends in this room. I knew he had been carried away by his love of lucre and ambition to commit a great crime; he committed a crime to the detriment of his own nationality, and he had to pay the penalty. I pleaded for the half-breeds in 1874 without any fee or even asking the charity of a subscription. When my friends in the States wrote to me, although I was cautioned by a friend of mine, I wrote these opinions about Riel. It was not for me as a member of the Government to overrule the decisions of the highest courts in the Empire except upon one issue; and that is if Riel were unsound in his mind and could not distinguish between right and wrong. I need not speak to you of the certificates of medical men to the effect that he was sane, but I will refer you to the letter read by Mr. Blake in the House of Commons from one of the jurymen who convicted him, and who said they found Riel guilty as a man of sound mind, not as a lunatic. If the issue had been put before the electors that Riel should not have been executed because the whole French-Canadian race had asked for his pardon I would have understood it. For seventeen years I have been a lawyer pleading before the courts. Suppose a mother pleaded before a judge for mercy and pardon for a convicted son, and suppose the judge did not consider it his duty to grant that pardon, would it be right for that mother to have a malediction on her lips for the judge because it was his duty to vindicate the law? And the only accusation that can be brought against the Government is that they exercised the law in its strictest sense. But the liberals in this county endeavor to raise the prejudices of the people by saying that Riel was sacrificed because the Orangemen asked the head of Riel. I, as Secretary of State would, have received any petitions forwarded to the Government, and there was NOT A SINGLE PETITION from any Orange body. Mr. Prefontaine says he is neither Liberal nor Conservative, but he is a Nationalist. I came here to protest against his assuming the name and against his platform, and I have a right to do so more than any man of my Nationality in this country. I cannot be accused of taking the stand I have taken for the sake of remuneration, power or glory. I have been offered by Mr. Mercier, speaking for Mr Laurier and in the name of the whole of their friends, if I put myself at the head of the National party and lead a crusade against that so-called anti-patriotic Government at Ottawa, to give me honors, power, glory, portfolios and premierships. Yes, my friends, I have been offered more than that.

I HAVE BEEN OFFERED IN SOLID GOLD and money enough to represent more salary than I should receive for five years as a minister of the Crown if I took the leadership of that party; but, gentlemen, I refused it. I refused it at a time when my health was such that I did not know if I could retain my portfolio. I refused it last year when going to Europe, and not knowing that I should return to my native country alive. With their money and their promises I could have retired into private life with honor and gold, but I acted on the dictates of of my conscience, and I would not lead my fellow countrymen astray. I do not deserve any credit for this. I have done nothing but what the humblest workingman in the country should do. I did my duty. (Cheers) My duty to my nation and my compatriots. I promised my Queen when I swore allegiance to her as a cabinet minister, that I would be true to her and to the laws of my country. Never even though the penalty should be death to refuse, will I take up the flag of rebellion. No; from the depth of my soul I proclaim that I would rather be the humblest soldier in Her Majesty's army than the grand dictator of a rebellion against our Sovereign. (Prolonged cheering.) That is the issue put to the electors and I am mistaken if the Conservative candidate does not have the Independent Liberal vote on such an issue. I say a Liberal vote advisedly, because I have received letters from the most prominent men of the Liberal party promising me their support. Amongst others, I have received

A LETTER FROM MR. THOS. WORKMAN, a staunch and worthy Liberal telling me that he would be grateful to me all his life for the stand I have taken on this question. (Cheers.) My Liberal friends have told me in Montreal the first time you ask us to support you on the Riel question we will do it, and I expect them to do it now. This question is my question, and I ask the English Liberal citizens and the English Conservatives to vote in my favor as the only Cabinet minister for the district of Montreal. If we do not get the intelligent vote on this question in this election, I will say that I am mistaken in the faith and good sense of my fellow countrymen, but I will not regret the stand I took because it was my duty. I have been told that Mr. Prefontaine boasts that he will get the English vote. I do not believe it. They have promised to support the Conservative candidate, and I have yet to learn the character of an Englishman if he will tell you one thing and do the other when your back is turned. I do not like personalities in an election contest. Mr. Prefontaine is my friend, but I will say that he does not come before the electors with clean hands, and if he went before the electors on a platform in England they would SEND HIM TO WASH HIS HANDS first. In 1881 Mr. Prefontaine said in the papers that he knew nothing of the $1,500 business, but now he says that he did receive the money. At the time the money was paid I happened to be prime minister in Quebec, and then Mr. Mercier and his friends considered Mr. Senecal the most abominable man in the world, although now they would embrace him on both cheeks. (Applause.) Mr. Senecal had the tunnel bilt before the house, and one day the Hon. Mr. Robertson called me into the committee on railways and canals, stating that Mr. Mercier was kicking up the devil of a row. Mr. Chaffee was being examined and Mr. Mercier was ventilating his eloquence on the abominations of the bill as he called them. I objected to the questions Mr. Mercier was putting the witness on the grounds that they were illegal and the president of the committee held in my favor. The discussion continued up to the hour of adjournment. Mr. Senecal afterwards came to me and asked me what about the bill. I said it was in danger as Mr. Mercier was opposing it, and Mr. Senecal asked me for how long was the house adjourned. This was on Friday, and I told him it did not meet until Tuesday, and Mr. Senecal said, I will MAKE IT ALL RIGHT WITH MR. MERCIER and his friends." When the committee reassembled again Mr. Joly, who opposed the bill all through, was there. Mr. Joly has always been my opponent in politics, but he is my personal friend, and he has no other feelings from me as an individual except feelings of respect and esteem. The same question which Mr. Mercier had put at the previous meeting came up again, and Mr. Chaffee was there to be examined, when, to the great surprise of Mr. Joly—but it was no surprise to me—Mr. Mercier said: "I have nothing to ask Mr. Chaffee, I have considered the bill and I believe it to be in the public interest that it should pass." (Laughter.) Mr. Joly looked at Mr. Mercier and looked at me and he said, "Well, I am surprised at this. I thought there was a great deal of opposition to the bill. The bill should not pass according to the statement that Mr. Mercier made previously." Mr. Joly asked to have the consideration of the bill adjourned, as he did not understand the change of front. The committee was adjourned and, as we were leaving the committee room, Mr. Joly said, "Mercier has found a ray of light, and, it has converted him like Saul." (Laughter.) If you look into the journals of the house you will find that Mr. Joly moved the rejection of the bill and that Mr. Mercier voted in favor of its passing. Mr. Senecal told me when I spoke of Mr. Mercier's opposition, "Don't trouble yourself, Mercier is all right and," and as Mr. Senecal said in court, although it was not a very polite expression. "When I want to buy an animal I weigh it before I pay the price." (Laughter.) I don't believe that Mr. Prefontaine made anything out of this transaction, because he says he did not, and he will not tell how he distributed, but if he is not bribed he is a briber, and you have little to choose between the two. When a man comes before the electors he should have clean hands, and Mr. Prefontaine should be sent down to wash his hands on the Grand Trunk wharf before offering himself as a representative of the people of Chambly. (Cheers and laughter.) In conclusion he appealed to the electors who were lovers of the Crown and their country to support the Conservative candidate. (Applause.)

The proceedings then terminated, with cheers for Hon Mr. Chapleau and Mr. Jodoin

THE TEACHERS INSTITUTE.

The third of the series of Institutes being carried on by the Department of Public Instruction for this Province was held in the College Buildings here last week, and proved an unqualified success. The weather was all that could be desired. The building had been thoroughly renovated, and evergreens and bunting out side, and bouquets and pots of flowers inside, welcomed the visitors to their labors. The term lasted four days and was under the direction of the Rev. J. E. Rexford, the English Secretary of the Department of Public Instruction, Dr. Robins, M.A.LL.D. Principal Professor of English Language and Literature and Lecturer on the Art of Teaching and Natural Science of McGill Normal School, Dr. McGregor M.A.LL.D. Professor of Mathematics and Instructor in Classics of the same Institution assisted by Inspector McGregor of our own district and Mr. Wardrop of Dunham College (late of Edinburgh). No time was lost in getting to work. The roll was called at nine in the morning and two in the afternoon, and six hours each day was the minimum of work exacted. Mr. Rexford took up School discipline in relation to School Boards, parent and teachers and pupils and the duties and powers of School Commissioners and teachers. Dr. Robins lectured on Geography, English and methods of Teaching, while Dr. McGregor dealt with Arithmetic, Geometry, etc., and the best methods of teaching these branches. One hour each day was given to answering questions deposited by teachers and others in the *General Question Box*. The vast amount of educational matter dealt with in these lectures is incredible and interesting in the extreme, not only to teachers, but to those of our citizens who dropped in during the hour or two they could spare from business and were loath to leave again. The one thing regretted was the marked absence of the School Commissioners and teachers of our County School Municipalities, an absence which is all the more regrettable, from the fact that these meetings have been inaugurated and are being held by the Department specially for the information and benefit of teachers and School Commissioners, and deals with matters which comes up at every School Board meeting and occurs daily in the experience of every School teacher, and the teachers especially should mark this that it is only a question of time, when the production of the certificate which is issued to each teacher in attendance will be necessary, in order to entitle them to take charge of an elementary School.

The meeting was enlivened during the week by an evening gathering on Wednesday in the School room to listen to readings from the teachers and lecturers, and witness the interesting chemical experiments provided by Dr. Robins, and a further public entainment by the Citizens on Thursday evening at Victoria Hall kindly offered by Mr. Barron for the occasion, at which a large and appreciative audience enjoyed eloquent and interesting addresses from Drs. Robins and McGregor and Messrs. Rexford, McGregor and Wardrop, with intermissions of music and readings.

