THE WATCHMAN

—AND—

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

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NOTICE!

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A Very Remarkable Dog.

A solemn man recently entered a restaurant, followed by his dog, seated himself and called for a bill of fare. It was given to him.

"What would you like to have sir?" asked the waiter, flipping the table with his napkin.

The dog meanwhile had climbed upon a chair on the other side of the table and was gravely regarding his master.

"Well," said the solemn man reflectively, "gimme some oxtail soup."

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter's face assumed the color of cold boiled veal.

"Cup o' coffee and plenty of milk," went on the solemn man.

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter shuddered and turning fled for the kitchen.

A man with a squint at an adjoining table was much interested in the scene. He had observed it closely and finally spoke to the solemn man:

"It must be a fearful lot o' work to teach that dog to talk, mister."

"It was," said the solemn man.

"I should think so," said the dog.

"What 'ud you take for him now?" said the man with a squint.

"Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn man.

"You'd better not," said the dog.

The man with a squint was much impressed. He began making wild offers, and when he reached two hundred dollars the solemn man relented.

"Well," said he, "I can't refuse that. I hate to part with him, but you can have him."

"He'll be sorry for it," said the dog.

The man with a squint drew a check for the amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The man was about leaving when the dog cried again:

"Never mind, I'll get even. I'll never speak again."

He never did.

The gentleman with the squint was proprietor of a show.

The solemn man was a professional ventriloquist.

A Lucky Man.

A singular piece of good fortune has befallen a Stourbridge man named Richard Lightowler Wilkinson, a carpenter. He has within the last few days had an intimation that the late Mr. W. C. Willis, a mine owner in the neighborhood of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has left him an estate of the value of £25,000 and £1,450 in money, in recognition of his having saved his life in the year 1882. In the spring of that year Wilkinson was at work in the neighborhood where Mr. Willis resided, between Wallsend and Newcastle. He was walking along the Tyneside after work one evening when he saw Mr. Willis coming in the opposite direction. The latter was seized with sudden illness, and staggered and fell into the river. Wilkinson, though he could not swim, jumped into the water, and with some difficulty got Mr. Willis out. He was speechless for some time, and when he sufficiently recovered Wilkinson assisted him home. He gave him five shillings at the time, and said he should never forget the service he had rendered him that night. He asked Wilkinson particularly as to his name and other matters, and wrote them down at the time. Shortly after this Wilkinson left the neighborhood of Newcastle and thought no more of what had occurred. It seems that Mr. Willis, who was a widower without family, died a few months ago, and that since then efforts have been made to find Wilkinson, and he was told of there being an advertisement in the paper for some one of his name, but at the moment he attached no importance to it. Recently two strangers presented themselves at his mother's house, questioned him closely as to his name and the fact of his having at one time lived at Newcastle, and intimated that he might expect to hear of some good fortune. Since then, his identity no doubt appearing clear, he has had a formal intimation of the bequest of the large property above stated for his gallant services in saving Mr. Willis's life, the latter having well kept his promise that he would never forget what he had done for him.

THE WATCHMAN,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

Mr. Crawford, of Indian Head, has been elected to the North-West Council.

Men are now employed in the work of constructing the Hudson Bay railway at Regina.

It is expected the liquor permit system now in operation in the North-West Territories will be abolished.

The Manitoba Government are taking steps toward the relief of sufferers by the recent destructive prairie fires.

Prof. Wiggins is reported to have received a certificate of honorary membership in the "St. Ananias Club," of Topeka, Kansas.

Bonds of the Province of Manitoba to the extent of $400,000 for the Hudson's Bay railway will shortly be floated in Montreal.

Mrs. Dunlap, of Wilberforce township, County of Renfrew, has been arrested on the charge of murdering her husband a few weeks ago.

It is understood that Big Bear, who has been confined in Stoney Mountain Penitentiary since September, 1885, will shortly be granted his liberty.

Prof. Saunders, of London, has been appointed chief director of Dominion experimental farm stations to be established under the Act passed last session.

The North-West Council have refused a petition for the admission of cattle free of duty on the ground that the matter rests with the Dominion Government.

Elliot & Co.'s wholesale drug warehouse, Toronto, has been destroyed by fire, causing a loss estimated at between $60,000 and $100,000, with insurance of $79,000.

Manitoba millers have been given such favorable rates by the Canadian Pacific railway that it is confidently believed they will be able to secure the British Columbia market for their flour.

Eighteen miles of the Hudson's Bay railway have been graded, and the sod has been broken on the whole forty miles, which will be completed in about two weeks if fine weather continues.

Kingston forwarders have done the largest business this season for five years at fairly profitable rates. Besides coal, 8,500,000 bushels of grain have been transhipped for Montreal since navigation opened.

There is considerable opposition in Winnipeg to the city giving a bonus to the Hudson Bay railway until assurance of an unquestionable character is received that the road will be immediately completed.

The Mayor of Victoria, B. C., and two other prominent citizens are on a tour of inspection of the leading cities of the Dominion, with a view of deciding on the best system of public works to be adopted in Victoria.

David Googlein, the German now in Pembroke gaol awaiting trial for the murder of his tenant, Mrs. Werckenthal, in Raglan township, Renfrew, has made a full confession of his crime and of the circumstances which led to it.

An important meeting was held at Rat Portage to consider the question of titles to land in the disputed territory. Resolutions were passed urging the Dominion and Local Governments to remove the disabilities which now exist.

A company of Canadian and United States capitalists has been organized, under the name of "The Canadian Anthracite Mining Company," with a capital of $500,000, for the purpose of developing the coal mines near the Banff Hot Springs.

The other night the schooner "Emeline," Capt. Grant, with a crew of six hands, was lost in Hermitage bay, west coast of Newfoundland. The vessel was bound from St. Pierre to Bay Despair. She struck on Dragon promontory and sank immediately.

New claims for losses incurred during the North-West rebellion are continually being received by the War Claims Commission sitting in Ottawa. The commission has adjusted between 1,800 and 2,000 claims, on which they have made an estimated saving of over $387,000 to the Government.

Toronto Water Works Committee has decided to recommend to the Council that a by-law be submitted for the issue of debentures to lay a new pipe across the bay, owing to the large increase in the consumption of water in the city. The estimated cost is between $240,000 and $280,000.

A company of local capitalists has been farmed in Winnipeg for the purpose of securing the construction of a line from Winnipeg southerly one hundred miles to the eastern boundary of Carillon county. The company is to be known as "The Winnipeg, St Boniface & Carillon railway company."

The police made a raid the other day on a small jewelry shop on Talbot street, St. Thomas, Ont., kept by Geo. Carrey. Upon searching the premises they found a complete set of dies and a quantity of material used for making counterfeit money. Carrey was arrested and taken to the police station. Upon being searched a quantity of counterfeit money was found in his pockets.

AMERICAN.

This year's cotton crop of the United States is estimated at 6,202,708 bales.

A lighthouse at Michigan City, Indiana, was carried away during the late storm.

An ordinance permitting the sale of beer in Atlanta, Ga., has been vetoed by the Mayor of that city.

Many tons of Concord grapes have been frozen on the vines at various points along the Hudson valley.

The village of Salisbury, Maryland, has been almost destroyed by fire. Damage over a million dollars.

There was a severe earthquake shock at Summerville, S. C., on Friday night of last week, but no damage was done.

A line of fire five miles long is sweeping over the swamps five miles west of Akron, Ohio. Large herds of cattle and quantities of standing timber and fences have been destroyed.

A python twenty-nine feet and a half long escaped from its cage in Boston, and was recaptured by four men after a terrible struggle, during which two of its captors were injured.

There was a lively fall of snow in several parts of Rockland county, New York, the other afternoon, and from an inch to an inch and a quarter of snow was found in some places in the county next morning.

The owners of the schooner "San Drego," seized for illegally taking seals in Behring's sea, are indignant that a severer punishment should be inflicted upon American than upon Canadian vessels convicted of the same offence.

It is stated that negotiations between the British and United States Governments for a new extradition treaty containing important provisions have been concluded, and that there is no doubt of its being ratified by the United States Senate.

The South Boston iron works, the leading gun factory of the country, has suspended operations on account of inability to pay the workmen. Nearly 2500 expert iron workers are thrown out of work. The Government owes the firm $25,000, and, as appropriations were not forthcoming, the company's resources were exhausted.

FOREIGN.

Italy is now free from cholera.

The Bulgarian Government is arranging with a London firm for a loan of £400,000.

It is proposed to erect a memorial church in London in honour of the Queen's jubilee.

The whole French infantry will be provided with rifles next spring at a cost of $20,000,000.

The Russian Government has officially informed the Porte that she does not intend to occupy Bulgaria.

It is stated Gen. Kaulbars is trying to win over the Bulgarian garrisons to work a revolution in favour of Russia.

Great alarm is felt in Sofia over the massing of Turkish troops, which is at present in progress, along the Bulgarian frontier.

Mayer Karl Rothschild, head of the great German banking firm, died suddenly at Frankfort-on-the-Main from heart disease.

A panther escaped from a menagerie in Chambery, France, and killed a policeman and bit several persons before it was captured.

Gen. Sir Frederick Roberts will succeed the late Gen. Sir Herbert T. Macpherson as commander of the army of occupation in Burmah.

The Cologne *Gazette* says the policy of Germany for many years towards England has been to everywhere advance and foster her power.

Advices from Tonquin state that the French troops recently had a brush with about 2,000 pirates, and that more than 500 Annamites were killed.

A sheriff's party of thirty policemen attempting to evict a tenant in Clonakilty, County Cork, were assailed with bricks and boiling water and driven off.

It is reported that Germany has joined France in urging England to vacate Egypt, and that Turkey and Russia are agreed in their opposition to English occupation.

The bill introduced into the French Chamber of Deputies for the completion of the navy proposes an outlay of $28,000,000 for the construction of new war ships, and of $12,000,000 for the construction of ports of refuge.

Cholera is still raging fiercely in Corea. No idea can be formed of the extent of the scourge. It has more than decimated the capital, where out of a population of 200,000 the death rate rules at the frightful average of a thousand per day. Corea is described as an appalling pest hole.

It is stated the Czar has made an arrangement with the Porte, the Czar guaranteeing the integrity of the Sultan's dominion, reducing the Turkish indemnity and obtaining permission to garrison and fortify the Dardanelles, and to occupy Bulgaria with Russian and Roumelia with Turkish troops.

A London despatch says that Mrs. Leader, wife of a Camberwell butcher, after a quarrel with her husband, the other morning, left her home, taking her five little children with her. She went to the Thames river at Fulham, and threw herself and five children into the water. All were drowned but one of the children, which was rescued.

A BLASPHEMER'S DOOM.

Talmage Declares the Accuracy of an Astonishing Story.

In a recent sermon the Rev. Dr. Talmage discussed blasphemy and its consequences. He drew from ancient and modern history for instances of the sudden and awful punishment inflicted by divine power upon blasphemers and warned his hearers to avoid the sin as one that brings them into special danger from an offended Providence. His most striking illustration was an incident that he declared happened only last August. He gives to a reporter the following corrected version of his narrative:

So common has this blasphemy become that the public mind and the public ear have got used to it, and a blasphemer goes up and down this country in his lectures defying the plain law against blasphemy, and there is not a Mayor in America that has backbone enough to interfere with him save one, and that the Mayor of Toronto. Profanity is worse than theft, or arson, or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity. That is an attack on God. This country is pre-eminent for blasphemy. The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows what He thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. I give you a fact that is proved by scores of witnesses. This last August of 1886 a man got provoked at the continued drought and the ruin of his crops, and in the presence of his neighbors cursed God, saying that he would cut His heart out if He would come, calling Him a liar and a coward, and flashing a knife. And while he was speaking his lower jaw dropped, smoke issued from mouth and nostrils, and the heat of his body was so intense it drove back those who would come near. Scores of people visited the scene and saw the blasphemer in the awful process of expiring. Do not think that God has been silent of your case, O profane swearer! that He is dead. Is there nothing now in the peculiar feeling of your tongue or nothing in the numbness of your brain that indicates that God may come to avenge your blasphemies or is already avenging them? There are hundreds of such cases. Families keep them still to avoid the horrible conspicuity. Physicians suppress them through professional confidence.

Mr. Talmage was asked for a circumstantial account of the blasphemer who was miraculously burned to death. His response was as follows: "I appreciate the desire for further details in this matter, but I purposely avoided locating the event, and the reasons that actuated me then impel me now to keep the affair from the public. Such an event is a terrible thing for the family and friends of the man who was punished, and it was out of consideration for them that I omitted to state where the scene was laid. That it is strictly true, however, I have conclusive evidence. I forget just how it was brought to my attention. I heard it reported by somebody or got my first information from a private letter, I cannot say which, but I am inclined to think it was the latter. But no matter. I asked a trusted friend of mine to investigate for me, and he did so. Some correspondence ensued, which he turned over to me, and from it I am assured that the affair did actually and exactly take place as I describe it. I have the correspondence still, but I think I had better keep it to myself.

Needs.

A man may be well grounded in the laws of health, yet, without exercise, have a feeble body; he may be crowded with knowledge, yet, without mental activity, have a feeble mind; and likewise he may be well versed in theories of right doing, yet, without the habit of practising them, he may have a feeble moral character that has no power to resist temptation and no courage to do his duty. Teaching and training must go hand in hand; rightfeeling and right doing must keep pace with right knowing if we are to have a dutiful child, an upright man, or a righteous nation.

FARM.

HORSES AND WIVES.

"She's a fine animal, and as good for her years as can be found in this country," said Farmer B., as he patted the arched neck and smoothed the long mane of his fine looking mare, exhibiting not only a great deal of pride, but of genuine affection.

"How old?" he continued, in answer to my question. "Sixteen, last June, the fourth day. I raised her from a colt, and she was born the same year I was married.

"Gentle? Well, gentle enough for me. She has a few tricks but they were born in her—can't get them out to save you. But then they don't 'mount to much, when you get accustomed to them.

"She used to shy at everything she saw, and kick in the stall, but I've broken her of those habits. Done it through kindness, too. She won't stand no beatin.' She's pretty high strung, she is, and what gentleness won't do with her, can't be done at all."

"Would you sell her?" I asked.

"No, sir!" was the emphatic reply. "No separating us 'Till death us do part,' as the parson says. She's been a faithful beast, and no one else could understand her and get along with her as I can."

And again he smoothed her glossy coat, as he coaxed her to drink.

"Fallin' off a little, I do believe," he added, as he passed his hands over the plump sides. "That won't do, old Kate. We must add a little more grain, or drop off some of your work."

Just then a woman came to the pump for a pail of water. She was leading a child by the hand, and vainly trying to quiet it, while another, some two years older, was following close to her heels, crying for a drink of water. The woman was plainly but neatly dressed, and her general appearance was such as to win a favorable impression. Her face, which showed that she had not seen more than thirty-five years, was well marked with deep lines of care, telling plainly that she had borne an ample share of the burdens of life.

"Do try to have dinner on time, to-day, wife," said Mr. B., addressing her in a fretful, harsh tone, quite different from the one he had just been using to his horse. "I am tired of waiting ten or fifteen minutes every day for my dinner."

The wife's quiet answer showed that she had become accustomed to this tone and style of address. She filled her large pail to the brim, and with it in one hand and the fretting child on the other, hurried her steps towards the house.

The pump at which this occurred was near the roadside, and answered the triple purpose of furnishing water for the traveling public, for Mr. B's barn and for his house. In point of convenience, however, it was farthest from the house.

Having watered my own horse, I continued my journey, pondering on what I had seen and heard at this wayside pump.

It is a pretty hard thing to say of a man that he cares more for an old horse than for his wife, and even Farmer B. would resent such an accusation. But the query rose, why was it that he spoke so much more pleasantly to his horse than to his wife? And I wondered whether he had been as quick to note the faded appearance of the latter, with the deep wrinkles forming about her face.

And, if so, had he been as prompt in his conclusions to lift some burden from her shoulders, and in every possible way try to make life easier for her?

I remember how readily he had excused the faults of his horse, how he had used patience and kindness in dealing with them, and I wondered if his wife's faults had received the same degree of leniency at his hands.

It had been a matter of study with him to learn the peculiarities of his horse, that he might so shape his actions as might best conform with them. Had he ever thought of trying this plan with his wife? Or had he left most of this adapting business for her to do?

Again, I remembered how his eyes had brightened, his voice softened, and how he had shown genuine affection for his horse, as he stroked and petted her with a feeling of pride. I wondered how often he showed as much for his wife. And why was it? Was she less deserving? Or was she less able to appreciate any token of affection?

Sixteen years ago he could talk of his love in as fervent tones as any one. Why the change? Had the story become an old one until it seemed not worth repeating? If so, why had not the habit of petting his horse been laid aside for the same reason?

Ah! Mr. B., I am afraid these would be hard questions for you to answer. I am quite sure that you still love your wife; but the trouble is that you have allowed your tongue to get rusty on the subject.

You do not wish to have her overwork herself and grow prematurely old; and yet you have carelessly overlooked the fact that she is doing so. If you allow things to go on as they are, you may wake up to some very painful truths, when it is just a little too late.

Permit me to suggest that you take some spare hour to think over and study this matter. See what can be done to lighten the wife's burdens and increase her pleasures.

Do it in a manly, generous spirit; and do it to-day. Every effort of yours in this direction will make her a better woman, a better wife and better mother.

And it will make you a better man. You will be a gainer in every direction, and will find it to be an investment that will pay larger dividends than any money you ever invested, or the biggest crop you ever raised on your well-managed farm.

An Old War Horse.

The Rev. J. G. Wood relates the following story, which was told to him by a relative of the involuntary heroine. Some years ago an elderly gentleman died, leaving to his widow all his property, including an old and staid horse which had been driven for many years. It so happened that there was a review in the neighbourhood, and the old lady, who was stone-deaf, drove over to see it. During the manœuvres a regiment of cavalry passed her, and as they did so the trumpeter blew on his instruments some signal which she from her deafness did not hear, and if she had heard would not have understood. The horse however both heard and understood the trumpet-call. Old as he was, he sprang off at full speed, galloped into the ranks, and put himself in line with perfect accuracy. The signal to charge was then given, and off went the horse with his comrades. The old lady shrieked and dragged at the reins to no purpose. Where the regiment went the horse went. When it wheeled he wheeled, and when it charged he charged, dragging its expostulating mistress after him throughout the whole of the manœuvers. She was however a spirited dame, and stuck to the chaise. After the review was over, the officers crowded round the old horse, who evidently had belonged to the cavalry, and offered a very high price for him in order to make a regimental pet of him. The offers however were refused, as the lady valued the horse for association's sake. Neither her husband nor herself had the slightest idea that the horse had belonged to the army.

He—"Tell me, my sweet, are you superstitious?" She.—"What a funny question! Why do you want to know?" He—"Answer me first." She—"Why I am not in the least superstitious." He—"Then I don't mind telling you—you are my thirteenth sweetheart."

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

During the storms that have now and then visited the islands of the tropics, trees, which an ax could not fell in less than a day, have more than once been torn from their roots and overthrown with a violence that hurled their branches in every direction; and witnesses of such devastations might well suppose that a hurricane is the mightiest of all manifestations of the elemental forces.

And yet it has been calculated that the power of an earthquake exceeds that of the most violents storm at least a thousand times, or about as much as the explosion of a powder-mill exceeds the propulsive force of an air-gun. Not all earthquakes are of destructive violence; but their concussions, whether light or heavy, are always irresistible. An earthquake shock may upheave the ground only a quarter of an inch, but the most massive building and the grandest mountain range will be upheaved as surely as a light frame cottage. In a destructive earthquake the weight of a building adds nothing whatever to its security. Houses, built of the heaviest masonry, and which no storm could as much as shake, have been shot from their foundations by an earthquake shock and their walls hurled about as a pile of loose pebbles would be scattered by a hammer stroke.

About three hundred years ago the Spaniards founded the City of Caracas in the coast-hills of Venezuela, and had to rebuild it several times on account of the frequent earthquakes to which that part of South America seemed especially exposed. Experience at last taught the citizens that high and narrow buildings had no chance to resist these visitations, and they began to build their houses after a plan which they hoped would insure their permanent safety. With the exception of a few churches and watch-towers all buildings were limited to one story, resting on deep foundations and covered with a flat roof without turrets and projecting chimney-stacks.

The four corners were re-enforced by buttresses, and a rim of terraces generally ran all around the base of the walls. Higher up girders of iron joined stone to stone, and often house to house, sometimes inclosing a whole block with a band of riveted bars. Yet on the 10th of June, 1812, seven thousand of those houses were demolished in less than a quarter of a minute. A single earthquake shock turned the city into a heap of debris, and more than twelve thousand of the inhabitants were crushed under the walls of the buildings they supposed to be earthquake-proof.

Fourteen years later the same city was again destroyed by an earthquake that upheaved the coast of South America from Buenos Ayres to the Isthmus, but spent its main force in the West Indian Islands. The island of Hayti was rocked like a ship in a storm, and on the north-west coast of Jamaica a massive mountain range was literally torn into pieces, the beach in many places having been covered with mountainous heaps of rock avalanches. On the island of Sumbawa in 1772 a broad promontory was torn from the connecting mountains and turned into a sea-girt rock. The natives have a tradition that their island once formed a part of Java, till a violent earthquake tore a chasm across an isthmus now intersected by the strait of Lombok; and there is reason to believe that by a similar catastrophe Java itself was torn from the south coast of Sumatra. From Sumatra to Timor Laut some eighteen or twenty islands form a most remarkable chain, resembling a shoal of fish swimming in a straight line, with the largest ahead and three or four of the smallest bringing up the rear. A mountain chain, forming what might be called the backbone of each island, runs from western Sumatra to the east cape of Timor Laut, all along exhibiting the same geological characteristics and maintaining the same general direction and even the same average height of 6,500 feet.

Yet an earthquake that could tear a chasm across a mountain range of that elevation would shake our planet as the bursting of a boiler would shake an engine-house, and might account for the eruption of such volcanoes as the now extinct crater that inundated southern Oregon with a lava-bed nearly 2,000 feet thick and covering an area of 24,000 miles.

For in the mountains of South America, as well as in the volcanic regions of the Old World, it has been observed that a violent earthquake is generally either accompanied or followed by a volcanic eruption. It would almost seem as if the fissures connecting the craters of active volcanoes with the restless fires of the nether world were now and then liable to obstructions, obliging the pent-up vapors to force their upward way with a violence that shakes the surrounding mountains as the force of expanding steam shakes a vessel of boiling water, till the cover of that vessel yields to the ever-increasing pressure.

That process would also account for the curious smoke-like haze which has frequently been observed on the eve of an earthquake. Before uplifting a mountain range the imprisoned vapors must now and then succeed in forcing an outlet through the subterranean fissures of such mountains, or even through the interstices of apparently solid rocks, and thus cloud the atmosphere of large districts, often for weeks, as before the great earthquake of 1812, when the Atlantic coast of our continent seemed to be veiled as the haze of a forest-fire.

A few days before the destruction of Charleston that same haze was observed all through the southern Alleghanies, and became so remarkable on the afternoon of the last day that in many counties of northern Georgia the mountaineers congregated on the cross-roads to discuss the possible cause of the curious phenomenon.

There are some other signs that have now and then enabled the inhabitants of volcanic districts to predict an earthquake or a violent eruption. The sudden outbreak of a hot-spring is a symptom of that sort. Before the earthquake of Lisbon new springs of scalding-hot water are said to have burst from the rocks in the Portuguese province of Algarve.

The eruption of Mount Cotopaxi in 1831 was preceded by the outbreak of torrents of hot water that clouded the valley of Rio Bamba with vast volumes of steam and covered the fields with dead fish of that peculiar kind found only in subterranean lakes.

Strange subterranean rumblings were heard near Charleston a few minutes before the catastrophe; but it would be a mistake to suppose that every volcanic outbreak is preceded by such noises. Several of the most destructive earthquakes on record came as suddenly as a flash from a clear sky, while in other cases the subterranean thunders continued for so many days that the inhabitants of the disturbed districts had ceased to dread the possible significance of the phenomenon, when the long-delayed outbreak surprised them after all. In 1759 the plains of of Michoacan in south-western Mexico were agitated for nearly a week, when the ground at last burst, and the swaying hills gave birth to a new mountain, the volcano of Jorullo, which has ever since continued to explode showers of ashes and flaming cinders. On the island of Java, too, the dreadful convulsion which in 1772 engulfed the mountain range of Papandayang, was preceded by subterranean thunders that were heard all over the archipelago of the Sunda Islands, and so frightened the mountain-cattle of the Java colonists that hundreds of them perished in the cliffs and ravines in their desperate attempts to reach the open plain by the shortest route.

The instinct of domestic animals has more than once given their masters timely warning of similar dangers. A few days before the most destructive earthquake on record the pigeons of Antioch are said to have left their nests in the city walls and taken refuge in the suburban groves. The philosopher Dion Damascius warned his fellow-citizens to follow the example of the winged refugees, but failed to inspire them with his presentiments of peril, and on the third day came an earthquake which cost the lives of 250,000 human beings, and shook the very mountains all over Syria and Asia Minor. On the afternoon of the 5th of October, 1746, the barber Perez, a citizen of Lima in Peru, was attending to a customer, whose dog suddenly began to betray signs of uneasiness by standing in the open door of the shop and breaking forth repeatedly into a peculiar howl, then listening for a second or two and breaking out into that ominous wail again. Several of the visitors had started to their feet, but stood silent, looking at each other in vague alarm, when the owner of the shop made a spring for the door, as if under the impulse of a sudden inspiration, and rushing out into the street, shrieked out a warning: *Cuidad, vecinos*"—"Look out, neighbors!" he shouted, "there is trouble coming!" and almost as an echo of his words a rumbling noise and the sound of distant screams approached from the direction of the sea, and in the next minute the crash of falling houses resounded on all sides. An earth-wave had struck the town, and swamped the neighboring sea-port of Callao with a flood that swept away all but forty of its five thousand inhabitants.

On the other hand, certain animals have been known to maintain a strange indifference in the very catastrophe of such convulsions. Horses have been seen grazing with perfect unconcern, while the hills were shaken by the roar of a volcano or the shock of a wall-breaking earthquake. But the explanation of that indifference is perhaps the circumstance that in an open plain animals have no special reason to dread a volcanic disturbance. During a violent storm a bomb-proof building would be a haven of refuge from the dangers of falling trees and drenching showers, but an earthquake that might make such a building the tomb of its inhabitants would spare the children of the wilderness, except perhaps on the slopes of steep mountain ranges, where destruction may come in the form of a rock avalanche.

BURIED TREASURE.

A Scrap of History Two Centuries Old.

In August, 1680, the Pueblo Indians and their more savage allies, in a combined movement, drove the Spanish settlers from Santa Fe and other points in the northern portion of the territory from their homes. At the same time the missions throughout New Mexico were destroyed, and the Franciscan and other monks slaughtered whenever they fell into the hands of their merciless enemies as were also the natives who had embraced the Christian religion and refused to become apostates. The refugees from Santa Fe and other points north, when but a few miles from Socorro, were so sorely pressed that they were about to succumb to

THEIR SAVAGE FOE,

when a large body of armed men from this point came to their rescue and defeated the rebels. The united Spanish forces retreated to Socorro, then known as the mission of San Miguel. The poor, hunted Spaniards, finding no other means of testifying their gratitude named the place "Socorro," which means succor or relief—a name it has ever since borne, though the parish continues to be well known as that of San Miguel.

Accessions to the population of Socorro continued to arrive rapidly from the various missions which had been destroyed and depopulated by the insurgent Pueblos, and this great increase in their number made sad havoc with the supply of provisions in the place, and as the crops in the vicinity had been destroyed it soon became evident that the town would, sooner or later,

HAVE TO BE ABANDONED

by its brave defenders. Another danger also menaced the place in the form of a rapid concentration of Indian forces who, having devastated the other settlements, were rapidly surrounding Socorro, and would soon present such an overwhelming superiority in numbers that retreat on the part of the people of the city would be impossible. As these facts became more apparent a council was called, which resulted in a decision to withdraw from the place during the night and retreat to El Paso. No sooner was this decided upon than it was rapidly put into execution, and the church treasures, consecrated bells and church ornaments, as well as much private treasure, under heavy escort was conveyed to a point within the present city limits and in the dead of night were buried.

The evacuation of Socorro took place quietly, and when the sun arose the savages entered the place, plundering what was left, and set fire to the town. The gallant inhabitants escaped to El Paso and Socorro remained in its abandonment and solitude until the year 1816, when it was reoccupied, principally by settlers from Belen, La Jova, and other points above. Twenty-five years ago a Mr. S. Vrian made some effort to

RECOVER THE TREASURES

which had been buried so long, but failed. There is no doubt whatever as to the fact of this cache having been made, and sooner or later some one more lucky than the others will stumble upon this wealth by accident or as the result of systematic search. This will add several pages to the church records, which will no doubt be recovered at the same time, and throw light on the history of this territory which is now wrapped in mystery and oblivion.

FALL FOLLIES.

Self-possession is nine points of the law.

Teacher—"Hans, name three beasts of prey." Hans.—"Two lions and a tiger."

Some things are more valuable when they are upside down. A figure six, for instance.

There is one consolation for the Charleston sufferers: they do not have to listen to all the entertainments that are given for their relief.

"Speckled beauties"—a great many of the young ladies who have returned from their summer vacation with sun-spots on their faces.

A word to Voters—A few rings on your hand is not objectionable, but what is required of you is that you get your hand on the rings.

It is stated that funerals cost three times as much as they did forty years ago. Herein is seen new proof of the unwisdom of procrastination. Think, improvident reader, how much you might have saved had you mortelled off your cuffled sholl forty years ago!

"Little Boy-Blue."

[The following farm lyric was written years ago by Abby Sage Richardson. Few of our readers have probably ever seen it.]

Under the hay-stack little Boy Blue,
Sleeps with his head on his arm;
While voices of men, and voices of maids,
Are calling him over the farm.

Sheep in the meadows are running wild
Where poisonous Barbage grows;
Leaving white tufts of downy fleece,
On the thorns of the sweet wild rose.

Out in the fields, where the silken corn,
Its plumed head nods and bows;
Where golden pumpkins ripen below,
Trample the white-faced cows.

But no loud blast on the shining horn,
Calls back the straying sheep;
And the cows may wander, in hay and corn,
While their keeper lies asleep.

His roguish eyes are tightly shut,
His dimples are all at rest;
The chubby hand turned under his head,
By one rosy cheek is pressed.

Waken him? No! Let down the bars,
And gather the truant sheep;
Open the barnyard, and drive in the cows,
But let the little boy sleep.

For year after year we can shear the fleece,
And corn can always be sown;
But the sleep that visits little Boy Blue,
Will not come when years be flown.

HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO CHOOSE MEATS.

A few suggestions on the subject of choosing butcher's meat may not be out of place. Good beef when fresh has a fine grain and is of a vermillion color, with a slight tint of purple on the cut surface. It is firm but tender to the touch, and is so elastic that no mark is left after pressure from the finger. The fat is yellowish white like fresh butter, and firm. Sometimes the lean is slightly veined with fat, but it must have no flavor of suet. The surface must be quite dry when cut, scarely moistening the finger. If a clean knife be pushed up to the handle into the raw meat the resistance will be uniform if it be fresh, but if some parts are softer than others it has begun to decompose. When beef is lean, coarse, and sinewy-looking it is old and tough.

Mutton and lamb should have a fine grain; the lean should be bright and evenly tinted, and the fat perfectly white. In mutton the lean is pale red. In hanging mutton, if it be hung with the cut part up instead of down, as usual, the juices will be better preserved.

Veal should have firm, white fat, and the lean have a pinkish tinge. If the barbarism of bleeding has been practiced, the flesh will be quite white. Veal should be six or eight weeks old before it is killed, else it is unwholesome. Too young veal may be detected by a bluish tint. The vigilance of meat inspectors, however, prevents the immature veal from entering the market. In choosing mutton or veal from the carcass the quality may be determined from the fat inside the thigh. If there be plenty of clear firm fat there, the meat is good.

Pork when fresh and young is smooth and firm and the rind is thin. The lean must be of a uniform color, and the fat white and not at all streaked. Salted cornfed pork has pinkish fat. A good test of ham is to run a knife under the bone; if it comes out clean and smells pleasantly the ham is good. In choosing fish see that the gills are bright pink, the fins stiff, and the eyes clear and full; the scales and skin must be bright.

STARCHING.

Allow a teaspoonful of good starch to each shirt and collar. Use just enough cold water to wet the starch, mash it free from lumps, add a little more, and stir it well; add for each shirt a little sperm or white wax as big as a pea and a quarter of a spoonful of salt to three spoonfuls of starch; pour on boiling water, stirring slowly all the time; boil hard for fifteen minutes without scorching, skim and strain while hot. This can be done only by dipping the strainer in cold water, while the starch is in the bag, and squeeze it immediately before it becomes hot.

Wet bosoms and collars in hot water, wring very dry, and starch while damp; rub the starch well in and wring in a dry towel and remove all starch left on the outside; spread out evenly, rub down with a dry cloth, and roll tightly together; let it lie two or three hours and then iron, and you will have a gloss on your shirts and collars equal in appearance and perhaps better in quality than if it had been done at a Chinese laundry.

CHOICE RECIPES.

BLUEBERRY PICKLES.—For blueberry pickles old jars which have lost their covers or whose edges have been broken so the covers will not fit tightly serve an excellent purpose, as these pickles must not be kept airtight. Pick over your berries, using only sound ones; fill your jars or wide-mouthed bottles to within an inch of the top, then pour in molasses enough to settle down into all the spaces; this cannot be done in a moment, as molasses does not run very freely. Only lazy people will feel obliged to stand by and watch its progress. As it settles, pour in more until the berries are covered. Then tie over the top a piece of cotton cloth to keep the flies and other insects out, and set away in the preserve closet. Cheap molasses is good enough, and your pickles will soon be "sharp."

TEA BISCUIT.—One-half cup butter, two cups sugar, two pints flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful extract nutmeg. Sift the flour, sugar, and powder together; rub in the butter cold and add enough sweet milk to make a soft dough; add the extract last; roll out half an inch thick and cut out with a biscuit cutter; wash over with milk and bake twenty minutes.