The hospitality of the town was extended to the Rev. Mr. Rexford by Mrs. T. Christie, to Dr. Robins by Mrs. Ireland, to Dr. McGregor by Mrs. J. Mackie, to Inspector McGregor by Mrs. Hope, to Mr. Wardrop by Mrs. R. Banford, to Miss Burwash of St. Andrews by Mrs. Giles, to Miss Tighe, of Rawdon, by Mrs. Palliser, to the Misses Campbell's of Ormstown by Mrs. G. Christie, to the Misses Shepherd by Mrs. Haney, to Miss Ryder of Granby, Miss Kate Martin of Montreal, and Miss McDougall of Ormstown by Mrs. Massiah, to Mr. J. Calder of Aylmer and Mr. J. W. McOuat, by Mrs. McKimmie, to Mr. Newton, of Aylmer by Mrs. P. Campbell, to Miss Stewart and Miss Young by Mrs. J. Stewart, to Miss Roy and Miss Hall of Dunham by Miss Maria McGibbon, to Miss McEwen of North Georgetown by Mrs. Jousse, to Miss Straker of Hemmingford and Miss Gambell of Jamestown by Mrs. R. Creswell, to Mr. Campbell by Mrs. Quinn, to Miss McNie and Miss Noyes by Mrs. W. J. Todd, to Miss Cowil by Mrs. McConnell, to Miss Spindlo and Miss Todd of Ormstown by Mrs. Fish, to the Misses Scott of Lakefield by Mrs. Cruise, and to Miss L. McMartin by Mrs. Drysdale.

Miss M. McGregor, Miss McGibbon, Miss Armstrong, Miss Creswell, and Miss Strong, teachers were also in attendance at the meeting.

Carrying out the idea of making a British army and Naval Station at the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway on the Pacific, a detachment of Engineers and others have left for the west to make the necessary surveys.

Mr. John Johnstone's youngest son was run over by a double wagon the other day and seriously injured. He is convalescing rapidly and expects to be all right in a week or two.

PERRY DAVIS'
PAIN-KILLER
IS RECOMMENDED BY
Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Work-shops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals, —in short, everybody everywhere who has ever given it a trial.
TAKEN INTERNALLY MIXED WITH A WINE GLASS OF HOT MILK AND SUGAR, IT WILL BE FOUND A NEVER FAILING
CURE FOR
SUDDEN COLDS, CHILLS, CONGESTION OR STOPPAGE OF CIRCULATION, CRAMPS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, SUMMER AND BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SORE THROAT, &c.
APPLIED EXTERNALLY,
EXPERIENCE HAS PROVEN IT THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND BEST LINIMENT ON EARTH IN REMOVING THE PAIN
ARISING FROM
SPRAINS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SWELLED FACE, TOOTHACHE, BURNS, FROST BITES, &c., &c.
25cts. per Bottle.
Beware of Imitations.

CAMPBELL'S
TONIC ELIXIR
This agreeable yet potent preparation is especially adapted for the relief and cure of that class of disorders attendant upon a low or reduced state of the system, and usually accompanied by Pallor, Weakness and Palpitation of the Heart. Prompt results will follow its use in cases of Sudden Exhaustion arising from Loss of Blood, Acute or Chronic Diseases, and in the weakness that invariably accompanies the recovery from Wasting Fevers. No remedy will give more speedy relief in Dyspepsia or Indigestion. For Impoverished Blood, Loss of Appetite, Despondency, and in all cases where an EFFECTIVE and CERTAIN STIMULANT is required, the ELIXIR will be found INVALUABLE.
Price $1 per Bottle or Six Bottles for $5
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited)
SOLE AGENTS,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

BEWARE
OF COUNTERFEITS.
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
CELEBRATED
Florida Water!
The Universal Perfume.
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, THE TOILET AND THE BATH.

CAMPBELL'S
CATHARTIC COMPOUND
is effective in small doses, acts without griping, does not occasion nausea, and will not create irritation and congestion as do many of the usual cathartics administered in the form of Pills, &c.
Ladies and Children having the most sensitive stomachs take this medicine without trouble or complaint.
CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND is especially adapted for the cure of
LIVER COMPLAINTS AND BILIOUS DISORDERS.
FOR ACID STOMACH AND LOSS OF APPETITE.
FOR SICK HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA.
FOR CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.
FOR ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM A DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH.
This medicine being in liquid form, the dose can be easily regulated to meet the requirements of different persons, thus making it equally well adapted to the use of the little child as to the adult. Put up in three ounce bottles, and sold by all dealers in family medicines.
Price Retail, 25 Cents.

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

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.—JENSEN & Co., 9, Station Road, Plaistow, London, England. Established to supply Settlers in the Colonies with the addresses of respectable young women who are willing to communicate with bona fide Tradesmen, Farmers, and others desirous of meeting with useful wives They will be supplied from the Agricultural Districts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, as well as the Continent of Europe Applicants should state their particular requirements and preferences, enclosing Postal Order for Two Shillings, to meet preliminary expenses.

WANTED
A FEMALE TEACHER for No. 1 School Mille Isles, holding first class Elementary Diploma. Apply, to
THOMAS WILSON, C.M.,
Stating wages required.
Cambria P.O., P.Q.

NOTICE
TO BUIDERS AND PARTIES REQUIRING LUMBER, go to Lachute Saw Mills where you will find a very large and complete stock of Pine, Spruce, Hemlock, Tamarack and Cedar. Long timber in Spruce and Tamarack cut to order. Also a quantity of Hardwood Lumber, dressed flooring and sawed Shingles kept in Stock.
Large quantities of mixed lumber to be sold at Six Dollars per thousand.
P. & A. MACGIBBON,
Lachute Mills.
41-3 m

T. JOUSSE,
Watchmaker & Jeweller.
GOODS SOLD
AT
MODERATE PRICES.
FIRST-CLASS WORK DONE.
Orders taken for Cartridges, Shells, &c.
T. JOUSSE,
Lachute, P.Q.

"Steam Carriage Factory."
(ESTABLISHED 1851.)

Call and see the large stock of CARRIAGES at the *Old* and *Reliable Stand* of DUDDERIDGE & MITCHELL, comprising *Buggies* of all descriptions, light single do., open and with tops—*Lumber Wagons*, heavy and light, suitable to all tastes—*Carts*, in almost every variety—*Buck Boards*—*Cart Wheels*—several very fine *Express Wagons*—*Wheel Barrows etc.* This is the largest assortment of vehicles and the greatest variety ever offered for sale in this County, and are at greatly reduced prices.

OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING:
Buggies from $50.00 upward.
Steel Springed Carts, $35.00.
Lumber Wagons, $65.00, with Steel Spring Seat.
All Whiffletrees, Neck Yokes, etc., complete.
Canadian Carts, $23.00 to $26.00
Ironed Cart Wheels, $12.00.

All work made from best materials, come and examine our stock of seasoned lumber, the only time that lumber can be judged (as to quality) is before painting, even an expert will be deceived after the paint is laid on.

Repairing of all Carriages done promptly, also trimming and painting of Buggies etc.

Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, will find it to your advantage as everything is *cheap*. Don't fail to examine this immense stock.

DUDDERIDGE & MITCHELL.
Lachute, April 30th, 1886. 35-3 m

HAGYARD'S
YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

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

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

THE BEST
Hair restorative in the world is HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. It cures all diseases of the scalp, and stimulates the hair glands to healthful action. It stops the falling of the hair; prevents its turning gray; cures baldness, and restores youthful color and freshness of appearance to heads already white with age. The following are a few illustrations of what is done by
HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER:
Mrs. HUNSBERRY, 344 *Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.*, after a severe attack of Erysipelas in the head, found her hair—already gray—falling off so rapidly that she soon became quite bald. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER brought it back as soft, brown and thick as when she was a girl.
Mr. KESLING, an old farmer, near *Warsaw, Ind.*, had scarcely any hair left, and what little there was of it had become nearly white. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER stopped its falling out, and gave him a thick, luxuriant head of hair, as brown and fresh as he ever had.
Mrs. A. T. WALL, *Greenfield, Cheshire, Eng.*, writes: "I have found the greatest benefit from the use of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER, it having restored my hair, which was rapidly falling off, and returned its original color."
Dr. EMIL SEIP, *Detroit, Mich.*, certifies that "HALL'S HAIR RENEWER is excellent for hair growing, and gives back the natural color to faded and gray hair."
Mrs. S. E. ELLIOTT, *Glenville, W. Va.*, says: "One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER restored my hair to its natural, youthful color."
No injurious substances enter into the composition of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER, and it is not a dye. Its vegetable ingredients render it in the highest degree beneficial to the scalp as a preventive of disease. Its effects are natural and lasting, and it does not make the hair dry and brashy, like the so-called restoratives compounded with alcohol.
Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE
WHISKERS
Is, in four respects, superior to all others.
1st—It will produce a rich, natural color, brown or black, as desired.
2d—The color so produced is permanent, cannot be washed off, and will not soil anything with which it comes in contact.
3d—It is a single preparation, and more convenient of application than any other hair or whisker dye.
4th—It contains no deleterious ingredients, as do many preparations offered for like use.
PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

Plants for Sale.
TOMATOES
CABBAGE,
RED CABBAGE,
CAULIFLOWERS,
SCOTCH KALE,
CELERY,
TOBACCO,
PEPPER,
LETTUCE.
R. T. MANLEY,
Lachute Mills.

Large Assortment of Goods
FOR
Spring Trade
NOW ON HAND.
ALL KINDS OF
Household Furniture
Of the Best Quality,
AND
Lowest Prices.
One uniform Price.
West End Furniture Store,
R. T. MANLEY.

LACHUTE
Flour Mills.
THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR
STRONG BAKER'S FLOUR
OGILVIES BEST
ROLLER FLOUR
ALWAYS ON HAND.
ALSO
OATMEAL,
BUCK WHEAT FLOUR
CORN MEAL
And feed of all kinds at reduced rates,
Call and see before buying else where.
P. CAMPBELL,
Lachute Mills, April 24th, 1885. 251y

ANOTHER NEW ELECTION.
ANDREW BOA
Is Sure of Being Returned,
BECAUSE
He sells all kinds of Farming Impliments on reasonable terms,
MOWERS
New Model Buckeye, New Warrior, New Maxwell, New Howe.
REAPERS.
The Maxwell, Noxons Two Wheel Reaper, Noxons Single Wheel Reaper.
RAKES.
The Tiger, The Ithaca, The Maxwell.
I can furnish any kind of Repairs for Farming Impliments on very short notice and cheaper than the cheapest.
The above Machines are made by the best Manufacturers in the Dominion and do not need to be taken to the field to find out if they are better than others, they have been there, and never had to take a back seat; but when anything new or anything worthy of our steel comes out, they will take to the field again, but for the present the Manufacturers are satisfied, the Agents are satisfied, and any Farmers who are fortunate enough to get one will also be satisfied.
ANDREW BOA,
Main Street, Lachute.
Opposite Rodrigue's Hotel.

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

VETERINARY.
Mr. M. A. Piche,
LICENTIATE OF THE
MONTREAL VETINARY SCHOOL
Has opened his Vetinary Office at T. Jousse's Jewellery Store, Right Opposite Post Office, Lachute.
He is now ready to attend to all diseases of Domestic Animals.
Special care given to Surgical Operations, the latest instruments in use.
He with confidence solicits a share of Public Patronage.
M. A. PICHE, V. S.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Lachute College and Academy.—Wm. Henry
Notice.—W. S. Scholefield.
For sale.—A Larose.
Cartridges.—T. Jousse.
Dissolution of Partnership.—R. & W. Banford
A Safeguard.—Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co
The Best.—Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co
The Half-holiday—S. Carsley.

LOCAL.

MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS OF **$1,000** and upwards on first-class farm property.

Apply to R. G. MEIKLE.

Surgeon Dentist Stackhouse requests us to say that he will hereafter be at Lachute from the 10th to the 18th of each month, instead of from the 13th to the 18th.

Hamilton Happenings.

There is now being manufactured here an article for instantly removing pain of any acute external nature, and it is certainly the most perfect cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache and the like that has ever been tried. It is called Fluid Lightning from the rapid manner in which it acts, and is manufactured by McGregor & Parke. Sold in Lachute by T. Christie, Druggist.

Mr. John Macdonald, wholesale dry goods merchant of Toronto, who is in Europe, on learning of the destruction of Vancouver by fire, cabled instructions to hand over a donation of $500 to the sufferers by the fire and a cheque for that amount was placed in Mayor Howland's hands.

Fluid Lightning is simply a marvellous Rheumatic Remedy. I was for two months a cripple, unable to get out of the house from Sciatica. One bottle gave me instant relief, and placed me on my feet again. I have driven fourteen miles to-day (something I could not have done were it not for Fluid Lightning) for the express purpose of procuring another bottle. So says Wm. Dixon, Gananoque. Only 25 cents per bottle at T. Christie's, Lachute.

Fluid Lightning does not take a day or an hour to remove Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Lumbago or Rheumatism, but will do it instantly, and without carrying your head in a poultice for a day or using greasy liniments. Try a 25c. bottle from T. Christie, Druggist, Lachute.

VOTE OF THANKS.—Mr. Ireland moved, seconded by Mr. Palliser, that the Board of School Commissioners wish to express their thanks to the citizens of Lachute for giving so hearty a welcome to the Teachers' Institute and in their attention to the Teachers while here.—Carried.

For Lame Back Side, or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 Cents.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

Will You Suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

PLEASANT ROOMS and good board for the season at reasonable rates.

MRS. MASSIAH,
East End, Lachute.

A Bad Breakdown.

It is a common thing now-a-days to hear one complain of feeling all broken down with a faint, weary, restless languor, with strength and appetite nearly gone, and no well defined cause. This is general debility, which Burdock Blood Bitters promptly relieves, and most invariably cures.

IMPROVEMENTS.—The Lachute College Building is to be re-shingled and otherwise repaired. Already there has been considerable work done by repairing the inside and fixing up the rooms.

For Dyspepsia and Liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Catarrh Cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

Are You Made miserable by Indigestion Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

As will be seen by the advertisement in another column, the Commissioners are making known the value of the Lachute College and Academy, which stands the 2nd Institution of the kind in the Province of Quebec, and surpasses them all as a training School for Teachers. The publication of an Annual Calander is a step in the right direction.

Unknown.

There is no remedy know to medical science that can excel Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, or any form of Summer Complaint afflicting children or adults.

An Invisible Foe.

The poisonous germs of disease are lurking in the air we breathe and in the water we drink. The system should be kept carefully purified and all the organs toned to proper action. This can best be done by the regulating, purifying and tonic powers of Burdock Blood Bitters.

☞ G. C. ARLESS, Photographer, from Montreal, will open a Studio in Mr. J. A. Bedard's premises, in a few days. Parties desirous of having first-class pictures taken, had better give him a call.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure it sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

DANGEROUS FITS are often caused by worms. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy worms.

NOXIOUS WEEDS.

In every Street, it is hard to beat
The noxious weeds, all producing seeds
That are to be seen, both ripe and green
In the beautiful Town of Lachute.
The Council and Mayor, at them stare
And the Road Committee! what a pity,
That such is the case, in such a place
As the beautiful Town of Lachute.

AROUSE THE LIVER when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-bilious cathartic, sugar-coated.

That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.—T. CHRISTIE, Druggist, Lachute.

OTTAWA, Ont., July 26.—At the Little farm, back of Hull, last evening, during a brief but heavy thunderstorm, the lightning struck a house where a number of persons were sitting up watching the corpse of a woman. The lightning coming down the chimney and along the stovepipe, struck the coffin and shattered it to pieces. Four persons were seated around at the time. One man and a child were seriously injured and have since died. Two others were badly hurt.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Summer Heat, Eruptions and general toilet purposes use Low's Sulphur Soap

ALL WELL PLEASED.—The children like Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and parents rejoice over its virtues.

Sir A. P. Caron accompanies the Shoeburyness artillery team. They sailed for England on Wednesday, 21st. Lieut. Col. Armstrong, St. John, N.B., Garrison Artillery, is commandant.

He Acted Wisely.

"I am so weak I can hardly move, all run down with a Chronic Summer Complaint," said one gentleman to another on our street the other day. Now, take my advice," replied his friend, "go to your Druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I have never known it to fail in curing any kind of Summer Complaints.

A Radical Change.

The best eradicator of foul humors of the Blood is Burdock Blood Bitters. A few bottles produce a radical change for the better in health and beauty. It removes the blood taint of Scrofula, that terrible disease so common in this country.

An Awful Dynamite Explosion.

HAVRE, July 24.—A sloop loaded with 25 tons of dynamite exploded here at midnight, breaking hundreds of windows, putting out the gas in all the lower part of the town and throwing fragments of all sorts as far as 500 yards from the spot. The anchor of the sloop penetrated the wall of a small mansion near the Hotel Frascati where there was not a pane of glass left unbroken. Had the accident happened in the day time hundreds of promenaders and bathers might have been injured.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER.

Mr. Hy. M. Cockfield, B.A., late Principal of the the Lachute Academy, was the recipient of a complimentary dinner given by his many friends in Lachute, on Saturday evening, on the occasion of his approaching marriage. The chair was taken by Mr. Owens, M.P.P., and the vice chair by Mr. Simpson, the secretary-treasurer of this town. A most *recherche* supper was served by mine host of the Victoria Hotel, Mr. James Curry, the tables being profusely decorated with flowers sent in by admiring friends, whose lovely gardens were laid under tribute to do honor to the guest of the evening. A feeling of regret was added to the festivities in that Mr. Cockfield was about to sever his connection with the Academy, having accepted a higher appointment in St. Ann's Street School, Montreal. The usual toasts of a bachelor's supper were proposed and responded to, the speeches made being both able and witty. Several solos were rendered with admirable effect by Messrs. W. Dudderidge and G. Furlong, the former especially excelling himself. Mr. Owens, in toasting their guest, expressed on behalf of the people of Lachute, the high appreciation in which his talents and moral worth were held by his many friends, and on their behalf took this occasion to present him with an exquisite gold-headed cane, suitably engraved.

IMPORTANT TO BEE KEEPERS.—Mr. Andrew Jackson, Canning N. S., says:—I have long been engaged in Bee-Keeping, and never found anything to compare with Graham's Pain Eradicator for *Bee Stings*. It acts like a charm. The relief is instantaneous, and the cure complete. I find it just as good for other forms of pain.

The trotting advertised to take place on Paul's racing Park on Wednesday last was quite a success so far as the turn out of horses was concerned, but on account of the day being fine the farmers stayed at home saving their hay. The track is a half mile one and well rounded and in splendid condition, with the turns at the ends raised considerable on the outer edges so that the horses can be kept at full speed with no danger of upsetting while coming round the curves. The Horses were from Cornwall, Moore Creek, St Jerome, Ste. Scholastique, Carillon, St. Hermas, St. Andrews and several other places. Everyone seemed well pleased with the manner in which things were conducted, and should Mr. Paul gets up another race when the farmers are not so busy he will no doubt have a larger turn out.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

STICK TO YOUR PRESENT MEMBERS BOYS.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR:—I liked the ring of your editorials last week. Like your confrere of the Huntington *Gleaner*, you are never afraid to speak out and call a spade a spade. There is an attempt being made by a section of the liberals to make political capital out of the execution of the traitor Riel. The Huntingdon *Gleaner* (Liberal) is outspoken in its contempt for the baseness of the men who do this thing. The member for Huntington like the member for Argenteuil behaved nobly in the debates on the Riel question in the Provincial Parliament. Should we oppose the men who loyally and faithfully did their duty to their country at that time? Most decidedly no. I hope Mr. Dudderidge will not attempt to oppose Mr. Owens in the present state of affairs. I admit that Mr. Dudderidge is popular and respected, and is well qualified to make a good member. But this is no time for disunion. Mr. Dudderidge's chance may come again. Now it is clearly the duty of every man to vote and work for our present members. Only a traitor and a rebel would do otherwise.