TORONTO COOKIES.—Take one cup sugar and one cup butter, beat together to a froth then one-half cup milk, to this add enough flour to stiffen, into which has been put one teaspoonful baking powder. Roll out, cut into shape desired. Bake about ten minutes in a quick oven.

VIENNA ROLLS.—Sift two or three times one quart of flour with two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder; rub in butter the size of an egg and half a teaspoonful of salt; stir all to a dough with cool, sweet milk; take small pieces of dough, roll them into small lumps, cut them across slightly each way once with a sharp knife, set them in tins not touching each other, brush them over with milk or butter melted in milk, and bake.

Keeping up Appearances.

An English visitor to Persia travelled post through that country with a native servant whose duties included the preparing of his master's meals at every halting-place. The public houses of the country furnish shelter only, with not so much as a chair or a table. Even a brick floor is a luxury. How the servant magnified his office under such circumstances is told in a ludicrous way:

We carpeted down there on a divan of brick, and Ali kindled a fire. It was a foul place indeed. But Ali was never to be daunted; his little fire was soon burning at my feet, the water boiling, the canteen opened and ready; and then, in his swaggering way out he comes with,—

"Now, sur, what you like take? What you like take you have!"

But his words were mere bombast; it was only an Eastern man's opening. However, sometimes I steadily replied,—

"Like roast beef, Ali, got?"

"Ah, roast beef no got this day!" he would say.

"Well, like mutton, Ali, got?"

"Ah, mutton no got this day!"

"Like chicken, Ali, got?"

"Ah, chicken no got this day!" and so it would end, "Got eggs."

This was his usual way, and nothing that I ever said would break him of it; but, with a soberer look, each time he would begin, "Now, sur, what you like take?" as before, as though he had really every delicacy of Persia at command. In this instance, however, it was not even "Got eggs!"

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOV. 5, 1886

NOTICE.

As our desire is to increase the circulation of the WATCHMAN throughout the County, we make the following offer:—The paper will be sent free for one year to any one who will obtain five new subscribers, and send us the $5.00 for the subscriptions. This offer will only be open until December 1st.

TEACHERS' DIPLOMAS

In order to have good schools, good teachers must be obtained, for it has been said truly that the teacher makes the school.

Although we believe the teachers of this county are worth more than they are paid, yet we think the best method for elevating the standard of education is, to raise the qualifications of the teachers. As long as teachers can prepare themselves and obtain diplomas without much expense, they can afford to teach for a small figure. And as long as they are willing to teach for meagre salaries, school trustees will be found willing to engage them. It should be remembered the price of an article generally indicates its value. Of course, there are necessary exceptions to confirm the rule. If school trustees engage a teacher for $10 per month, they will likely get $10 worth of instruction. If they hire one for $25 per month, they will obtain that amount of teaching.

The Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction has agreed to recommend a change in the present method of Examinations. There will be as formerly, three grades of diplomas, viz: Academy, Model, and Elementary. The latter class concerns us more particularly as the vast majority of our country schools are elementary. There will be three classes of elementary diplomas and two classes of model school and academy. Third class elementary shall be valid for one year only. The Board of Examiners will not meet twice a year as at present, but on the first Tuesday in July of each year. The candidates are requested to notify the Secretary, at least fifteen days before the meeting of their intention to present themselves for examination. Two days and a half shall be allowed for the examination for an elementary diploma, three days for a model, and four for an academy. The following is a syllabus of examination:

I.—ELEMENTARY DIPLOMA.

1. *Reading.*

Reading with distinct utterance, correct pronunciation, due attention to punctuation and just expression, a passage selected from the authorized Reading books.

2. *Writing*

A specimen of penmanship, including detatched small letters, capitals and numerical figures.

3. *Dictation.*

A passage from the authorized Reading Books.

4. *Arithmetic.*

A.—*Knowledge of Arithmetic.* Accurate acquaintance with Arabic notation and numeration to M M; addition, subtraction, multiplication, division and reduction in simple numbers; decimal and sterling currency, avoirdupoide weight, imperial measure, long measure, square measure, time measure; fractions of not greater complexity than:

$$\frac{7}{8}$$

$$\frac{8\frac{1}{4}}{32}$$

terminating decimals, practice, simple and compound proportion, percentage, and simple interest.

B.—*Professional Knowlege.* Ability to describe each operation, to divide it into its elements and its relation to other elements, to explain each element and its relation to other elements and to the whole operation, and to devise for it a series of progressive exercises, such as introducing one element at a time to the the notice of pupils, shall lead up to the completed conception.

5. *Geography.*

The great continents, including the names of seas and coast waters, large rivers, principal ranges of mountains, and large cities and countries. North America, including a minute knowledge of the Dominion of Canada, its climate, soil, productions, river systems and railways. General outline maps to be drawn.

6. *Grammar.*

The parts of speech with their definitions, founded upon the etymology of their names. A knowledge of the principal grammatical terms. The fundamental rules of syntax, and their application in examples easily understood. Analysis of easy sentences and parsing.

7. *Composition and English Literature.*

Spelling and definition of words in a selected paragraph, to be read by the examiner. The reproduction in the candidate's own words, of a simple narrative read twice by the examiner. Construction of sentences. A paragraph description of an every-day incident, with due attention to punctuation.

Goldsmith's Deserted Village;—Paraphrasing passage, questions upon the meaning of words, personal and historical references, subject matter, history and authorship of the poem.

8. *French or Latin—(Optional).*

French.—Grammar as far as syntax. Regular and irregular verbs. Translation of French prose and poetry into English.

Latin.—The declensions, the four conjugations and easy exercises.

9. *Scripture History.*

Old Testament.—The general geography and relative positions of Assyria, Palestine and Egypt; also the number, names and order of the books of the Old Testament.

The chief facts connected with the Creation, the Deluge, the call of Abraham, the Exodus, the conquest of Palestine, the establishment of the monarchy, the division of the tribes, the captivity and the return.

The lives of Noah, Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, David, Asa, Ahas, Elijah, Josiah, Daniel.

The division of the prophets into groups according as they lived before, during, or subsequent to the captivity.

New Testament.—The general geography of Palestine; the number, names, order and writers of the books of the New Testament and the number of years covered by New Testament History.

The chief events connected with the birth, baptism, transfiguration, trial, death, resurrection and ascension of Jesus Christ; the names of the Apostles, the Lord's prayer, the Beatitudes.

The Miracles and the Parables of Jesus Christ. The length of the interval between His birth and baptism and crucifixion; resurrection and ascension; ascension and Pentecost.

10. *Canadian History.*

French Regime.—The physical features of Canada, and the exact position of historical places; early discoveries, early settlements, Indian tribes and their location. The Company of One Hundred Associates; its duties, privileges and duration.

The Royal Government, its officers and duration; the chief events of the wars under the Royal Government, arising from the conflict between France and England;

(*a*). King William's War and Treaty of Ryswick.

(*b*). Queen Anne's War and Treaty of Utrecht.

(*c*). Louisburg and Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

(*d*). The seven Years' War and Treaty of Paris with details of the Conquest.

English Rule.—First Period 1763-1791.—Population and condition of country; Pontiac's War; Revolutionary War, Causes, nature, and results of (1) Quebec Act; (2) Constitutional Act. Loyalists.

Second Period, 1791-1841.—Form of government. The causes of War of 1812, the points of attack, the chief engagements. The Treaty of Ghent. The Family-Compact. The Canadian Rebellion, (1837) its causes, leaders and results.

Third Period, 1841-1867.—The chief provisions of the Union Act. The Ashburton Treaty. The changes of the seat of Government. The Rebellion Losses Bill, the Clergy Reserves, the Legislative difficulties, Confederation and its causes, the Governors General in order during this period.

Fourth Period, 1867 to present time.—The leading provisions of the Dominion Constitution; the original provinces, subsequent additions, Red River Rebellion, the Washington Treaty and questions settled therein, Governors General of the Dominion in order with dates.

11. *English History.*

The physical features of the British Iles; Roman Conquest, Introduction of Christianity, Saxons and Danes, Alfred the Great, William the Conqueror, The Battle of Hastings. The chief characteristics of the Norman, Plantagenet, Lancastrian and Yorkist Periods of English History and the soverigns in order. The Feudal System System, Crusades, Magna Charta. One hundred years' war with France. The relation of Ireland, Wales and Scotland to England.

The wars of the Roses, their causes, great leaders, chief battles and results. Becket, Wyclif, Chaucer.

The Tudor Period.—Sovereigns with dates; the chief events of each reign. The Reformation, printing, revival of learning, discoveries, the Armada, translations of the Bible. Wolsey, Cranmer, Cromwell, Mary Queen of Scots, Shakespeare.

Tye Stewart Period.—Sovereigns with dates; the chief events of each reign. The relations of the Stuarts to the Tudors. Hampton Court Conference, Gunpowder Plot, King and Parliament, Civil War, Cromwell, The Restoration Act, Act of Uniformity. The Habeas Corpus Act and its provisions, The Revolution Act of Settlement and its provisions, The Spanish Succession, The Union of England and Scotland.

Writers.—Milton, Bunyan.

The Hanoverian Period.—Sovereigns with dates; the chief events of each reign. The relation of the House of Hanover to the Stuarts; Wesley, Roman Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill of 1832, Abolition of Slavery, Disestablishment of the Irish Church.

Wars.—Austrian Succession; The Seven Years' War in Europe, India, and America and the Treaty of Paris. The American Revolution, Rebellion in Ireland, Wars with France, Waterloo. The wars in Afghanistan, India, Crimea and Africa.

Statesmen.—Horace Walpole, Lord Chatham, William Pitt, Canning, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston.

Writers.—Addison, Gibbon, Pope, Cowper, Scott Wordsworth, Macaulay, Thakeray, Dickens, Tennyson.

12. *Drawing.*

As in Prof. Walter Smith's Teacher's Manual of Freehand Drawing in Primary Schools.

13. *Book keeping.*

Single Entry.—(1) A knowledge of Day-Book, Journal, Ledger, and Cash-Book, commercial terms and abbreviations. (2) Business Forms as bills, accounts, receipts, orders, statements, inventory and promissory notes.

14. *Physiology and Hygiene.*

As in Hygiene for Young People for Intermediate classes. A.S. Barnes & Co.

15. *Art of Teaching [Morrisson's]*

As in authorized text-book.

Candidates for Elementary Diplomas must take fifty per cent of the marks in Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, and art of teaching, and at least one third of the marks in each of the other subjects. The most important change is that no teacher can obtain a first class Elementary diploma by the simple written examination. If they obtain two thirds of the total number of marks, they get only a second class elementary diploma. Afterwards they must teach successfully at least three years, and attend three Annual Teachers Institutes, or teach successfully five years before they can obtain a first class diploma.

This regulation raises the work of a teacher to the status of a profession, and the people of the county may now rest assured that if they want good professional teachers they must expect to pay decent salaries. If they do not their schools will be closed and they will deprive their children of their birthright, viz: a good elementary education. We know individuals in this county owning several hundred acres of good land, showing every sign of independence and comfort, who complain bitterly because they have to pay the paltry sum of $10 per year for the education of three children. We hope the time will soon come when our public schools will become free and supported by revenue derived from a tax on property holders. Large proprietors are the men who should have the most interest in the education of the masses, because the greatest protection against socialism and riot is the intellectual development of our youth. The worst foe the world has to contend with to-day, is ignorance and the better educated the masse, become, the safer are the proprietors of this country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN

DEAR SIR.—Knowing that you desire to make your paper a medium of general information and interesting to all, I forward you a brief account of last week's Geological Excursion, hoping that I may thereby afford you some assistance in your enterprise.

As in former sessions, Dr. Harrington, of McGill, with his class in Geology, is making a series of excursions to those districts about Montreal, where most geological facts and fossils may be gleaned, and it was for this purpose that they visited Lachute on Saturday last. They came by the 10 o'clock train and thus had plenty of time to examine the rocks to be found in the vicinity of Lachute before returning by the 7 p.m. train. The day was fine and the class was in good spirits as it generally is when accompanied by Dr. Harrington, but on arriving at the depot these amateur geologists displayed a somewhat peculiar disposition, yet not especially so when we remember that they are *Scientists.* There happened to be on board no less than three Theological Students commissioned to fill as many different pulpits on the ensuing Sunday, two of the three were destined for Lachute, while the third was to fill an appointment across the Ottawa; but having ventured into the midst of his scientific friends, it was soon decided to *elevate* somebody and up went the congregational preacher in spite of commission, protestation and resistance. Having paid the penalty and received three hearty cheers he boarded the moving train and continued his journey nothing worse of a short interview with the students of nature who were about to read of the truths of Genesis from the rocks in our midst, while he declared the same truths from Revelation.

After leaving the depot the first place visited was Rodrigue's Hotel, where such articles as were not required in the field were left in charge of the proprietor, but no fossils were discovered here. Then passing up Main street we went to Mr. Wm. Henry's newly opened quarry on the hill South-east of Lachute, here the rocks were found to be Calciferous limestone of an early period, being deposited before much animal life had existed on the earth and hence they contain but few fossils only one being found. From these rocks we crossed the fields in a North easterly direction and soon reached a deposit of Potsdam Sandstone situated behind the barns of Mr. R. Patterson. These Sandstones are of an earlier formation than the Limestones mentioned above, as is proven by the fact that they extend under the limestone each stratum being slightly depressed towards the South. These Sandstones, the Doctor said, had been deposited from the decomposed materials of our Laurentian hills at a time when they were laved by early seas. This stratum or layer of sandstone is composed chiefly of small grains of quartz cemented together, and is of the same material as the drifting sands of Upper Lachute.

We next visited Mrs. McGregor's quarry which is composed of Laurentian limestone with some traces of Iron Pyrites and Tourmaline Crystals. These rocks are the oldest of which we have any definate knowledge and had they their proper place as the primary rocks of the earth's crust or outside coating they would lie several miles below the surface. Another interesting fact pointed out by Dr. Harrington was that the channel and valley of the North River had been formed at the juncture of these old and newer formations.

After leaving this quarry the party crossed the mountain north of Lachute, and next visited the rocks in the channel of the river near the Paper Mill.

After some boating, sightseeing and other amusements they were all again assembled at the depot, where, true to their reputation, the students amused themselves and the public in a way peculiar to themselves. Before leaving the depot three cheers were given for Dr. Harrington, then as the train moved away three more were lustily given for Lachute and our visitors were lost in the moonlight to appear again in the William Molson Hall.

LACHUTE INDUSTRIES BOOMING.

There has never been a time in our history when all business interests were in a more flourishing condition at Lachute. Messrs. Hamelin & Ayers, shipped 10,000 lbs. of wool last week to the Pike River mills, which is to be manufactured into the celebrated Granite Underwears. Another lot of 40,000 lbs. is to be shipped in a few days to the same place and used for the same purpose. This is some of the surplus stock of wool which Messrs. Hamelin & Ayers have on hand after running their mills to the full capacity during the year. They are making extensive preparations to increase the out put of their woolen goods, such as a new Steam Boiler, a new set of Custom Roll Cards, two new Knowl's Fancy Looms and a new Vulcan Water Wheel just arrived with several other machines needed in the manufacture of blankets and paper makers felt, which industries have lately been added to their mills and for which a great demand has sprung up.

Mr. David Hambleton of the Bobbin and Spool Works is running over time to keep up with the ever increasing demand for his Bobbins and Spools which are shipped to all parts of the Dominion where these articles are needed. He has also started the manufacture of Shuttles for cotton and woolen mills. This necessitates the increase of his buildings to nearly double the present size.

Messrs. Fish & Ireland who have increased the size of their buildings and machinery several times to keep pace with the constantly increasing demand for their now celebrated "National Foods," now find it necessary to double their capacity, and have a lot of new machinery ordered and which will be put up shortly. They shipped last week 125 cases to Winnipeg, besides large quantities to other parts east and west, and all this trade has sprung up with the aid of travellers to push the sales. There has perhaps never been a new article that has taken the market with such a bound as the prepared Cereal products of this firm and are in use by men women and infants wherever they are known.

Messrs. Chapman & Drysdale have been taxed to their utmost capacity for sash's, doors and all the furnishings for buildings such as they turn out.

Mr. J. C. Wilson of the Paper Mills has added another new building to the massive pile of artistic masonry which adorns the west side of the river, and is now adding the fifth large store-house to make room for his increasing business. He has also added a 250 H.P. engine to supplement the water power in case of necessity.

Mr. Robert Bannerman has continued to add to his buildings and machinery to keep up with the increasing demand for rope and harvest twines.

Messrs. McOuat & McRae of Victoria Foundry, have had to run day and night for some time past to keep up with their orders.

Mr. Peter Campbell of the Lachute Grist Mills, finds himself taxed to the utmost to keep pace with the demand for flour, oatmeal, pot and pearl barley, cornmeal, buckwheat flour and moulis. He has to run day and night all the time while his busiest season has not yet commenced, and when it comes as it surely will, owing to the abundant crops in the country, more machinery will require to be added. In fact all the industries are booming and new ones starting up. A new dam being erected on the river below during the summer indicates what may be expected another year. The increase of business in the mills and factories has been such, that new residences have been a necessity and never before have so many houses been built here in one year as during the past season, an account of which we will enter into details later on. Those who thought Lachute was at its highest state of prosperity a few years ago, begin now to think it is only commencing and will yet be many times greater than it is to-day. The water power is immense, and it is safe to say that not half of the water power of Lachute is yet utilized.

MILITARY ITEMS.

(Continued from last Issue.)

2nd. A roll showing arms, accoutrements, etc., in each mans possesion. In fact the Color Sergeant of each Company is the most important man in the Company and holds a position of very great honor and responsibility, and should be every thing that is manly, soldierlike and zealous. His position is all the more important owing to the fact that the Officers of the Canadian Militia are very often more nonentities physically and mentally unfit even to be privates.

A word here to the Color Sergeants of the 11th and 18th Battalions. Do not let the Captains of your Companies fall asleep, and do not let the subaltern officers interfere with what does not concern them. No subaltern has any right to refuse a man his uniform to turn out with on any special occasion. That remains with the Color Sergeant and the Captain. Again, never accept a man upon any account as a member of your company who is unfit to be entrusted with his uniform. This is the surest way to ruin a good company. Be always on the outlook for picked young men, respectable, strong, hardy, and of good appearance, and make them join your company and teach them to be as zealous and as active as yourself. Implant in them all that is soldier-like and proper. Teach them dress and deportment. Show them how to wear the uniform and see that every man has pipe clay for helmet and belts and has button stick and button brush. It is your business to instruct the men in squad drill and the use of the rifle.

Remember that undrilled men are merely an armed mob. unsafe to be trusted and as dangerous to themselves as to the enemy.

The most dangerous position the writer of this article ever was in was with a company of men in uniform who had never fired a blank cartridge in their lives before, and yet they belonged to what is called a crack City corps. There was only one serious accident but there seems to be a providence which saves drunk men and fools. On this occasion I speak off, had it been actual war, our whole Battalion would have been cut to pieces or taken prisoners, the Lt. Col. being worse than useless. I asked the 1st Lieutenant of our company why we were not served out with ball bags and he gravely informed me that they were done away with.

Played and ready, yet we had to carry our

They were lying in the Armoury, pipe ammunition (blank) in our pants pocket. The Captain was even a greater ignoramus. The Lt. Col. who was in command when I first joined did not seem to know how to give the word of command, fours deep, and would have got stuck altogether if the Sergt. Major had not come to his aid. I merely relate all this to show how important it is that the Sergeants should have a thorough knowledge of drill, of the Military law, and the rules and regulations which govern the service. Every Color Sergeant who has not a Nominal Roll of the Non-Commissioned officers and men of his company, in his possession, should get one from his Captain at once. The names of all men who have left the district and will not be likely to return should be struck off the roll and others enlisted. This is the duty of the Sergeants and it is their duty to induce the cream of the young men their district to enlist. The appointment of Non-Commissioned Officers cannot be cancelled, neither can they be reduced without the case being referred to headquarters. No Lt. Col. has the right to retain his position who has attained the age of 63 years, Majors the age of 58 years, Captains the age of 50, and Lieutenants the age of 45.

Officers of the Active Militia *must be resident* within the limits of the city, county or counties from which the men comprising the corps are drawn. Otherwise their appointment must be cancelled.

A FLYING LUNCH.

One of the innovations introduced by the Canadian Pacific Railway is worthy of imitation on other roads. As we were on the road from Ottawa to Montreal, an energetic acrobat in a white apron came through the cars with lunches. The lunch consisted of sandwiches, cakes and such, together with tea or coffee. When he got an order he spread before the hungry traveller a neat table covered with a snowy cloth. He carried the coffee and things like a balancer at a circus through the swaying cars. The coffee was in neat little silver pots, and the cups and saucers were of the prettiest China. Each pot held about two cups of coffee, and the charge for a pot of hot coffee was ten cents. Sandwiches were also ten cents each. It was worth the price of admission to see the waiter carry the trays without spilling or upsetting anything. The coffee was simply superb, and I hope when the C. P. R. gets through with the fellow who makes it, that he will take a tour around the country and teach hotel folks how to get up good coffee.—*Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.*

THOSE RIFLE MATCHES.

Is There Anything Fair in This.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR.—I understand that the Argenteuil Rifle Association had their Rifle Matches lately. But there is one thing I cannot understand and that is why these matches were not advertised. The best companies in the 11th are the back companies. Was the fact that those Rifle Matches were to be held, made known to the members of these companies either by advertisements in the WATCHMAN or by printed hand bills being distributed amongst them, or was the whole thing kept as dark as possible so that the back country men would have no chance of competing for the prizes.

Take No. 7 and 8 companies for instance. How many of the members of those companies are Argenteuil men. Are they not composed of outsiders and yet, owing to the way things are run, they are the ones who have the chance to compete. The front companies have had everything their own way too long and it is high time the back companies had a show. Therefore it is only fair that the next years matches should be held in the Gore or at Morin Flats. It is just as easy for the men from the front of the County to go to the Gore as it is for the back countrymen to go to St. Andrews.

There is another thing that ought to be done and that is that the headquarters of at least one of the front companies should be changed to Harrington. There are lots of fine men to be had in the Harrington district and it is not right that they should not have a company there.

These things want looking into.

Yours &c.,

ANTI MONOPOLY.

Lakefield, Oct. 18th, 1886.

Mr. R. Creswell has just received a consignment of a car of nice winter apples comprising the Northern Spy, Baldwins, Russets, &c., from the samples shown us and the price quoted, those wishing to get a barrel or two of choice apples at a low rate should send in their orders at once either to Mr. T. Shepherd of Genoa, or to R. Creswell at Flour Depot, Lachute.

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.

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM

THE remedy for curing Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Diseases of the Throat, Bronchitis, Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs, Difficult Breathing, and all the Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs. *No better remedy for Whooping Cough can be found.*

CAUTION.—Don't experiment with new and untried medicines, but always keep on hand this safe and sure remedy,—**Allen's Lung Balsam.**

MOTHERS, have you delicate, weakly children, who are always TAKING COLD, and subject to CROUP? Remember, there never was a case of CROUP which did not originate in a COLD.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM IS YOUR REMEDY.

Physicians who have failed to cure their patients should try this medicine before they give the case up, as we know many valuable lives have been saved by being persuaded to give it a trial.

DO NOT DESPAIR because all other remedies have failed, but try this remedy, and you will not be deceived. *It will cure when all others fail.*

Allen's Lung Balsam is now put up in Three Sizes,

Price 25c., 50c., and $1 per Bottle.

The 25c. bottles are put up for the accommodation of all who desire simply a Cough or Croup remedy. Those desiring a remedy for Consumption or any Lung Disease should secure the Large $1 Bottles.

Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S CELEBRATED

Florida Water

The Universal Perfume.

HANDKERCHIEF, THE TOILET AND THE BATH.

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.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE

PRIVATE BILLS.

PARTIES intending to make application to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec for Private or Local Bills, either for granting exclusive privileges or conferring corporate powers for commercial or other purposes of profit, for regulating surveys or boundaries or for doing anything tending to affect the rights or property of other parties, are hereby notified that they are required by the Rules of the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly respectively (which are published in the Quebec *Official Gazette*), to give ONE MONTH'S NOTICE of the application (clearly and distinctly specifying its nature and object), in the Quebec *Official Gazette*, in the French and English languages, and also in a French and English newspaper published in the District affected, and to comply with the requirements therein mentioned, sending copies of the first and last of such notice to the Private Bills Office of each House, any persons who shall make application shall within one week from the first publication of such notice in the *Official Gazette* forward a copy of his bill, with the sum of one hundred dollars, to the Clerk of the Committee on Private Bills.

All petitions for PRIVATE BILLS must be presented within the "first two weeks" of the session.

L. DELORME,
Clk. Leg. Assembly.

Quebec, October, 1886.

A. G. Stackhouse,

IS NOW AT HIS STUDIO,

WORK GUARANTEED better than ever (Prices Moderate).

A. G. STACKHOUSE

St. Andrews, Oct. 8th, 1884.

Local Advertisements.

Strawberries,

STRAWBERRIES,

STRAWBERRIES.

NOW is the time to secure your plants to insure a good crop next year.

2,000

plants only for sale of a very choice variety, (The Bidwell.)

The crop in my garden last year and this year was exceedingly fine and a great many of the berries were four, and four and one half inches in circumferance.

Price of Plants only 25c per hundred plants.

Call early as they will soon be all gone.

ANDREW BOA,

General Agent.

Main Street, Lachute,

Opposite Rodrigue's Hotel.

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,
41-3 m Lachute Mills.

T. JOUSSE,

Watchmaker & Jeweller.

—:o:—

GOODS SOLD

AT

MODERATE PRICES.

FIRST-CLASS WORK DONE.

Orders taken for Cartridges, Shells, &c.

T. JOUSSE,

Lachute, P.Q.

VETERINARY.

Prof. M. A. Piche,

LICENTIATE OF THE

MONTREAL VETINARY SCHOOL

And Professor of Materia Medica at the

VETERINARY SCHOOL,

Wishes to inform the public that he is always ready to attend any diseases on Domestic Animals.

Office open every day in Mr. Theo. Jousse's Jewelry Store, Opposite Post Office.

Night attendance at Rodrigue's Hotel, Lachute.

LACHUTE Flour Mills.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR

STRONG BAKER'S FLOUR

OCILVIES 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. 25

NOTICE

THE UNDERSIGNED will be prepared to do all kinds of Gristing and Sawing at their saw and Flouring Mills, from and after the 20th September instant.

J. B. CUSHING & Co.

Cushing, 10th Sept., 1886.

FOR SALE.

A BUSH LOT within easy distance of Lachute.

J. PALLINER,
18-t.f. Advocate.

New Burnt Lime

For Sale at THOS. C. NOYES,
Chatham, October 1st, 1886. 30-4

MONEY TO LOAN

IN SUMS OF

$1,000 and upwards on first-class farm property.

Apply to

R. G. MEIKLE.

CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK JOURNAL.

There have been few more marked successes in journalism than has been achieved by the CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK JOURNAL, of Hamilton, Ont. Started less than three years ago as a 20 page monthly, it has gone on steadily increasing in matter and interest, as well as in size, first to 24, then to 28, and finally to 36 pages. Though devoted especially to *stock-raising*, it includes The Farm, The Dairy, The Apiary, Poultry, Horticulture and The Home, so that for the general farmer or such farmers as make live stock breeding in any of its departments a leading feature of their business, we do not know where to find its equal in Canada. We heartily recommend it to our patrons as the leading paper of its class in the Dominion. It is published at Hamilton, Ont., by The Stock Journal Co. Price, $1 per annum. Those subscribing now for 1887 get the remainder of 1886 free. We can furnish it and our own paper together from now to end of 1887 for $1.75. The October and November issues will contain the prize lists of the Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, and the Provincial Fair held at Guelph. Call at our office and examine it, or send for the publishers for a free specimen copy.

Local Advertisements.

J. E. IRELAND.

FAMILY GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &c.

Choice English Breakfast Teas, Finest Congous, Japans, Young Hysons &c.

PURE COFFEES.

Very finest Mochas and Javas, also Chase and Sanburn's Celebrated Old Govt. Java.

A FEW

Fancy Green Cairo Tea Sets @ $3.60. Regular price, $5.00.

Green Indian Grass Tea Sets @ $3.40. Regular price, $4.00.

Pink Prim Rose Tea Sets @ $3.50. Regular price, $4.50.

Brown Bosphorus Tea Sets @ $3.25. Regular price, $4.00.

Black Bouquet Tea Sets @ $3.00. Regular price, $4.00.

Plain Tea Sets @ — — — $2.60. Regular price, $3.00.

Coloured Glass Lamps, all sizes. 40c. to 75c., complete.

Coloured Glass Dishes and Sets, at very low prices.

A general stock of Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Glassware, Patent Medicines Hardware, Nails, Binding felt &c., &c., always on hand at lower than ordinary prices.

J. E. IRELAND.

Lachute Mills, October 14th, 1886.

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.

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.

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.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Superior Court.—C L. Champagne.
A Safeguard—J. C. Ayer & Co.
Carpets.—S. Carsley.
Robust Health —Dr. J. C Ayer & Co.
Superior Court.—J. A. N. MacKay.
To Let.—R. W. Evans.
Just Arrived.—R. W. Kerr.

LOCAL.

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.

STATION RESTURANT.

LUNCH AT ALL HOURS.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

L. P. P. RODRIGUE.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

AN EVENING MAIL.—There is some stir about getting mails twice a day to Lachute and if our townspeople would bestir themselves this very desired object might be accomplished. Now is the time to agitate for an evening mail from Montreal.

FOR SALE

SQUARE TIMBER 8 x 8, suitable for building 20 feet x 32 feet. Also 1 large coal stove, (double heater), 1 parlor wood stove.

HUGH FRASER, JR.

Cholera Preventatve.

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 cheap st, 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.

A tour through Europe for 25c.

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.

Don't fail to take the tour through Europe next Friday evening.

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.

FOR SALE.

Two Hundred Cords of stove wood, Beech, Birch and Maple mixed. Price in yard $1.35; delivered $1.50. Also a quantity of cord wood, $3.00 per cord.

P. LANE.

HEADACHE. MRS. MYRA LAWRENCE, West Pierrepoint, N. Y, says:—"Graham's Catarrhine is the best remedy I have ever found for a distressing Headache that has long afflicted me—one or two pinches of the Catharrhine used as a snuff immediately removes the pain."

DANGEROUS.—A hole in Fish's Bridge may cause damage to man or beast any day and it has been there for some weeks.

Worth Remembering.

There is probably no better relaxing remedy for stiff joints, contracted cords, and painful congestion, than Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It cured Mrs. John Siddell, of Orton, Ont., who was afflicted for years with contraction of the bronchial pipes and tightness of the chest. It is the great remedy for internal or external pain.

Look out for C. T. Wales' advertisement next week.

The Scourge of America.

The one terrible blight of our country is scrofula—from impure blood—it causes consumption, and many wasting, lingering and fatal diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters cures scrofula if taken in time.

DRUNKEN.—On Monday last drunken men in the Main street were annoying peaceable people, but the lockup was quiet.

A Cure For Croup.

It is a valuable fact for mothers to know that there is no better or more certain remedy for croup than Hagyard's Yellow Oil used internally and externally. This handy household remedy may be had of any druggist.

We are informed that the vacant room in the College is to be fitted up for a library and reading-room in connection with the Academy.

A Radical Change.

Daniel Sullivan, of Malcolm, Ont., takes pleasure in recommending Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia. It cured him after years of suffering. From being a sceptic he is now a confirmed believer in that medicine.

Magic Lantern views ten feet square, of scenes in Rome, Switzerland and other places, in Olivet Hall on Friday evening next. Admission 25 cents.

A Wide Range.

A wide range of painful affections may be met with Hagyard's Yellow Oil. James M. Lawson, of Woodville, Ont., speaks of it in high terms for rheumatism, lame back, sprains and many painful complaints too numerous to mention. It is used internally or externally.

TOWN TAXES.—Warrants are now being issued against those indebted to the Lachute Town Corporation for taxes due, the Mayor having been required by the Council to proceed at once.

Try It.

Two of the most troublesome complaints to relieve are asthma and whooping cough, but Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam seldom fails either in those, or other prevailing throat and lung troubles. All dealers in medicine have this remedy for sale.

Everybody should take a tour through Europe next Friday evening at Olivet Hall. The whole tour only 25 cents.

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

COW ACCIDENT.—A cow belonging to Mr. Conlin got her foot caught in the side-walk and completely tore off the hoof, so the cow had to be killed.

Hundreds of letters from those using Ayer's Hair Vigor attest its value as a restorer of gray hair to its natural color. As a stimulant and tonic, preventing and often curing baldness, and cleansing and soothing the scalp, its use cannot be too strongly recommended.

MINERALS.—There is quite a stir of excitement in search of mineral deposits. Search and enquiry for mica and plumbage are going on in the county.

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

200 Magic Lantern views of most interesting scenes illustrating a tour on the Continent of Europe, will be given in Olivet Hall on Friday evening next in aid of St. Simeon's Church.

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

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

NOTEWORTHY LINES FOR THE COMING WEEK.

CARPETS for the Cottage.
CARPETS for the Villa.
CARPETS for the Mansion.
CARPETS in Wools.
CARPETS in Tapestry.
CARPETS in Brussels.
CARPETS in Wilton
CARPETS in Axminster.
CARPETS Kensington Squares.
CARPETS from Turkey.
CARPETS from Egypt.

In all the above mentioned lines we are showing a very fine assortment of

NEW GOODS,

at very lowest prices. Plans carefully taken. Estimates given. Satisfaction guranteed.

S. CARSLEY.

WINDOW SHADES, beautiful designs.
WINDOW SHADES, new colors.
WINDOW SHADES, art designs.
WINDOW SHADES, opaque cloth.
WINDOW SHADES, Pongee silks.
WINDOW SHADES, Roman Muslins.
WINDOW SHADES, Persian Muslins.
WINDOW SHADES, of all sizes.
WINDOW SHADES, fitted complete.

In Window Shades and Curtains the stock is now the most complete ever shown in Canada. Every requisite fitting for these and all Window Draperies.

S. CARSLEY

BROOK'S SEWING COTTON.

If you want a really good Sewing Cotton,

If you want an evenly spun Sewing Cotton, free from knots or knots, and that will go through the eye of the needle without any trouble,

If you want a strong Sewing Cotton that will not break nor twist in sewing,

If you want the par excellence of all sewing cottons, firm, strong, smooth and reliable, ask for

BROOKS' SEWING COTTON.