MILLE ISLE.

LOST

On Sunday night, between the Methodist Church and Mr. Richard Patterson's, a two dollar and half Gold piece with J.W.P, in a raised Monogram. The finder will kindly leave it at this Office or at Mr. Richard Patterson's.

Hawkesbury Ripples.

Revival meetings are to be held here shortly by an evangelist, the Rev. Mr. McIntyre who is at present holding forth at Vankleek Hill. He has met with considerable success in the above mentioned place, and we hope that his efforts here may be productive of much good.

While out driving the other evening Mr. N. Sibley was thrown from his carriage into the ditch. Fortunately he escaped unhurt, although the harness was ruined and the carriage slightly damaged.

Quite an excitement was created here on Tuesday last, by the elopement of Mr. Moise Joly with his sister-in-law Mrs. Adolphine Charette. For some time past, an undue intimacy had been maintained between the guilty pair, which culminated in the elopement. Joly leaves his family of a wife and four children in rather a destitute condition as it appears he was financially embarassed. Mrs. Charette seemed to have a greater love for her family as she took her two children with her. The deepest sympathy is expressed for Mrs. Joly as she is a hard working respectable woman.

Mr. J. Owens, of Stonefield, formerly pupil of the High School here, was in town last Monday visiting his old school-mates.

"YETIEF."

"Facts are stubborn things," and sufferers from chills and fever, generally find their complaint a very stubborn fact, until they commence the use of Ayer's Ague Cure. That medicine eradicates the noxious poison from the system, and invariably cures even the worst cases.

IN MEMORIAM.

BERNIE MCNAUGHTON, DIED JULY 18.

When death came eager, but forebore,
And spared at first his life so low,
We joyed—for, ah! we oved him so,
Forgetting Heaven loved him more.

One hand within a father's hand,
And one within an angel's prest,
And could he doubt which home was best!
Then death returned in mild command.

He closed his eyes that never wept;
His fair young brow grew white and chill;
His heart lay still—so still—so still—
And naught could break the sleep he slept,

He died in time when flowers bloom
And died as flowers fade and die
That waft their perfume to the sky,
And drop their petals o'er their tomb.

Tho' hearts must ache and eyes be dim
With sadden tears that ever flow,
And days pall drear and dark with woe,
'Tis for ourselves, O, not for him.

Carillon, July 20th, 1886.

The Best Yet.

There is no preparation before the people to-day that commends their confidence more, or meets with a better sale than does Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—the infallable remedy for all forms of Summer Complaints.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly FOR AUGUST,

This is not the weather for heavy or very serious reading but FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY adapts itself to all seasons. The August number gives a most attractive sketch by George Makepeace Towle of "The Nestor of Europe," the Emperor William of Germany. If that is not light enough, Daudet's sketch of "Tartarin in the Alps," and stories like Towner's "Hermon Drake's Ashes," "Boutelle's," "The Lost Lady," "An Unknown Name," "A Scrap of Paper," will certainly tempt readers. Croffut, the lively lecturer and newspaper writer, tells of the four Fields, not in the country, but of the country, Cyrus W., David D., Stephen J and Henry M. Field. Laura C. Holloway gives a very readable account of Lady Burdett Coutts, the philanthropist; Lucy H. Hooper, queen of correspondents, tells of the "Water Supply of Paris"; "A ship-Portage from Sea to Sea" is an able discussion of the merits of the proposed ship-railway at Tehuantepec. F. C. Valentine tells of "Central American Women," and Professor Eaton discusses the important subject, "Fresh and Foul Air."

Keep Quiet a Few Days.

London Times

This is what the good doctor and kind friends say time and again to those whose nerves are all unstrung, worn out with labor and care, sleepless nights, poor appetite, unable to digest the little they do eat, and a general miserableness all over. There is no doubt about the advice being good, but how many of the suffering thousands can follow it? Not one in twenty! The clergyman who keeps together a large congregation; the man that manages an important business; the poor man with his family to support, as well as the wife who presides over the rich man's household, seeing that everything is complete and in order; or the mother who cannot afford a nurse, and is broken up by a fretful baby must all go on, notwithstanding the advice to

Keep Quiet a Few Days.

What then are you to do? To go on seems certain death. And drop all cares you cannot; the road looks dark, but 'tis before day. Will and determination have much to do with our existence. Never give up. Study to find where you have gone against Nature the hardest, and abandon all things possible that do you harm. Yet you will find it necessary at times to depend on a good reliable medicine to help you out. Hops are a good nervine and tonic; Podophylin is cathartic and liver regulator; Buchu acts on the kidneys and urinary organs.

These, properly combined with other ingredients, have proved the greatest medicine ever prepared, and known throughout the world as Hop Bitters.

☞ 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.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Lachute as follows:—

GOING WEST.—8.50 a.m., 10.15 a.m. 7.44 p.m.

GOING EAST.—6.56 a.m., 11.08 a.m., 6.57 p.m. and 7.44 p.m.

THE HALF-HOLIDAY.

Newspapers advocating the Saturday half-holiday and refusing to give it to their own employees are as inconsistent as a tippling clergyman when he lectures his flock on the evils of intemperance. They each do more harm than good to the cause they profess to help. A column of excuses from a newspaper for not giving the holiday is about as acceptable to those interested as a long letter of white-wash from the inconsistent parson's doctor would be to his, the parson's hearers.

S. CARSLEY.

Kensington Art Squares,	Choice Colors.
Kensington Art Squares,	Beautiful Designs.
Kensington Art Squares,	Most Durable.
Kensington Art Squares,	Suitable for any Room.
Kensington Art Squares,	2 yards x 2½ yards.
Kensington Art Squares,	2½ yards x 2½ yards.
Kensington Art Squares,	2½ yards x 3 yards.
Kensington Art Squares,	3 yards x 3½ yards
Kensington Art Squares,	3½ yards x 3½ yards.
Kensington Art Squares,	3½ yards x 4 yards.
Kensington Art Squares,	3 yards x 4½ yards.
Kensington Art Squares,	3½ yards x 4½ yards.
Kensington Art Squares,	4 yards x 4 yards.
Kensington Art Squares,	4 yards x 5 yards.

Just received, a splendid assortment of these beautiful CARPETS,

At S. CARSLEY'S.

S. CARSLEY'S,
THE
LARGEST
DRY GOODS STORE
IN CANADA.

FOR SALE.

THAT DESIRABLE PROPERTY situated at the Forks of three roads near the village of Grenville, containing about 12 acres of good Clay Loam Land, (there is a good crop of Wheat, Oats, Potatoes, and which will be sold with the property if purchaser desires it) being part of Lot No. 8, in the 2nd Range, County Argenteuil, with good Frame house, 30 by 40 feet, a well of good water, never goes dry, at the door, there is on the the place a good Frame Barn, 36 by 46 feet, a good Frame Shed, 20 by 40, and Stable 20 by 30. This property is known as the BAY HOTEL, is one half mile from C.P.R. station Grenville, and about 2 miles from the Calumet station—it is suitable for General business purposes, has a splendid view of the Ottawa River. For further Particulars, Apply on Premises.

A. LAROSE.

As well expect life without air, as health without pure blood. Clense the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between ROBERT BANFORD and WILLIAM BANFORD, at the town of Lachute under the name, style and firm of ROBERT BANFORD & Co., has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be carried on by the said ROBERT BANFORD, who is the only one authorized to settle the affairs of the said partnership.

Lachute, 28th July, 1886.

Signed { ROBERT BANFORD.
WILLIAM BANFORD.

Dissolution de Seciete.

LA SOCIETE qui a existe entre ROBERT BANFORD & WILLIAM BANFORD, en la Ville de Lachute, sous les nom et raison de ROBERT BANFORD & Co. a etre dissoute de consentement mutuel. Les affaires de la dite societe seront continuees par le dit ROBERT BANFORD, qui est le seul autorise a regler les affaires de la dite societe.

Lachute, 28 Juillet, 1886.

Signe { ROBERT BANFORD.
WILLIAM BANFORD.

NOTICE

ALL PARTIES having accounts against the late Robert Summerby, will please fyle them with the undersigned before the 1st September, also parties indebted are requested to settle the same before that date.

W. S. SCHOLEFIELD.

Burnside, July 28th, 1886.
County Two Mountains. 48-5in

Lachute College & Academy.

(INCORPORATED 1856.)

THE 32nd Session of this institution re-opens on September 1st, 1886. The Town of Lachute is beautifully situated, healthy, and specially desirable for students. There is a full staff of competent teachers, and every attention is given to students wishing either an Elementary, Commercial, Academic or Collegiate education.

The calender, including terms of tuition and other information can be had on application to

Wm. HENRY, Sec.-Treas.
Lachute, P.Q.

48-5in

6,000 FEET.

THE CALUMET SPOOL FACTORY, with a floor accommodation of 6,000 feet, Steam power, all in perfect order, can be had at a bargain from

R. LANIGAN,
Eden Dale, P. O.

46-4 in

FOR SALE.

TWO VALUABLE TIMBERED LOTS of land being the East half of Lot No. 15, and the west half of lot No. 16 in the Second range of Gore, within easy access of a Saw Mill, each lot containing 100 acres. Terms easy. For further information, apply to,

G. J. WALKER,
General Agent.

Lachute, July 13th, 1886. 46-t.f.

A WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS AND GRATITUDE.

A VOICE FROM AUSTRALIA.