The price of Brooks' Sewing Cotton is as low as the inferior makes.

JONAS BROOKS & BROS., the oldest sewing cotton manufacturers in England.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Arch. MacArthur, one of the Geology class who visited Lachute on Saturday, spent a few days with his friends in Dalesville before returning to town. Mr. MacArthur is a former student of our Academy and we wish him every success in the studies of his final year.

Mr. A. P. Solandt visited Lachute on Saturday as a member of Dr. Harrington's class in Geology. We must say Mr. Solandt's prospects as a geologist are very promising, for besides finding one third of all the fossils gathered by the class, he made the valuable discovery of *Crinord Stem*, which we have no doubt he will place in the University Museum. As a former student of our Academy we wish him every success and shall ever be pleased to hear of his advancement.

Trial proves that honesty is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine preparation, an unequalled blood purifier, decidedly superior to all others.

Romulous and Remus fed by the wolf, St. Peters Cathedral, the Pantheon, Views in Venice, Milan. On Friday next in Mr. Fish's Hall at 7.30 p.m.

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

We have just received "Our Little Ones" and the "Nursery" for the month of November, and as usual it is full of instruction and amusement for the young people—every house should be supplied with a copy for their children.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

Look out for Andrew Boa's advertisement next week, his auction Room will be open by the 15th December, he will then sell for merchants, farmers etc., on commission Mr. Joseph Patenaude will be the auctioneer.

A TOUR THROUGH EUROPE.—In Olivet Hall on Friday evening the 12th inst., a Magic Lantern exhibition with short interesting lectures by the Rev. Mr. Tucker, of Montreal, will be given in aid of St. Simeon's Church funds. Tickets 25 cents.

We direct attention to the announcement of the arrival of new goods at the Stationary Store of R. W. Kerr, opposite the new store of Mr. J. R. McOuat, Center Ward, Lachute. The stock is large and varied, and fills a want long needed in Lachute. The School Books comprise English Latin, Greek, Arithmetic &c; suitable for Colleges and common schools. Those in want of school book's &c., will find it to their advantage to patronize the new Book Store.

OPEN DITCH ACCIDENT.—On Friday last Mr. Joseph Palliser, Advocate, while hastening from his house to catch the 8 o'clock train for Montreal, went with such force into the open ditch made by the Water Works Co., for laying their new pipes, that he had three of his ribs fractured and otherwise injured so that he has been confined to his house since. On Saturday a man by the name of Delisle was digging in the ditch and suddenly the earth caved in on him, from which he had to be dug out. He has been laid up since from the injuries sustained.

MARRIED.

PAUL-CATTON.—On the 13th October, 1886, at the residence of the brides father, Beech Ridge, by the Rev. John Mackie, John Paul of Bethany, to Margaret Murry, third daughter of George Catton, Esq.

BURWASH-KING.—At the residence of the brides father, on the 28th October, by Pastor J. Higgins of Lachute, assisted by Pastor J. King of Dalesville, (father to the bride) Mr. Daniel J. Burwash to Miss Elizabeth King, all of Chatham Township, Que.

DEATH

MCADAM.—At Montebello on Thursday Oct. 28th, of Diphtheria, Justina, second daughter of James McAdam, aged six years.

OBITUARY.

At Ste. Scholastique, 1st November, Ida, only child of Mr. and Mrs. C. Poirier, aged four years, a child of more than ordinary intelligence. Her loss is a sore affliction to her parents who have the sympathy of their friends in their bereavement.

COM.

Ste. Scholastique, Nov. 3rd, 1886.

DANGEROUS DRUGS.

How to Control Effectually All Such Horrible Habits.

Rochester, N. Y. Post-Express.

A gentleman who has spent the summer abroad, said to our reporter, that the thing that impressed him most of all was the number of holidays one encounters abroad and the little anxiety the people display in the conduct of business affairs. "Men boast here," he said, "that they work for years without a day off; in Europe that would be considered a crime."

Mr. H. H. Warner, who was present at the time, said, "This is the first summer in years that I have not spent on the water. Been to busy."

"Then I suppose you have been advertising extensively?"

"Not at all. We have always heretofore closed our laboratory during July, August and September, but this summer we have kept it running day and night to supply the demand, which has been three times greater than ever before in our history at this season."

"How do you account for this?"

"The increase has come from the *universal recognition of the excellence of our preparations.* We have been nearly ten years before the public and the sales are *constantly increasing* while our newspaper advertising is *constantly diminishing.* Why, high scientific and medical authorities, now publicly concede that our Warner's safe cure is the only scientific specific for kidney and liver diseases and for all the many diseases caused by them."

"Have you evidence of this?"

"Abundance! Only a few weeks ago Dr. J. L Stephens, of Lebanon, Ohio, a specialist for the cure of narcotic, etc. habits, told me that a number of eminent scientific medical men had been experimenting for years, testing and analyzing all known remedies for the kidneys and liver, for, as you may be aware, the excessive use of all narcotics and stimulants destroys those organs, and until they can be restored to health the habits cannot be broken up! Among the investigators were such men as J. M. Hall, M. D., President of the State Board of Health of Iowa, and Alexander Neil, M. D., Professor of Surgery in the college of Physicians and Surgeons, and president of the Academy of Medicine at Columbus, who, after exhaustive inquiry, reported that there was no remedy known to schools or to scientific inquiry equal to Warner's safe cure!"

"Are many persons addicted to the use of deadly drugs?"

"There are forty millions of people in the world who use opium alone, and there are many hundreds of thousands in this country who are victims of morphine, opium, quinine and cocaine. They think they have no such habit about them—so many people are unconscious victims of these habits. They have pains and symptoms of what they call malaria and other diseases, when in reality it is the demand in the system for those terrible drugs, a demand that is caused largely by physicians' prescriptions which contain so many dangerous drugs, and strong spirits, and one that must be answered or silenced in the kidneys and liver by what Dr. Stephens says is the only kidney and liver specific. He also says that moderate opium and other drug eaters, if they sustain the kidney and liver vigor with that great remedy, can keep up these habits in moderation."

"Well does not this discovery give you a new revelation of the power of safe cure?"

"No, sir; for years I have tried to convince the public that *nearly all the diseases of the human system* originate in some disorder of the kidneys or liver, and hence I have logically declared that if our specific were used, over ninety per cent. of these ailments would disappear. The liver and kidneys seem to absorb these poisons from the blood and become depraved and diseased."

"When these eminent authorities thus publicly admit that there is no remedy like ours to enable the kidneys and liver to throw of the frightful effects of all deadly drugs and excessive use of stimulants it is an admission of its power as great as any one could desire; for if through its influence alone the opium, morphine, quinine, cochaine and liquor habits can be overcome, what higher testimonial of its specific power could be asked for?"

"You really believe then, Mr. Warner, that the majority of diseases come from kidney and liver complaints?"

"I do! When you see a person moping and groveling about, half dead and half alive, year after year, you may surely put him down as having some kidney and liver trouble."

"The other day I was talking with Dr. Fowler, the eminent oculist of this city, who said that half the patients who came to him for eye treatment were effected by advanced kidney disease. Now many people wonder why in middle life their eye sight becomes so poor. A thorough course of treatment with Warner's safe cure is what they need more than a pair of eye glasses. The kidney poison in the blood always attacks the weakest part of the body; with some it affects the *eyes*; with others the *head*; with others the *stomach* or the *lungs* or *rheumatic* disorder follows and *neuralgia* tears them to pieces, or they lose the *powers of taste, smell* or become *impotent in other functions* of the body. What man would not give his all to have the vigor of youth at command?"

"The intelligent physician knows that these complaints are but *symptoms*; they are not the disorder, and they are symptoms not of disease of the head, the eye or stomach, or of virility, necessarily, but of the kidney poison in the blood and they may prevail and no pain occur in the kidneys"

It is not strange that the enthusiasm which Mr. Warner displays in his appreciation of his own remedy, which restored him to health when the doctors said he could not live six months, should become infectious and that the entire world should pay tribute to its power. For as Mr. Warner says, the sales are constantly increasing, while the newspaper advertising is constantly diminishing. This speaks volumes in praise of the extraordinary merits of his preparation.

SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Terrebonne. }

Ste. Scholastique, the twentieth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and eighty six.

PRESENT.

The Honorable Mr. Justice Bélanger.

No. 294.

JULES ADOLPHE NAPOLEON MACAY, of the Parish of St. Andrews, said District, Advocate, *Plaintiff,*

vs.

CHRISTINE RICHER DIT LOUVETEAU as well in her own name as having been in community of property with her husband, the late Francis Desjardins, and as tutrix to her minor child, Jules Desjardins, Ferdinand Desjardins, Farmer; Alfred Desjardins, Trader; Antime Desjardins, Trader; Clara Desjardins, wife of Thos. Curran, Farmer, and the said Curran to authorise his wife "*a estre en justice,*" all of the Parish of St. Andrews, said District, and Louis Joly, Trader, of the Town of Lachute; said District, and George Desjardins, Shoemaker, of the City and District of Montreal,

Defendants.

The Defendants, Alfred Desjardins and Antime Desjardins are ordered to appear within two months. (By the Court.)

ALPHONSE RABY,
Deputy P. S. C.

J. A. N. MACKAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

OUR CHURCHES.

ST. SIMEON'S CHURCH.—(Anglican) Morning service, 10.30 a. m.; Sunday School, 2.30 p. m.; Evening Service, 7 p. m. Rev. Wm. Sanders, Incumbent.

HENRY'S CHURCH.—(Presbyterian) Sunday School, 9.30 a.m.; Morning service, 11 a. m. Rev. Wm. Forlong, Pastor.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Morning Service in Olivet Hall, 11 a. m.; Evening service 7 p. m, Rev. John Higgins, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Morning service, 10.30 a. m.; Sunday School, 2.30 p. m.; Evening service, 7 p. m. Rev. J. Armstrong, Pastor.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Sunday School 9.30 a.m.; Morning service 11 a. m. Rev. Jno. Mackie, Pastor.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—High Mass. 10 a. m.; Vespers, 3 p. m; Low Mass every day during the week, 7 o'clock a. m.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Lachute as follows:—

GOING WEST.—8.50 a.m., 10.15 a.m. 7.33 p.m.

GOING EAST.—6.56 a.m., 11.08 a.m., 6.57 p.m. and 7.44 p.m.

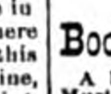
Owing to the want of space we are obliged to leave several communications and other articles over for next weeks issue.

Local Advertisements.

TO LET, on Main Street!

Recently occupied by Mr. Hugh Fraser, Jr., 8 Rooms, with good Stable and Wood Shed. For further particulars apply to R. W. EVANS, or HUGH FRASER, Jr.

t. f. Lachute.



HOUSE TO LET!

On Bethany Road, a Semi Detached Cottage: (new) six Rooms, Kitchen and Wood Shed, very compact and warm.

Apply to JOHN HOPE, Lachute.

JUST ARRIVED

at the new

Book & Stationery STORE:

A large consignment of new Books, new Music, Stationery of all kinds, Mourning paper and Envelopes, Birth-day Cards, a fine assortment of Christmas and New Year Cards, Toys of all kinds, Ink, red and black; Shell Goods, Tea Sets, China Vases, Rubber and Glass Balls, common Prayer and Hymn Books, Wesley Hymn Books, School Books of every description, etc., etc.

As all of these goods have been purchased for cash, they will be sold cheap for cash.

An inspection invited,

R. W. KERR.

Lachute, 4th November, 1886.

WANTED IMMEDIATLY A FEMALE TEACHER for the Protestant Dissention School, of Wright References required. One capable of teaching music preferred. Apply to

R. MOORE,
Sec.-Treas., Wright P. O., P. Q.

SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF TERREBONNE. }

Ste. Scholastique, the twentieth day of October, eighteen hundred and eighty six.

PRESENT:

The Honorable Mr. Justice Bélanger.

No. 292.

DAME DELIMA DELPHINE DELIA FORGET, residing at Ste. Thérese de Blainville, in this District, wife, separated as to property, of Jérémie Doré, heretofore hotel Keeper, of Ste. Scholastique, now absent from the Province of Quebec, and residing in the United States of America, the said Dame Délima Delphine Délila Forget duly authorised in Justice to the effect hereof, *Plaintiff,*

vs.

The said JEREMIE DORE, *Defendant,*

vs.

CHARLES POIRIER, hotel Keeper, of Ste. Scholastique, in this District, and FELIX DORE, Farmer, of Clarence, in the County of Russell, in the Province of Ontario, and now in the Parish of St. Augustin, in this District, *Garnishees.*

The Defendant is ordered to appear within two months.

(By the Court.)

ALPHONSE RABY,
10 2. Deputy P. S. C.

SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF TERREBONNE. }

St. Scholastique, the twentieth day of October, eighteen hundred and eighty six.

PRESENT:

The Honorable Mr. Justice Belanger.

No. 19.

JOHN NOWLAN, carpenter, of Endover, in the State of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America,

Plaintiff.

vs.

JAMES NOWLAN, laborer, of the same place, proprietor of immoveables, in the Parish of Ste. Sophie, said District of Terrebonne,

Defendant.

The defendant is ordered to appear within two months.

(By the Court)

ALPHONSE RABY
9 2B Dept. P. S. C.

PREVOST & MATHIEU.
Attys. for Defendant.

Province of Quebec, District of Terrebone. } CIRCUIT COURT for the District of Terrebone.

St Scholastique, the eighteenth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and eighty six:

PRESENT:

The Honorable Mr. Justice Belanger.

No. 116.

LOUIS ODILON BLONDIN, Notary Public, of the village of Ste. Scholastique said district,

Plaintiff.

vs.

FELIX GUAY, Farmer, heretofore of the Parish of St. Placide, said district, now absent to the United States of America,

Defendant.

vs.

TOUSSAINT GUAY, Farmer, of the Parish of Ste. Scholastique, said district,

Garnishee.

The defendant is ordered to appear within two months;

(By the Court)

ALPHONSE RABY,
Dept. C. C. C.

PREVOST & MATHIEU;
Attys. for Plaintiff.

Local Advertisements.

Lachute Furniture WAREHOUSE. Hope's Block.

NOTICE.

PICTURES FRAMED.

FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS REPAIRED.

P.S.—Pianos repaired and Tuned.

C. J. BROWN,
Lachute.

PAINTING.

Jos. St Quintin, & Son,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTERS,

Foundry St., or address,

P. O. BOX 100, LACHUTE.

29-y

C. T. WALES & Co's

ADVERTISEMENTS.

100 Remnants of Wool Carpeting (Scotch) different patterns, and short ends; suitable for Rugs, a decided bargain.

Floor Oil Cloths, Matting, and Crumb Cloths, splendid value.

A job lot of Linen Towels slightly imperfect.

A new line of Colored, Chamber Tea, and Dinner Sets in unique shapes and pretty patterns.

New Designs in Lace Curtains and Poles.

A fresh supply Johnsons Fluid Beef, Skrei Cod Liver Oil, Warner's Safe Cure, and Campbell's Quinine Wine.

'New Season' Japan Teas offering low.

C. T. WALES & CO.

St. Andrews, Sept. 16, 1886

Victoria Foundry.

IRON & WIRE FENCING,
CEMETRY RAILN G,
CRESTING,
COAL STOVES,
COOK STOVES,
BOX STOVES,
HOT AIR FURNACES,
McOUAT & McRAE, Lachute.

SCHOOL DESKS.

MANHOOD

How Lost How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the *radical cure* of SPERMATORRHEA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc; also CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence, or sexual extravagance, &c.

The celebrated author, in his admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure, at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and *radically.*

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York, N. Y. Post Office Box. 450.

R. G. MEIKLE. G. J. WALKER.

BANKING HOUSE OF Meikle & Walker,

(*Opposite Post Office, Lachute.*)

—Money received on Deposit—
—Money lent on good Joint Notes—
—Collections promptly attended to—

(*Office hours from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M.*

Lachute, Oct. 15th, 1886. 7-1yr.

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.

PHŒNIX FIRE ASSURANCE CO.

LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1782.

CANADIAN BRANCH Established in 1804.

Losses paid, since the establishment of the Company, have exceeded $60,000,000.

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.

10 1y

BANK VILLE MARIE,

LACHUTE.

Collections receive immediate attention —AND— are promptly remitted at Lowest Rate.

Truly yours,

GEO. DASTOUS.
Manager.

General Advertisements.

A STANDARD MEDICAL WORK.

FOR YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN

ONLY $1 BY MAIL, POSTPAID.

ILLUSTRATIVE SAMPLE FREE to ALL

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. 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 physcians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. Mention WATCHMAN, Lachute, Que.

Business Card.

—:o:—

GEO. SANGSTER, V. S

Wishes to inform the public that he resides permanently in the Village of St. Andrews, and that on Tuesday's he will be at RODRIGUE'S HOTEL, Lachute, and on Fridays at THE GRENVILLE HOUSE, Grenville.

Office 3 doors South of the Post Office, St. Andrews. 7 1yr.

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
HEADACHE,	OF THE SKIN.

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD,

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO

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

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.

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. GEIGERS,
Undertaker,
Lachute, P.Q

24 tf.

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.

General Advertisements.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block Rochester, N. Y.*

The best place in MONTREAL.

TO BUY

Dry Goods AND CARPETS,

IS AT

Legget & Hamilton's,

1883 & 1885 Notre Dame Street.

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM

CURES COUGHS COLDS HOARSENESS, ETC.

Tenders for a License to cut Timber on Dominion Lands in the Province of British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and marked "Tender for a Timber Berth," will be received at this office up to noon on Wednesday, the 1st day of December next, for three Timber Berths of fifty square miles each, situate on the west side of the Columbia River, near Golden City Station on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the Province of British Columbia.

Sketches showing the position, approximately, of these berths, together with the conditions upon which they will be licensed, and the forms of tender therefor, may be obtained at this Department or at the Crown timber office at Winnipeg, Calgary, N. W. T., and New Westminster, British Columbia.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy of the
Minister of the Interior

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, 9th September, 1886.

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

LOUIS GOBEILLE.

Watchmaker and Photographer,

Main Street, Lachute.

FOR SALE.

TWO VALUABLE TIMBERED LOTS of land being the East half of Lot No. 12, 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.

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.

MARVELOUS PRICES!

BOOKS FOR THE MILLION

Complete Novels and Other Works, by Famous Authors, Almost Given Away!

[illegible]

OUR UNEQUALED OFFER!

[illegible]

WITHOUT A STAIN.

TOLD BY AN ONLOOKER.

(CONTINUED).

"Ah!" he whispers.

Then his eyes rove elsewhere; Will's do likewise. A curious faintness comes over him; for one instant Will doubts his own sanity; the next he knows he is under no delusion. By Silas Thornton's bed is Judith. She does not move towards him, but her eyes meet his. Will says softly——

"You here?"

"Yes; I am a nurse. I was [here when they brought him in. I have not left him. I am his wife." The dying man hears and understands.

"Judith," he cries; and she bends over him. "Forgive!"

She puts her fingers to his brow.

"Ay," she answers, "I forgive—and you!"

"If I could undo it I would. I did not know.'

She does not weep; her face is very calm; only the trembling of her lips indicates pain. The Doctor glances away. He is used to scenes of anguish, but in this one there is an entirely new feature—husband and wife meeting after long separation, only to part finally. It matters not that on neither side does love exist; they are one. Judith realises the truth as she kneels beside him. A great regret distresses her. She cannot do aught for this man for whom she should do so much. Will watches her. He too kneels down.

"Let us pray," he says.

When he rises the fierce light has faded from Silas Thornton's eyes. Will fancies that he wishes to speak to him, and he draws nearer.

"I am going. Be kind to her—make up—"

His voice is weak; Will's promise reaches him, and then Will goes to Judith.

"I will leave you a while," he says. "I will come again soon. I shall find you here?"

"Yes. Will it be—"

She shrinks. Doctor Merrivale interposes.

"It will not be long. You must have some nourishment."

When outside, Will hesitates. What has befallen him? He is as one in a trance. Judith is found; and, in spite of all the sadness, the gloom of the finding, he is glad—glad with a joy no words can convey.

Will hastens to the telegraph-office. He must send the tidings to those whose hearts are bound to the woman he has left. Two messages are sent, one to Sir Martin, the other to his sister Deborah.

"Silas Thornton is dying fast. Judith is with him."

Then he returns to the hospital, to wait until Doctor Merrivale comes to him. Will will not intrude on Judith. The Doctor's countenance is grave. Will comprehends before he says, "It is all over; he is dead!"

* * * * * * *

Judith, in her black dress, is close to her father, and he clasps her hands lovingly. A feverish flush is on her cheek, and her eyes are gleaming with great joy. She has heard the story of her mother's death—heard what drove her father into exile, how he refuted the charge brought against him of being guilty of his father's murder; and, as her last question is answered, she casts herself on Sir Martin's breast, her tears raining down.

"Oh, my father, you proved yourself stainless!" she cries.

"Yes."

He presses her to him; and for a time they are silent, Judith thinking what might have been, he absorbed in studying her sweet oval face. Presently he rouses himself and kisses her.

"My dear," he says; "what have you been doing since you left Ellerslie?"

His arm is about her, and he feels the tremor that runs through her. She replies concisely—

"I came to London, to my foster-mother, Dallas. She welcomed me kindly. I had not been with her many days when she sickened with fever, and I nursed her. The doctor who attended her told me I had all the qualifications of a good nurse. I inquired if he could get me employment, and he recommended me to the hospital. When Dallas was well I went there, and there remained until you took me away. My holidays have been spent with Dallas."

"Ay, you were very near while we searching for you! Oh, my child, how I longed to behold you! I had grown to fear that you were not living."

"I did not know," she says contritely.

"Why did you not write? You had friends—Deborah and Mr. Carey."

A blush dyes her cheek, and the white lids droop over the glistening eyes.

"It was best to be forgotten."

"Forgotten! Judith, Judith, who once loving you could forget you?"

The reproachful words sting her. She caresses him.

"Father, did I do very wrong in leaving Silas? I did not mean to do so; but, when he taunted me with my stained birth, when he avowed that he rued our marriage, how could I help fleeing from him? Should I have stayed in spite of all?"

Sir Martin scrutinises her steadily. Her secret is his.

"You did not love him?" he murmurs.—"No."

She clings to him and he kisses her again. She twines her arms around his neck despairingly, frantically—as though fearful that he would cast her off. She is not capable of deceit or disguise. He consoles her with a mother's solicitude.

"It was altogether a mistake," he says thoughtfully. "My daughter, his fault was of a darker shade than yours, and you forgave him." She sobs less brokenly; and he goes on, healing her wounds skilfully, bravely. "To err is human; and you, my darling, are but mortal. You have atoned as far as lay in your power; you must leave the past and its shadows, and be happy—be happy." He smooths her glossy hair. "Judith, I have not tasted happiness for many years. But, amid all my troubles, in all my wanderings, I have loved my motherless girl. Can you give me a little love?"

"My dear father"—she kisses him passionately—"we will be all in all to each other. I have no one but you to love."

"That is well," he says quaintly. "You might love me less had you a divided heart; and now I must go. I have an appointment with Mr. Carey."

If he imagines that the color will surge to her face he is disappointed. She bows her head and he quits her. Quiescent she remains, dreaming a strange involved dream in which her father and William Carey principally figure.

TOLD BY DEBORAH FORD.

I was cross, dissatisfied, vexed. Just when I imagined all was to be cheery and comfortable, everything had gone contrary, awry. Judith is with us, looking brighter younger, more sonsie than ever. Sir Martin is happy, almost gay, and Naples is crowded with visitors. Judith reigns in queenly style, mistress of the grand old place. She and her father returned, after a long absence, to celebrate Christmas with us. Their journeyings have done them good. It is pleasant to observe them together, for they are indeed all a father and daughter should be. Whenever Sir Martin's eyes fall on his child, his whole face lights up with a blissful radiance, while her beauty is never so bewitching as when she is near him. Every one talks of their wonderful devotion. Wise folk wonder how Sir Martin will like the separation that must come some day. That Judith will marry again, and marry well, nobody doubts.

We are at Naples, Dale, baby and I. Judith insists on our coming to her for the New Year's end; as I had no desire to refuse her, we have left the court for a season.

It is New Year's Day. Snow is everywhere. The landscape is shrouded in white, and the streets are gray and sullen. The gentlemen were as against walking far. There will be more snow, they say—a heavy fall generally.

Breakfast is cleared. The men have vanished, some to play billiards, some to the stables, some to the library. The ladies in the cedar drawing-room gossip idly, study the weather, read, work, and muse Dullness prevails. They miss their cavaliers, and find time hard to kill. I escape to the room Judith has alloted to baby Will. It is a charming apartment, large, lofty and prettily furnished. I take my boy from nurse and dismiss her. He looks so handsome in his velvet frock and smart ribbons. I toss him up, and he laughs and crows delightedly. I wish Dale could see him; but Dale has gone with Sir Martim to the kennels. There is no one but "mother" to feast her eyes on the tiny face, the fat chubby hands, and sturdy figure. I sing merrily, and whisper blandishments and nonsense stories. Presently the door is pushed open gently, and Judith appears.

In her black dress, relieved by filmy lace, she is superb, beautiful as a poet's vision. She gazes at me, and I fancy that there is a longing in her eyes. Superlatively dowered though she is, she yet lacks that which crowns and blesses my life. I kiss her and put baby into her arms. Her pale face is hidden by the rosy one. When she rases her head Will's cheeks are wet, and she wipes away the tear drops nervously. I leave my seat and lean over her.

"What is it, Judith?" I ask. "Is anything amiss? You seem joyous, merry. Is your mirth feigned?"

She looks at me vacantly.

"Why should I not be happy?" she says. Why indeed! She has her father, wealth, health, and beauty. I sigh uneasily, and am still. She muses, the coals burn redly and the flames flicker—muses and says abruptly—

"Deborah, have we done anything to offend your brother? He never comes to Napine."

Ah, that is it! I am slow to reply, not knowing what answer to make. With pain I have watched Will and Judith lately. They have persistently avoided each other. Will who thinks it right that Judith, heiress of Napine and Ellerslie, shall not be driven by old recollections into an engagement with him, is positively cold and haughty to her. She, deeming that his manner implies that he has ceased to care for her, is careful not to seek him. They are drifting apart, scarcely knowing wherefore. In a little while the breach, now narrow, will have widened considerably. Judith toys with my curls.

"He is proud, is he not?" she murmurs. "Does he despise me for what I did?"

"What was that?" I cry bewildered.

"I left my home and my husband," she stammers. "I was rash, foolish."

"Oh, Judith, Judith, you silly child! Will will never despise you. Does he not love you?"

"No, no!" Then, before I can deny her assertion, she exclaims vehemently, "I love him! Would that I did not!"

She places baby Will in my arms, and flies away. I smile as I repeat her confession to myself, and then shake off abstracted musings. I will see Will, will go to the Vicarage at once. Here are two people, loving each other, but assuming indifference. It is an unwise pastime. I will open Will's eyes to his folly. The clouds are almost angry enough to daunt me; but I am not to be deterred. My maid wraps me up warmly, and I start, glowing with zeal. If I am quick I shall be at the Vicarage by luncheon time; and while I eat and drink I can scold Will as he deserves I walk briskly—it is stingingly cold—and arrive at the Vicarage sooner than I anticipated, only however to find my walk has been in vain. Will is out, is not expected in till night; therefore it is useless my waiting to see him. Already it is snowing slightly. I wend my way back with less spirit, not dreaming that while away that has come to pass which I hoped to forward. Judith tells me all when it is quite an old story, her bonnie face blushing with a supreme content.

"Ashamed of the avowal to you of my love for Will I ran from the nursery to my room, where I gave way to tears, until I remembered that I must speedily face my guests. I dried my eyes, and thought that I would go for a stroll, for my head ached, and I thought that the wind would drive it away. I stole from the house, not wishing to be seen. I wanted solitude, and if I were observed I should loose all chance of it. Taking the high road, I wandered heedlessly along. By-and-by I found myself by the brook where Will once saved my life. It was summer-time then, winter now. Then the fields were in bloom, and the skies were blue and sunny; now sunshine was but a memory. The very brook, then rippling and flowing, was still, covered with ice. I thought of many things as I walked up and down the bank; the piercing cold did not reach me, for glad and sorrowful images warmed my heart. Will had cared for me—he had loved me when he drew me from the water. 'Oh, that which might have been, but might not be!' My life, which should be a glad round of days, was dreary, empty, sad. I wrung my hands. I was alone, and no prying eyes could behold me. At Napine I must be jocund, blithe; here I could wail forth my woe. Stern Nature would neither rebuke nor cheer me, and I was free to say and do as I chose. It eased my heart to rid it of the perilous stuff weighing on it. So to the wintry winds, to the leaden-gray sky, I told my misery—told how I loved Will—told how, when it was unlawful for me to love him, I had refrained from thinking of him, but that now there was no reason why he should not utter the words he had once perforce withheld. I was powerless to resist the torrent of love sweeping over me. I whispered it all in my *abandon*. I cared not that I owned my overpowering love for Will; but I asked not that his might reawaken. I crouched in agony, thanking Heaven when the throes were strongest, that he was not unworthy of my love. Gradually my emotion spent itself, and I grew calm. I tried to brace myself with the assurance that not always would my wound thus torment me. Some day I should be able to think of my anguish without intense pain; some day I should recall this day and wonder whether my sorrow was so overwhelming. But such consolation was ineffectual. What did the 'some day that might or might not come matter now—now that I was so utterly downcast?

"I opened the locket I wore at my neck, and looked at the likeness it contained—Will's! A noble a princely face his—a face that no woman need fear to revere. Though my love for him had cost me dear, I dared not wish I had not loved him. Better to have lost than never to have known him. Oh that he had loved me with a love equal to mine! Neither time nor fault should have effaced it. I looked at the photograph with tearful eyes, and then suddenly started, electrified. A voice behind me said—

"'What are you looking at, Judith?'"

"It was Will. I was speechless. He came to me, took the locket from my unresisting hand, and gazed on his portrait.

"'Where did you get this?' he cried in a rough tone.

"I glanced from him. All around was weird and chill; the blast numbed me, and I trembled. He repeated his words, this time in a kinder tone.

"'Deborah gave it to me,' I muttered.

"'When?'—'Before I left Ellerslie.'

"'Ah, and you have kept it for old acquaintance sake?'

"I did not respond. I could not. He was cruel—very cruel to torture me. He walked on a few yards, and then came back; perhaps my white face touched him.

"Do you recollect what happened here?' he said; and I cried, in the very fulness of my tribulation—

"'Yes, you saved my life. You would have done me a greater service had you let me die.'

"Judith!'

"I was reckless; my spirit was stirred to its very depths.

"'Ay,' I affirmed, 'if I had only died it would have been well! Ill for me was it that you rescued me, Ill for me is it that I live! What is life that we esteem it so?'

"'Judith—your father.'

"'He loves me! For his sake I must hide my heart and smile; but—'

"Will caught my hands.

"'Judith, hush! You have all that makes existence bright; you should be satisfied.'

"'I am.'

"'And yet you talk thus wildly, rebelliously.'

"My face tingled.

"'Be good enough to forget my words,' I said. 'I am not very well; looking at the past distracted me.'

"He stared at me, and bowed assentingly. I turned towards Napine, and he walked with me. Very subdued and humiliated was I. I almost forgot his presence; but he reminded me of it.

"'Judith,' he commenced diffidently, and then ceased abruptly.

"Of what was he thinking? Ere I could guess, he hurried on.

"'Right or wrong, I must speak. Do you know that I love you? I love you, Judith; but who am I that I should sue you to listen to my presumptuous tale? Has my behaviour caused you to think my friendship dead? Friendship! It was never friendship I had for you. I always loved you. I love you still. Will you therefore think of me kindly, and not be hurt that I avoid you? To be where you are is so terrible! I cannot bear it. Judith, say you pardon me, and I will go away. Do not grieve about me. Mine is a common fate. "Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break."'

"'Will!'

"One word I uttered, his name. What more was needed? He looked at me incredulously. I laid my hand on his shoulder, he clasped me closely.

"'Is it real?' he said. 'Do you love me, Judith?'

"'Oh, yes! You must not leave me, or not one heart, but two will break!'"

There is a joy with which no tongue must meddle. Judith never told his answer to living mortal. It sufficed for her!

* * * * * *

One more picture, and I have done. A May morning, with just sufficient keenness in the air to make the wood-fire acceptable. Judith sits by it, holding a golden-haired little one. I watch her admiringly, and think the matronly dignity in her face leaves nothing to be desired. She looks ineffably beautiful. Will, approaching, is struck anew with her tender loveliness. He kisses her with courtly obeisance, and then she gazes at him with a tender smile.

"Is she not exquisite," she says—"little Cicely?"

He nods. But he is thinking his wife is far more lovely than his daughter. Judith continues, not perceiving this.

"'It all come to me as I look at her. Will, I prayed once that I might be the last of my line; and now I have here another Cicely Napine, and I am glad."

His hand is on her head. I echo softly—"Cicely Napine."

Will has added, by Sir Martin's wish, the name of Napine to his. Judith's voice is as soft as the sighing of a summer breeze.

"If my mother—her grandmother—knew how proud we are to call her so! Will, that is the sting. There is no wrong that works not some evil. I understand why my mother died. I should have died had I given my babe a tarnished name. Poor mother!"

I steal off. My heart is blithe. Storm and tempest are over, for them—even as for me, upon whom no storm has beaten—there are sunshine and joy—sunshine and joy that shall never be darkened, let time bring what it will. Loving and loved, we can trust and not be afraid, each rejoicing.

"'Tis enough for me and my darling
That we live and love to day."

[THE END.]

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

In Virginia the rabbit is called "Molly Cotton-tail."

In nine British colonies, and especially in the oldest and most important, New South Wales and Canada, the circulation of newspapers is quite free.

The idea of Friday being an unlucky day is almost universal; in Scandinavia however Thursday, or the day of Thor, or Thunder, is considered the day of bad omen.

There was landed lately from the river at Hay, Brecon, a gigantic pike which measured just over four feet in length, two feet in girth and turned the scale at thirty pounds. It is assumed that the fish was a very old one.

The first city in Europe where electricity has been entirely substituted for gas for street-lighting is the town of Hernosand, in Sweden. The motive-power is water, which is very plentiful there, rendering the light cheaper than gas.