Near the village of Zilling torf, in Lower Austria, lives Maria Haas, an intelligent and industrious woman, whose story of physical suffering and final relief, as related by herself, is of interest to English women. "I was employed," she says, "in the work of a large farmhouse. Overwork brought on sick headache, followed by a deathly fainting and sickness of the stomach, until I was unable to retain either food or drink, I was compelled to take to my bed for several weeks. Getting a little better from rest and quiet, I sought to do some work, but was soon taken with a pain in my side, which in a little while seemed to spread over my whole body, and throbbed in my every limb. This was followed by a cough and shortness of breath, until finally I could not sew, and I took to my bed for the second, and, as I thought, for the last time. My friends told me that my time had nearly come, and that I could not live longer than when the trees put on their green once more. Then I happened to get one of the Seigel pamphlets. I read it, and my dear mother bought me a bottle of Seigel's Syrup, which I took exactly according to directions, and I had not taken the whole of it before I felt a great change for the better. My last illness began June 3rd, 1882, and continued to August 9th, when I began to take the Syrup. Very soon I could do a little light work. The cough left me, and I was no more troubled in breathing. Now I am perfectly cured. And oh, how happy I am! I cannot express gratitude enough for Seigel's Syrup. Now I must tell you that the doctors in our district distributed hand-bills cautioning people against the medicine, telling them it would do them no good, and many were thereby influenced to destroy the Seigel pamphlets; but now, wherever one is to be found, it is kept like a relic. The few preserved are borrowed to read, and I have lent mine for six miles around our district. People have come eighteen miles to get me to buy the medicine for them, knowing that it cured me, and to be sure to get the right kind. I know a woman who was looking like death, and who told there was no help for her, that she consulted several doctors but none could help her. I told her of Seigel's Syrup, and wrote the name down for her that she might make no mistake. She took my advice and the Syrup, and now she is in perfect health, and the people around us are amazed. The medicine has made such progress in our neighbourhood that people say they don't want the doctor any more, but they take the Syrup. Sufferers from gout who were confined to their bed and could hardly move a finger, have been cured by it. There is a girl in our district who caught a cold by going through some water, and was in bed five years with costiveness and rheumatic pains, and had to have an attendant to watch by her. There was not a doctor in the surrounding districts to whom her mother had not applied to relieve her child, but every one crossed themselves and said they could not help her. Whenever the little bell rang which is rung in our place when somebody is dead, we thought surely it was for her, but Seigel's Syrup and Pills saved her life, and now she is as healthy as anybody, goes to church, and can work even in the fields. Everybody was astonished when they saw her out, knowing how many years she had been in bed. To-day she adds her gratitude to mine for God's mercies and Seigel's Syrup."

MARIA HAAS.

The people of England speak confirming the above.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

"Whittle-le-Woods, near Chorley,
"December 28th, 1883.

"Dear Sir,—Mother Seigel's medicine sells exceedingly well with us, all that try it speak highly in its favour. We had a case of a young lady that had been troubled many years with pains after eating. She tells us that the pains were entirely taken away after a few doses of your medicine—Yours truly,

"E. Peel."

AFTER SEVERAL YEARS.

"Stoke Ferry, January 9th, 1884.

"Gentlem,—I have used Siegel's Syrup for several years, and have found it a most efficacious remedy for Liver complaints and general debility, and I always keep some by me, and cannot speak too highly in its praise.—I remain, yours truly,

"Harriet King."

AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS.

"95, Newgate Street, Worksop, Notts,
"December 24th, 1881.

"Gentlemen,—It is with the greatest of pleasure I accord my testimony as to the efficacy of Mother Seigel's Syrup. My wife, who has suffered from acute Dyspepsia for over sixteen years, is now perfectly better through the sole help of your Syrup. I have spent pounds in medicines from doctors—in fact, I began to think she was incurable, until your marvellous medicine was tried,—I remain, yours, thankfully.

"Alfred Ford."

THE EFFECTS HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL.

"Ilford Road Dispensary, Dukinfield,
May 3rd, 1881.

"Dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you that the sale of your Syrup and Pills increases here continually. Several of my customers speak of having derived more benefit from the use of these than from any other medicine. In some instances the effects have been wonderful.—Yours very respectfully.

"Pro. Edwin Eastwood, J. B."

Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT of WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES
CHOLERA
CHOLERA INFANTUM
DIARRHŒA,
AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which slight **Colds and Coughs** frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works so sure a cure in all affections of this class. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., says:—

"Medical science has produced no other anodyne expectorant so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."

The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—

"I have never found, in thirty-five years of continuous study and practice of medicine, any preparation of so great value as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs. It not only breaks up colds and cures severe coughs, but is more effective than anything else in relieving even the most serious bronchial and pulmonary affections."

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numberless instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic **Bronchitis, Laryngitis,** and even acute **Pneumonia,** and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of **Pulmonary Consumption.** It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of Croup and Whooping Cough.

These are all plain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

A STANDARD MEDICAL WORK.
FOR YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN
ONLY $1 BY MAIL, POSTPAID.
ILLUSTRATIVE SAMPLE FREE to ALL.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
KNOW THYSELF.

A Great Medical Work on Manhood

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, Errors of youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion or excesses. A book for every man, young, middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 25 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense than any other sold in this country for $2.50, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only $1.00 by mail, post-paid. Illustrative sample free to any body. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association, to the President of which, the Hon. P. A. Bissell, and associate officers of the Board the reader is respectfully referred.

The Science of Life is worth more to the young and middle-aged men of this generation than all the gold mines of California and the silver mines of Nevada combined.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

The Science of Life points out the rocks and quicksands on which the constitution and hopes of many a young man have been fatally wrecked.—*Manchester Mirror.*

The Science of Life is of greater value than all the medical works published in this country for the past 50 years.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Science of Life is a superb and masterly treatise on nervous and pyhysical debility.—*Detroit Free Press.*

There is no member of society to whom The Science of Life will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—*Argonaut.*

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. Mention WATCHMAN, Lachute, Que.

BARGAINS AT THE "PEOPLE'S CASH STORE."

BEFORE THE SEASON CLOSES,

We have removed from the shelves and marked down a lot of Dress Goods, Remnants etc., at BELOW COST.

Canada Prints at 8 cents, Silk Sunshades, Braided Jerseys and Ladies Underwear at twenty per cent reduction from regular prices.

Ladies White Skirts from 75c. upwards, Little Boys Suits (for hot weather) 75c. and upwards,

C. T. WALES & CO.

St. Andrews, June 22, 1886

Dominion, Quebec Provincial, AND SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION,

—OF THE—

Eastern Townships Agricultural Association.

WILL BE HELD AT THE CITY OF
SHERBROOKE,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
THURSDAY, 23 SEPTEMBER,
—TO—
SATURDAY, 2nd OCTOBER.

$25,000.00 IN PREMIUMS.

Entries on Live Stock to close Saturday 4th September, on all other classes on Saturday, 11th Sept.

Reduced rates and Cheap Excursions from all points.

For further particulars, apply to,

ROBERT H. TYLEE,
Sec.-Treas.

Sherbrooke, 28th, June, 1886.

MARVELOUS PRICES!

BOOKS FOR THE MILLION

Complete Novels and Other Works, by Famous Authors, Almost Given Away!

The following books are published in neat pamphlet form, many of them handsomely illustrated, and all are printed from good type upon good paper. They treat of a great variety of subjects, and we think no one can examine the list without finding therein many that he or she would like to possess. In cloth-bound form these books would cost $1.00 each. Each book is complete in itself.

The Widow Bedott Papers. This is the book over which your grandmothers laughed till they cried, and it is just as funny to-day as it ever was.

Grimm's Fairy Stories for the Young. The finest collection of fairy stories ever published. The children will be delighted with them.

The Lady of the Lake. By Sir Walter Scott. "The Lady of the Lake" is a romance in verse, and of all the works of Scott none is more beautiful than this.

Manual of Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen, a guide to politeness and good breeding, giving the rules of modern etiquette for all occasions.

The Standard Letter Writer for Ladies and Gentlemen, a complete guide to correspondence, giving plain directions for the composition of letters of every kind, with innumerable forms and examples.

Winter Evening Recreations, a large collection of Acting Charades, Tableaux, Games, Puzzles, etc., for social gatherings, private theatricals, and evenings at home; illustrated.

Dialogues, Recitations and Readings, a large and choice collection for school exhibitions and public and private entertainments.

Parlor Magic and Chemical Experiments, a book which tells how to perform hundreds of amusing tricks in magic and instructive experiments with simple agents.

The Home Cook Book and Family Physician, containing hundreds of excellent cooking recipes and hints to housekeepers, also telling how to cure all common ailments by simple home remedies.

Sixteen Complete Stories by Popular Authors, embracing love, humorous and detective stories, stories of society life, of adventure, of railway life, etc., all very interesting.

Called Back. A Novel. By Hugh Conway, author of "Dark Days," etc.

At the World's Mercy. A Novel. By Florence Warden, author of "The House on the Marsh," etc.

Dark Days. A Novel. By Hugh Conway, author of "Called Back," etc.

The Mystery of the Holly Tree. A Novel. By the author of "Dora Thorne."

The Frozen Deep. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," etc.

Red Court Farm. A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," etc.

Back to the Old Home. A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay, author of "Hidden Perils," etc.

John Bowerbank's Wife. A Novel. By Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc.

Anne. A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne."

Amos Barton. A Novel. By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," etc.

OUR UNEQUALED OFFER!

We will send any four of these books and our catalogue containing prices of all leading papers and books, for 12 cts in stamps. Any 8 books 20 cts.; the whole 20 for 50 cts. Send P. O. Note, Registered Letter, or Money Order, and address at once, J. S. ROBERTSON & BROS., MAIL BUILDING, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Victoria Foundry.

COOK STOVES,
IRON & WIRE FENCING,
CEMETERY RAILING,
CRESTING,
REAPERS,
MOWERS,
RAKES,
CULTIVATORS.
McOUAT & McRAE, Lachute.

SCHOOL DESKS.

New Burnt Lime

For Sale at THOS. C. NOYES,
Chatham, Mar. 22nd, 1886. 30-t.f.