Birds have an extraordinary knowledge and memory of locality—a fact easily proved by observing how readily the common skylark will find its nest in the midst of an open field, after ranging for miles around.

In the communal schools of Paris the most deserving school-children are given treats annually in the month of August; they consist of a tour among the old towns or picturesque scenery of France. The expense is borne by the district municipal councils.

A novel flower has been found on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. This floral chameleon has the faculty of changing its colours during the day. In the morning it is white, when the sun is at its zenith it is red, and at night it is blue. This red, white, and blue flower grows on a tree about the size of the guava-tree, and only at noon does it give out any perfume.

Charles I.'s jockeys were well paid as times went, but their remunerations would seem small alongside of the emoluments of modern leading jockeys. They received, besides their liveries, wages to two shillings per week, with fivepence per diem for board wages, and when they won a race their fee was one pound four-and-eightpence. The free attire of these jockeys seems to have included a stable dress as well as a rig for the racecourse.

It was considered very honourable to be a soldier in ancient Rome—much more honourable than to be a mechanic or labourer. Every soldier took a most solemn oath, which was called a "sacrament." He swore never to desert his standard, to submit his own will to the command of his leader, and to sacrifice his life for the empire. The soldiers were well paid, but very strictly disciplined.

In Egypt, on the river Nile, as well as in Italy, on the Po, the custom of travelling for bee-pasturage has been continued from the remotest ages to the present time, as there is about seven weeks' difference in the vegetation on the Upper and Lower Nile. The people use large flat boats, holding from sixty to a hundred hives of bees, and float slowly along as the vegetation advances. The sinking of the boat to a certain depth in the water indicates when the insects have filled the hives with honey.

The Local Paper.

The local paper interests all classes, and is read by all classes. The business man examines it because, besides the general and local news, it contains the legal notices, tax, sheriff and auction sales. And all classes read it, because it describes the home-life of the people in all their pursuits of business or pleasure, records the marriages, births, and deaths, and faithfully reports their opinions, feelings, sympathies, and hopes, in joy and sorrow, in health and in sickness, in life and in death. It is the best and truest type of the people who have made this country great, and by whose toil great cities live.

An advertisement in the home paper challenges attention with a force it could not have in a foreign paper. It is a delicate compliment to the town in which it is published and to the people in it—a public testimonial that the town and its business are worth cultivating. And they return the compliment.

The bootblack and the college professor work for the same object—that of polishing the understanding.

HEALTH.

THE NOSE, AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

The cavity of the nostrils is in part formed by certain so-called "turbinated"—swelling out, like a top—bones, covered with a very sensitive membrane, particularly liable to be temporarily irritated by dust, cold, and odors, or to become thickened by morbid growth. Some point in it is the seat and centre of the sneezing paroxysm.

Of late years it has been found to be the seat of many reflex neuroses—nervous ailments at a distance from the disturbing cause. Such—and some of them of the most distressing kind—had long been treated without success, before the true source of the trouble was suspected.

One was hay fever.

Dr. Beard ten years ago proved it to be a neurosis, or nerve affection. It is now shown to be independent on a special excitability of the nerve of the nasal membrane which covers the turbinated bones. The excitability may be temporary or permanent. In the latter case, the membrane is generally swollen and hypertropied—thickened and enlarged.

Of like origin is one form of asthma, which is permanently cured by removing the disturbing cause—perhaps a polypus within the nasal cavity.

The same cause is true of some coughs of a spasmodic character.

Many cases of eye trouble, characterized by smarting, intolerance of light, inability to use the eyes in reading, may be wholly due to the same cause. The following is a case: Said the young lady, "When I rise in the morning, my forehead and eyes pain me very much. My eyes feel dry, and it is hard to open them to the light."

The nasal membrane, in this case, was found to be swollen, so as to obstruct the passage. The removal of the swelling was followed by immediate and permanent relief, and the ability to use her eyes without inconvenience.

Neuralgia above the brow, and hemicrania—pain confined to one-half of the head—may have the same reflex origin. Treatment of the nasal passages wholly cured a boy whose schooling had been interfered with for years by a severe and persistent headache.

Says the *Medical Record*, "Hack, Traenkel and others have demonstrated that many hitherto obscure neurosis display a relation to certrin conditions mostly found in the mucous covering of the turbinated bone, anteriorly, which enabled them to cure the former by removing the latter. Among the neuroses referred to, nightmare, asthma, cough, supraorbital neuralgia, giddiness, and hay fever ane the most prominent."

HOW TO BECOME STRONG.

One of the secrets of muscular recuperation is in stopping when fatigue begins from exercise. He or she who is no t the fresher in body and mind for the exercise taken has had an overdose of what in proper measure would have proved a benefit. The gain in strength is shown and felt in the increasing ability to do more and more without exhaustion. The measure of success is not in the greatness of feat accomplished, but in the ease with which the exercise is indulged in, and in the absence of exhaustion after it. There are occasions frequent enough in which people in the struggle of life are forced beyond their powers of endurance, and there is no need to carry into the pursuit of recreation the fatigue which exacting work imposes. For beginners this is important; after a time one can take more exercise and feel no fatigue.

HEALTH "DON'TS."

Don't neglect your house-drains, nor the drainage about your house. The first condition of family health is a dry and sweet atmosphere. With dry walls, a dry cellar, and drains that carry off refuse without letting in foul gases, half the battle for good health is won.

Don't let your wells or springs be infected by drainage, or from other causes. Pure drinking-water is indispensable for health at home, or anywhere.

Don't keep the sun out of your living and sleeping rooms. Sunlight is absolutely necessary for a right condition of the atmosphere that we breathe, and for our bodily well-being.

Don't sleep in the same flannels that you wear during the day.

Don't wear thin socks or light-soled shoes in cold or wet weather.

Don't catch cold. Catching cold is much more preventable than is generally supposed. A person in good physical condition is not liable to colds, and will not fall victim to them unless he is grossly careless. Keep the feet warm and dry, the head cool, the bowels and chest well protected; avoid exposure with an empty stomach; take care not to cool off too rapidly when heated; keep out of draughts; wear flannels; and with the exercise of a little common-sense in various emergencies, colds will be rare. If colds were a penal offence, we should soon find a way to prevent them.

Don't neglect personal cleanliness, but use the bath with moderation and in accordance with your general health. The daily cold bath is right enough with the rugged, but it is a great tax upon the vitality of persons not in the best health, and should be abandoned if the results are not found to be favorable, and tepid water used instead. Each man in these things should be a judge for himself; that which is excellent for one is often hurtful for another.

Don't have much confidence in the curative nature of drugs. Remember that Dr. Good-Habits, Dr. Diet, and Dr. Exercise are the best doctors in the world.

A Tragedy and its Lesson.

Another dreadful tragedy in which a lovesick boy and a young girl still in short dresses lost their lives, has just occurred at Chalfin Bridge, Ill. Eddie Clark was seventeen years of age and imagined that he loved Melissa Fultz, aged fifteen. The little girl had a good deal of sense and refused to talk love with her youthful admirer, telling him that she was too young and that her mother did not approve of her having a lover. After receiving this information the young boy procured a revolver and the following day when going home from school with Melissa, shot her dead without a moment's warning, and then followed the act up by killing himself. The two children were buried side by side, their funerals being held the same day. It is a pity that the young girl could not have been spared to what, with her mature good sense, must have been a very useful and honorable life. It is a pity also that the soft headed young sprig could not have been soundly spanked and sent to bed the first time he expressed his so-called love for his playmate. There comes a time in all young lives when a strong preference exists for some member of the opposite sex, and this critical period is the one which all parents and friends shoul pay great attention to. The first so-called love case, safely over, the afflicted one generally settles down to be something steady and is not at all likely to suffer a severe recurring attack until the passions are well under control and the person is possessed of sufficient judgment to avoid more than the usual serious outcome of love affairs whether followed by marriage or not. The young must be carefully trained and closely watched by some responsible friend to guard against such distressing affairs as this article has to deal with. There are many older persons, also, who need a good deal of watching and advice which they don't get. But with all the care and endeavors of sensible, well-balanced people there is always a vast amount of business accumulating for the fool-killer to dispose of.

Our Brave Volunteers

Endured the severe marching of the North-west campaign with admirable fortitude. The Government should have supplied them with a quantity of the celebrated Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to remove corns painlessly, and the volunteers and everybody else should have it. Beware of substitutes. Get Putnam's Extractor and take no other.

The Inventor of a Thimble.

I have heard with interest that the thimble of plain sewing was invented in the year 1684 by a gallant young Dutch goldsmith of Amsterdam, who devised the "thumb bell"—for this was its original name—in order to protect his sweetheart's thumb tops when she was engaged with a needle and cotton. There are thumb thimbles still, and sailors, I believe, always wear them. The "thumb bell" has, as a rule, however, become a "finger bell;" but in shape only little change has taken place in it since the loving Hans placed the first thimble on the thumb of his lady love.

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved is the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy, (fits) spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages,) which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

In a description of the rhinoceros it is stated that he is a powerful beast, with a mouth ranging from an open valise to a candidate's smile.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Presciption" is not extolled as a "cure-all," but admirably fulfils a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific in those chronic weaknesses peculiar to women.

The boy who quails at sight of a mustard plaster is the same lad that goes fearlessly forth to tackle a bee's nest with a handful of willow switches.

No trouble to swallow Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

The wretch has been arrested who, at a social party, said that a young lady playing the pianoforte was an ape because her fingers were 'mong keys.

A Free Fight.

The great reputation of Briggs Electric Oil is such that it has induced unprincipled persons to adopt other names as near like it as possible. The proprietors of Briggs' Electric Oil have the name and style of the Electric Oil registered both in Canada and the United States, and no one can use it but themselves.

Others hearing of the success of Briggs Electric Oil have adopted other names similar, such as "Eclectric Oil," "Electron Oil," &c., and are striving to induce the public to buy them instead of the genuine Electric Oil.

In fact so determined were they that they brought suit at Law, in the High Court of Canada, to deprive Briggs & Sons of their right to control the same; but the Courts and the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa fully sustained their registered trade mark.

Briggs' Electric Oil cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises, complaints arising from Colds such as Sore Throat, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and difficult breathing.

A tale of youth, maiden and father.—Scene first—gate. Scene second—gaiter. Scene third—gait!

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, etc., 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, 50 cents.

It is said that the lady who wrote "In the Gloaming" made $3,000 out of it. There are a good many young ladies who sing it and who do not seem to make much out of it.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Australian Indian Asthma Cure.—We have the Skins discovered by the Australian Indians—a sure cure for Asthma, or we will refund the price of $3.00. Full directions given how to use. Address AUSTRALIAN CURE CO., ACTON, ONT., Box 166.

An authority on the subject says that the whole secret of political success is to know how to "treat men properly." In that case the prohibitionists can never hope to succeed.

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 our for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

The latest census returns of New Zealand show the total population of the colony to be 619,715, inclusive of 41,432 Maoris.

YOUNG MEN suffering from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over-work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and read M. V. Lubon's Treatise on Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E. Toronto, Ont.

It is an open question whether Jonah was the first secretary of the navy, or of the interior.

A. P. 304.

THE TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE.—The Largest, Leading and Best in Canada; offers special courses in Shorthand, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Modern Languages, Mathematics, Drawing, Painting, and all other Commercial English and Fine Art Branches. Terms, etc., low. Write immediately for large circulars. 37, 39 and 41 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

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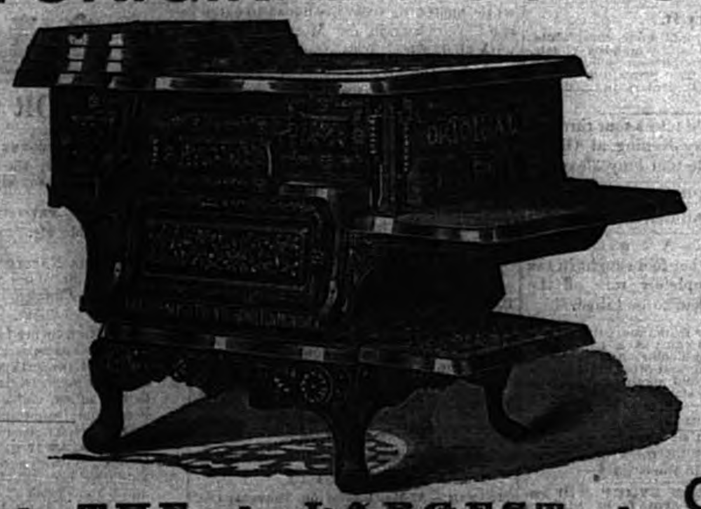

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THE WATCHMAN,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

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THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

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HER LAST JOURNEY.

An Incident.

Swiftly the train sped through the darkness. Rushing over meadow, over swamp and stream, through the hillside and the tunnel, passing growing crops in the fields and cabin clearings in deep woodlands. Lights at small stations flickered in the midnight breeze as the train sped onward through the darkness.

In the sleeper sat a father. To his breast there clung a little child, a lass with golden hair and fair, blue eyes, the image of its mother. There was no sleep for father or for child. All about them in the sleeper men and women were wrapped in slumber, dreaming of home and happiness. Through the darkness sped the rushing train. Still sat the father with the clinging child upon his breast. The hoarse shriek of the locomotive caused the child to tremble and clasp the father closer.

"There, my darling, you are here with papa," and he smiled amid the tears that trickled down his cheeks.

"Mamma gone," piped the childish voice—"poor mamma, no more," and then with studied, serious face the little one peered through the window out into the darkness.

Then the tears fall faster down the father's cheek. His eyes were dim now, his voice was choked. He could not speak. He only gazed in mute agony through his blinding tears at the childish face turning up to his.

And the angel bade the golden-haired child to speak again.

"Poor mamma," she murmured, stroking the moistened cheek of the father. "Baby, throw mamma a kiss," and with her tiny hand, so soft, so pink, she wafted upward a little kiss that sped faster than the train upon the wings of night. A kiss, divinely sweet, fraught with holy passion, a kiss the angels wafted onward, upward, through the portals of the undiscovered country, to the realms of Heaven.

"O, God; O, Father," moaned the man, and with the golden head nestled in his bosom, his eyes closed, his head sank backward, and the train sped onward through the night and darkness, over stream and meadow, through the hillside and the tunnel.

And the mother?

In the city in the morning, amid the noise and bustle at the station, men with hardened faces lifted trunks and boxes from the baggage car. Then, with solemn faces, drew they forth a larger, longer box than all the others, and the voice of the rough baggageman quivered as he whispered:

"Move it gently, Jim! It's a woman. That's the husband with the kid yonder on the platform. Easy now! There. That's her last journey on the cars, poor thing. Thankee, Jim! I always feel like treatin' women tender like."

He Wanted to be Honest With His Lawyer.

An individual accused of stealing some cloth from a tailor's shop convinced a lawyer so thoroughly of his innocence that he undertook his defense without the customary retainer, and obtained an acquittal. The following day his client came to his office and said:

"I can't bear to owe any one, so I have called to settle your fee, though I haven't any money."

"Don't speak of that, my friend," said the lawyer in a gush of generosity, "the triumph of the truth and the clearing of an innocent man is sufficient recompense for my labor."

"Not at all," returned the client. "Every man to his business, and in default of money here is a very handsome piece of cloth—"

"Some cloth!" interrupted the advocate in surprise.

"Certainly; the cloth that would have kept me playing checkers with my nose behind a prison grate if it hadn't been for you. Very well. There is enough for two complete suits. Let's divide it. Is it a go?"

The lawyer refused it with scorn. The cloth wasn't good enough for him; besides that, when he came to measure it carefully, there wasn't enough of it!

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

Senator Northwood is dead. Aged 77 years.

The clergy of Kingston have decided to have a hospital Sunday once a year.

The new Presbyterian church at Qu'Appelle has been completety destroyed by fire.

Peterboro', during the past year, has erected new buildings to the value of $223,000.

In a chicken killed at Peterboro' a few days ago was found a small copper colored snake.

The North American squadron of the British fleet sailed from Halifax for Bermuda recently.

An illicit still has been seized in Howick township, two of the proprietors being arrested and fined $400 each.

Fire recently destroyed the principal business block in the village of Fingal, West Elgin, causing a loss of $30,000.

The trip from Yokohama to Victoria, B. C., was made by the Bylgia in twenty-two and a half days, considered very fast time.

The Dominion cruisers Critic and Lindsay will be put out of commission at the end of this month, the fishing season being nearly over.

The grading of the first forty miles of the Hudson's Bay railway has been completed. The promoters of the road have decided not not to ask Winnipeg for a bonus.

"Lone Man," an Indian, is held by the Mounted Police at Fort Saskatchewan for being a party to the murder of Mr. McIvor, on the South Saskatchewan during the rebellion.

The Department of Customs has remitted the $200 fine imposed upon the American schooner "Pearl Nelson," for permitting her crew to land at Arichat before reporting.

Aderman Stewart Mulvey, chief census commissioner for Manitoba, says the population of Winnipeg has increased 100 per cent. since 1881. The population of the city is now about 21,000.

The erection of a large flour mill, with a capacity of 300 barrels per day, has been commenced at Wolseley, N. W. T. The municipality of Wolseley, voted $6000 as a bonus towards it.

The Winnipeg retail grocers have organized an association for mutual protection, especially against local grocery and provision peddlers, and the system of retailing carried on by wholesale dealers.

Sentence has been passed on six of the ringleaders in the riots at Paspebiac last winter, four being sent to the penitentiary for two years each, and two getting short terms in the county goal.

Revs. Sam Jones and Sam Small have concluded their revival services in Toronto. A draft for $2,500 was handed to Mr. Jones on behalf of himself and fellowlabourers, as a substanial recognition of their work.

The North-West Council has decided to appoint a committee of elected members to devise a scheme for dividing the territories into provinces and securing responsible government at the earliest possible moment.

News of the loss of the Hudson's Bay Company's ship Cam Owen, with a cargo of goods for the northern trading posts, in Hudson's bay during a storm on July 30th, has been received. The passengers and the crew escaped, but the vessel and cargo will be a total loss.

Good progress has been made with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's new hotels in the Rocky Mountains. That at Field is now open to the public, the one near the Great Glacier, in the heart of the Selkirks, will soon be completed, and work on the hotel at Banff Springs will be begun immediately and finished by next June.

Two serious fires occurred the other day in Montreal. A lamp factory with the machinery and stock were damaged to the extent of $10,000, with an insurance of $9,000. The slaughtering house with 300 dressed hogs and the singeing house of the Montreal Abattoir in Hochelaga were consumed, the loss being between $28,000 and $30,000, insured for $15,000.

Mr. John Young, a farmer, of Greenock, started for home with a load of lumber from Paisley, the other night after dark, and was some time after found dead under the over turned load on a hill about half a mile from town. His skull was fractured, and he must have been killed instantly. He leaves a wife and large family.

Persons who have arrived in Halifax from Prospect and Portugese Cove soy that these fishermen have had a perfect bonanza in the way of mackerel. Thousands of barrels have been caught within the past week, mostly No. 1 mackerel, and it is estimated that the district will net $100,000 from their fish.

The Canadian Atlantic Railway campany have made arrangements for the hire of 500 American cars to be used in the transport of foreign grain from Chicago to Owen Sound, and then to Boston via Ottawa and the Canada Atlantic Railway. This is eighty miles shorter than any other. The first shipment passed through Ottawa a couple of weeks ago.

Within the past week ripe strawberries have been picked at Cowansville, Que. It seems to be becoming a common thing in this country for fruit to persist in appearing at the most unexpected times and ripening in the face of the most unfavorable conditions. It will soon be in order for the native Canadian to boast not only that his country will grow anything, but that it will grow anything at any time.

AMERICAN.

Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty" on Bedloe's Island, New York, has been formally unveiled with imposing ceremonies.

During Tuesday night of last week a log cabin near Flat Rock, Kentucky, was burned, eight inmates perishing in the flames.

Another consignment of opium from Hong Kong to Chinese merchants in San Francisco, worth $20,000, has been seized by custom officers at the latter port.

Five English Mormon immigrants who were sent back to England by the New York Emigration Commissioners a short time ago have arrived in Salt Lake City.

This season has been one of the worst ever known for the New England mackerel fleet, the total catch being only 69,000 barrels, against 310,000 barrels last year and 404,000 barrels in 1884.

The two-year-old daughter of a Cleveland, Ohio, saloon-keeper was knocked down the other morning in a neighbour's yard and partly devoured by a pet bear before her dead body was rescued.

An express messenger on a St. Louis and San Francisco train was overpowered and gagged between St. Louis and Pacific, Mo., by a stranger, who rifled the car and escaped with over fifty thousand dollars.

Colonel Majendie, of London, chief inspector of explosives, is in Chicago for the purpose of observing the practice and laws regulating the storage of petroleum. He will also learn all he can about dynamite.

The other night the limited express on the St. Paul road ran into an open switch near Portage, Wis., and was wrecked, all the cars except one sleeper being demolished and burned. Between fifteen and twenty passengers were imprisoned in one of the wrecked cars, all but three of whom were slowly burned to cinders. All the baggage being burned there is no clue to their identity, and the exact number of lives lost will probably never be known.

FOREIGN.

War preparations continue on a heavy scale in Turkey.

Lord Lytton will succeed Lord Lyons as British Ambassador at Paris.

A statue of Fredrick the Great has been erected in the arsenal at Berlin.

Petroleum of a good quality has been discovered in the Hartlepool collieries, near Durham.

Emperor William has subscribed 50,000 marks towards erecting a monument to Martin Luther in Berlin.

The new Enfield rifle has been finally rejected by the British army authorities as too complicated for service.

M. Maurice Bernhardt, son of Mme. Sara Bernhardt, fought a duel with M. Langlois for ridiculing his mother, and wounded him.

An immense exodus of men towards Waukaringa, in South Australia, is in progress in consequence of the discovery of alluvial gold there.

Advices from Rangoon say it will be impossible to subjugate Burmah under four years, and that a large army will be required to restore order.

Prince Bismarck is said to be equally averse to the Russian occupation of Bulgaria and an English exit from Egypt in accordance with French notions.

The political friends of Lord Hartington are urging him to postpone his departure for India, as they fear a winter session of Parliament, when his presence would be necessary.

The London *Times* hopes Lord Iddesleigh, Foreign Secretary, will tell M. Waddington, the French ambassador, plainly and firmly that England will judge for herself when her task in Egypt is finished.

Fourteen Moonlighters have been arrested near Tralee for raiding the house of a magistrate's secretary, and four other Moonlighters, including the doctor of the district, are on trial for firing on the police.

A special says the next Egyptian budget will show a considerable surplus, and that the country is solvent, the first time for many years. As this will debar France from demanding another financial commission, it gives great satisfaction to British politicians.

The relations of England with France are becoming critical. The war feeling is very strong in France, and it is even reported that arrangements are being made for an attack on England in the event of her refusing to evacuate Egypt. It is said that her Chauvinism is only held on check by Germany, which refuses to sanction any overt act by the French.

Only a Tramp.

A dark December night—the snow whirling fiercely round bleak corners and drifting in long mounds into the streets.

At a corner, where the light from a lamp falls upon him, stands a ragged, motionless figure bearing the outlines of a man. His rags flutter in the icy blasts, the snow-flakes eddy around him, drifting about his feet as he stands gazing into the uncurtained windows of a great house, whence come sweet strains of music.

Wi hin, a grate glowing with warmth and light, richly upholstered furniture, soft lights, and the group about the piano. White fingers flit across the keys and glad voices attune themselves to full, rich cords—not the classic harmonies of Handel or Bach, but the simple, touching "Rock of Ages."

The figure moves nearer, and as a sharper blast sweeps round him shivers and draws his rags more closely about him. Out in the night, homeless in the pitiless storm, but he is heedless of it all as memory carries him backward. Childhood, purity and love, the strains of music, and he forgets what he has been.

"Rock of Ages cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee,"

and out from the warmth and splendor the words float to the listener in the wild storm. He leans wearily against the lamp-post, the wind rises into a shriek and dies away in a hollow moan, the snowflakes whirling by, for a moment flash diamond fires, but his senses seem sunk in oblivion.

Suddenly, from out the bronze throat of a great clock, jarring and discordant, comes the stroke of 10.

Rousing from his reverie, he draws his worn hat over his eyes, and turns into the dark street—going—where?

A tramp. Only a wretched outcast, sick at heart with buffeting the storms of life, weary of disappointments and heartaches, drifting out toward the great shores of Eternity, unknown, till at the sound of the last trump he answers at the roll-call of the Resurrection.

TRAGEDY OF REAL LIFE.

A Young Canadian Finding that he is a Foundling, Attempts Suicide.

A sad story is related concerning a young French-Canadian who left Montreal a few days ago. This young man, who moved in the best society, was the adopted son of a rich and respectable citizen in a neighboring district. Although about twenty years old he had never suspected his true origin until a few days ago some offensive remarks made by a thoughtless person aroused his suspicion. On consulting the public registers, he was astounded to find written against his name the fatal remark: "parents unknown." He rushed home to his "father"—who had brought him up as his own son, on the same footing as his children, and had given him a sound education in one of our best colleges—and asked an explanation. The gentleman, seeing the secret disclosed, informed him that almost twenty years ago a child only a few days old was left at his door. He had taken and cherished him like one of his own, and that child was himself. A few years later it was ascertained that his father was a man of English origin who had settled in the United States, and that his mother, a French-Canadian, had then just died. The adoptive father and his wife were the only persons in the family who knew this strange story, and they had always kept the secret.

The young man became almost crazy, and resolved to leave the country. Seeing that it was impossible to induce him to remain, his benefactor gave him a round sum of money, and the poor young fellow left for California a few days ago.

On Thursday of last week the family, who were distracted over the departure of the cherished one, received a telegram informing them that he had shot himself in the chest with a pistol on arriving at Omaha. The despatch, however, stated that the ball had been extracted and that there was hope of his recovery.

FARM.

A NEGLECTED CROP.

It would be better for us if we considered the manure made on the farm as a crop; and it is strange that we do not do so, for it is a product of the farm and has a money value as much as corn or hay or cotton. When we once consider manure as a crop, we will take just as much pride in making a big crop of manure as of corn; and we will no more allow part of the manure crop to go to waste, than we would part of the wheat or hay crop. Generally but little can be charged against the production of the manure crop; all the cost is often the expense of harvesting (gathering and storing), this crop. On the most fertile farms this crop is worth to the farmer several times the cost of harvesting it. And it is the greatest wonder of our farming that we do not start out in the fall with a determination to make a better manure crop than our neighbor, as we start out in the spring with a determination to make a better oat, potato or tobacco crop. Why should not a man boast that he has harvested so many tons of manure as well as that he has harvested so many tons of hay? Really a big manure crop is better evidence of shrewd, careful and profitable farming than is a big crop of corn. And there is always net profit in a big manure crop; there may be no net profit in a big corn crop, the fertility of the land being taken into account,

As the warm months are the better season for the production of most farm crops, the cold months are the best season for the making of the manure crop. And as the farmer's work does not crowd him during the latter season, he has no excuse for not saving a big manure crop in good condition. If a man did not try to raise corn during the summer; or if, having raised it, he did not gather it, he allowed it to waste and spoil, we would say that he deserved to be poor. If a man did not try to make a good manure crop during winter; or if, having made it, he failed to gather it; or if, having gathered it, he allowed it to waste and spoil by burning in the heap, or washing away, should we pity his poverty?

The manure crop saved and expended properly preserves the productiveness of his farm, which is the capital of the farmer; it also preserves his strength, which is his capital also. Harvesting a big manure crop is fostering health as well as wealth. For all this decaying matter, unless confined, is continually throwing off matters which make the air unwholesome; or is poisoning the water that may find its way into the well. He who allows decaying vegetable and animal matters to lie about his house and barn should not complain if he or his family is sick. The cleanly man will harvest a large manure crop, because he will gather up all refuse and put it in the compost heap. He will have clean stables, clean barns, clean yards—a clean farm; and cleanliness is the preserver of health. Thus we see that while the wheat or potato crop supplies strength and energy, the manure crop, closely gathered and well kept, prevents the agents of disease from stealing away that strength. Pride in the manure crop goeth before wealth and health.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

Referring to the waste of corn-fodder in Indiana, the Indiana Farmer states that in three-fourths of the corn-fields of that state no attention whatever is paid to this important source of winter food for stock; and in many cases where an attempt is made to save fodder it is done out of season, or done in such a careless manner that the labor is nearly lost.

The secret in killing the Canada thistle is in not giving it a chance to breathe until the close of the season. Many farmers carry on the warfare thoroughly for a time, but fail after midsummer, and let enough shoots appear in September and October to renew the lease of life for another year. This is especially true on land where wheat or other winter grains have been sown. Cut out the thistles. It will not injure but improve the wheat crop.

It is better to dock the tails of lambs than to allow them to grow to full length and become a mass of filth to lie around, as they are sure to be when the sheep are at grass. The docking is very simple, selecting a joint not too close to the rump, holding it firmly on a solid block and cutting it off with one blow from a mallet on a sharp chisel. A hot iron placed for a second against the stump will prevent bleeding. Lambs with heavy tails have been known to dislocate their spine by wagging them. Docking is therefore a measure of safety as well as cleanliness.

During the winter coal-ashes accumulate. Every one who uses coal economically sifts the ashes and burns the cinders when only a moderate fire is needed. Coal-ashes are of little value as a fertilizer, but they are at least as valuable as an ameliorator of the soil as so much sand. The best use to make of the ashes is for roads and paths; a good covering, over which a little soil is thrown, will soon form a hard, solid road. To make an asphalt walk prepare and level the bed, excavating it a few inches below the general surface. Pour on a coating of coal-tar, and cover it thickly with coal-ashes. When this is dry repeat with another coat of tar and ashes, and so on until there are four coats of tar and as many of ashes. This in a short time will harden, and make a walk as hard as stone.

When Advertising is Wanted.

There's nothing on earth so mysteriously funny as a newspaper advertisement. The prime, first, last and all-the-time object of an advertisement is to draw custom. It is not, was not, and never will be designed for any other human purpose. So the merchant waits till the busy season comes and his store is so full of customers he can't get his hat off, and then he rushes to the newspapers and puts in his advertisement. When the dull season gets along and there is no trade and he wants to sell goods so bad he can't pay rent, he takes out his advertisement. That is, some of them do, but occasionally a level-headed merchant puts in a bigger one and scoops all the business, while his neighbors are making mortgages to pay the gas bill. There are times when you couldn't stop people from buying everything in the store if you planted a cannon behind the door, and that's the time the advertisement is sent out on its holy mission. It makes light work for the advertisement, for a chalk mark on the sidewalk could do all that was needed and have a half holiday six days in the week; but who wants to favor an advertisement. They are built to do hard work, and should be sent out in the dull days when a customer has to be knocked down with hard facts and kicked insensible with bankrupt reductions and dragged in with irresistible slaughter of prices before he will spend a cent. That's the aim and end of an advertisement, and if you ever open a store don't try to get them to come when they are already sticking out of the windows, but give them your advertisement right between the eyes in the dull season, and you will wax rich. Write this down where you'll fall over it every day. The time to draw business is when you want business, and not when you have more business than you can attend to already.

A PRAIRIE FIRE.

Graphic Description of a Struggle of North-West Farmers.

At one time an incipient prairie fire did not appear to me to be a very dangerous thing or one difficult to contend with. This error was soon dispelled when I saw a line of flame over a mile long making headway against an army of men with improvised flails, stationed at intervals of a yard or two, beating, sweeping, and slapping out the fire with rapid and vigorous blows.

When the alarm came to town every vehicle on the street was filled with men, the horses whipped into a gallop and driven over hill and creek till the fire was reached.

Others followed rapidly, bringing casks of water, old rags, old woolen cloths and sticks. The sticks were converted into mops or flails by having the old cloths tied on one end. These were soaked in the water, and as we arrived at the fire we joined in the contest with the army already there. The flames coming over a little hill covered with bunch grass and buffalo grass seemed not over a foot high and appeared easy to overcome, but though twenty men abundantly supplied with water and weapons contended with it, they found it difficult to prevent its laterel extension, while under the impetus of

A STIFF BREEZE FROM THE SOUTH,

its front swept northward at the rate of about six miles an hour against the efforts to arrest it.

Fortunate indeed is the settler who has an abundant supply of water. In this fire three teams were kept at a gallop carrying saturated cloths and water to saturate others up and down the "line of battle" to supply the defenders, and it kept fifty men busy to defend a line of less than a mile and prevent the westward spread of the flames to the stacks and buildings of the farmers, and they were aided in this by a long stretch of ground that had been mowed to within an inch of the surface. Here, to my astonishment, the fire found fuel in the crisp buffalo grass and short stubble; the former burning as if saturated with naptha, and though the flames did not mount high, their heat was so intense that those who fought them without sticks to their cloth weapens had their hands and faces blistered. A friendly field of late flax, which was about six inches high and still green, arrested the northward sweep and narrowed its course. Northward of this field the fighters hurried to keep the fire in its narrowed limits. A dry creek and swamp with a heavy growth of rushes gave additional food to the flames, and for a few minutes there was an excellent imitation of a fire I witnessed in Illinois in 1848. Along this creek

IT SWEPT UNRESISTED

because irresistible, and followed the course of the dry bed of the creek easterly beyond our reach, widening the front of the fire and threatening to make its destructive swath many miles when a deep pool arrested its eastward course and a rank growth of green weeds impeded its northward progress and kept it within the limit of about a mile in width.

At this rate it sped northward, the heroic people fighting it and gradually narrowing it till midnight, when it was extinguished about fifteen miles from where it started. In its course it found but little to give it extra impetus. A paper-covered shanty, winrows, or small ricks of hay, or a dry lake bed for the first three miles; then a stack of four or five tons of hay, a few of barley or straw, and fortunately for all, but a few of those assistant demons of the prairie fury, the tumble weeds. This vegetable incendiary—a weed that ripens early and is by no means classed with the portulacca family, and when ripe is almost a true sphere, varying from twelve to twenty inches in diameter—breaks from its roots when dry; its light stalks and dry leaves are struck by the wind, and it goes rolling and tumbling,

BOUNDING OVER LOW OBSTRUCTIONS

as would a toy balloon, and more rapidly than would a straw hat. Neglected fields are very prolific of them, and they may be seen by hundreds and thousands in the railway cuts and ditches, against snow fences and among the standing corn. When one of these takes fire, and goes over roads and plowed grounds, it carries the fire past all ordinary fire guards, eludes the contending force of fire fighters, and kindles new fires for them to resist.

The fire herein described was not one of our worst. One that originated on the line between Hughes and Sully counties about noon, some of the time traveled at the rate of twenty miles an hour before a fierce southern gale. A farmer who had put off his shoes saw it apparently two miles distant, and before he could clothe his feet the

FLAMES WERE UPON HIS FIELDS,

and all he could do with the utmost haste was to get as many of his horses and household goods as possible upon a garden patch covered with green vegetation, whither his family had fled, and see his houses, stables, and over twenty stacks of hay and grain burn without the power to save anything. In seven hours it had crossed six townships, and by midnight (twelve hours) it had gone seventy miles against every effort to check it. It passed over portions of about thirty townships. In its devastating course it did not probably find the grass over twelve inches high in any continuous tract of twenty acres. Here the tumble weed aided it greatly, for plowed fire-guards from ten to thirty-three feet wide were leaped, roads offered no obstruction to it, while the drought that has prevailed made the beds of streams its most dangerous allies.

Weather Signs.

The man who is out of doors at sunrise can form a pretty accurate opinion of what the day will be. If just before sunrise the sky—especially in the west—is suffused with red, rain generally follows in the course of the day. In winter, often snow. If, however, it be frosty weather, the downfall is sometimes delayed. On the other hand, if the sky be a dull gray, and the sun rises clear, gradually dispersing the vapors, it will be fine. If it retires behind the clouds, and there are reddish streaks about, it will rain. Should the sun, later in the day, shine through a gray watery haze, will probably be a rainy night. The sunset very unreliable. Often a beautiful sunset will be followed by a bad day. After a rainy day, suddenly at sunset, in the far west will appear a magnificent streak of crimson (not copper color), this generally foretells a fine day. A tinted halo round the sun at setting occurs in long-continued rainy weather. A halo round the moon, especially if some distance from it, is a sure indication of a downfall at hand. Rainbows are unreliable, except they occur in the morning, when rain may be expected. Sun dogs, and fragments of prismatic colors during the day, show continued unsettled weather. A dazzling, metallic luster on oliage, during a cloudless day in summer, precedes a change.

A Russian Proverb.—Before you go to war, pray once; before you go to sea, pray twice; before you take a wife, pray thrice. *Plauderecke.*

Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

HEALTH.

HOW MUCH TO SLEEP.

The old saying in regard to sleep, "nine hours are enough for a fool," has frightened many people from taking a rest that was necessary to them. "Nature takes five, custom seven, laziness nine and wickedness eleven," is wrong in at least two of its assertions. There are very few instances in which nature does not demand more than five hours' sleep. It is true that sleeping, like eating, is very much a matter of habit, and you may train yourself to dispense with more than five hours' sleep, as you may omit the third meal of the day. How long you will flourish under such a regimen will depend upon the strength of your constitution. You may fare like the man's horse, who, when it had become reduced to a diet of one straw a day, in the most ungrateful manner died on his hands.

A person may need nine hours' sleep out of the twenty-four without being either lazy or foolish. Indeed he is a wise man if, feeling that he requires them, he is sensible enough to take them. Goethe, when performing his greatest literary feats, took nine hours' sleep.

A full-grown adult in a healthy condition will seldom require more than eight. If, however, he discovers that he is not sufficiently refreshed by eight hours he should take more. It is a pretty safe rule to sleep as long as you are sleepy. "There are people," says a writer, "who are wise enough to eat when they are hungry, but who have never attained that higher degree of wisdom to sleep when they are sleepy." Unless you are a very lazy person indeed, you are not likely to take more than your constitution requires, for, of course, dawdling in bed is not sleeping.

By shortening the necessary hours for sleep you may bring upon yourself "insomnia." There are scientific writers on the subject who claim that the best remedy for this is to learn to sleep in the daytime. This is very well where from some cause, work, watching, or pleasure, you may have failed to get your needed sleep for a night or two. There is undoubtedly a great virtue in naps, even short ones, and the art of napping in the daytime, although I could never acquire it, is a desirable one, and like most arts is a matter of practice. Still it is a bad practice to get into the habit of turning night into day, and if you are not kept awake by care or illness, but merely have lain awake because you could not sleep I should recommend you to fight the consequent drowsiness of the next day, in order that you may, if possible, resume your natural rest at night. Sleeplessness is generally the result of an unfortunate habit of "thinking," generally on unpleasant subjects, after one has retired for the night. Dr. Frank Hamilton, a great physician and a wise man, said: "Gloomy thoughts prevent sleep. The poor and unfortunate magnify and increase their misfortune by too much thinking. 'Blessed be he who invented sleep!' but thrice blessed be he who shall invent a cure for thinking!"

TYPHOID FEVER.

When a person becomes ill, suffering with slight chills, loss of appetite, frequent nose bleeding, irregularity of the bowels, coated tongue, rapid, weak pulse, a body temperature rising regularly about one degree daily till 105 degrees Fahrenheit is reached, with fugitive pains, especially in the back and head, with progressive muscular and mental weakness, and an inclination to be stupid, the presumption is very strong that the patient has typhoid fever, and this notion is much strengthened if, with the above symptoms, there be a tumid abdomen, gurgling on pressure on the right side.

These symptoms may exist about fourteen days and gradually abate and the patient recover, but the patient may, on the other hand, go on from bad to worse, and finally be destroyed by exhaustion, perforation of the bowels, or bowel hemmorage. If on examination of the body of one dead under the above circumstances there be found numerous patches of inflamed surface in the bowel known as the "ileum" it is perfectly proper to ascribe the death to typhoid fever.

The poison of the disease, which is probably a microscopic plant, exists mainly in the bowel evacuations of those sick of the disease. It is true this substance has never been isolated and shown to men as one would show a sample of wheat or other seed, but it exists all the same, and when a person develops the disease it is because he has swallowed some of the poison with his drink, most likely, and it passes along the alimentary canal till it finds a good soil in which to grow—that is, in the position indicated known as "Pyers' patches," a glandular formation bearing the name of a learned physician long since dead.

It is probable that some in vigorous health might take small amounts of this poison into the system and escape unhurt. A temperature of 212 degrees, that is, the boiling point, kills the poison of all zymotic diseases. Here in brief is the sum of the prevention of the trouble: Maintain a high state of the general health and boil all suspected water before using. In fact, it is well to use nothing but boiled water when any epidemic disease prevails.

Some typhoid fever patients will recover by rest in bed, using only liquid food. Others will die in spite of the best attention. These last are either constitutionally weak or received enormous doses of the poison. Enteric fever is much the better name for the trouble in question.

Hard Work.

It is generally considered that a working man labors hard to keep his wife in comfort and tolerable ease; she is not supposed to work as constantly as he does. But I differ from this opinion. A man's work lasts a certain number of hours, after which he has his well-earned leisure, his evening to himself, his hours of recreation or of lounging; but his wife has no such privileged amount of exemption from toil. Her work is "never done." She has the evening meal, whatever it may be, to get and clear away, and the children to put to bed, and the mending to do, in the hours when he is altogether free, and considers himself, with justice, to have a right to his freedom. Against this I have not a word to say; it is a law of nature; but I object that, while this is the case, the poor woman who works so hard is considered as a passive object for her husband's bounty, indebted to him for her living, and with no standing-ground or position of her own. In reality, she earns her own livelihood, and works hard for it, receiving scant pay. Which of the two does the reader suppose has the most to do—the merchant's clerk, for instance, who earns his whole salary by six or eight hours in his office, or his wife, who has to pinch and scrape, and shape and sew, and sit up late at night, and rise early in the morning, in order to keep a neat and cheerful house, and turn out the children in such a guise as to do no discredit to their father's black coat? If I had to choose between the two, I should choose the husband's share and not the wife's. The man is more exposed to outside risks and discomforts; but the moment he enters his home he is privileged to rest and be waited upon by the wife who is full as tired as he, but who never dreams of leisure until the late hour for retiring arrives to give her the rest so much needed.

Truth.

BY SYDENHAM THOMPSON.

Truth:—not of time, nor of this sod
  Stepped from eternal heights sublime
To walk with men, with them to God,
  Companion in the march of time.

Truth,—though assailed by flesh and blood,
  And things of time and death,
Shall fly beyond the stormy flood,
  From thence shall take new breath.

Refreshed, unseen, on heavenly air,
  Back to the paths of men
To lead them from the vale "despair"
  To fields beyond their ken.

How then can things of time and sense
  With attributes divine hold sway?
They are of earth; their power is hence
  Confined to things of brother clay.

With liberty, thy potent friend,
  To ever lead these mortals on
To life, from time, our way attend,
  Nor leave us when the crown be won.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

Some Sound Advice from a Mother.

The mother of several boys was one day bemoaning to a visitor the fact that her youngest, a child of five, was subject to Summer complaint. She had been up with him all the preceding night in an attack resembling cholera morbus. The scourge of cholera was in the land at the time, and the anxious parent sighed as she said she knew poor little Tom would have no chance if exposed to the disease. She had hardly finished her lament when the guest caught a glimpse of its object. The morning was a rainy one, but the child was standing nearly knee deep in wet grass under a plum tree in the garden eating the unripe fruit with gusto. At her friend's exclamation of horror, the mother glanced from the window, nodded smilingly to the juvenile culprit, and said calmly, as she resumed her seat:

"I never limit the boys in their allowance of fruit. They are welcome to all they find on the ground, and the dear fellows enjoy it thoroughly."

Another child, a girl of four, is "passionately fond of pickles."

"It does no good to put them out of her reach," laughs the mother. "I did that for a while. But after I caught her risking her neck balancing herself on two chairs and a footstool to reach the jar off the top shelf of the pantry, I thought it would be safer to keep them where she could get them without breaking any bones."

Nearly every one is acquainted with children who are as devoted to their strong tea and coffee as is a regular drinker to his dram. While these beverages may be helpful in imparting temporary tone and strength to hard-worked men and women, it is a great mistake to permit a child to begin life by over-exciting his nervous system by their use. For those who do not like milk, cold water—not ice—should be sufficient. Thoughtless mothers often lay the foundation for this taste by pouring a few teaspoonfuls of real tea or coffee in the child's "cambric tea." Far better is it to have it understood at the outset that such drinks are not for children, instead of pretending to humor a whim which can do no good. Nervous digestions and tempers would all be the better for the abstinence.

The adoption of many English fashions that possess no intrinsic value has been the vogue of late in this country. One that is well worthy of imitation is the manner in which English children are trained. The plain breakfast, the early dinner, the simple tea would all be beneficial if grafted upon the Canadian nursery stock. There are families even in this country where the substantial lunch of the parents is the children's dinner, and where the little ones do not appear at the late repast, which is the principal meal of the day to their elders. In one such home the approach of Sunday was always heralded with delight as being the one night of the week when the juniors were allowed to have a slice of cold meat apiece with the milk, hominy, bread and butter, and simple jam or marmalade that composed their usual week-day supper.

This course is not always easy to follow. It is hard to deny pleasures to children even when one is convinced they would do more harm than good. It is often mere selfish love of ease and dislike of a scene that actuates parents in yielding to the pleading of the youngling for some unwholesome delicacy. The fact once established in the child's mind that he can get what he wants by crying for it, his plan of action is simple and obvious.

My Boy and I.

It is 8 o'clock in the evening. For an hour I have been holding fast to a little dimpled hand, the hand of my boy of 3 summers.

I hold it for a long time every night. After he has said his "Now I lay me down to sleep" I lift him into his little bed and tell him some of the little "tories" he is always so eager to hear. Then he says:

"Now take my hand, papa; I can't go to sleep without your hand."

I hold the dear little dimpled hand long and tenderly in mine. Often he says:

"I'm always safe with my hand in yours, ain't I, papa? Nothing can't harm your little boy now, can it, papa?"

"No, dear," I say soothingly. "Papa will take good care of you always."

"You won't let go, will you, papa?"

I promise him that I will not until he is asleep, and he closes his eyes softly, content and secure. He loves me and trusts me so entirely.

Night after night I pray that he may indeed be safe with his hand in mine, and that I may guide him into right paths.

I feel, as he does not, how powerless I am to protect him from all the dangers before him, how unavailing are all my efforts to lead him away from the pitfalls into which his boyish feet may stray. I cannot always guide myself. I often stumble and fall even in the full light of my manhood's maturity and wisdom. How then shall I lead this little lad aright?

There are often tears in my eyes as I ask the question with the little dimpled hand pressed close to my trembling lips. I have so many hopes and fears for my boy. I dread the future when the little hand will be drawn from mine and put forth to battle with the world.

How useless my fears have been. The little hand has been drawn from mine. The babyish lips have for the last time whispered in my ear, "I'm safe now, papa." I kneel in tears and sorrow beside his empty little bed. I lay my tear-stained cheek on the snow-white pillow on which his head will rest no more. With an aching heart I clasped his little hand in mine for the last time, and then gave it up to be enfolded in a hand tenderer than mine could ever be—the hand of Him who gathers the young lambs in his bosom and sweetly and tenderly shelters them from all the storms and snares and sorrows of this our earthly life.

English Coinage.

In the second northern gallery at the British museum has been arranged in chronological order a series of English coins in gold, silver and copper. It seems that the coinage of the English had no direct connection with the earlier British coinage, nor with the short-lived currency which the Romans introduced. It was Henry VII., in 1504, who placed, for the first time, an authentic portrait on English coins. He also made addition to the gold coins by striking "sovereigns," so called because they bore the figure of the sovereign seated on his throne. It was during and after the reign of Carles II. that the English coinage declined very greatly in interest and variety. The first guineas were made in this reign from gold brought from the Guinea coast. In the reign of Queen Anne there were some coins bearing the name of "Vigo," because they were made from bullion captured in Vigo Bay.

A man in Pittsburg, Pa., after sitting through one act of an emotional drama the other night found his right side entirely paralyzed. Well, even that's an improvement on going out between the acts and getting "paralyzed."

One man's word is no man's word; we should quietly hear both sides.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOV. 12, 1886

NOTICE.

As our desire is to increase the circulation of the WATCHMAN throughout the County, we make the following offer:—The paper will be sent free for one year to any one who will obtain five new subscribers, and send us the $5.00 for the subscriptions. This offer will only be open until December 1st.

ARE WE HEAVILY TAXED.

Perhaps no cry is more used or has more effect than that of "heavy taxation." Certain politicians especially, would like the people of Canada to believe they are groaning under a heavy burden of taxation, and a Mr. McMullan of Picton, Ont., has gone so far as to declare the only escape lies in annexation to the United States. In examining the matter closely, we can come to no other conclusion than the men who want annexation are either personally or politically interested. The characteristic displayed by the dog in the manger is one very common among animals of a higher species, and it is not rare to find politicians, who, because they cannot become the ruling power in the state, desire by uniting with a foreign nation to prevent any other party ruling.

Now as to the relative taxation of United States and Canada, as the Montreal *Star* has clearly shown, the Canadians have the advantage. Every farmer knows that the direct tax he pays is very small and is only for local purposes. The great bulk of the taxes in the United States and Canada is raised by indirect taxation, or in other words the revenue for Federal purposes is obtained from Customs and Excise. To make a fair comparison we must find how much money we raise by customs and excise, then knowing the population of Canada, a school boy can easily find the taxation per head. In Canada the average customs duties is 18¾ per cent., while in United States the average is a little over 29 per cent. In 1885 Canada received $25,384,529 for customs and excise. In the same year the customs and excise of the United States amounted to $293,970,664. The population of Canada in 1871 was 3,485,761 while in 1881 it was 4,324,810, showing an increase of 839,049 in ten years. During the same ten years 362,893 immigrants arrived in Canada subtracting these from the total increase we get 476,156 as the natural increase or surplus of births over deaths for a period of ten years, or an average annual increase of 47,615. Now from 1881 to 1885 is four years and we must add four times the average annual increase or 190,460 and the 429,075 immigrants that have come to Canada during the past four years to the population of 1881 in order to find the present population. This gives us a population in 1885 of 4,944,345. Dividing the revenue among the population we find the indirect tax per head in 1885 be $5.13. But the Federal Government pays 80 cents per head to the Provinces and this is given back to the people as it were and must be deducted which leaves $4.33 per head.

The population of United States in 1885 was about 58,000,000. The Customs and Inland Revenue for the same year was $293,970,664 which would make the indirect Federal tax in United States about $5.06 per head as compared with the Federl tax of $4.33 in Canada, making a difference of about 73 cents in favor of the latter country.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN.

There are some remarkable men in Canada and sometimes they say remarkable things. We wish to refer especially to the utterances of three of Canada's most prominent public men! Hon. E. Blake, Hon. W. Laurier and Sir R. Cartwright. The sentiments which have been expressed lately by the above trio are decidedly startling, and while we cannot make out what they mean it is to be hoped they do not mean what they say. Hon. E. Blake has said lately in speaking of the old civil wars: "God forbid that we Canadians should forget that the corner stone of our liberty is the sacred right to resist." Now while that sentiment is correct in the abstract, there is no practical application of it to Canadians at the present time. The statement may have been made for oratorical effect; but it is a dangerous kind of oratory and there is no knowing the evil effects that might arise there from. Although the Canadians are as a rule law-abiding citizens, there is always a portion of the inhabitants of every country ready to oppose authority. Such statements coming from prominent men and going broadcast among such a class tend to promote sedition. But the words of Mr. Blake are mild when compared with those of his lieutenants. Our readers well know that Mr. Laurier declared amid the plaudits of a howling mob that had he been on the banks of the Saskatchewan he would have used his musket against the Canadian troops. That is a plain, explicit statement in which Mr. Laurier says that the fact of his not being a rebel is due only to a mere accident of residence, for had he been on the Saskatchewan he would have fought against British rule. This view of his conduct is decidedly unpleasant, yet it is the correct one. The expressions of the Hon. Mr. Laurier can only be surpassed by Sir Richard Cartwright at Seaforth when he says:—

"I tell you that occasion may arise on which it may become your duty to resist unjust laws to the death if need be. There are times and places in which it may be a man's duty to be silent on such points—and there are times and places at which it may be his duty to speak out. (Applause.) I do the latter now, because I think that the people of Canada as a rule, are apt to be far too patient with wrong doing;—partly from a Law-abiding disposition, which is a fault on the right side certainly; partly from too great easiness of tempers, and very largely perhaps because, if dissatisfied with the state of things, escape to another country is too easy. Still, I grant it is your duty to exhaust all other means first, only as Emerson has it, let us remember that in the last resort 'the rifle must guard the ballot box.' For myself, I hope two things: First, the day may never arise when you may be called on for such extreme proof of your devotion to liberty; but secondly, that, if such necessity should occur, you will show yourselves no dastards, but true descendents of those true Englishmen who have never flinched from resistance to tyranny, no matter by whom, or in what name soever, such tyranny was attempted."

This is a piece of arrant nonsense. What are the unjust laws for the repeal of which blood must be shed? If we think any law is unjust the remedy is in our own hands, and is a very much simpler one and certainly more acceptable than that suggested by Sir Richard Cartwright. The voice of the people is expressed at the polls and in the ballot they possess sure remedy for the repeal of laws they deem unjust. It is just such speeches as these that have caused serious trouble in every democracy of the world. According to reliable information from the Northwest last year, the Indians and half-breeds were affected in no little way by the speeches of hot-headed political opponents of the government. This assertion is supported by the conduct of the three great Liberal leaders. The Liberals want to form a distinct nation in the Province of Quebec. In Ontario they want annexation, and even go so far as to advocate open rebellion. In Nova Scotia they are clamoring after secession. The cause of all this is plainly the fact that the majority of the people of Canada refuse to have them as their rulers. We are not inclined to regard the rebellious utterances of the Liberals seriously, for these are made with the greatest insincerity. If Mr. Blake became Prime Minister to-morrow, Sir Richard Cartwright would be horrified to hear of annexation or rebellion. In his mind Canada would then become the garden of the Universe, and her praises would be sung lustily if not melodiously by the gallant knight. In the mean time it is their duty to exaggerate the Canadian public debt, to represent or rather misrepresent us as a heavily taxed nation, to make false and unfair comparisons with the United States, to discourage immigration and encourage emigration, to oppose the great railway which is solidifying the different parts of our Dominion and to endeavor to destroy the commercial trade of Canada. While this is their duty—and they are doing it nobly—it is the duty of the people to maintain the dignity of the state by pronouncing against these pessimists and prevent the disentegration of the Domiaion by sustaining the present Government. We firmly believe this duty also will be done nobly.

The Liberals claim that Dr. Cameron is likely to support Mr. Mercier, and go even so far as to say he will be made one of the Cabinet. How much support Mr. Mercier can count on from Dr. Cameron may be judged from the following article which appeared in the Huntingdon *Gleaner*, the Doctor's organ:

"Mr. Mowat was among those who congratulated Mr. Mercier on his victory of last Thursday. It is very singular how wilfully blind the Liberals of Ontario are to the situation in Quebec. The returns before him, showed the premier for Ontario that the English-speaking people here had gone in a body against Mercier, had invariably rejected candidates of whom the slightest suspicion was entertained that they were in accord with the nationalists, with the result that men like Stephens and Whyte were rejected, and that Huntingdon alone stood true to its political record, Dr. Cameron being the sole representative of the English Liberals elected. There can be no more conclusive proof that Mercier won the day by appeals to national and religious prejudices, than that the English-speaking electors preferred conservatives to his nominees. Does Mr. Mowat rejoice at the English being driven from motives of self preservation, into the ranks of their political opponents? Is he prepared to form an alliance with a party whose intent is to make Quebec a purely French and Catholic province? We are sure he does not, then why encourage Liberals of Ontario to persist in a policy that is alienating their brethren here? The Ontario Liberals had better reckon the price they have got to pay to secure the assistance of the Nationalists "to smash Sir John" before they persevere in their present policy."

The Montreal *Herald* remarks that Dr. Cameron "has won his seat, despite everything that the government supporters in his county could do to defeat him." Yes, and of all the *Herald* and the Liberal Association of Montreal could do. The *Herald* need not think its infamous conduct in not only inserting a defamatory tirade against Dr. Cameron, but in printing several thousand copies for general circulation in this county, will be soon forgotten by the Huntingdon Reformers.

IT WILL PAY all our readers to peruse very carefully, the article elsewhere copied from the *Scientific American*, addressed to that dispassionate paper, and reproduced herein because it is of very great value to everyone, containing some important scientific facts very plainly put.

INSURANCE MONEY PROMPTLY PAID.

Mr. W. J. Simpson,
Agent, Phœnix Insurance Company.

DEAR SIR—Please accept my thanks for the $1,000 cheque received from you for payment of the loss I sustained by the fire, on the 15th October last, being the total amount of the policy I had in the Phœnix Fire Insurance Company, of London, England.

G. W. BUSCH.

Lachute, November 6th, 1886.

Pay your Taxes before Monday next and save expenses. As the Council passed a resolution for the Mayor to at once issue seizures against those owing taxes, and as quite a number have applied to the Mayor for a few days delay, he will positively commence on Monday next to issue the seizures.

MATAPEDIA.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR,—By your last issue just received, I see you are threatened with dynamite. That is worse than "Stop my paper," but probably you are not much alarmed, and will continue to express your convictions as usual. The demagogues have done considerable mischief; but they have not yet gained the treasury benches, and it is to be hoped all will yet be well, although a very small majority for the Government tends to retard public affairs. I was much amused at the canard about "the Independent Party seducing your respected member. Those who know Mr. Owens are not likely to fear that the viles of Peter the Great backed by the prospect of a portfolio could lure him from his old time friends.

We have had beautiful weather during the whole of last month, delighting the hearts and swelling the profits of the Railway contractors. The grading on the first twenty miles of the Baie des Chaleurs Railway is completed, it is expected that the track will be laid early in December and probably ten miles more laid this fall if the weather continues favorable—of course in this climate we may at this time of the year expect severe weather at any time. There was not much excitement over the election, a good deal of feeling, but all quiet; the people here seem to realize that although they may differ in opinion they are still neighbours and fellow citizens. French-Canadians, Acadians, English, Scotch and Irish, all are Canadians. Having mixed with the people a good deal, I know of no place where all races and creeds seem to live more harmoniously together than here. I have not seen any indication of hostility among the different elements of the community. Now, you hear from an old inhabitant, the grand old Doric accent, Banf or Aberdeen; it may be toned down somewhat by the next generation, then again, the "Parlez vous" of Jean Baptiste, and of course "Be jabers" Pat is there too—all good neighbours—an' what for no?

On Sunday last, I attended church in Campbellton, N. B.; it was like setting one back about thirty years. The comfortable old building with the uncomfortable old fashioned, straight, high backed seats, the old family pews, near the pulpit, into one of which I was kindly shewn—they are polite to strangers—the aisle nicely carpeted up to the extreme end, the quaint old pulpit, standing on a pillar whose top spread out to support it, looked like a bouquet holder. A venerable looking stranger ascended the winding stair, and taking his place with all the old time solemnity commenced in good old Scotch Presbyterian fashion the public worship of God, which he conducted throughout after the old style. I could not help remarking that in this age of change, even there have been innovations, and may it not be that some of them are not improvements? However this is dangerous ground, it will be said that the old fellows are overtenacious of old time ideas. Well lest we should get into a useless discussion "laisser faire."

Yours truly,
UNCLE SANDIE.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN

SIR,—As there are probably not many of your readers who know much about this section of British Columbia, which is attracting the attention of people from the Eastern Provinces and also our American cousins, I will endeavor to describe its position, natural resources, climate, etc., as near as possible:

Kamloops is a prosperous town of about 1200 inhabitants, and is the end of the second division of the C. P. R. from the coast. The Company have erected large, round houses, machine shops, boarding and private houses for their employees. The town is situated on the junction of the two main branches of the Thompson River, which drains a splendid stock country. Upwards of 70,000 head of cattle besides numerous bands of horses and sheep are at present grazing on the hills near by, every week. The ranchers here are shipping train loads of cattle to the North West, owing to the demand for well bred British Columbia cattle in preferance to Montana stock. Senator Cochrane has been purchasing large breeds of horses here, from which he intends to supply the North West Mounted Police, in the future. The surrounding country is rich in minerals and a good many rich claims have been discovered within the past year, in both Similkameen and Scotch Creek.

The region drained by the North Thompson River, is an almost unexplored country, and affords abundant opportunity for the prospector. I believe that the mineral wealth of this Province will be enormous when proper methods have been introduced. The climate is superior to any in Canada. We have a pure, dry, bracing atmosphere, without any rain during the summer months. The winters are short, without much snow fall only lasting from six weeks to two months and a half, at the outside. The land has to be irrigated, but the abundant crops which follow amply repay the rancher for all his trouble.

The natural features of this District are rolling hills or foot hills to the great mountains interspersed with rich valleys. A great deal of the best land has been taken up for years and is held at a high figure, but, for a man who wants to make a start in the stock business there is a good opportunity for small capital. Produce sells readily and at a good figure. I have never seen potatoes selling for less than $20.00 per ton, while oats brings from $30 to $60. This district affords an excellent opportunity for the sportsman, shooting and fishing is abundant enough to satisfy the most fastidious hunter.

I think my letter is getting long, and I will close, hoping that the WATCHMAN will continue in its present flourishing condition. I remain

Yours Truly,
V. D. CURRY.

KAMLOOPS, B. C., October 31st, 1886.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR,—In your two last issues, under the heading "Military Items." It is a great loss to our county your correspondent did not appear sooner as he might have been a candidate for the Local chair. He beyond doubt is aspiring for some highe alling such as a Presidency or Generalship. Had Giteau been living they might have paired off, judging the manner he writes up the 11th and especially the 18th battalion which he knows so very little about. Mr. Editor, I can imagine your military correspondent at Lachute, full dress, with rebat head gear on 24th May last and most notably so on the 18th September last when he was a credit to any cracked corps (city or country.) The dangerous city corps your correspondent once belonged to must have been on paper as he so far, has failed to learn that the duty of a soldier is to obey all order of his superior Non-Com. and Commissioned Officers. Non-Com. Officers, Color Seargents of corps are to see that the men under their respective Commanders are aware of their duties, Non. Com. Officers must not visit other corps looking for fire water. It is not the duty of Color Seargents to dictate to Captains of Companies or Lieut-Colonels their respective duties. All clothing, arms and accoutrements when not on actual service must be in the corps armory subjected to Her Majesty's command. No soldier or Non Com. Officer can have his or their clothing for any special occasion without permission from his commanding officer. Mr. Editor, there is one thing your military correspondent might ventilate on before he revises the Military Act, that is to investigate and find out for the public why our gallant boys, both civil and military, who turned out on September 18th last and fought the great battle under the Non-Com. Generals, at Lachute, have not been paid, how the Non Com. Officers done their duty, and why they have not shown up since, and oblige JUSTICE.

Local Sketches of Lachute.

BY F. C. IRELAND.

(Continuation of Sketch VII.)

THE PUBLIC ROADS.

At this period, the noon time of the nineteenth century, the public high ways in this section of the country, both for winter and summer travel, were a reflex of the state of intelligence and refinement of its inhabitants as they always are, and if nothing else could bring a blush of shame to the face of those men who were in public positions in those days, the state of the roads ought to do it. Someone, but not an Argenteuil man, for during half a century there is no record of an Argenteuil man doing anything more than we have recorded, placed in the form of a bill a measure which was passed through the Legislature in reference to winter roads. This bill provided that no cariole, train, berline, or other winter carriage should be used on any Queen's highway in Lower Canada (except in cities) that had not runners eight feet and a half in length including the curved parts and the bottom not less than ten inches above the bottom of the runners, and two and a half feet between the runners on the inside with shafts or pole not less than two inches above the bottom of the runners. The fences had to be taken down in winter to within 24 inches of the ground along all roads and not replaced until the first day of April. Where ever necessary, the winter roads and especially when a double track was made for the purpose of passing, had to be marked by *balises*. The winter roads in those days were a novelty to strangers and persons from other provinces. To obtain a genuine realization of the system of travel, one required to take a twenty miles drive over a winter road in this County, when if he escaped without a broken back caused by the *cahots*, he would be in a position to record incidents, which, though not producing so pleasurable a sensation as that experienced in a first run down a toboggan slide, yet much more memorable from sore muscles and back aches. As we have noticed, the road vehicles used in winter were all made on one plan so were those for summer use, scarcely anybody possessed even a respectable looking spring cart at that time. The common Canadian cart, as it was called, the tombril and hay cart were the chief wheeled vehicles in use by the people for going to mill, store, and even to church. A four wheeled waggon, light buggy or double team was considered a waste of means or extravagancies which came in for considerable critism as one after another in later years commenced to get them.

SKETCH VIII.

THE PHYSICIANS.

Owing to the bad state of the roads and the rough mode of travelling, the people practiced walking and horse back riding to a great extent. By these means, combined with a course diet, their stalwart frames and strong digestive powers were kept in tact while all the functions of the physical and mental system grew and prospered without the use of drug shops and to a great extent without the aid of physicians. So much so was this the case, and general health prevailed, that the first doctor who located at Lachute—Dr. McDonald—did not find the practice of his profession a very remunerative one; neither did Dr. Robertson, who succeeded him, who shortly moved away to St. Andrews, which at that time, was a much more flourishing place whose citizens, from their increased habits in the style of modern living found an increased demand for medical aid. Dr. Robertson lived long in St. Andrews, where he had an excellent practice and died at a good age, his son, the present Dr. Robertson continuing in his place being highly esteemed as a successful and every skilful physician. Dr. Thomas Christie commenced his professional career at Lachute amid discouraging circumstances, owing to the spareness of the population and the bad roads extending to the faraway settlements to the north, and west, but from incessant attention to duty combined with very moderate charges, toiling day and night, he soon saw a successful career before him which has continued down to the present day, and no physician can be more honored or held in greater esteem for faithfulness in the discharge of his professional duties than Dr. Christie, while as a public citizen his life and influence have shown an unimpeachable record on the side of morality, religion and temperance. He has lived to rear sons and daughters to occupy responsible positions in society, several of his sons following in the profession of their father with success shining brightly before them, while they all seem to have partaken of the same stirling principles of character. The first really creditable looking dwelling erected at Lachute was built by Dr. Christie, and still stands as a most comfortable looking residence, suitable for any one in this last quarter of the XIX century; it affords a good back ground to a picture full of interest and beauty: surrounded with lofty shade trees, under which are beds of flowers of brilliant hue, gravelly walks, bordered with grass plants and flowers in endless variety. It seems only to want a fountain of sparkling water to complete the picture and make it perfect.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent of last issue "Antimonopoly" *Re* the Argenteuil Rangers Association matches no doubt feels bad, I would advise him moving out to the front of our county or be connected by telephone, or take the following information that the A. R. A. matches will take place near St. Andrews, some time next October, 1887, during the pleasure of members of No. 4 Company, wind and weather permitting. Mr. Editor, there may be grievances in the Rifle Association matches, but not sufficient to black ball all the front companies [which Antimonopoly desires] as they comprise a respectable portion of the 11th Battallion. There is one thing certain the front companies are the back bone of the Rifle Association and its only support. Antimonopoly is a sore head; if he knew the duties of a soldier in the front or rear ranks he would ventilate the grievances through his commanding officer, which is the only channal for grievances, and it no doubt would have due consideration by our respected Colonel. And not be a bore at the WATCHMAN office.

FRONT COMPANY'S.

A Nice Way of Being Things.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR.—In common with many of my neighbors I cannot understand what some people think of us. There is one mistaken idea which has got to be corrected, and that is that we do not know how to read. We actually can do so and nearly all subscribe to the WATCHMAN. Those who do not subscribe borrow their neighbors WATCHMAN so that we all read the only newspaper published in the County. Strange to say, however, we all looked in vain for any Advertisement of the Argenteuil Rifle Association Matches. We have just heard that our County members subscribed handsomely for prizes and we were eager for a chance to compete. However, to our great dismay a rumor has reached here that those Rifle matches have been held. Now when our County members subscribed money for prizes we are certain that they expected that the back country companies, the true Argenteuil Rangers, would have an opportunity to compete, or they would not have subscribed at all. In common justice every member of our companies should have been informed when and where those matches were to take place. There is one thing that can be done yet and that is to publish a list of names of those who gave prizes, and the amount given by each. Also we would like the names of the winners. Why all this secrecy?