FARMERS

!!Look out for Bargains!!

As I have my full line of Binders, Reapers, Mowers and Rakes on hand, it will be to your interest to look at my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

STOCK CONSISTING OF

FROST & WOOD'S BINDERS,

LITTLE MAXWELL BINDERS,

Maxwell Reapers, Daisy Reapers, Warrior Mowers, New Model Mowers, Tiger Rakes, Mason Rakes, Maxwell Rakes,

ALSO

Latest Improved Hay Car from $11.00 to $20.00.

Rock bottom prices for cash—four payments on Reapers and Mowers. Also extra parts for Mowers, Reapers and Rakes kept in stock.

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OR,

Light at Last.

CHAPTER VI.

The morning comes, bright and sunny. Long ere we women descend to breakfast, the sportsmen have gone out, so that the day may not be all wasted, as Edith says. Captain Dallas is the only one who does not go; according to Duncan, "ta shentleman iss keekin' and glowerin' at ta yacht and iss not carin' for ta dugs or ta guns whatever;" and so indeed the sportsmen find him.

"He is afraid of his companion," says Mr. Hawdon. "I suggested the borrowing of Lady Rydall's garden-hat, or that Tenalt should follow with an umbrella; but he was adamant."

I feel rather sorry for Captain Dallas. The gillies are busy about the yacht, putting provisions on board and bustling along the little pier, and Dallas stands on the shore, throwing pebbles into the water.

"We shall have a fine day, I think," I say. He turns round sharply, and, seeing who it is, looks more amiable.

"I hope so. Is it another new experience for you?"

"Quite. My experience so far has been limited to an occasional row in a small boat."

"With Jack?" he suggests, eyeing a stately swan.

"Of course," I reply—and remember that this is the one man who does not shun the mention of Jack's name, and does not look anxious or distressed when I speak of my cousin; "we were children together at Seavert one summer, and had many pleasant times."

"'She was a child and I was a child in a kingdom by the sea,'" quotes Dallas. "Wylder has hurt my feelings, Miss North; he has never written to me."

"It is not like Jack to break his promise."

"I dare say not; but, all the same, he hasn't kept it."

Presently we are all marching down the pier to the yacht, and, at the end, Lady Spleuchan halts.

"There is no danger of a squall, is there?" she asks.

"None," says Mr. Cameron, glancing at the sky.

"We are not likely to collide with any other vessel?"

"Not in the least likely."

"Your yacht will not capsize?"

"No, there is no probability of that." And, her ladyship's mind being set at rest, she embarks and tells us that she has been nervous ever since the wreck of the *Ripple*, when poor Olive Denby was drowned, a pleasant beginning to our day.

The decks of the little vessel are milk-white; overhead stretches a gaily-striped awning, and its saloon is gorgeous in olive and gold. The loch seems to me but a series of lochs, one opening out of the other; and, when I think we are shut in on every side and cannot possibly go farther, a narrow little passage appears, and we are in another loch, surrounded again by solemn hills where no sign of life appears, save when a white mountain hare scuds by or a few ptarmigan appear. Once I discern the form of a plaided shepherd toiling up the barren slope, and I wonder if he is not oppressed by the solitude and the loneliness and the silence; unconsciously I utter my thought aloud, and Sir Percy answers—

"No, Miss North. Somewhere he will have some bit of ground painfully tilled, and he will hold these bleak boulders and bare heights more dear than the richest pastures of the Lowlands. Do you remember the dying request of Fergus McIvor—hope, I should say, for Vich Ian Vohr asked no favours—that his head might be set on the Scotch gate that he might look, even in death, on the blue hills of the country he loved so dearly?"

I, glancing at the dark face of this Highland chieftain, think that, could history repeat itself, his hope would be the same. Mr. Cameron takes up his violin, and plays the one air he knew, a plaintive lament. Under the awning Cecil Hawdon circulates strawberries and cream, and then asks for a song. The lot falls upon me, and I sing "Regret."

As I conclude, I meet the eyes of Captain Dallas fixed upon me with a curious expression; but Mr. Cameron diverts my thoughts by a few bars of his Lament and a request for Edith to sing; she has deserted Mr. Hawdon for Sir Peter; but Cecil is no wise melancholy.

So we go on over that "shining summer sea," until Mr. Cameron points out our place of landing, and tells us that, whilst our banquet on the greensward is being prepared, we may climb the hills for amusement.

The gig is lowered, and soon we are on shore, where Dallas asks if I will go "that" way, which is in an opposite direction to the rest of the party; but, as I think Mr. Hawdon is a little hard on him, I agree, in the hope of restoring his good temper. It is bleak and barren enough; here and there are little black pools of peaty water which makes the stones in them of orange colour; scanty patches of heather cling to the boulders.

"Don't you find it very tedious," he asks, "these everlasting hills always the same?"

"Indeed I think they change," I reply, "like great mirrors reflecting sky and clouds."

"My want of taste, no doubt," he says vaguely: and we walk on a little way in silence, broken only by the faint cry of a bird or wild fowl.

"Did you select your song purposely?" he asks. "The words were appropriate. Were you thinking of——"

"Of whom?" I ask, as he stops.

"Of Miss Lamarche and myself, if you like."

"I hope you don't think that I would wilfully hurt any one's feelings, Captain Dallas?"

"'Open confession is good for the soul,' don't they say? I may tell you openly that I once admired that girl very much. She did her best to make me jealous by means of that idiot Hawdon, and I confess that I tried to return the compliment by means of—you. It was playing with edged tools, for no man could be long in your society without admiring you, and that is but the prelude to love."

I am so surprised that I only stare at him, and wonder what he will say next.

"Do you understand me, Miss North? I love you, and I have learnt the difference between a passing fancy and the devotion of a man."

"Captain Dallas, I hope you are not serious."

"Do you think it a subject for jesting?" he asks.

"No, I do not; but my ideas may not be yours, and I do hope that you are not in earnest."

"But I am as earnest as man can be. My love is not a passing fancy. I was attracted by you the very first time I saw you."

"Driving with Jack?" I ask. "You could not see much of me then."

"There is not the smallest occasion for you to laugh at me, Miss North."

"I am not laughing at you!" I exclaim. "I am very sorry; and I think if you knew how much you hurt me you would be sorry too. And I don't know why you talk like this to me."

"Because I want you to understand that I love you and want you to like me in return."

"I do like you. You have been very kind, and so it would be strange if I did not."

"But I mean to love me, to love me as the man to whom you will entrust your future, to whom one day will call you wife."

He is coming nearer; but I draw back hastily.

"Don't, don't! Please do not say any more, for that cannot be. I am sure—quite sure—that there will never be more than friendship between us."

"You cannot be sure without consideration. Tell me to-morrow after you have thought it over."

"Oh no," I exclaim "let us end it now for indeed I am very sorry that it began! You will not think me any the less your friend because I say frankly and truly that I can never give you the love you wish."

"How do you know?" he asks; his face is clouded and his brows are drawn over his angry eyes.

"I cannot explain; but I do know."

"I am not the man to ask twice for anything—not even for your love," he says angrily. "Do you refuse me seriously and deliberately?"

"Yes." The monosyllable is all I can utter.

"You show how highly you appreciate my kindness, as you choose to call it," he says scornfully.

"I should be more than ungrateful," I return, finding my voice, "if I pretended to love you, and only, when it was too late, told you of my indifference—comparative indifference, I mean."

"The saving clause!" he says, with a sneer. "I suppose you know that you have humiliated me to the extent of your power?"

"I think you are very unkind," I reply turning aside to hide the tears I cannot express. "You pain me very much."

"*Tu quoque!* The charge of unkindness comes well from you after what has just passed."

I turn away again and gaze at the loch. Whither has all the glory of the day fled? After a pause I hear his steps passing away, and, looking round, I see him walking towards the hill-path. I call him. He halts, and comes back slowly.

"Had we better not return to the others?"

"You may," he answers, half-turning from me. "I am not going back."

"But you must," I reply. There is no other way home."

"I am sorry for it. However I shall join you just before the yacht starts. Until then I prefer to be alone."

"You are spoiling my day," I begin, when he interrupts.

"And you have spoilt my life. I certainly don't choose to return to be made the laughing-stock of your friends, the butt of their jokes, as a rejected suitor."

"No gentleman would laugh at you on that account, Captain Dallas, no lady either. If my friends have no claim to either title in your eyes I cannot help it. But, unless you tell them what has passed, they are not likely even to know of it."

"Do you mean to say that you won't tell them on the first opportunity you have? It is the kind of thing girls like to boast of."

"I don't see anything to boast of in it, and they would be more likely to laugh at me for refusing you than at you yourself, if they did know."

He stands prodding the dry-heather with his stick, and I look at him sorrowfully. Why did not I go to Idlehurst instead of coming here to spoil his pleasure?

"Captain Dallas," I say "all may come right between you and Edith——"

He lifts his head, and gives me a look that I can only describe as dangerous.

"There is not the least occasion to add insult to unkindness, Miss North."

"I am sorry you think so little of me as to think me capable, wilfully, of either. And if that is your opinion, your understanding of me, my refusal is justified."

"I do not wish to say any more on that point."

"Then take my hand, Captain Dallas—please do, and let us forget this."

I think if I had been a man, he would have refused my hand; as it is, he calls his good breeding to his aid, and takes my fingers stiffly and coldly.

"I have given you my promise," I say as he gazes over my head. "I will not tell any one of this."

"Thank you. I will observe a similar silence."

"You will come back to the others with me?"

"It would be discourteous to refuse," he says coldly. "My own feelings naturally, are not worth your consideration."

"Please yourself," I return. "I can't say any more."

There is a solemn silence between us for perhaps a minute.

"I believe that I should apologise for my warmth," he says then, in his frozen tone.

"I don't want apologies. I want you to forget and enjoy yourself. What can the others think or say?"