Yours &c.,
BRITISH FAIR PLAY.

Britonville, Oct. 19th 1886.

Mr. R Creswell has just received a consignment of a car of nice winter apples comprising the Northern Spy, Baldwins, Russets, &c., from the samples shown us and the price quoted, those wishing to get a barrel or two of choice apples at a low rate should send in their orders at once either to Mr. T. Shepherd of Genoa, or to R. Creswell at Flour Depot, Lachute.

THE remedy for curing Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Diseases of the Throat, Bronchitis, Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs, Difficult Breathing, and all the Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs. *No better remedy for Whooping Cough can be found.*

CAUTION.—Don't experiment with new and untried medicines, but always keep on hand this safe and sure remedy.—**Allen's Lung Balsam.**

MOTHERS, have you delicate, weakly children, who are always TAKING COLD, and subject to CROUP? Remember, there never was a case of CROUP which did not originate in a COLD.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM IS YOUR REMEDY.

Physicians who have failed to cure their patients should try this medicine before they give the case up, as we know many valuable lives have been saved by being prevailed to give it a trial.

DO NOT DESPAIR because all other remedies have failed, but try this remedy, and you will not be deceived. *It will cure when all others fail.*

Allen's Lung Balsam is now put up in Three Sizes, Price 25c., 50c., and $1 per Bottle.

The 25c. bottles are put up for the accommodation of all who desire simply a Cough or Cold remedy. Those desiring a remedy for Consumption or any Lung Disease should secure the Large $1 Bottle.

Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

BRISTOL'S PILLS
The Infallible Remedy for all Affections of the Liver and Kidneys.

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 Medicine.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited)
SOLE AGENTS,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

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.
Twenty-five Cents per Bottle.
Beware of Imitations.

Local Advertisements.

AUCTION ROOM

—:o:—

I AM NOW erecting a building in the Centre Ward of LACHUTE TOWN, and expect it to be completed by the

15th DECEMBER,

will then sell all kinds of goods on Commission.

Merchants, Farmers, or any person having anything to sell, will find it to their advantage for Terms of Sale and any particulars to see

ANDREW BOA,
Proprietor,
OR
J. PATENAUDE,
Auctioneer.

Lachute, Nov. 11th, 1886.

NOTICE

TO BUILDERS 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.

T. JOUSSE,

Watchmaker & Jeweller.

—:o:—

GOODS SOLD
AT
MODERATE PRICES.

FIRST-CLASS WORK DONE.

Orders taken for Cartridges, Shells, &c

T. JOUSSE,
Lachute, P.Q.

VETERINARY.

Prof. M. A. Piche,
LICENTIATE OF THE
MONTREAL VETINARY SCHOOL
And Professor of Materia Medica at the
VETERINARY SCHOOL,

Wishes to inform the public that he is always ready to attend any diseases on Domestic Animals.

Office open every day in Mr. Theo. Jousse's Jewelry Store, Opposite Post Office.

Night attendance at Rodrigue's Hotel, Lachute.

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. 251

NOTICE

THE UNDERSIGNED will be prepared to do all kinds of Gristing and Sawing at their Saw and Flouring Mills, from and after the 20th September instant.

J. B. CUSHING & Co.

Cushing, 10th Sept., 1886.

FOR SALE.

A BUSH LOT within easy distance of Lachute.

J. PALLISER,
18-t.f. Advocate.

New Burnt Lime

For Sale at THOS. C. NOYES,
Chatham, Nov. 12th, 1886. 30-t

MONEY TO LOAN

IN SUMS OF

$1,000 and upwards on first-class farm property.

Apply to
R. G. MEIKLE.

CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK JOURNAL

There have been few more marked successes in journalism than has been achieved by the CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK JOURNAL, of Hamilton, Ont. Started less than three years ago as a 20 page monthly, it has gone on steadily increasing in matter and interest, as well as in size, first to 24, then to 32, and finally to 36 pages. Though devoted especially to *stock-raising*, it includes The Farm, The Dairy, The Apiary, Poultry, Horticulture and The Home, so that for the general farmer or such farmers as make live stock breeding in any of its departments a leading feature of their business, we do not know where to find its equal in Canada. We heartily recommend it to our patrons as the leading paper of its class in the Dominion. It is published at Hamilton, Ont., by The Stock Journal Co. Price, $1 per annum. Those subscribing now for 1887 get the remainder of 1886 free. We can furnish it and our own paper together from now to end of 1887 for $1.75. The October and November issues will contain the prize lists of the Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, and the Provincial Fair held at Guelph. Call at our office and examine it, or send to the publishers for a free specimen copy.

Local Advertisements.

J. E. IRELAND.

FAMILY GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &C.

Choice English Breakfast Teas, Finest Congous, Japans, Young Hysons &c.

PURE COFFEES.

Very finest Mochas and Javas, also Chase and Sanburn's Celebrated Old Govt. Java.

A FEW

Fancy Green Cairo Tea Sets @ $3.60. Regular price, $5.00.

Green Indian Grass Tea Sets @ $3.40. Regular price, $4.00.

Pink Prim Rose Tea Sets @ $3.50. Regular price, $4.50.

Brown Bosphorus Tea Sets @ $3.25. Regular price, $4.00.

Black Bouquet Tea Sets @ $3.00. Regular price, $4.00.

Plain Tea Sets @ — — — $2.60. Regular price, $3.00.

Coloured Glass Lamps, all sizes. 40c. to 75c., complete.

Coloured Glass Dishes and Sets, at very low prices.

A general stock of Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Glassware, Patent Medicines Hardware, Nails, Binding felt &c., &c., always on hand at lower than ordinary prices.

J. E. IRELAND.

Lachute Mills, October 14th, 1886.

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.

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.

TO LET, on Main Street.

Recently occupied by Mr. Hugh Fraser, Jr., 8 Rooms, with good Stable and Wood Shed. For further particulars apply to R. W. EVANS, or HUGH FRASER, Jr.
t. f. Lachute

WANTED IMMEDIATELY A FEMALE TEACHER for the Protestant Dissention School, of Wright. References required. One capable of teaching music preferred. Apply to
R. MOORE,
Sec.-Treas., Wright P. O., P. Q.

PROVINCE OF QUQBEC.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE

PRIVATE BILLS.

PARTIES intending to make application to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec for Private or Local Bills, either for granting exclusive privileges or conferring corporate powers for commercial or other purposes of profit, for regulating surveys or boundaries or for doing anything tending to affect the rights or property of other parties, are hereby notified that they are required by the Rules of the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly respectively (which are published in the Quebec *Official Gazette*), to give ONE MONTH'S NOTICE of the application (clearly and distinctly specifying its nature and object), in the Quebec *Official Gazette*, in the French and English languages, and also in a French and English newspaper published in the District affected, and to comply with the requirements therein mentioned, sending copies of the first and last of such notice to the Private Bills Office of each House, any persons who shall make application shall within one week from the first publication of such notice in the *Official Gazette* forward a copy of his Bill, with the sum of one hundred dollars, to the Clerk of the Committee on Private Bills.

All petitions for PRIVATE BILLS must be presented within the "first two weeks" of the session.

L. DELORME,
Clk. Leg. Assembly.

Quebec, October, 1886.

A. G. Stackhouse,

IS NOW AT HIS STUDIO,

WORK GUARANTEED better than ever (Prices Moderate).

A. G. STACKHOUSE

t. Andrews, Oct. 8th, 1886.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Wool Dress Goods.—C. T. Wales.
Auction Room —A. Boa.
Notice to Contractors.—A Gobeil.
Dress Goods.—S. Carsley.

LOCAL.

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.

STATION RESTAURANT.
LUNCH AT ALL HOURS.
OYSTERS FOR SALE.
L. P. P. RODRIGUE.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

"What Say You to a Piece of Roast Beef and Mustard!"

Well, there is much to be said. The question being asked of the banqueter at the average boarding house, calls up reminiscences of close contiguity to the horns, and beef-steak three cuts south thereof. He, of course, will pass unless it occurs to him that he needs a hinge for his trunk. Should there be any suffering, the effects of an indulgence in such sinuous fare, use McGregor's Speedy Cure, a sure and effectual remedy for Dyspepsia, Constipation and all affections of the stomach and liver. Sold by T. Christie, Lachute. *Trial bottles Free.*

A tour through Europe for 25 cents.

I had for years been a miserable sufferer from Dyspepsia, and tried all known remidies and the best medical skill of my acquaintance, but still grew worse until unable to eat anything without great suffering, or do any kind of work. I began to think there was no hope for me, and that I must surely die; when, like a drowning man catching at a straw, I determined to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. I at once began to improve so rapidly that in two months I was as well as I had ever been in my life.—Wm. Evers, Leamington. Sold by T. Christie, Druggist, Lachute. Free trial bottles.

Miss Jennie Simpson, of St. Andrews, left town this week after spending a few days with her friends here.

Mrs. Robert Hooper, of Kinloss, County Bruce, in a letter says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints for a number of years, and am glad to say to the public as well as friends that McGregor's Speedy Cure brought me around, and I am now all right, thanks to McGregor's Speedy Cure. Hundreds of like testimonials are frequently received, and are daily proving that this is truly a wonderful remedy, curing Sluggish Liver, Billious Headache and Costiveness, where all else fails. Sold at T. Christie's Drug Store. Trial bottles given free.

Don't fail to take a tour through Europe to night Friday.

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

FOR SALE.

Two Hundred Cords of stove wood. Beech, Birch and Maple mixed. Price in yard $1.35; delivered $1.50. Also a quantity of cord wood, $3.00 per cord.
P. LANE.

Worth Remembering.

There is probably no better relaxing remedy for stiff joints, contracted cords, and painful congestion, than Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It cured Mrs. John Siddell, of Orton, Ont., who was afflicted for years with contraction of the bronchial pipes and tightness of the chest. It is the great remedy for internal or external pain.

On Saturday last quite a heavy snowfall visited us and the ground soon assumed a very wintry appearance.

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

Roumulous and Remus fed by the wolf, St. Peters Cathedral, the Pantheon, views in Venice, Milan, to night (Friday,) in Mr. Fish's Hall at 7.30 p.m.

The Scourge of America.

The one terrible blight of our country is scrofula—from impure blood—it causes consumption and many wasting, lingering and fatal diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters cures scrofula if taken in time.

A short time ago thieves broke into the Cheese Factory in St. Philippe, and stole two large cheeses. A few days later three were stolen from the factory in St. Eustache.

A Cure For Croup.

It is a valuable fact for mothers to know that there is no better or more certain remedy for croup than Hagyard's Yellow Oil used internally and externally. This handy household remedy may be had of any druggist.

NOTICE.—This is to notify whom it may concern, that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my sons Henry and Charles, as they are working for themselves, and have been doing so for the past two years.
MOSES GEROUX.
Lachute, 4th Nov., 1886. 11-5in.

A Radical Change.

Daniel Sullivan, of Malcolm, Ont., takes pleasure in recommending Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia. It cured him after years of suffering. From being a sceptic he is now a confirmed believer in that medicine.

Typhoid Fever.—We regret to have to chronicle two deaths during the past week from this fever, Mr. Antoine Tessier who died on Sunday morning and Mrs. McCallum who died Monday night after lingering for nearly three weeks of the fever.

A Wide Range.

A wide range of painful affections may be met with Hagyard's Yellow Oil. James M. Lawson, of Woodville, Ont., speaks of it in high terms for rheumatism, lame back, sprains and many painful complaints too numerous to mention. It is used internally or externally.

200 Magic Lantern views of most interesting scenes illustrating a tour on the Continent of Europe, will be given in Olivet Hall, to night (Friday,) in aid of St. Simeon's Church.

Try It.

Two of the most troublesome complaints to relieve are asthma and whooping cough, but Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam seldom fails either in those, or other prevailing throat and lung troubles. All dealers in medicine have this remedy for sale.

Everybody should take a tour through Europe to night (Friday,) in Olivet Hall. The whole tour only 25 cents.

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

Magic Lantern views ten feet square, of scenes in Rome, Switzerland and other places, in Olivet Hall, to-night (Friday.) Admission 25 cents.

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

A Tour through Europe.—In Olivet Hall to-night (Friday,) a Magic Lantern exhibition with short interesting lectures by the Rev. Mr. Tucker of Montreal, will be given in aid of St. Simeon's Church funds. Tickets 25 cents.

Avoid the harsh, irritating, griping compounds so often sold as purging medicines, and correct the irregularities of the bowels by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, which are mild and gentle, yet thorough and searching, in their action.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

Thursday, November 11th, 1886.

S. CARSLEY'S

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

New Black Fancy Dress Goods.
New Black Fancy Dress Goods
New Black Fancy Dress Goods
New Black Fancy Dress Goods
New Black Fancy Dress Goods
New Black Fancy Dress Goods

S. CARSLEY'S

New Black French Cashmere.
New Black French Cashmere.
New Black French Cashmere.
New Black French Cashmere.
New Black French Cashmere.
New Black French Cashmere.

S CARSLEYS.

New Half Mourning Dress Goods.
New Half Mourning Dress Goods.
New Half Mourning Dress Goods.
New Half Mourning Dress Goods.
New Half Mourning Dress Goods.
New Half Mourning Dress Goods.

at S. CARSLEY·

New Black Henrietta Cloth.
New Black Henrietta Cloth.
New Black Henrietta Cloth.

at S. CARSLEY'S.

New Black Watered Moreen.
New Black Watered Moreen.
New Black Watered Moreen.

at S. CARSLEY'S

COCOA MATTINGS
COCOA MATTINGS
COCOA MATTINGS
COCOA MATTINGS

Orders are now being booked for the above, which we are supplying in several grades, in all widths.

S. CARSLEY.

DECORATED WINDOW SHADES
DECORATED WINDOW SHADES
DECORATED WINDOW SHADES
DECORATED WINDOW SHADES
DECORATED WINDOW SHADES

Before moving your outside blinds see the beautiful selection of Window Shades, from which we are now booking large orders.

S. CARSLEY.

Notice to Trespassers.

NOTICE is hereby given that all parties found cutting or removing timber or otherwise trespassing on the limits of the undersigned, in the third, fourth, fifth and sixth ranges of the Township of Wentworth, will be prosecuted according to law.
P. LANE.
Lachute, 9th Nov., 1886. 11-4in

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, *Station D, New York City.*

A Tour through Europe.—In Olivet Hall on Friday evening the 12th inst., a Magic Lantern exhibition with short interesting lectures by the Rev. Mr. Tucker, of Montreal, will be given in aid of St. Simeon's Church funds. Tickets 25 cents.

BROWNSBURG.

One of the oldest inhabitants of this place died here on Monday, Oct. 25th, in the person of the late Francois Barbary, who was born in April of the year 1787, and consequently, had he lived until next April, would have been one hundred years old. He served in the war of 1812 and helped to drive back our American invaders, for which he received a pension until the time of his death. His home was with his daughter, Mrs Lefebre, at McGibbon Bros. Mills. The R. C. cemetery at St. Phillippe is the last resting place of another of our old land marks, many of whom are surely and silently passing away. Some of our literary friends should make the acquaintance of those who remain and secure from them such information about the condition of our Canada one hundred years ago, as will be of great value in the future.

ST. ANDREWS.

Our village, particularly our W.C.T.U. have lately enjoyed an interesting visit from another Rhode Island lady, Mrs. Walker, State Superintendent of Almshouse and prison work, also Secretary to Mrs. Barney. She has been engaged by the Provincial W.C.T.U. for several weeks to form new unions and visit three already established. She has just come from the National Union in Minneapolis, Minn., where so many representative women from both sides of the water were assembled, their hearts burning with enthusiasm in the great work of banishing the crying evil of intemperance from the land. Her description of the working of different departments was what we much needed, and we shall be poor scholars if we do not learn something from the earnest words spoken to us by this dear sister on Monday afternoon. In the evening the Town Hall was well filled with an attentive audience to listen to Mrs. Walker's stirring appeals to our community to leave no stone unturned till we have Prohibition throughout the length and breadth of the land, shewing us by what our American sisters had done, that much hard work would be needed.

The collection proved that her address was appreciated.
COM.
St. Andrews, Nov. 9th, 1886.

ST. ANDREWS INDUSTRIES NOT BOOMING.

Our industries are not booming, for the very good reason that we have not got any, and do not try to have any. There is no reason why this should not be an important manufacturing town, and it would soon become so if it were properly pushed and advertised. But having no railway and no newspaper, while other places are pushing ahead and increasing in wealth and population, we are slowly progressing backwards. We would advocate the formation of a citizens committee to advertise the town and induce manufacturers to start factories here. Let us have that railway.

As a purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla acts directly and promptly. A single bottle will prove its merits. Many thousands of people are yearly saved from dangerous fevers by the exercise of a little timely care in cleansing the system by the use of this remedy.

ANOTHER TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

On Monday morning old Mrs. Jerome was walking on the railway track and fell into the culvert near Mr. Hammonds farm which she was hurrying to cross as the 9 o'clock train was approaching. The snow had filled up the space so much that there was not room enough for her to get down, so her head was terribly cut and broken. The train was stopped as soon as possible and some of the hands helped to convey her to the nearest house where she lay unconscious until Tuesday afternoon, when she died. Mrs. Jerome was an old resident, having been over forty years living at the Mill, and a very respectable citizen.

SCIENTIFIC TRUTH

REGARDING THE FUNCTIONS OF AN IMPORTANT ORGAN,

Of Which the Public Knows But Little, Worthy Careful Consideration.

To the Editor of the Scientific American:

Will you permit us to make known to the public the facts we have learned during the past 8 years, concerning disorders of the human Kidneys and the organs which diseased Kidneys so easily break down? You are conducting a Scientific paper, and are unprejudiced except in favor of Truth. *It is needless to say, no medical Journal of "Code" standing would admit these facts, for very obvious reasons.*

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Proprietors of "Warner's Safe Cure."

That we may emphasize and clearly explain the relation the kidneys sustain to the general health, and how much is dependent upon them, we propose, metaphorically speaking, to take one from the human body, place in the wash-bowl before us, and examine it for the public benefit.

You will imagine that we have before us a body shaped like a bean, smooth and glistening, about four inches in length, two in width, and one in thickness. It ordinarily weighs in the adult male, about five ounces, but is somewhat lighter in the female. A small organ? you say. But understand, the body of the average size man contains about *ten quarts of blood, of which every drop passes through these filters or sewers,* as they may be called, *many times a day* as often as through the heart, making a complete revolution in *three minutes.* From the blood they separate the waste material, working away steadily night and day, sleeping or waking, tireless as the heart itself, and fully of as much vital importance; removing impurities from sixty-five *gallons of blood each hour,* or about forty-nine barrels each day, or 9,125 hogshead a year! What a wonder that the kidneys can last any length of time under this prodigious strain, treated and neglected as they are!

We slice this delicate organ open lengthwise with our knife, and we will roughly describe its interior.

We find it to be of a reddish-brown color, soft and easily torn; filled with hundreds of little tubes, short and thread like, starting from the arteries, ending in a little tuft about midway from the outside opening into a cavity of considerable size, which is called the pelvis or, roughly speaking, a sack, which is for the purpose of holding the water to further undergo purification before it passes down from here into the ureters, and so on to the outside of the body. These little tubes are the filters which do their work automatically, and *right here is where the disease of the kidney first begins.*

Doing the vast amount of work which they are obliged to, from the slightest irregularity in our habits, from cold, from high living, from stimulants or a thousand and one other causes which occur every day, they become somewhat weakened in their nerve force.

What is the result? Congestion or stoppage of the current of blood in the small blood vessels surrounding, which become blocked; these delicate membranes are irritated; inflammation is set up, then pus is formed, which collects in the pelvis or sac; the tubes are at first partially, and soon are totally, unable to do their work. The pelvic sac goes on distending with this corruption, pressing upon the blood vessels. All this time, remember, the blood, which is entering the kidneys to be filtered, is *passing through this terrible, disgusting pus,* for it cannot take any other route!

Stop and think of it for a moment. Do you realize the importance, nay the vital necessity, of having the kidneys in order? Can you expect when they are diseased or obstructed, no matter how little, that you can have *pure blood and escape disease?* It would be just as reasonable to expect, if a pest-house were set across Broadway and countless thousands were compelled to go through its pestilential doors, and escape from contagion and disease, as for one to expect the blood to escape pollution when constantly running through a diseased kidney.

Now, what is the result? Why, that the blood takes up and deposits this poison as it sweeps along into every organ, into every inch of muscle, tissue, flesh and bone, from your head to your feet. And whenever, from hereditary influence or otherwise, some part of the body is weaker than another, a countless train of diseases is established, such as consumption in weak lungs, dyspepsia, where there is a delicate stomach; nervousness, insanity, paralysis or heart disease in those who have weak nerves.

The heart must soon feel the effects of the poison, as it requires pure blood to keep it in right action. It increases its stroke in number and force to compensate for the natural stimulus wanting, in its endeavor to crowd the impure blood through this obstruction, causing pain, palpitation, or an out-of-breath feeling. Unnatural as this forced labor is, the heart must soon falter, becoming weaker and weaker until one day it *suddenly stops* and death from apparent "heart disease" is the verdict.

But the medical profession, learned and dignified, call these diseases by high sounding names, treat them alone, and patients die, *for the arteries are carrying slow death to the affected part,* constantly adding fuel brought from these suppurating, pus-laden kidneys which here in our wash-bowl are very putrefaction itself, and which should have been cured first.

But this is not all the kidneys have to do; for you must remember that each adult takes about seven pounds of nourishment every twenty four hours to supply the waste of the body which is constantly going on, a waste equal to the quantity taken. This, too, the kidneys have to separate from the blood with all other decomposing matter.

But you say, "My kidneys are all right. I have no pain in the back." Mistaken man! People die of kidney disease of so bad a character that the organs are rotten and yet they have *never there had a pain nor an ache!*

Why? Because the disease begins, as we have shown, in the interior of the kidney, where *there are few nerves of feeling* to convey the sensation of pain. Why this is so we may never know.

When you consider their great work, the delicacy of their structure, the ease with which they are deranged, can you wonder at the ill-health of our men and women? Health and long life cannot be expected when so vital an organ is impaired. No wonder some writers say we are degenerating. Don't you see the great, the extreme importance of keeping this machinery in working order? Could the finest engine do even a fractional part of this work, without attention from the engineer? Don't you see how dangerous this hidden disease is? It is lurking about us constantly, without giving any indication of its presence.

The most skilful physicians cannot detect it at times, *for the kidneys themselves cannot be examined* by any means which we have at our command. Even an analysis of the water, chemically and microscopically, reveals nothing definite in many cases, even when the kidneys are fairly broken down.

Then look out for them, as disease, no matter where situated, to 93 per cent., as shown by after-death examinations, has its origin in the breaking down of these secreting tubes in the interior of the kidney.

As you value health, as you desire long life free from sickness and suffering, give these organs some attention. Keep them in good condition and thus prevent (as is easily done) all disease.

Warner's Safe Cure, as it becomes year after year better known for its wonderful cures and its power over the kidneys, has done and is doing more to increase the average duration of life than all the physicians and medicines known. Warner's Safe Cure is a true specific, mild but certain, harmless but energetic and agreeable to the taste.

Take it when sick as a cure, and never let a month go by if you need it, without taking a few bottles as a preventive, that the kidneys may be kept in proper order, the blood pure, that health and long life may be your blessing.

H. H. WARNER & CO.

MILITARY ITEMS.

CARE AND DISPOSAL OF DRILL SHEDS.

Officers in charge of Drill Sheds, Armories, or other public property used for militia purposes are informed that Section 60 of the Act 32-33 Victoria, Chapter 22, makes provision for the punishment of any person who unlawfully or maliciously commits any damage to any such property. Officers will therefore see the terrible risk they run by allowing the Drill Sheds they are in charge of to be turned into skating rinks.

OFFICERS MUST OBEY GOVERNMENT ORDERS.

Staff and other officers of the active militia are on all occasions to use their influence to give effect to the efforts of those immediately responsible for the conduct of the annual competitions of the various Rifle Associations. They will promulgate within the limits of their respective commands all notices forwarded to them by the Association, and specially direct attention to the date on which returns of entries or other matters are to be rendered. G. O. 16.7.80. It is clearly indicated (Section 46 Vic., Chap. 11, Sec. 93.) that the way to promulgate these notices is by advertisement in some newspaper published in the Regimental Division in which such corps is situated. Therefore the Argenteuil Rifle Association matches said to have been held this year not having been advertised according to Government orders are null and void, and must be shot over again after having been properly advertised according to law. There is no other way out of the difficulty, and there ought to be no delay in having affairs put right.

HOW TO PROCURE EXTRA AMMUNITIAN.

In reply to "Volunteer" we beg to state that the price of Snider Enfield ball ammunition is $16.00 per one thousand rounds, provided the ammunition is received by the purchaser at the magazine and removed in boxes supplied at his expense. No quantity less than five hundred rounds will be sold. This is a round about complicated way for you to get what ammunition you want for Rifle practice, and provision should certainly be made by your Corps for the sale of extra ammunition.

Your idea of getting at Company Rifle Matches is a good one, and you deserve credit for your efforts to improve the company you belong to. It may comfort you to know that the Argenteuil Rifle Association matches not having been advertised according to law might as well not have taken place, and must be shot over again.

OUR CHURCHES.

St. Simeon's Church.—(Anglican) Morning service, 10.30 a. m.; Sunday School, 2.30 p. m.; Evening Service, 7 p. m. Rev. Wm. Sanders, Incumbent.

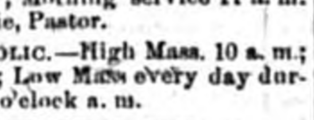
Henry's Church.—(Presbyterian) Sunday School, 9.30 a.m.; Morning service, 11 a. m. Rev. Wm. Forlong, Pastor.

Baptist Church.—Morning Service in Olivet Hall, 11 a. m.; Evening service 7 p. m., Rev. John Higgins, Pastor.

Methodist Church.—Morning service, 10.30 a. m.; Sunday School, 2.30 p. m.; Evening service, 7 p. m. Rev. J. Armstrong, Pastor.

First Presbyterian Church—Sunday School 9.30 a.m.; Morning service 11 a. m. Rev. Jno. Mackie, Pastor.

Roman Catholic.—High Mass. 10 a. m.; Vespers, 3 p. m.; Low Mass every day during the week, 7 o'clock a. m.



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.

Owing to the want of space we are obliged to leave several communications and other articles over for next weeks issue.

Local Advertisements.

C. T. WALES & Co.

V V Beg to announce the arrival of more Wool Dress Goods that have been in such demand for Winter Wear.

Also that our assortment in other departments is now complete.

Hardware, variety and value (as usual) unsurpassed in the county.

Teas and Sugars selling low.

Bear in mind the two 'V's,' *variety and value,* at the

People's Cash Store.

C. T. WALES & CO.
St. Andrews, Nov. 4th, 1886

JUST ARRIVED
at the new
Book & Stationery STORE:

A large consignment of new Books, new Music, Stationery of all kinds, Mourning paper and Envelopes, Birth-day Cards, a fine assortment of Christmas and New Year Cards, Toys of all kinds, Ink, red and black; Shell Goods, Tea Sets, China Vases, Rubber and Glass Balls, common Prayer and Hymn Books, Wesley Hymn Books, School Books of every description, etc., etc.

As all of these goods have been purchased for cash, they will be sold cheap for cash. An inspection invited,
R. W. KERR.
Lachute, 4th November, 1886 -2

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Du Lievre Works," will be received until FRIDAY, the 26th day of November next, inclusively, for the construction of a Lock and Dam and works in connection therewith, on the River Du Lievre at Little Rapids, Ottawa County, Quebec, in accordance with plans and a specification to be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, on and after Friday, the 5th of November, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons desirous of tendering are requested to make personal enquiry relative to the work to be done, and to examine the locality themselves, and are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an *accepted* bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars ($2500), which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order.
A. GOBEIL, Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 30th Oct., 1886.

Local Advertisements.

Lachute Furniture WAREHOUSE.
Hope's Block.

NOTICE.
PICTURES FRAMED.
FURNITURE
OF ALL KINDS
REPAIRED.

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

PAINTING.

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

Victoria Foundry.

IRON & WIRE FENCING,
CEMETRY RAILING,
CRESTING,
COAL STOVES,
COOK STOVES,
BOX STOVES,
HOT AIR FURNACES.
McOUAT & McRAE, Lachute.

SCHOOL DESKS.

MANHOOD
How Lost How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the *radical cure* of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self indulgence, or sexual extravagance, &c.

The celebrated author, in his admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and *radically.*

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid,* on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.
41 Ann St., New York, N. Y. Post Office Box. 450.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Province of Quebec, }
District of Terrebonne. }

Ste. Scholastique, the twentieth day of October, eighteen hundred and eighty six.

PRESENT:

The Honorable Mr. Justice Bélanger.
No. 292.

Dame Delima Delphine Delia Porget, residing at Ste. Thérèse de Blainville, in this District, wife, separated as to property, of Jérémie Doré, heretofore hotel Keeper, of Ste. Scholastique, now absent from the Province of Quebec, and residing in the United States of America, the said Dame Délima Delphine Délia Forget duly authorised in Justice to the effect hereof, *Plaintiff.*

vs.

The said Jeremie Doré, *Defendant.*

vs.

Charles Poirier, hotel Keeper, of Ste. Scholastique, in this District, and Felix Doré, Farmer, of Clarence, in the County of Russell, in the Province of Ontario, and now in the Parish of St. Augustin, in this District, *Garnishees.*

The Defendant is ordered to appear within two months.

(By the Court.)
ALPHONSE RABY,
10-2. Deputy P. S. C.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Province of Quebec, }
District of Terrebonne. }

Ste. Scholastique, the twentieth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and eighty six.

PRESENT.

The Honorable Mr. Justice Bélanger.
No. 294.

Jules Adolphe Napoleon Macay, of the Parish of St. Andrews, said District, Advocate, *Plaintiff,*

vs.

Christine Richer dit Louveteau as well in her own name as having been in community of property with her husband, the late Francis Desjardins, and as tutrix to her minor child; Jules Desjardins, Ferdinand Desjardins, Farmer; Alfred Desjardins, Trader; Autime Desjardins, Trader; Clara Desjardins, wife of Thos. Curran, Farmer, and the said Curran to authorise his wife "*à ester en justice,*" all of the Parish of St. Andrews, said District, and Louis Joly, Trader, of the Town of Lachute, said District, and George Desjardins, Shoemaker, of the City and District of Montreal,
Defendants.

The Defendants, Alfred Desjardins and Antime Desjardins are ordered to appear within two months. (By the Court.)

ALPHONSE RABY,
Deputy P. S. C.
J. A. N. MACKAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

General Advertisements.

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

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. 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.

Business Card.

GEO. SANGSTER, V. S.

Wishes to inform the public that he resides permanently in the Village of St. Andrews, and that on Tuesday's he will be at Rodrigue's Hotel, Lachute, and on Fridays at The Grenville House, Grenville.

Office 3 doors South of the Post Office, St. Andrews. 7-1yr.

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

W. A. WEIR,
(*Of the firm of Quinn & Weir,*)
COUNSELLOR AT LAW, ATTORNEY, COMMISSIONER &c.
131 St. James Street, Montreal.
Attention given to all Civil and Criminal matters. 4-1y

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.

UNDERTAKING.

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

R. G. MEIKLE. G. J. WALKER.

BANKING HOUSE
OF
Meikle & Walker,
(*Opposite Post Office, Lachute.*)

—Money received on Deposit.—
—Money lent on good Joint Notes—
—Collections promptly attended to—
(*Office hours from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M.*)
Lachute, Oct. 15th, 1886. 7-1yr.

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.

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

BANK VILLE MARIE,
LACHUTE.
Collections receive immediate attention
—AND—
are promptly remitted at Lowest Rates.
Truly yours,
GEO. DASTOUS,
Manager.

General Advertisements

CONSUMPTION CURED

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block Rochester, N. Y.

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

Tenders for a License to cut Timber on Dominion Lands in the Province of British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and marked "Tender for a Timber Berth," will be received at this office up to noon on Wednesday, the 1st day of December next, for three Timber Berths of fifty square miles each, situate on the west side of the Columbia River, near Golden City Station on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the Province of British Columbia.

Sketches showing the position, approximately, of these berths, together with the conditions upon which they will be licensed, and the forms of tender therefor, may be obtained at this Department or at the Crown timber office at Winnipeg, Calgary, N. W. T., and New Westminster, British Columbia.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy of the
Minister of the Interior
Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, 9th September, 1886.

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A Detective's Story.

The Moreton bank was a joint-stock affair in the north, with several branches. Each branch was under a separate manager, with high pay, good social position, and liberty to do very much as he liked, for the central board of directors had great confidence in their men, and everything worked very smoothly and successfully. All the managers were men who had been from boys in the bank's employ, and were very well paid and thought much of by the surrounding gentry.

Well, business was slack, and I was sitting in my little office one October day, when my head (and only) clerk showed in a visitor. This was Mr. Sherris, a solicitor of good standing in the city, much in favor with commercial men. I had had two or three things before from him.

He was a man of few words, and liked men of the same sort.

"Stanning," said he, "there's a thing in your line one of my country clients has consulted me about. You, I know, can keep your tongue between your teeth, or you'd never have had anything from me. Well, keep it closer than ever, for no one knows about this affair but my client, you, me, and—the thief. The Moreton bank is being robbed. How, nobody knows. That's for you to find out. Here's your note of introduction to Mr. Dale, the manager. Go as soon as you can. Do credit to my introduction. Good morning."

Well, I was rather glad of the job, so by 6 o'clock that evening I was in the town of Moreton, a big, but dull place, though I should say there's a good deal of cash and property about.

I saw Mr. Dale as soon as I could. He was a keen sort of a man, with bright eyes, quick voice, and iron-gray mustache and beard; over 50. Wife pretty and very nice-mannered; no children. They made me welcome, asked me to take refreshments, and so on. Mr. Dale had evidently, like a sensible man, told no one of my errand, for, on reading the note from Mr. Sherris, he merely said:

"So you want to be recommended some good house property, Mr. Stanning, for investment?"

I said yes, of course. He was a wise man. Even your wife will talk to her maid, and in our line perfect secrecy as to what our business is is the first thing to be got, if we mean to make a hit.