"Are you beginning to consult Mrs. Grundy? Surely your caring for what others say is very new?"

There is something in his voice I do not altogether understand what he means; but I dry my eyes and move away to where I perceive our party are gathering. I have gone some distance when he overtakes me.

"I have no desire to part in anger, nor do I wish to draw down the wrath of your noble relatives. May I ask you to forget what has passed?"

"I do not wish to remember anything of you save what is kind."

"Then that ends the subject," he replies still distantly; and, still silent as before, we make our way back to the others, whom I am thankful to find too much engrossed with the viands to heed me much.

I establish myself beside Lord Rydall, with a feeling of security and relief; Captain Dallas stalks solemnly to the side of Miss Prescott, and devotes himself to her. When our dainties are disposed of, Mr. Hawdon asks the young officer for a ballad.

"I am not in good voice to-day," he says stiffly.

"Oh, all right, dear! Cameron, will you oblige us with that Lament again?

> "'Tis not that thy mien is stately.
> 'Tis not that thy tones are soft,
> Not that I care so greatly
> For the same thing played so oft;'

but simply as Douglas Jerrold says, when you can't snow white, you must snow black.' Then he gets up and makes a bow. "Our leading tenor, ladies and gentlemen will not oblige us with a song; let us be grateful even for small mercies. Mr. Cameron will favour us with a solo."

"An hour of you as a solo would drive a reasonable man mad, Hawdon," says Dallas disdainfully.

"Which proves what an utterly unreasonable being you are."

Dallas's reply, if he makes one, is lost in the wail of Cameron's violin. After that the gentlemen receive permission to smoke, and stroll to the beach. I observe that it is Sir Percy who offers Dallas his cigar-case, and also accepts the young man's silent, if not sullen, companionship.

It is late in the afternoon when we go on board the yacht again. Soon the hills are capped with gold, and sunset hues appear on the water. Dallas settles himself into a melancholy attitude alone, gazing down into the loch; but the romance of it is spoiled by Mr. Hawdon calling out—

"Sea-sick, dear boy? Never mind we'll soon touch 'terra cotta' again."

The shadows deepen on the hills, and the fiery colours fade from the sky, leaving it one tender blue tint, save where a line of purple deepens through, and the moon shines with imperial calm amid its placid splendours; the scattered fir-trees, the scanty vegetation on the hills, are black tipped with silver, and there is a solemn hush on earth. Even our merry party are silent. Cameron now and again plays a bar of his plaintive air; but even Cecil Hawdon is subdued.

We are broken up into twos and threes. I indeed am alone, until some one takes the place beside me—Percy Glencairn; and we go on drifting, drifting over that glorified lake in silence.

"Do you remember a poem," he asks at length, "where the lover is with his lady for the last time? They are riding I think and he keeps repeating to himself, 'the world may end to-night.'"

"It is in Browning, is it not? But the thought is too melancholy. I never like to think of this beautiful earth being destroyed; it saddens me just as does that text, 'There shall be no more sea.'"

"You would understand it better, perhaps, had any one dear to you been drowned, just as you might understand that lover's hope if you knew my fear."

He has risen now, and is looking down at me.

"I don't know whether I should speak here or not; but, if I annoy you, you can at least escape me," he says, looking at the dimly outlined forms of my relatives. "I simply wish to express that I most dearly and most deeply love you." A sudden tremor passes through me, and I feel blind and confused, and he goes on. "I never so fully believed in the weakness of language as I do now; it is simply impossible for me to express the depth and tenderness of my devotion." His voice is always soft, it is doubly so now; and I remain mute under its spell. "No one else can be to me what you are through all my life; I have no hope, no aim, no living being one half so dear as you, the pure and gentle being whom all love, whom I worship."

Am I awake or dreaming? Is it possible that he, my Highland hero, my ideal of all that is high and noble and chivalrous, who holds himself royally above the ignoble aims and petty vices and mean trickeries of the world, whose own mind is in itself a kingdom—is it possible that he would ask me to share his lofty life, would set the crown of his priceless love on my weak colourless girlhood?

I cannot speak, for I tremble in every limb; I am half afraid that he is jesting, and I look at him timidly through unshed tears; what he reads in that glance I do not know; it is enough that he takes my cold hands in his own and presses his lips upon them. He remains beside me, still clasping my hands, but we speak no more, words are not needed; and the broad silver moon-ray on the loch seems to me a path of light and glory leading away to Elysian lands.

CHAPTER VII.

The next day there is a vacant place among us, and the missing guest is Captain Dallas.

"He has gone," our host explains; "he told me that an unforeseen event necessitated his immediate departure."

Thankful am I that my position does not allow my guilty face to be seen, for I am sure that the "unforeseen event" is the little scene which took place in the shadow of that gray hill, and that to save my embarrassment and his own Dallas has gone; I suppose he could not very well remain after that. Perhaps he would not be much flattered if he knew how little any of them seem to miss him; Edith's face is impassive; the sportsmen seem much more concerned about its being "a bad day for the birds" than are they about his absence; Mr. Cameron suggests rod and line as substitutes for dog and gun, and his proposal is agreed to by all, with the exception of Sir Percy. He alone lingers in the old garden of Cameron's Crag with me; and we wander through Tennyson's "Idyls" together, that long calm delicious day.

So time glides on to the evening of Mr. Cameron's ball, the gathering of the clans, as Sir Peter calls it, when friends flock from far and near and mirth reigns supreme.

I dress early and go down-stairs to the brown room, as we call it, because its floor and walls and ceiling and chairs are of brown wood, carved into fantastic designs, the prevailing figure being the Scottish lion rampant. In the bright light that fills it I see Sir Percy in his Highland dress, the eagle plume which, as head of a clan, he is privileged to wear fastened in his bonnet by a silver badge; his plaid is secured to his shoulder by a brooch of the same metal, in which I trace the blended badges of Glencairn and Glowring, and so standing he might have stepped from the pages of Walter Scott. I halt and gaze at him with awe; but he stretches out his hand, on which shines the red stars of the ruby, type of himself, with its hidden fire, its mysterious depths; and he draws me to him.

"All the waltzes are mine, remember!" he says.

"Are they really? Isn't that very arbitrary?"

"Possibly. If any one questions my right, show him this;" and he slips on to my finger a ring, the pledge of my engagement to him.

I am serious in a moment as I gaze upon that shining symbol and think how much it means; and he, holding my hands, smiles at my solemn face.

"I shall tell Garry and Constance to-morrow," he says, "and ask them if, like you and me, they approve of short engagements. Vera, you love me, I know; my home, my life, and all things in it wait for you. What has gone before has been simply the prelude, with you the divine harmony begins."

His lips touch mine, and, as my head sinks upon his breast, his hand caresses my hair.

"Let our motto be now and for ever, oh, Vera, 'Trust me all in all'! In you I have faith and trust and confidence unbounded, and shall have for ever; no earthly power can change me. Give me a like measure, will you not?"

"I do—I will; I have perfect trust in you, Percy!"

"Heaven bless you, my life's beloved!" he says; and then we hear footsteps outside, and come back to earth from Eden.

It is Cecil Hawdon who enters, confiding to me that he feels awfully small in evening-dress, and I understand him when Sir Peter Spleuchan enters in the tartans of his clan, and literally blazing with cairngorms; the brooch on his shoulder is like a small shield, and his skhene-dhu is of really alarming proportions. Above the flourish of pipes we hear our host's voice welcoming new arrivals, and we file into the ball-room, which is finely decorated with great garlands of heather caught up with clusters of dirk and spear and claymore, or antlers. At one end of the room Cameron's pipers strut, as only pipers can strut, pouring forth the irresistible music of reel and strathspey.

"It's something to be to the manner born," says Mr. Hawdon, establishing himself beside me to watch the national dance in which neither of us is initiated. "Some of them look like ramrods, don't they."

It is impossible to describe the picturesqueness, the animation of the scene and the varied tartans, the light of cairngorms flashing on dirk and brooch. I gaze at the long undulating lines of dancers as they wave and sweep to the lower rythm; then the music changes and quickens, and to me it is simply bewildering.

When Sir Percy approaches us, Mr. Hawdon asks him if such ordinary things as valses and quadrilles are on the programme and then wonders how in the world bagpipes can produce the "Blue Danube," or *Wein, Weib, und Gesang.* But there are violins and a "grand," and slowly through the room floats the strain, wild and sad, of one of Waldteufel's valses, weird, dreamy, and mystic as this composer's usually are.

Lord Rydall has donned the riband of his order to-night; here and there are officers in scarlet uniform; a bronzed young naval officer is quite conspicuous in his suit of blue and gold by reason of its quietness. When I see how beautiful Edith looks, I wish Captain Dallas had not gone; and the night passes.

I am down late in the morning; and I come across my cousin, and I know by her face that he has told her of our engagement; she is the first to congratulate me and Lord Rydall follows suit.

"I am sorry for you, Vera," he says; "but to Glencairn I offer no condolence. I don't pity him at all, because he has had my unhappy fate under his eyes for years, and if he will not take warning, serve him right."

"If all men were like you, Garry," Constance begins.

"There would not be much variety, my dear; but there would be no vices and no plain faces."

"There would be dreadful vanity though."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gibbs: "So the man was killed at the hotel, was he?" Squibbs: "Yes, shot right in the rotunda." Gibbs: "Great Scott! No wonder it killed him. That's a terrible place to hit a man."

PERSONAL.

The son of the Emperor of Brazil was recently the guest of Mr. Erastus Wiman in New York.

The late King Louis, of Bavaria, was deposed for madness on the very day when a statue of the mad King William IV. was unveiled at Berlin.

The St. John *Sun* reports that Sir Leonard Tilley is looking for a building site in St. John, with a view to making that city his future residence.

The body of Charles Dicken's son, Francis Jeffrey Dicken's, has been temporarily entombed at Moline, Ill. It will be forwarded to England.