Well, by-and-by Mrs Dale wished us good night. She was, as I say, a very pretty woman, younger than her husband by fifteen years, I should think, and they seemed very fond of each other; but she wasn't, I should imagine, trusted by him with many weighty matters, being rather childish. Yet he wanted someone to help him as I saw when the door closed behind her, and he turned to me with his face full of worry and perplexity.

Briefly sketched, this was what he told me: Robberies of bank notes had occurred for some time. None could be traced. Every care had been taken, every precaution adhered to. He himself counted and locked up all his cash. Yet, and at different hours, the notes, with irregular intervals between, disappeared. He had, being well-to-do, replaced them for his monthly statements to the directors, and, being a proud man and most sensitive to the slightest breath tarnishing his or the bank's credit, he had not mentioned to any one—not even his wife, nephews, or head cashier,—these robberies. There was such a system of personal supervision and control on his part in the Moreton branch that by a little extra work, appearing nothing unusual, he was able to keep these facts from the knowledge of any one in the bank—except the thief or thieves.

As for the staff, there were his two nephews and five other clerks and an old head cashier, Mr. Mitley. His two nephews were cousins, sons of his brother and sister respectively, named Adolphus Dale and Hugh Lenton. The clerks were all respectable and quiet, especially one Mason, who was considered a most excellent young man.

I immediately resolved in my mind to keep a special eye on this young man in consequence of his admirable reputation. As for the notes, they were taken one at a time, and never a larger one than a £25 one—mostly smaller ones.

I listened to all Mr. Dale's statements and theories; not that I had much faith in either but sometimes one may pick up a grain of sense from amateurs—besides, as they pay the piper, they may, to a certain extent, be allowed to think they call the tune. But when he'd done talking I felt this was a very difficult business. However, he made me stay at his house, always as the gentleman wanting some houses; and I slept like a top till roused by instinct by somebody creeping past my door. Out I crept, too, and there was Mr. Dale (about 4 A. M.) in a blanket, fancying he heard a noise down-stairs. Down we went, but found nothing. Of course not.

"Now, look here, sir," I whispered, "if I'm to manage this, let me do it, but please don't put your oar in."

"I can't sleep," he said. "I get up at all hours; and then in the morning hours I'm in so heavy a sleep that I'm always late."

I went back to bed somewhat disgusted, for it was a sharp October night, and I was tired out with my long journey. But his words put an idea into my head, and I remembered something I once read about. However, for the present I will put this aside.

The next day he took me after breakfast into the glass-paneled room where he sat, and through a little peep-hole I scraped in the ground glass I reconnoitered the bank staff. There they were all scratching away with industrious pens, and shoveling out money to the customers, of whom, being market day, there were many.

Now, I don't know why, but I didn't seem inclined to notice anyone in particular but Mr. Lenton (Mr. Dale's sister's son) and Mr. Mason, the clerk who bore so admirable a character. They sat side by side in the bank, and were evidently on very friendly terms.

Lenton was a handsome young fellow, with what you call a "dashing" look about him; the clerk was just the contrary, being very quiet and demure—a thoughtful young chap, too thoughtful, I fancied, if he had only the ordinary bank business on his mind.

As I sat looking out the old cashier, Mr. Mitley, came in looking perplexed. Seeing me, he hesitated. Mr. Dale told him I was a friend, and he might speak before me.

"Well, sir," said the old man, handing the manager a sheet of paper, "this note account is wrong. There is a £25 note less than there ought to be."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Dale, peremptorily. Then, noticing the hurt look of the old cashier, he said, carelessly: "I beg your pardon, Mitley; so there is. Oh, I remember I paid one away on my private account. Debit my account with it."

The old man withdrew, satisfied. Then Mr. Dale, with an angry look, turned to me.

"Another one missing since yesterday, Stanning, even since you've been here. They were all right, as Mitley says, last night."

I said nothing, but thought much; but I wasn't going to commit myself.

When the bank closed by the way, besides Mr. and Mrs. Dale, their three female servants, a boot-boy, and the two nephews were the persons who slept in the house, while the keys were in Mr. Dale's room, though that didn't prove much, for sometimes notes "went" in the daytime) I took a stroll, ostensibly to look at houses for sale, really to follow Messrs. Lenton and Mason, who went off for a walk together. I followed them along a dreary country road, with about the worst flints that ever cut their London boots, till they came some two miles out of the town to a public-house, the Blue Lion. It was an ordinary place enough, and the landlord a stupid sort of fellow, but he had some good beer, which is a favorite "vanity" of mine. So I lit my briar-root, drank my beer, and studied the prospect while trying to hear what I could of Lenton and Mason's conversation, who were quietly drinking a glass of ale each, in a very harmless way, in the window. Of course neither of them had caught sight of me in the bank, and as for strangers, they were always plentiful in Moreton.

Detectives are said, by people who write about them, to fit facts to their own theories. Perhaps they do, sometimes. Anyhow, I did on this occasion, when I found the object of my two gentlemen's visit to the Blue Lion was to see a well-known sporting paper, which, with so strict a view as was taken in Moreton of banking people, they couldn't have gone to a town public-house to see or bought or borrowed without the chance of a row, for Moreton is a place, big as it is, where everybody knows everybody else.

The two pored over this paper as if they had something "big" on the next big race, and I began to think I could guess where the notes went. Not that I indorse the humbug talked about betting whenever a young fellow comes to grief. There are as many things as likely to be the causes of it, but in this particular instance I thought it more than probable I had got something like a clue to the puzzle.

After a time the young man retired, having had a long and subdued coversation, and I was left to digest what I had heard—not much, certainly but something.

I said nothing to Mr. Dale, staid on in my capacity as investor who couldn't find any investments to suit him, and kept my eyes open. Several days passed and no more notes were missed. Mr. Dale got rather more tranquillized, and Mrs. Dale ventured to play her piano to him in the evening, which for sometime he had been too irritable to listen to, much to her surprise, as neither she nor anyone else had been told of the missing notes, and he was generally good-tempered with her, though short-tempered with most people. But one day a discovery was made, not through me, though for my credit's sake I had spoken my suspicions of the party concerned to Mr. Dale—namely, young Mason. I told him I fancied he was in some way connected with sporting matters, and got for my pains an incredulous laugh and a hasty remark about a detective's acuteness. This nettled me, so I just told him about the scene in the Blue Lion.

He was enraged, then, I could see, both with me and the two young fellows; but just as he was going to say something about it in came old Mitley, as usual, with a bundle of notes that day cashed or paid in. Mr. Dale ran his eye carelessly over them—paused, stared, consulted his pocketbook, and then said, with an affectation of indifference:

"Where did this five-pound note come from, Mitley? It's very greasy."

"Mr. Mason asked me to change it, sir."

"Mr. Mason! Very good, you can go."

The door closed and the manager turned to me, his face a mixture of regret and anger. "I owe you an apology, Sanning, for laughing at you about Mason. I am most grieved, but this is one of the stolen notes. Still, that doesn't prove his guilt, and his changing it here looks like innocence."

"Or like cleverness, sir, in playing a bold game to disarm suspicion."

"Well, I'll call him in. Step into that cupboard; you can see and hear without his knowing it."

In came Mr. Mason, quiet as ever. He stood waiting for Mr. Dale to speak with an unruffled air of indifference. He was a cool hand.

The manager came to the point at once. "How did this note come into your possession, Mr. Mason?" he said, showing it. "I have a particular reason for asking."

The young chap flushed crimson, and Mr. Dale looked sternly at him. I, in the cupboard, thought: "Another point to you, Jim Stanning."

"It is a matter of my own, sir,—a private matter—nothing to do with the bank," he said, after a pause.

"It has everything to do with the bank, Mr. Mason. This is a stolen note."

Young Mason started as if shot, then looked at the manager with the finest imitation of injured innocence I ever saw.

"I know nothing of that, sir. But I would rather not explain how I got it."

"Perhaps not. But you had better, and when my nephew returns" (he was out driving Mrs. Dale in her pony carriage) "I shall ask him for an explanation of how he and you, my clerks, came to be at a pot-house studying a sporting paper." (Here the young chap looked—if you will excuse my little joke—quite chopfallen, as I've heard Hamlet say.)

"However, I've known you and your parents so long," the manager went on in a kinder tone, "that if you'll only admit you've been betting like a couple of young fools I will see what can be done, though I am very wrong in doing so, to hush the thing up."

The young man thereupon vowed and protested that he and Mr. Lenton never betted, and that as for the note, he had it paid him by Mr. Phillips, the grocer.

"Then he must know something about it. And why was it paid you?" said Mr. Dale.

Here Mason looked very red again, and stammered out that it was for a prize bull-terrier pup. Being urged by Mr. Dale to explain further, he confessed that he and young Lenton had a joint stock of bull terriers, which they bred and showed. Hence their study of the sporting paper. Mr. Dale seemed somewhat to believe this story (though even breeding bull terriers scandalized his non-sporting heart), but I didn't, and thought what a muff he must be to swallow such rubbish.

However, he gravely enjoined secrecy on Mason, dismissed him, and then went with me to see Mr. Phillips, who was a sporting grocer of very free and easy manners, and not a customer of Mr. Dale's establishment. Mr. Dale was too official, and the grocer turned rusty. So I tipped him the wink to go, and, remaining alone, got him to accompany me to his favorite house of call, where we had Irish cold together (I was supposed on this occasion to be the former owner of the note), and he became very talktive, though expressing his dislike of that "stuck up manager" in a manner not uncommon among gentlemen who want doubtful bills discounted.

He confirmed Mason's story completely. As for the note, he believed he took it of a bookmaker named Flash Dick, at Doncaster, on the previous "Leger day"—a tall, black-eyed man with splendid teeth.

I felt puzzled again. Certainly betting and the note had some connection, but not according to my theory. So home I went, told Mr. Dale what I heard, and found him evidently very doubtful of my prospects of doing him any good. He seemed thoroughly worried, said he should not speak to his nephew that night, but should take some chloral and go to bed early, and so he did. Now I had had a curious fancy or recollection of something read formerly, that occurred to me when, as I said just now, I found him prowling about the house at small hours, and that was of a man robbing himself when walking in his sleep. This might be so here, or, which was far more likely, Mr. Lenton (whom I still suspected) might, having seen his uncle take his sleeping draught, think it a fine chance to do a little wide-awake walking on his own account.

Anyhow, I resolved after the house was quiet to watch. I was piqued, I confess.

Well, I hid myself in the cupboard, which commanded a view of the safe, and wretchedly cold it was, besides a most cramped position to stand in. I got sleepy and disgusted, when a noise caught my ear, very slight, but enough. There was somebody about. I was alert—all eyes and ears in a minute. Now, at all events, I should discover something. And then a faint light gleamed through the door opening into the bank, and came round the corner to the glass room, and the figure carrying it was Mr. Dale. Yes, I could swear to his blue dressing-gown anywhere, for he would sometimes smoke in it, and—but—why was it pulled over his head?

And here, as the figure stooped before the safe, the dressing-gown was thrown back from the head, and showed a mass of flowing brown hair and a pale, beautiful face, the eyes full of terror—the face of Mrs. Dale!

I saw her from her shapely head to the bare white feet that peeped under the blue edge of the dressing-gown. Like a flash it passed through my mind. How clever it was to wear her husband's dressing-gown, knowing how he sometimes prowled about. Of course she took the nights when he slept, tired out; and of course she had his keys at her command. But who would have thought it?

She stooped, opened the safe, took out some notes, selected one, relocked the safe, and gave a long shivering look round. Meanwhile, for duty's duty, I blew her light out and snatched the notes from her hand. She gave a scream that I shall never forget, and fainted. I was sorry as I ran up to her husband's room, but if I hadn't called his own eyes as evidence he'd never have believed me. I roused him, showed him the note, told him the thief was in the back parlor, and begged him to come down. He threw his clothes on, glanced at his wife's empty place, then, with a look of such agony as touched even my tough heart, he ran down-stairs.

She was lying there, the keys clenched in her hand. He frantically kissed her, dashed water in her face, and revived her. Then the kneeling, shivering, sobbing, miserable woman told all. She had robbed the safe, and no one else knew of it. The notes were sent to her only brother—a thorough scamp, supposed to be dead, recently turned up, but idolized by his sister, and a mere gambler—in fact, the very Flash Dick Mr. Phillips knew.

I left husband and wife together. The next morning poor Mr. Dale made the fullest apology to his nephew and Mason and resigned his appointment. No one knew the secret but myself, and I didn't need his entreaties, when he gave me my handsome fee, to respect it. And he and she sailed for Australia, for his private means were good. Whether she was a good wife to him afterward I don't know; anyhow, she ought to have been.

"RED MIKE'S REST."

A Story of Halloween in Ireland.

One wild, blustering afternoon of the last day of October I made my way as best I could across a stretch of hilly moorland, vainly hoping that I might meet with some one able to direct me to my destination. Looking round, I perceived a man waving his arm to me, and as I approached him I noticed that he was a piper—a fact of which he soon informed me himself, adding that he was on the way to Mr. Connolly's farm to provide the music for the dancing that was sure to follow the regular Halloween festivities. It was well he descried me on the moor, for if I had proceeded further in the direction I had been following I would have probably found myself floundering in the huge and treacherous bog called in the neighborhood Red Mike's Rest. On the way Larry O'Hara—for so I learned was the piper's name—gave me much curious information about the customs of Hallowmas Eve in that part of Ireland, and as his account of how the great bog from which I had narrowly escaped got its name is germane to my subject, I will give it here.

"Red Mike, your honor, was the only son of Widow O'Flaherty. He was a queer one from his birth, an' no wonder, for he first saw the light atween dusk an' dark o' a Hallowmas Eve. Hereabouts the people say that if a babby be born on this night, it rins a moighty good chance o' bein' possessed by some sproite or other; it may or may not be true, oi'm sure it's beyont the likes o' me to say whether soch things are possible or not, but oi *will* say that Mike O'Flaherty was different to other men from the first. He wor always up to some game, he wor, an' nivver for good—leastways I nivver heard o'anny good he iver did. He lied and broke his troth to man an' woman, an' got into bad odor with priest an' magistrate, for nigh upon twelve years arter he came to manhood until the judgment o' God came upon him. One Hallow Eve he was at the house o' the Flannigans up by Glen Creachan. He was courtin' Mary Flannigan, though ivery one on us knew she didn't care two straws for Red Mike, but was all aglow wi' love for Larry O'Rourke, the Limerick carrier. It's the custom in these parts for the childer to run the cabbage yard afore the evenin' fun begins, and to pick out a number o' cabbage stalks, an' name them arter any seven o' the folk they have annything to do with; then, having finished wi' their choosin', they dance round the place. . . . Flannigan's childer, havin' finished their song, ran into the house an' asked all the folk to come out an' *see their sowls*. Ould Flannigan pulled *his* cabbage stalks, an' Mrs. Flannigan hers, an' young Tim Flannigan his, an' Mrs. Tim hers, an' purty Mary Flannigan hers, an' Larry O'Rourke his, until it came to Mike O'Flaherty's turn. The stalks of all the others had been quite clean an' white, but when Red Mike pulled up his, it was all black an' foul wi' worms an' slugs, an' wi' a real bad smell ahint it. Larry O'Rourke laughed, an' Mary Flannigan giggled, an' the others all looked moighty consarned. Mike glared about him for a moment, more like a mad bull or a haythin Turk nor a Christian. Then he up an' says: 'Ye may laugh, Larry O'Rourke, but ye'll no be laughin' long; ay, ye may snigger, Mary, but ye'll be cryin' for manny a day, whan yer lover's below the sod, as he will be before the year's out. As for you, ould Flannigan, you an' your son an' all that belong to ye will have cause to carse the day when ye mocked Red Mike, as ye call me. Ye forget I was born on Hollow Eve! I've the gift o' the sight, I have, and on this day my curse can blast whatever I choose.' What more Red Mike would have said I don't know, but at that moment Father O'Connor came up to where all were stan'in'. 'Curses come home to roost,' says he to O'Flaherty, in a starn voice, 'an' it's you that'll suffer, Mike O'Flaherty, an' no one here. Get ye gone at once, or I'll put the word on ye.' 'I'll go whan I choose, Father O'Connor,' says Red Mike surlily. The next moment the priest drew a crucifix from his breast, saying to O'Flaherty that even if he wor in league wi' the devil, he could nor withstand *that*. Mike gave a howl jist loike a wild baste, an' thin turned an' ran down the glen as fast as he could. Ould ThadyKing, the piper (now dead, God rest his sowl!) wor crossing this moor that night, an' who should he see but Red Mike dancin' an' shoutin' like mad, an' screamin' in mortal fear. 'Mike! Mike!' ould Thady cried; but O'Flaherty paid no attintion to him, but kept on screamin', an' sometimes shoutin' out, 'My time is up! my time is up!' Suddenly he bent forrard an' ran like the wind, took one great leap an' disappeared in the ground as if he had jumped into the sea. Nothin' more were ever seen o' Red Mike, *leastwise as a man*. An' thats why the great bog yonder is called Red 'Mike's Rest."

Two Boys Murder a Girl.

A trial which has just taken place in the Pas de Calais, Paris, discloses in a striking manner the pernicious effects of certain kinds of literature on the weak minds of the young. Two cousins of 16, sons of comfortable farmers in the department, had been in the habit of reading sensational romances. One of them, named Clement Muchembled, fell in love with a girl of 15, named Marie Ledeut, and their amours became the subject of some verses written at the carnival time by a local poetaster. These verses were rather uncomplimentary to Clement, who consulted his cousin Henry, a notary's clerk, about them. He had received his copy of them from Marie Ledeut, with whom he was accordingly furious. The two cousins armed themselves with long knives, to be like Fenimore Cooper's heroes, and called themselves by two Indian names used by that novelist. They had at first intended to hang or shoot the girl Ledeut as she passed through a forest, but resolved to dispatch her with the knives instead. They seized her one evening, and having cut her throat, gashed her body in 17 places. The young rascals had written a long account of the murder and the circumstances leading up to it, which they had entitled "A Horrible Drama." The production showed touches of naturalism worthy of Zola. The miscreants have been condemned to 15 years' penal servitude each and their parents have to pay £320 to the father of the murdered girl.

HOUSEHOLD.

Mending Tinware.

Many dollars could be saved, says a lady in the course of the year by giving attention to the little leaks that in the aggregate would make a big hole: One of these little things is the mending of tinware, which any woman can do if she knows how. Get 5 or 10 cents worth of muriatic acid and put into it all the zinc it will dissolve. You can probably get scraps of zinc from some tinner. Then get some soldering; I prefer the hard soldering. Whenever a leak makes its appearance in any of the tinware scrape any rust off that may be around it, then drop some of the acid upon it to clean it; cut a piece of the soldering and place upon the hole and hold the vessel over a burning lamp, or set on the stove so that only the place at the hole will be exposed to that heat; let it stay until the soldering melts and spreads enough to cover the hole, then remove and hold in position until the soldering cools enough to harden. If you want to mend any part that cannot be exposed to the lamp or stove, then have an iron spoon in which to melt the solder; treat the leak in the same way as to cleaning and applying the acid; have a rod of iron heated at one end and hold it on the leak until the parts around are heated, and then pour the solder on. Our grandmothers used to prevent the wearing of the bottoms of pans and buckets by putting "legs" of pewter on them, and we could make our tinware last many times as long by giving it legs of solder. All there is to do is to clean a place with acid, melt some solder in a spoon, and pour it on. I have heard tinners say that they could not patch tinware, but I have done it by taking a piece of bright tin, cutting it the shape I wanted it, placing it over a hole that was too large to solder any other way, and pouring hot solder around the edges. It will have to be well cleaned with acid and heated some.

Hints.

A carpet can be brightened and cleaned by scattering corn-meal or salt over it and giving a second sweeping. It should be thoroughly swept first, however. It will also look clean much longer if a tablespoonful of pearline be dissolved in a pail of warm water, and the carpet be wiped with a flannel cloth wrung out of this. Change the water as often as it gets much soiled. If oilcloth be occasionally rubbed with a mixture of beeswax and turpentine, it will last longer.

Clean irons are one of the marks of a good housekeeper. If your irons trouble you by dropping black specks from the top or sides when ironing, put them into a pan of warm soapsuds and give them a thorough scrubbing. Dry them quickly or they will rust.

Discolored tea and coffee pots may be cleaned by filling them with water in which two or three tablespoonfuls of wood ashes have been placed and letting it boil up, then wash thoroughly with hot soap-suds, and rinse.

One may utilize old matting which is no longer fresh enough to look well by putting it under carpets. It can be cleaned perfectly by washing it on both sides with hot salt and water; hang it on a line outdoors to dry.

The stains on linen can be easily removed, but the quick process will be very apt to destroy the fabric. A slower, but better, way is to rub the stain on both sides with yellow soap. Mix starch and cold water to a paste and rub it well into the linen on both sides of the stain. Spread the linen on the grass, if possible in the sun and wind, till the stain disappears. If not entirely removed in two or three days, rub off the paste and renew the process. Lemon juice added to the paste is good.

Notwithstanding great care, pianos and especially uprights will become smeared and lack luster. Do not attempt so use any varnishes or furniture polishes, but take lukewarm water, make soap-suds, and wash thororoughly, a small space at a time, either with sponge or soft rag, quickly rubbing dry with a larger rag. A piece of old table-cloth is the best for this purpose.

For cleaning hair brushes, I add a few drops of ammonia to a dipper of water and find this to do better than anything else.

You can turn pine whitewood shelves, tables, and the like, to a fine walnut stain by applying with a brush the following preparation: Thin-sized shellac, two quarts; dry burnt amber, one-half pound; lampblack, one-eighth pound. Shake well until mixed. This is to be followed by a coat of shellac varnish. Such a stain and finish give some very common home-made things quite a store-like appearance.

The Hindu Widow.

Of this unfortunate creature a truly deplorable picture is drawn in the current number of *The Nineteenth Century*, by one of her fellow-countrymen, Mr. Das, who, himself rising superior to the tyranny of Hindu caste, can scarcely control his feelings at the thought of what is still endured by the most wretched of its victims. The sacred books of India have long prohibited the marriage of Hindu widows; but the priests have, after their usual fashion, improved on the prohibition, and made matters far harder than the great lawgiver, Mabu himself, would have wished them to be. Early marriage is the rule among the Hindus; the boy in his teens is often married to the girl of 12. But when the young husband dies, perpetual widowhood is in store for the young wife. All happiness dies with him, and this because others, and not herself, will have it so. She is no longer burnt on the pyre, but the short agony is exchanged for a lifelong martyrdom. Directly her husband is dead the innocent adornments of her sex, the bangle on the wrist, and the red powder on the hair, which proudly marked her-out as a married woman, have to be given up. In the North-West provinces the barbers' wives even tear off the bangles and the finery with circumstances of violence and cruelty. For one month the widow has to mourn, eating but one coarse meal a day, wearing the same cotton garment day and night, and sleeping on the bare earth; and when this month is over a long series of humiliations is prepared for her. In religious or social ceremonies, at a wedding or a feast, she must stand aside, and witness the enjoyment of others, while she herself is treated as a tainted thing. Worst of all, she must fast two days of every month for the rest of her life; and this fast implies not merely abstinence from food, but deprivation of a single drop of water when the burning sun is scorching the land, and the blood is at fever-heat. Then her mother or her children will sit by and watch with anguish the torture they dare not try to relieve. Sometimes it is a poor child who has to undergo this awful ordeal; sometimes an aged woman, whose husband died long years ago in her early youth; and not unfrequently a welcome death, caused by the horrible custom, prevents in that case, at least, its repetition. In the North West the widow is made, on the day of the funeral, to stand for hours in the river near which her husband's body is burnt, and is afterwards dragged home in the wet things; and this happens whatever be the time of the year and whatever the condition of her health. That deaths often take place through such barbarous practices is not a matter for wonder, nor that they should be almost sought as a joyful release from the prospect of the lifelong ignominy that is else to follow. But to the Englishman, whose last thought as his head sinks on the pillow of death is for the happiness of her he loves, with what a shock of untold horror do these dreadful details come, and what an argument do they furnish for increase and support of missionary work.

With Satisfaction.

Polson's Nerviline, the new and certain pain cure, is used with satisfaction in every instance. There is abundant reason for this, for it performs all that is required for it. Nerviline is a never-failing cure for cramps, pains in the side or back, lumbago, sore throat, chilblains, toothache. Nerviline is in fact a sure remedy for all pains, both internal and external. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles only 25 cents, by all druggists.

How People Were Fooled.

It was predicted that February 1, 1524, would witness the swelling of the Thames to such a height that the metropolis must be submerged and all living things therein drowned. As in 1761, the prophecy met with credence, and many people fled into the surrounding country. Bolton, the prior of St. Bartholomew's, built a fortress at Harrow-on-the-Hill, which he stocked with provisions for a couple of months, and repaired thither with his brethren. Many wealthy citizens petitioned the prior to find them houseroom in his retreat, but he would only entertain his personal friends, of whom a goodly assemblage was forthcoming. When, however, the first of February arrived "the Thames, unmindful of the foolish crowd upon its banks, flowed on quietly as of yore. The tide ebbed at its usual height and then ebbed again, just as if twenty astrologers had not pledged their words to the contrary." The astrologers subsequently put it about that the stars were right and they were wrong. They had made a miscalculation by exactly 100 years. Yet it happened that when February 1, 1624 arrived, London was not destroyed by water, but the prophets had passed beyond the reach of mundane criticism. Doubtless during their after-stay on earth, and when thinking the matter over, these wise men comforted themselves with the reflection that, whether the astral bodies were right or wrong, they at least had effected a profitable time bargain.

A Leading Statesman's Idea of Local Papers.

Every year every local paper gives from 500 to 5,000 free lines for the sole benefit of the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The local editor in proportion to his means does more for his town than any other ten men, and in all fairness, man with man, he ought to be supported, not because you may happen to like him or admire his writing, but because a local paper is the best investment a community can make. It may not be brilliant or crowded with great thoughts, but financially it is more of a benefit to a community than the preacher or teacher. Understand us now, we do not mean morally nor intellectually, but financially, and yet on the moral question you will find the majority of the local papers are on the right side of the question. To-day the editors of local papers do the most work for the least money of any men on earth. Subscribe for your local paper, not as a charity, but as an investment.

Youthful Indulgence

in pernicious practices pursued in solitude, is a most startling cause of nervous and general debility, lack of self-confidence and will power, impaired memory, despondency, and other attendants of wrecked manhood. Sufferers should address, with 10 cents in stamps, for large illustrated treatise, pointing out unfailing means of perfect cure, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Little Dot—"What does duty mean Dick?" Little Dick—"Why it's to do everything you want to."

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption, send 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is said that a Weston man has a nose so red that when he opens his eyes slowly he imagines he sees the sun rising.

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dyspeptic, constipated, should address, with 01 cents in stamps for treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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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 our for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

The weather is not yet cold enough to make visitors leave your office door open.

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The girls will be pleased with a uniform marriage law if the uniform is pretty and there is a man in it.

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A. P. 305.

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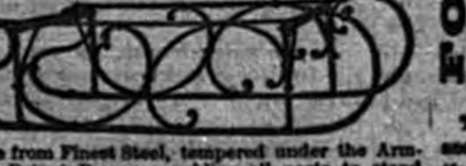

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THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

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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 insertion.

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POISON GIRLS.

How the Victims of Poison Eating Behave.

A morphine girl will look you in the eyes while under the influence of the drug and swear by the most sacred things that she has given up its use. It is quite comprehensible to say that she will wreck a train with her dearest friends on board to get the morphine when her appetite assails her. But it is difficult to understand that she will go out of her way to invent the most meaningless falsehoods, ingeniously framed, but purposeless except for deception. Something of that same trait is shown in the fasting girls. There are some symptoms that always betray a morphine girl to the practiced eye. She will not look you squarely in the face except when she is under the influence of the drug. Her lids droop, a fatal evidence of the loss of volition. She is clammy, inconsecutive and dreamy. The first break is in her logic, generally a weak spot with a woman. She draws the most absurd conclusions, and then insists that it is you who have made the deduction.

The belladonna girl always has a hectic look. Generally she is a girl with light eyes, and the desire to overcome what she considers a natural defect has led to the use of belladonna to dilate the pupils.

I saw one girl who had poured belladonna into her gray eyes till she had lost the whole "power of accommodation,' and could not tell whether an object was a foot or a mile off. I have seen another gray eyed girl who succeeded in permanently increasing the size of only one pupil.

The arsenic girl is generally a case of complexion. The girl who wishes to poison herself with arsenic buys what is known at the druggists as "Fowler's solution' (liquor pottassæ arsenitis.) Each fluid drachm of the solution contains about half a grain of arsenic and the average official dose is ten drops two or three times a day. Four regular arsenic girls will take three or four drachms a day.

I never saw but one arsenic girl, and she openly confessed to six grains a day, saying it did not hurt her. I am unable to speak with certainty of her case, but I think she could have attended any picnic and eaten the ice cream with impunity. I am told that arsenic taking is a shopgirl's vice.

The nitrate of silver girl is usually a mature siren, and takes to it when gray hairs begin to show.

The stupendous folly of bleaching the hair with chlorine, introduced here when the Lydia Thompson troupe first came, has fallen in disrepute. But hair dye is still used, and most of it is a deadly poison.

The nitrate of silver girl is, as a rule, a veteran who has passed safely through all the other fashionable poisons, and it may be doubted that even this caustic hurts her much.

The nicotine girl is the cigarette smoker, and I believe most actresses in America smoke cigarettes privately. At all events, I have known a great many of them, and I have yet to meet one who does not take her whiff and inhale the smoke.

When they read this they will all rise up, poke the package quickly out of sight, and declare with the most solemn indignation that it is a base calumny. You will find the little jokers in their dressing-rooms, in their reticules. They drop them in the coupe. They keep them always handy for visitors.

I have very little to say of this girl. If some of them would get on the police the examining physician would throw them out. I believe that tobacco affects the nervous organization and circulation of a girl much quicker than it does a man, and I am positive that it relaxes all the vocal chords and impairs her voice.

I haven't left myself any room to speak of the girl who rubs white lead into her pores, and takes hydrate of chloral at night to insure sleep, and absinthe in the morning to produce wakefulness. I haven't dwelt as I intended on the fascinating dear who eats quinine by the pound, nor the brave girl who swallows juniper berry by the gill.

It is said that the exclamation "Rats!" originated several years ago at a theatre in Chicago where a lot of raw Italian ballet girls were dancing. They were awfully afraid of mice and rats, and it was the favorite pastime of the American members of the company to frighten the Ballerinis by yelling "Rats!" at them as they stood in the wings waiting to go on, and then enjoy their shouts of horror. By and by the word came into use as a term of derision for a false alarm and the street got hold of it.

THE WATCHMAN,
And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. X LACHUTE, QUE., FRIDAY, NOV. 19, 1886. NO. 12

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

An extensive fire is reported to have occurred at Battleford.

The last stone of the new C. P. R. bridge at Lachine has been laid.

Upwards of half a million bushels of grain were handled at Kingston in one week lately.

Financial arrangements have been made for securing a complete water supply for the city of Winnipeg.

The other morning six workmen were more or less injured by the collapse of a wall at the Granite Curling rink, Toronto.

The London Police Commissioners have ordered the city police force to assist in carrying out the provisions of the Crooks Act.

Returns of the Manitoba census are being received daily at Ottawa, but the result will not be ready for publication for two months.

It is said that the Government engineer will report against the proposed improvements to navigation in the Assiniboine river.

The barque Carrie Delap, from Yokohama, with 22,766 packages of tea for Canadian and United States points, has arrived at Port Moody.

The rear extension of the Hamilton lunatic asylum has been destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of $50,000. None of the inmates were injured.

The New Westminster, B. C., branch of the Canadian Pacific railway has been opened, the first through express from Montreal arriving sharp on time.

Twenty-two business buildings in the town of Dalhousie, N. B., has been consumed by fire. Loss estimated at $80,000, with only $6,500 insurance.

Mr. James A. Miller, registrar-general for Manitoba under the Torrens system, died at his residence in Winnipeg from the effects of injuries received in a fall.

Eight hundred and eighty-three immigrants arrived in Winnipeg in October. The total immigration into the North-West during this season is estimated at ten thousand.

The Canadian Pacific authorities have made a shipment of choice cattle to Liverpool from Winnipeg as an experiment towards opening up trade in that direction.

At the inquest held in Toronto on the body of the illegitimate child of Alice Holly, the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the mother, who is now in the hospital.

Fire destroyed upwards of thirty buildings in the village of Southampton, causing a loss of $50,000, and rendering thirty families homeless. The insurance is only about $12,000.

Stuart, the Wichita, Kansas, embezzler, will be tried at the assizes now sitting in Winnipeg for bringing stolen money into Canada, embezzlement being a non-extraditable offence.

Five thousand railway labourers from the Rockies are expected to pass through Winnipeg within the next few days, work on the mountain sections of the C. P. R. having been finished for this season.

Lone Man, an Indian suspected of being deeply implicated in the Frog Lake massacre, has been captured at Edmonton, N. W. T., by the Mounted Police, and is detained as a prisoner pending instructions from Ottawa.

Mr. Thomas Mowat, fisheries inspector in British Columbia, has returned to New Westminster after a six week's exploring cruise of the Pacific coast fisheries, and reports having found cod, halibut and rockfish in those waters in great abundance.

Two murderers suffered the death penalty the other day in British Columbia, Albert Mallot being hanged at Kamloops for the murder of Andrew Johnston in August, 1885, and Ah Swett, a Chinaman, at New Westminster for the murder of a fellow-Chinaman in August, 1883.

From a letter received in Montreal from Mr. Adam Darling, dated from Kansas City, it is believed he is in Colorado. He suggests the appointment of a liquidator to wind up his estate for the benefit of his creditors, but action in that direction has already been taken.

A crowd of rowdies the other night made a disgraceful attack on a building in the city of Quebec in which the Salvation Army was holding a meeting. Several windows were smashed, but no one was injured. The disturbances were renewed at a later meeting, the mob being charged and dispersed by the police.

General Middleton in his annual report will, it is stated, recommend that the Gatling guns now held by "A" and "B" batteries be transferred to two of the Infantry Schools, and that the additional Gatlings be purchased to supply one to each Infantry School.