Dr. S. T. Rand, the greatest Canadian linguist, is publishing in the Halifax *Herald* a series of papers on Glooscap, the demi god of the Algonquin tribe of Indians.

Miss Nonie Walmsley, of Natchitoches, killed two big alligators in one day last week. One of them after being wounded, showed fight; but Nonie was cool, and when the 'gator made a rush for the boat, put a rifle ball through its ugly head.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's brother Richard, who is a member of Parliament, "has the general appearance of a well-to-do clerk," and is esteemed to be one of the most fascinating conversationalists and story-tellers in England.

According to the description of M. Blowitz the seventeen year old Duke of Orleans has a face intelligent and full of resolution and vivacity, and his dark eyes look you full in the face. He has a resolute disposition. He is an indefatigable walker, fencer, swimmer and rider, and a good shot, speaks correctly and fluently four or five languages, and although not a great enthusiast for literature, has a liking for Virgil and Horace, and is sufficiently at home in French contemporary literature and history to take an intelligent interest in conversation of the most varied kind.

A letter in the Philadelphia *Times* says: "One evening not long ago a herd of Angora goats that were being herded by Miss Teresa Tallert on Lost River, Idaho, came home in a hurry and crushed pell-mell for the corral, a log concern some 8 feet high. They were shut in by the young shepherdess, no male members of the family being home at the time. In the night Miss Tallert was aroused by her dog whining in her ear, and getting up, she saw from the window, by the aid of a bright moonlight, some wild animals raising havoc in the corral. She stepped outside almost into the embrace of four mountain lions, and, without a moment's hesitation, attacked them with an axe. Two of the lions jumped the corral and fled. The other two rushed towards her and stampeded the goats, who nearly trampled their young mistress to death. She sprang to her feet just in time to deal a well directed blow at one monster who was springing at her throat. She laid him out, cutting the rump open to the bone. Then both fled. The next morning fifty of the valuable goats were found dead and thirty wounded. Fourteen of the latter died afterward."

NEW ZEALAND EATHQUAKES.

Sixty Miles of Mountains in Flames.

Further details of the earthquakes in New Zealand say the most violent disturbances were felt in the neighborhood of Rotena. The severity of the shocks led many of the people to believe that the island would sink into the sea. The sensation experienced is said to have been fearful beyond description. Immediately after the first shock the inhabitants rushed frantically in all directions. When the second shock came the entire country for miles around was lit up by the glare from a volcano which had suddenly burst into activity. The scene was as grand as it was awful. Huge volumes of smoke, illuminated with flames, simultaneously burst forth from a range of mountains over sixty miles in length, and above the smoke could be seen masses of fire resembling meteors, rushing through the sky. The natives who had escaped death gathered in groups, and, filled with abject terror, held religious services, and when another shock would cause the earth to tremble they would fall with their faces to the ground trembling with fear.

As soon as news of the fearful occurrence was received at Auckland, a Government agent made immediate preparations to go to the relief of the sufferers. Wagons were chartered and filled with provisions and clothes. Mr. Johnson, the Government agent, on his arrival at Rotena sent back the following account:

"The scene among the mountains as viewed from the Wairoa road is terribly grand. Flashes of lightning, peals of thunder, and shocks of earthquake are incessant, while dust is falling in heavy showers. In addition to these inconveniences the roads throughout the entire country are covered with several feet of blue clay mud ejected from the volcanoes. All vegetation is destroyed, and the aspect of the country is entirely changed. Blue Lake and Lake Rotakakahi have been transformed into mud baths. The outlet of the latter lake is blocked up, and the bridges, which cross the lower end are covered with mud. Snow's Temperance Hall and the principal hotels, and nearly all the other buildings in the town are completely wrecked. The house occupied by Mrs. Hazard and her family was borne down by the weight of the debris. Mrs. Hazard was dug out alive, but four of her children were dead. Mr. Hazard is missing. Detailed reports of the foreign residents at other points who were killed have not yet been received.

The Captain of the steamship Southern Cross which arrived at Auckland on the 10th reports having felt at sea the effect of the disturbances. On the morning of June 10, the day following the earthquakes, he experienced a downfall of dust. From 5 to 10 A. M. there was complete darkness, and balls of fire were continually playing around the mastheads. A terrible gale suddenly sprang up and carried all his canvas away before it could be taken in. The men were unable to stand the blinding showers of dust and the vessel was put about and stood away to the north, but it was not until 11 A. M. of the day following that the dust was left behind.

The reports show that earthquakes generally prevailed at all points in New Zealand during the same period.

Pasteur's Headquarters in Paris.

A most extraordinary museum has just been opened in the Rue Vauquelin. It is difficult to say whether it should best be called a museum, or a factory, or a farm, or a menagerie. It is in fact all four combined, and grouped together for a purpose hitherto untried, and presenting an appearance hitherto unparalleled. These are the new headquarters of M. Pasteur, and here are to be found cow houses, sheepfolds, fowl walks, rabbit hutches, and dog kennels. They are all, moreover, fully occupied.

On one floor is a laboratory, where the vaccine soups and preparations are made up. Above it a museum, where specimens are connected with the new cure are exhibited. There are operating rooms and rooms for post mortem investigations and dissecting purposes. Two of the kennels are devoted to dogs in various interesting stages of early or advanced rabies. "Hen cholera" is communicated, watched, and cured in the fowlhouse. The cattle exhibit various stages of vaccination.

Human beings have also their provided quarter. A spacious waiting room is set apart for patients, who troop in daily in picturesque groups—according to the French press—representing all nationalities. In the meantime the great savant occupies the former quarters of the Pasteur Institute in the Rue d'Ulm, and devotes himself in dignified seclusion to scientific research.

The Victor's Crown

Should adorn the brow of the inventor of the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It works quickly, never makes a sore spot, and is just the thing you want. See that you get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the sure, safe and painless cure for corns.

Plain English.

During the present generation a reaction has been going on in favor of plain English. Orators, journalists, novelists, and ministers, all have been forced to yield to the popular pressure. In this rushing age men have no time for Johnsonese. To attract their attention one must speak and write in the language that people use when they make love, fight, grumble and transact business.

Do Not be Alarmed

at the raising of blood from the lungs. It is one of the very earliest symptoms of consumption, and only shows the healthy efforts of the system to throw off the scrofulous impurities of the blood which have resulted in ulceration of the lungs. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a positive remedy for consumption at this stage. If taken faithfully, it will cleanse the blood, heal the ulcers in the lungs, and build up and renovate the whole system.

A correspondent asks how to serve a dinner. If it is a good dinner and you are hungry, just eat it. That's the way we should serve dinner.

It was an old oriental doctrine that women have no souls. More enlightened philosophy concedes that they have purer, finer, more exalted souls than men. But they are too often contained in feeble, suffering bodies, which hamper and retard their full development. For all those painful ailments incident to the sex, Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the best specific in the world, and is sold under a positive guarantee that it will do all that is claimed for it. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Small boy dialogue at a circus: "Say, Patsy, which would you rather, that the hippitypottermouse was a runnin' after you or the ryenowserhoss?" "By golly, Mike, I'd rather it was the kangaroo, 'cause I could get inside and ride."

Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

Standing before a clergyman who was about to marry him, a rustic was asked: "Wilt thou have this woman?" etc. The man stared in surprise and replied: "Ay, surely! Why, I cum a-puppus."

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The country girl gets even with her city cousin when she writes: "Pa has got the house full of paying boarders, you know, else we should like to have you all here spending the Summer."

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A. P. 290.

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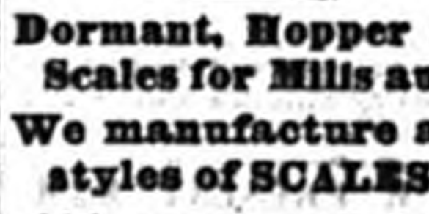

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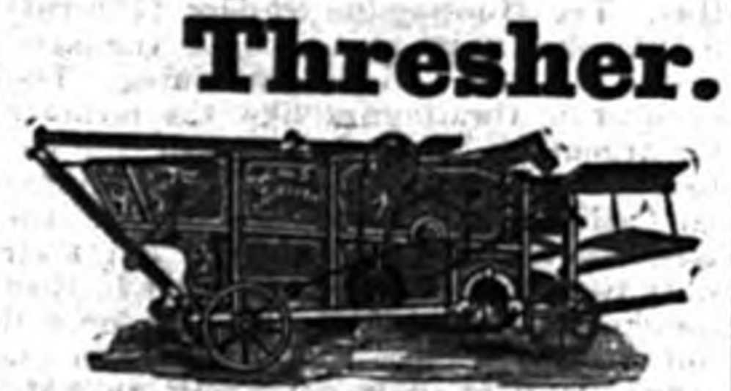

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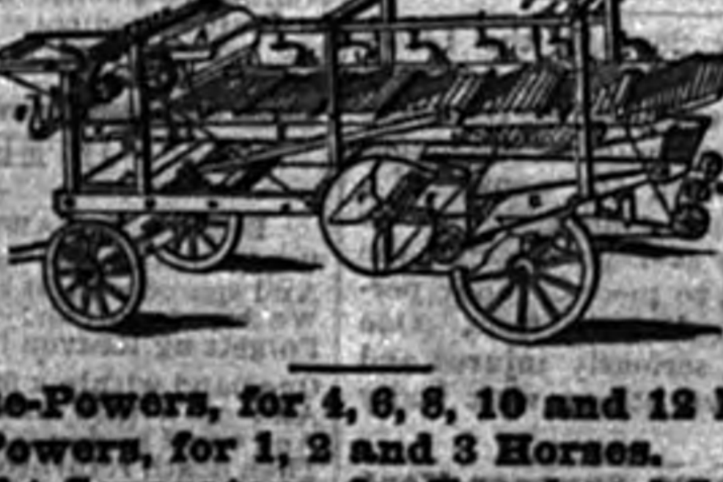

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