Railway construction is going ahead rapidly in Manitoba. The Manitoba and South-Western branch of the C. P. R. was opened the other day at Deloraine, and track-laying was begun on the Hudson's Bay railway. Rails are being laid on the Manitoba and North-Western at the rate of a mile a day.

The North-West Council has completed the redistribution of seats in the Territories, Assiniboia being allotted thirteen members, Saskatchewan four, and Alberta eight. The Dominion Government will be petitioned immediately to recognize the territory as a province and admit it into Confederation.

AMERICAN.

Two women have been arrested for highway robbery in Oneida County, N. Y.

It took just 60 cases of champagne to enable the New York aldermen to polish off the statue.

It is reported that Mr. James Russell Lowell will soon be married to the widow of the late Lord Lyttleton.

Mr. James Russell Lowell's friends "indignantly deny" the cabled announcement of his engagement to the Dowager Lady Lyttleton.

Bartholdi's cup of greatness needed just one more drop to be full. It has come at last. A postoffice in Dakota has been named in honor of the great sculptor.

FOREIGN.

It is stated twelve men-of-war have left Sebastopol for Varna.

A death from what was undoubtedly Asiatic cholera has occurred in Vienna.

The Hungarian budget shows a deficit of 22,000,000 gulden (about $11,000,000).

It is reported that feverish war preparations are being made in Southern Russia.

It is stated in Cairo that France has failed to secure any allies in her Egyptian policy.

The London Socialists have definitely decided to hold a procession on Lord Mayor's day.

The illness of King Otho of Bavaria has reached a crisis, and his death is hourly expected.

The space to be devoted to the Glasgow Exhibition of 1887 will comprise an area of 39 acres.

No confirmation has been received of the attack of a force of Chinese upon a body of Tonquinese at Phumbo.

Three patients who were dismissed as cured from M. Pasteur's Institute, have since died of hydrophobia.

The Indian Government has received confirmation of the rising of the Ghilzai tribe against the Ameer of Afghanistan.

A commissioner of police and twenty policemen were suprised the other night by a band of Burmese rebels and murdered.

The St. Petersburg *Novoe Vermya* says enough words have been wasted on the Bulgarian question and Russia must now act.

A deputation of Servians has arrived at St. Petersburg for the purpose of proposing the overthrow of King Milan in the interest of Russia.

Twenty-seven persons, implicated in the recent Madrid riots, have been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment with hard labour.

So well laid are the schemes of the Austrian Anarchists that so far the police of Vienna have failed to penetrate to the centre of the plotters.

A band of brigands which is ravaging Salomia recently entered a Turkish village, murdered seven women and pillaged and set fire to the houses.

Dismissals of workmen and reductions of wages are taking place in Berlin, and the prospect of labourers during the coming winter is very gloomy.

The report of the German Inspector of Factories shows that there is much overwork, a bad arrangement of hours and a hideous sanitary condition.

An address to Prince Alexander deploring that the Sobranje is forbidden to re-elect him to the Bulgarian throne is being largely signed by members of the Sobranje.

Mr. Gladstone will confine his share in politics strictly to the Irish question, and the real leaders of the Liberal party will be Mr. John Morley and Sir William Harcourt.

Nine victims of the Rio railway horror have been positively identified so far, and four others are expected to be added to the list, making the total of known deaths thirteen.

The London *Standard* says the Czar has asked Prince Waldemar to become a candidate for the Bulgarian throne, but it is rumoured the King of Greece has advised his brother not to accept so dangerous an honour.

Mr. John Bright has written a letter on the foreign affairs of England, in which he ridicules English fears and jealousy of Russia. He believes that country would readily respond to offers of friendship from England.

The Royal Family.

The royal family is not of English race. They are descended, it is true, through Sophia Electress of Hanover, from Elizabeth, the daughter of James I., who in turn was the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the great grandson of Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII.; but from the year 1613, when Elizabeth was married to Frederic, the elector of Palatine, she became, and her descendants have since remained, Germain in race, in language, and in all their ties of blood. In truth, the last drop of English blood in the veins of the royal family was that which they derived from Margaret, who married James, king of Scotland, in 1501, and who was herself thoroughly English. As a matter of fact, however, it is not by virtue of descent at all that the sovereigns of the house of Brunswick have held the crown of England, but by virtue of a parliamentary title derived from the act of settlement, and the first sovereign of that house, George I., neither knew nor never could learn how to speak the English language. The royal family, therefore, have no more of English race in them than this, that they are descended from an English princess who lived four hundred years ago through a Scotch princess who lived three hundred years ago. For three hundred years all the living blood relations have been foreigners; and since they came over to England to assume the throne, every one of their alliances (with the sole exception of that issueless one with Lord Lorne) has been made with a foreigner, and usually with a German. Two of the queen's sons and four of her daughters have been married to Germans, while one is marrried to a Dane and one to a Russian, the sister of that emperor of Russia on whose action in the east the British people look with so much suspicion. The royal family are, therefore, naturally this day German in character. They speak German among themselves. They even are sometimes driven (as in the case of the queen's book) to explain their imperfect and unfamiliar English phrases by more perfect and familiar German phrases; and, so far as family belongings can go, their personal sympathies must lie rather outside than inside of these islands. We do not for a moment intend to convey, nor do we at all entertain the idea, that these personal ties have ever led them to subordinate the interests of Britain to those of any foreign country whatever, or that ties could ever induce them to forget to prize the less preeminent honor that belongs to a British sovereign; but the fact exists that they and all their blood relations are foreigners by race, and, though this is tacitly overlooked, there have been times when it has been remembered to the serious injury of the country and the grave danger of the royal family itself.

Tunnelling Under the Danish Sound.

A scheme is being promoted by some French capitalists for the construction of a railway through a tunnel to be carried under the Sound from Denmark to Sweden. It is to start from the Ameger suburb of Copenhagen to the Island of Salthorm, a distance of about five miles, where air shafts will be established, and hence to Limhamn in Sweden, a distance of about three miles. The depth of water in these passages do not exceed fifty feet, so that the tunnel would not be at any great depth. It is expected that the works will be completed in less than three years. A Government guarantee of 5 per cent. is sought on the capital to be raised, the amount of which is not yet fixed, and it is possible that the whole sum may be provided by some large houses without coming on the market. The Swedish ports on the Sound are shallow, and difficulties occur in the shipment of goods, but as railway communication now exists between Copenhagen and the Continent of Europe, this submarine railway would bring Sweden into direct communication with the Continent, and a large goods traffic, as well as conveyance of passengers, is expected.

Not Right Away.

"I saw you talking to Blank on the corner over there."

"Yes."

"Buzzing you to vote for him?"

"Yes."

"But you can't do it."

"No."

"And you told him so?"

"Well, not right away."

"What were you waiting for?"

"Why, I didn't tell him so until I had asked for the loan of $5, and he said he didn't have it."

FARM.

FEEDING ONE PIG.

Although two or three pigs may not be profitable, yet where a family has managed to raise a pig, it always returns a profit. The waste and refuse that would contribute but little to the feeding of a large number will assist considerably in keeping only one pig, while the labor of gathering grass and other green food is not very great. A cow and a pig are considered companions on some farms, as better results are obtained from the two than from either. The pig is a kind of bank, in which to store up stray bits and useless material, which returns at the close of the year as pork. A few dimes every week expended for food is not severely felt, and the pig is made to retain and accumulate the small sums until they finally rest in the pork barrel; while, if no pig had been kept, we would be no richer, and have no pork.

WALKS AND TALKS.

Oh, yes; low prices are discouraging, but unless we are going to stop farming we must keep on with the work. We are paying a good many million dollars every year for fertilizering our upland. Let us spend a few thousand dollars in draining our rich low land. Every ton of produce we get from the low land, if consumed on the farm, will enrich the upland, and if sold it will pay our phosphate bill, and, perhaps, leave a comfortable margin.

Times are discouraging, but nothing strengthens a man's hope and faith like work. Spring will soon be here. What can we do now that will forward work in the spring? In this section we have long autumns and short summers, with hardly any spring at all. Some years the grouud is covered with snow nearly all winter, and the soil is not frozen more than a few inches deep. Under-drains on my farm run from December until May or June. During severe winters with little snow we may assume that comparatively little water filters through the soil. The great difference of opinion which exists in regard to the advantages and disadvantages of fall plowing may be due, among other things, to the above facts.

There is no money in trying to fatten old cows or sheep, or in attempting to winter them unless they are specially valuable for breeding.

Clover, besides having a high feeding value of its own, gives value to the common foods of the farm by being fed with them. Even hogs and poultry will eat a good share of it with the rest of the stock.

To train a colt successfully, so that he will be honest and true to his master and his work, is high art, and the man who is not a skilful artist in his line is out of place in trying to train a colt to harness.

Cows need more heat-producing food in winter than in summer, even to live. The fat-forming and heat-producing elements should be made to bear a certain relationship to each other, according to the season of the year.

If persons having bay windows only knew how much better plants grow in them when they can be shut off from the living-room by glazed doors, I am sure they would soon have it arranged so that the plants can be kept in an atmosphere of their own.

Every man who owns a real good sound horse knows how easy it is to sell him. It is the same with gilt-edged butter and cheese. Dealers are always hungry for either. It is the plugs in the horse market and the third grade butter and cheese that are unsalable.

It will take at least five pounds of corn fed to a pig in a pen to make one pound of pork. When allowed to have all the grass it will eat, one pound of corn fed to a pig will make it thrive, and two pounds a day will cause it to fatten. The grass system is the cheapest, and it makes the best meat.

The *Sheep Breeder and Wool Grower* says:—"Letters from sheep breeders and wool growers in every quarter indicate an almost remarkable revival of interest in an industry whose utter extinction was predicted by gloomy prophets a few years ago. The tide has turned, and those who have had persistency to hold on have been borne on to a fortune, not great perhaps, but one that was little anticipated a few months ago."

Man, with arrogance born of ignorance, adds to the hoof that has been made as light as possible, consistent with strength and durability, a pound or so of iron to each foot for the horse to lift up each time he lifts his feet. The amount of strength and vitality used in lifting and carrying this dead weight of four pounds through a journey of 100 miles is certainly worth considering. In other ways man manifest that he thinks he knows more how a horse's foot should be than does the Designer and Maker of that foot.

We take from an English exchange some sound and sensible remarks on the subject of selecting seeds. It says: "What are pedigree seeds but selected seeds! And is not selection the secret of improvement in plants as in animals? We are careful to procure good sires to our animals, expecting, with reason that as "like produces like" we may look for fair return for our expenditure. Just so with seed, whatever it be, whether of corn, roots, or grasses. Unless we use a really good article—always cheapest in the end—we cannot expect a satisfactory result."

A Literary Man's Pluck.

Speaking of Hawthorne, he has the reputation of being a man of considerable personal bravery, and there was a story told in the papers several years ago about a sensation which he once created in Dresden, in which he effectually sat down upon a German officer who tried to bully him. He had been driven from the sidewalk many and many a time by the German officers, till finally one day, coming over the Elbe on one of the bridges with a friend, he vowed that the next German officer he met should at least give him half of the sidewalk. He soon met one, and, neither being willing to give way, they walked straight into one another. Neither would give way. At last the officer whipped out his sword, but before he had time to use it Hawthorne knocked him down, snatched his sword out of his hand, broke it in two and threw it into the river. The officer was so disgraced by losing his sword that he never mentioned it, which saved the American from a heavy fine and imprisonment.

A Friendly Warning.

Lieutenant—"I would like very much to have a leave of absence for three days."

Colonel—"Going on a picnic?"

"Yes, Colonel, we are going to have a little fishing party out in the woods."

"Going to be ladies in the party?"

"Yes, Colonel, quite a number of young ladies will be in the party."

"You can go, and I hope you will enjoy yourself, but for Heaven's sake, young man, be careful. It was on just such an innocent picnic that I came to be gobbled up by the old lady in there."

When an old maid gets married the groom should ring the chestnut bell. There's no joke in marrying an old maid.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Mr. Watkins of Ironton, Me., failed to return home for three days, and so Mrs. Watkins hunted for him. She found him hungry, but hopeful, at the bottom of a deserted mining shaft.

During a recent tornado in Indiana a board was picked up by the wind, slapped up against the side of a house, and held right across a window until removed by occupants of the house.

People who contemplate playing at Monte Calro during the approaching season will be interested to hear that the Paris Mint is at present striking a new supply of gold coins for the Prince of Monaco, who has ordered $400,000 worth in pieces of $20 each.

The Salvation Army in Portland, Ore. held service in the jail there on a recent Sunday, the leader told such a startling story of his wickedness before he joined the Army, that, after the performance was over, one of the convicts said: "The lamp can now be extinguished; the vilest sinner has returned."

The story is told of a woman in Monmouth, Ill., who went bathing in a brook near the town and, seeing a horse in a pasture alongside, caught him and mounted. Then to her horror, the steed started on a run for town, and the inhabitants were shocked when they saw the modern Godiva, riding without even extra long hair to cover her.

Lee Miller, a twelve-year-old Indianapolis newsboy, was waylaid three times after dark by a big negro, who robbed him of the little money he had. Then Lee bought a dollar revolver, and when the darkey attempted the fourth robbery, shot him. The rascal howled for help, but was able to run down the street and has not molested the plucky little fellow since.

A Lewiston, Me., man has fixed in his window a wire bird trap shaped like a half cylinder and delicately hung on its centre. When a bird alights on the trap its own weight swings it downward and he is whirled inside of the window into another cage there. Liberally scattered crumbs call sparrows to the trap, and the Lewiston man says that they are as good eating as reed birds.

A lager beer brewer of Louisville, Ky., has a Strasburg clock of more than ordinary excellence. The clock is like ordinary clocks, until just before the hour, when a little man jumps up from behind, with a lager beer glass in his hand. This he elevates to his head, and then says, in a wonderfully distinct voice and human way, "Lager beer," as many times as the clock would strike to designate the hour.

A farmer of Delaware county, Pa., much troubled by crows, soaked a peck of corn in whiskey and scattered it near a fence much frequented by the birds. They ate of it and got decidedly drunk, and the farmer was so amused by the exhibition that he forbore to shoot them, and after a time they flew unsteadily away. The result was good. The crows never came back. The heads they had the next morning must have been all that they desired.

The arrangement of probably a unique collection has just been concluded at the Bibliotheque de l'Arsenal, at Paris. It is a collection of nearly all the French theatrical pieces, since the first theatrical representations in France, which have been printed. About 18,000 pieces have been classified in this collection. If to these be added the number previously classified elsewhere, it would seem that the number of French dramatic works regularly catalogued amounts to about 35,000.

M. Gounod's kindness of heart is proverbial. Not long since, during his recent stay in Normandy, a little friend on a summer's night incited the composer to make him a kite. M. Gounod set to work and made a monster. Midnight saw the task completed. Just as the new day was creeping in, the maestro took up his pen, and as a finishing touch, inscribed on the face of the toy a brief sonata. Rumour describes it as one of the most exquisite gems that he has ever written.

A colored man in Talbot county, Ga., digging a grave alongside of another that had a sort of a little shed covering it, was scared out of his wits when he saw four large eyes glaring at him from under the covering. He dropped his spade, and with an unearthly yell, leaped from the grave yelling: "Fore de Lord! dem people dun come from dar graves, and is watchin' ob me under dar. Oh, Lawdy I'se gwine to die, too!" An investigation revealed two very large owls under the grave cover.

Gen. Boulanger has decided that if reviews and other military spectacles on Sunday are an occasion for outdoor recreation for the civilian, they are a cause of worse than useless fatigue to the soldier, who greatly needs to rest one day in the seven. He has therefore decreed that Sunday is to be devoted to repose in the army, and that all military service that is not absolutely necessary is on that day to be suppressed. Well-conducted soldiers are, when not engaged in indispensable Sunday duty, to obtain, if they ask it, permission to spend the seventh day out of barracks.

The demand for Italian flowers is increasing year by year, and season after season the inhabitants of the Rivers are planting more flowers where formerly they grew olives and grapes. This is particularly the case in the neighborhood of Nice, Cannes, Grasse and Mentone. From the beginning of November till the end of may, 1885, 70,000 boxes of fresh flowers were sent away from the Nice railway station, the value of the flowers being $71,000. One of the countries which have taken a hint from Italy is Germany, which is at present diligently endeavoring to cultivate for the manufacture of scents, large quantities of roses, violets, lavander, and rosemary.

A Georgian who forty years and four months ago bought a clock that has been steadily running since, figures out that it has been running fourteen thousand seven hundred and twenty days, three-hundred and fifty-three thousand two hundred and eighty hours, twenty-one million one hundred and ninety-six thousand eight hundred minutes, one billion two hundred and seventy-one million eight hundred and eighty thousand seconds. In winding up the clock his hand has travelled fifty-six miles. The clock has struck two million two hundred and ninety-six thousand three hundred and twenty times, and ticked one billion two hundred and seventy-one million eight hundred and eighty thousand times.

Cheap Transportation.

He had been lying in the alley near the back gate for about an hour when the gentleman who lives there came out and, stirring up the sleeper with the toe of his boot, said—

"Now you want to walk right away from here."

"Whazzer shense my walkin'? If I shoost have patience plseceman carry me off in a furnisher waggon."

The gentleman laughed and said, "I see you don't want to furnish your own wagon," and he went in and left him alone in his glory.

HOUSEHOLD.

WEIGHING AND MEASURING.

Scales that are convenient for weighing household articles are now more easily obtained than formerly, but there are yet many housekeepers who have nothing better than the old-fashioned steel-yards. However correct these may be, they are also extremely unhandy for weighing a pound or an ounce of something which is to be added to the preserves or cake, and many a good recipe is laid aside without a trial because the ingredients are to be weighed instead of measured.

No house ought to be without one of the handy little scales on which a plate can be set and the weight of the contents ascertained at once. They should be considered one of the "must haves," and will pay for themselves in a reasonable time after they are bought; you will find out how many pounds of this or that you are getting for your money, and in selling a pound or two of anything you are sure to be exact with your customer.

The scales will also prove handy for weighing milk, sausage meat, balls of carpet rags, bags of dried apple; and the weekly gain of the baby, if there is one, may be noted by it. There are two or three different kinds of household scales between which there is no particular choice, and the price averages about two dollars.

As a help in the absence of any handy means of weighing, the following rules for measuring will be found very convenient:

One and one-third pints of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

Two and three-fourths tea cups (level) of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

One pint (heaped) of granulated sugar weighs fourteen ounces.

Two tea-cups (level) of granulated sugar weigh one pound.

One pint of coffee "A" sugar weighs twelve ounces.

Two tea-cups (well heaped) of coffee "A" weigh one pound.

One table spoon (well heaped) of granulated, coffee "A" or best brown sugar equals one ounce.

Two tablespoons of powdered sugar or flour weigh one ounce.

One tablespoon (well rounded) of soft butter weighs one ounce.

Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

One quart of sifted flour (well heaped) weighs one pound.

Two tea-cups of soft butter well packed weigh one pound.

Miss Parloa says one generous pint of liquid or one pint of finely chopped meat packed solidly weighs one pound which it would be very convenient to remember.

Ten common sized eggs weigh one pound.

Teaspoons vary in size, and the new ones hold about twice as much as an old fashioned spoon of thirty years ago. A medium sized teaspoon contains about a drachm.

Four teaspoons are equal to one tablespoon.

HINTS.

When cooking cabbage or onions put a small quantity of vinegar in a cup on the stove. This neutralizes in a great measure the disagreeable odor from the cooking vegetables.

After the dust has been thoroughly beaten out of carpets, and they are again tacked down, brighten them by strewing coarse meal and an equal quantity of salt over them, and then sweeping them briskly. Or you may pin securely a damp flannel cloth around a broom, and you will be surprised at the quantity of dust you will gather with it while sweeping and the consequent bringing out of the colors. This is very useful where there are many articles of bric-a-brac in a room, or in the room of an invalid.

A rug can be made by taking any pieces of woolen, cutting them about one-half inch wide and three inches long. These can be cut on the bias of the material, or on the straight. With a rather coarse stitch, and with strong thread, run them through the middle of the pieces, pushing them up closely. It will take about two hundred yards of thread for a good-sized rug. Have it woven by a weaver.

A bottle of turpentine should be kept in every house, for its uses are numerous. A few drops sprinkled where cockroaches congregate will exterminate them at once; also ants, red or black. Moths will flee from the odor of it. Besides, it is an excellent application for a burn or cut. It will take ink stains out of white muslin when added to soap, and will help to whiten clothes when added to them when boiling.

A liquid glue that is always ready for use can be made by filling a glass jar with bits of broken glue and putting over it acetic acid. Place the jar in water over the fire until the glue is all dissolved and the process is complete.

To keep lemons in good condition for a long time, put them into a pitcher or jar with fresh, cold water, and place in the ice-box or in a cold cellar. A cut lemon will keep good for weeks if placed, cut side down, in a cup with vinegar enough to cover half of the lemon.

To blacken a scuttle or anything of that kind take 10 cents worth of asphaltum, mix it with the same quantity of benzine and turpentine to the consistency of paint, and apply with a brush.

The Fate of Niagara.

Professor Woodward, of Washington, declares that in about 2,200 years the rock over which the falls now flow, at Niagara, will be all worn away. The area of the rock worn away at the Horseshoe Falls between the years 1842 and 1875 was 13,500 square feet, equal to 0.425 acre; between 1875 and 1886, 60,000 square feet, or 1.37 acres. The main length of the contour of the falls is 5,300 feet. The time required to recede one mile, if the rate is 2.4 feet per year, is 2,500 years. Before this catastrophe is due, doubtless provision will be made to confine the waters of Lake Erie, so that a disastrous inundation will not take place. What wonders will have taken place before the close of these 2,200 years! Anyone who has visited Niagara must have noticed that the falls have receded quite a distance from their original starting-place. In passing, it may be remarked that under the care of the state, Niagara Falls is recovering its pristine picturesqueness. The nuisances associated with it have been abollished, and it is now a noble state park.

Colored Candor.

Sam Johnsing.—"Was yer at de ball ob de Dark Risin' Sons of Liberty las' night?"

Jim Webster.—"I was dar."

"Seed me dancing wid a likely yaller gal, didn't yer?"

"O, yes, I seed yer."

"I'se gwinter marry her nex' mumf."

"Yer don't say so?"

"I say, what pleases you most about dat gal?"

"Dat I don't hab ter marry her myself."

How to Negotiate a Loan.

"By the way," exclaimed Smithers, "have you two fives for a ten?"

"I have," responded Jobson.

"Then lend me one of them."

Anarchism in Europe.

On the 10th of October an appalling plot to set fire to the city of Vienna, to blow up its public buildings, and to assassinate the Emperor Francis Joseph, was discovered by the Austrian police.

The conspirators proved to be Bohemian and German anarchists, who had made the most careful and cautious plans to carry out their barbarous design. They were told off into parties, each of which had a task assigned to it. One was to fire the city; another to blow up buildings with dynamite; a third had it in charge, by forgery and robbery, to raise the necessary funds.

Happily, there was a traitor in the camp, who warned the police of what was going forward, and seventeen of the conspirators were seized. A whole arsenal of deadly implements and missiles—daggers, bombs, fire-bottles, and disguises—were found in their lodgings.

This is only one more ebullition of a spirit of destruction which has long been steadily growing throughout Europe. Even since the assassination of the Czar Alexander of Russia, in March, 1881, the world has been startled now and again by deeds of secret and horrible violence in the various European capitals.

Prince Bismarck is said to have declared his belief that there are thirty thousand anarchists in the city of Berlin alone. Probably he meant to include in this number the socialists, who are not all bent on destructive violence. It is hard to believe that there are so many men in Berlin ready to make use of dynamite and the dagger for political ends.

In London the socialists are very numerous and are thoroughly organized; they hold frequent meetings, and, like their fellows everywhere, are never so happy as when they are attracting public attention. Some of them are probably violent spirits, ready to take even the most barbarous and murderous methods to accomplish their purposes. But the most of them are extreme political aspirants and theorists, and nothing worse.

Russia undoubtedly swarms with conspirators and anarchists, under the name of Nihilists. It is known that these men are ever on the watch for a chance to deal a death-blow at the Czar, who is strictly guarded wherever he goes, and dares neglect no precaution for safety. In Spain, too, there are extreme men, wild fanatics; the life of the late King Alfonso was more than once threatened by assassin shots.

In countries which are ruled with a despotic iron hand, it is, perhaps, no wonder that desperate men arise, with hands directed against the existing governments; or that, in nations where there is no freedom of speech or meeting, where the grievances or demands of the people are allowed no outlet, deeds of gross and criminal violence should be committed.

The despotism of the Czar provokes, though of course it does not at all justify, the murderous methods of the Nihilists; for despotism always tends to breed conspiracy.

But in countries more or less free, there is surely no provocation for secret plots and dynamite destructions. The English anarchist has not the least reason to resort to secret violence; the French conspirator has no real grievance to urge as the faintest excuse for his actions.

In Austria, too, where the most recent outburst of anarchism has taken place, there are no serious political evils which even a fanatic ought to look upon as justifying violence. Austria is now a constitutional State; the people are represented in a parliament, and really control the Government. The Emperor Francis Joseph is a wise and considerare ruler, who has the interests of his subjects deeply at heart.

It is fortunate that the Vienna conspirators were foiled; and it will be well for civilization if all such plots are in like manner discovered, and the plotters punished.

WIT OF THE WEEK.

Doctor—And so you think Florida is the garden spot of America, do you? Returned Tourist—I do. Nearly all my friends who have gone there have been planted by the friendly natives.

Freshman (reading proposition in Euclid)—To draw a straight line perpendicular to a given straight line of unlimited length from a given point without the straight line. Now how in the duce is a fellow to draw the perpendicular without a straight line to draw it to?

"I have a supreme contempt for that fellow Johnston." "Why so?" "Because he played me a contemptible trick. I took him a petition the other day and——" "And he refused to sign it, eh?" "Oh, no, but he insisted upon reading it before he put his name down."

"Speaking of eccentricities," said Propleton, "my father is an example. He has not cut his hair for the last half-dozen years." "Indeed! His hair must be very long by this time." "Oh, no. The old gentleman was bald before then."

Clergyman (to inebriate)—My dear sir, you drink schnapps as if it was water. Inebriate—Alas! you have too good an opinion of me. I'm so out of practice at drinking water, that it will be a long time before I can swig it down as if it were schnapps.

A gentleman was awakened in the night and told that his wife was dead. He turned over, drew the coverlet closer, pulled down his night-cap, and murmured, as he went to sleep again: "Oh, how grieved I shall be in the morning!"

Since it became fashionable for young ladies to wear a collar and necktie their superiority to men has been fully demonstrated. You never see a lady with her necktie over her ears. A brief trial of six months has taught women more in the necktie-wearing art than men have learned in six thousand years. A human being that can make a necktie stay in place should have the right to cast two ballots at every election.

"There's something inexplicable about the mental make-up of a woman," replied Fogg to a female acquaintance "There's that Mrs. Smith, for example. She's utterly unable to handle a horse, and yet she drives her husband around as though he were a baby." "Ah, but you forget," replied the lady; "the horse, you know, is a very intelligent animal."

A lady very much given to gadding was suddenly taken ill at home one day and sent her husband in great haste for the doctor. The obedient man ran part of the way, then returned to put this important query: "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

Mr. Overdraw (reading shopping list)—Bonnet, shoes, shoe-buttons, gloves, silk for dress, trimmings, carriage hat, etc. Don't you think you can cut it a little, my dear?" Mrs. Overdraw—Certainly, love. I know how hard it is for you to get money now. I can get along without the shoe-buttons just as well as not.

An old gentleman who used to be troubled by young men sitting up with his daughter until a late hour, settled the callers by appearing promptly at 11 o'clock and giving each of them a ticket to a 10-cent lodging-house. He never scolded or acted in an emphatic manner, because there wasn't any need of it.

"Now children," said the teacher of the infant natural history class after the peculiarities of the crab had been discussed, "is there any other member of the animal kingdom that possesses the power to move rapidly backward?" "Yes," said one of the most promising of the little scholars, "the mule kin do it."

Two natives of the Marquesas Islands have been carried to France. The story runs that, on the voyage, one of their fellow-passengers, fishing for a compliment, asked them which they liked best, the French or English. "The English," answered the man, smacking his lips, "they are the fattest." "And a great deal more tender," chimed in the woman, with a grin that exhibited two rows of pointed teeth as sharp as a crocodile's.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOV. 19, 1886

NOTICE.

As our desire is to increase the circulation of the WATCHMAN throughout the County, we make the following offer:—The paper will be sent free for one year to any one who will obtain five new subscribers, and send us the $5.00 for the subscriptions. This offer will only be open until December 1st.

MALCOLM D. CAMERON.

Last session in the House of Commons Mr. Cameron made a most violent speech against the Government accusing them of mismanagement of the Indians in the Northwest. His speech was quoted by the Opposition papers and sent forth to the people as the very essence of truth. It was delivered during the sickness of Sir John, who is Minister of Indian affairs and was not replied to by other Ministers, because they were not in possession of the facts. It was really too bad that some one did not contradict Mr. Cameron at the time, for Mr. Blake, the man who reads so much, who thoroughly masters a subject before he ventures to address the people, whose speeches generally bristle with quotations, fell into the grevious mistake that Mr. Cameron was telling the truth and repeated Mr. Cameron's extracts as his own. But now however, it is found by comparing the blue books with Mr. Cameron's quotations that the latter are garbled and convey an entirely different idea from the one set forth in the authentic document. Mr. Blake found himself in the extremely unpleasant position of being charged with either having been guilty of garbling or being compelled to confess that the speech was not his own, but had been partly prepared by some one else. Mr. Blake choose the latter course and allowed that he was not the offender, but that it was the "other boy." He also stated that he had neither the time, nor the inclination to verify the quotations he gave in his previous speech. Now this is unworthy of Mr. Blake. The man who makes a false statement believing it to be true, can be excused if he repudiates it afterwards, and if he does not do so he is guilty, in the same degree as a trader is guilty if he receives stolen goods. Mr. Blake deceived the people by using quotations which were not correct and now he declines to verify them, but leaves that to Mr. Cameron. Mr. Cameron said lately in a speech, "rely not on what I say nor on what any body else says but rely on the blue books." Very good advice indeed, especially the first six words, and the blue books tell quite a different story than the one told by Mr. Cameron. The accusation has often been brought against Mr. Blake that he does not work with the other lights of his party, that having supreme confidence in his own power, he tries to do all the work himself. Perhaps when Mr. Blake accepted the work of Mr. Cameron without verifying it he was endeavoring to clear himself of that charge, but he will not likely try the experiment again and will probably reject the aid so freely offered him. By the report published by the Department of Indian affairs it will be seen that the Indians were well treated, that in a great many cases they were receiving more than the government required to give them by treaty, that the charges of immorality among the agents were without foundation.

LACHUTE ACADEMY.

We believe it is the intention of the Principal to hold a written examination at Christmas in order to find out how faithfully the work has been done by the pupils during the present term. This is an excellent idea; because it not only is a better test than an oral examination, but it gives the pupils some practice in putting down all they know about a subject in a concise and orderly manner. When pupils have not been accustomed to write on an examination paper, they invariably fail to do themselves justice. One thing is to have the knowledge of a subject, but it is an entirely different thing to be able to express that knowledge in a proper manner.

Moreover there are two ways in expressing knowledge, one is *vice voce* the other is by writing. A person may be able to express himself quite freely orally, who finds himself at a loss when he endeavors to put his thoughts in writing. Consequently there are three faculties which requires cultivation in order to have a perfectly educated man, first he must essentially have the knowledge, secondly, he ought to be able to express himself freely on paper, and thirdly, he should be capable of telling in good plain English what he knows. The cultivation of the first and last of these faculties are accomplished in the ordinary class work. The second can be cultivated by making the pupils write compositions etc., but perhaps the best drill of all, is the practice they receive in writing on an examination paper.

Having the experience derived from writing on examination at Christmas, when the papers for the Provincial Examination are placed before them, they will know exactly what to do and how to do in the shortest time possible.

As we said before, we think this an excellent idea; but we could go further and make a suggestion to our most efficient Directors. Should we not encourage our boys and girls to work well, by some little recognition of proficiency? Some object to giving prizes in school because it only encourages those who are bright; while the dull though hard working, ploding pupil, gets no credit for his work and is discouraged.

It is evident that the argument is not without some show of reason; yet, we think that prizes given in a proper manner are most conducive to faithful study. It is not right to give but a few prizes, which can only be obtained by a small number of competetors. As a general rule prizes ought not to be given unless they are accessible to all. To give only one prize in a class of twenty-four where there are five far in advance of the others, will only promote competition between those five and will certainly discourage the others. But if a certain standard were fixed, say seventy marks out of an hundred, and all who succeeded in reaching that standard were entitled to a prize, then the whole class might strive to gain that point, and it would be quite possible for them all to get a reward. Our Directors have not encouraged the children as they ought, in fact the only encouragement in this line came from a private source.

The late John Meikle had the educational interests of our population at heart, and his name will always be connected with the benefactors of Lachute College by his bequest for the purchase of prizes. But at the present we think our Directors should spend about $15 or $20 at Christmas in this way. It would be money well spent and no doubt will bear fruit at the government examination. If, however, they fail to see it their duty to do so, we would appeal to the generosity of private individuals to take up the matter and raise the amount by subscription. In the meantime we have given notice to the Principal that as a reward for general proficiency in British History, we will offer a beautifully bound volume of "Tom Brown's School Days," to the pupil standing first, and shall recognize in a lesser degree all those who reach a fixed standard.

It is the intention of the teacher to give printed certificates—which we will furnish free, to all those who take a first-class standing in the general subjects. This will be something to be sought after, and will no doubt stimulate our boys and girls in their studies. We are glad to notice that the Board are making use of the vacant room in the building and fitting it up for a reading room and library. To encourage this we will give some of the best known papers in the Province of Quebec, which we receive in exchange, Frank Leslie's Monthly Magazine; *Grip*, and a copy of our own paper.

RAGGED PHILOSOPHY.

Adressed to an old Conservative.

You've got to

WAKE UP AND BE STIRRING

immediately. Don't you see that the Liberals have commenced already, that they are holding meetings and putting their candidates in the field in good time. I tell you what it is; a good Liberal has strong points of resemblance to a flea.—He's always wide-awake, always energetic, lively, ubequitous; now here, now there, so that you never know where to have him, when you fancy that you have got him located in the nape of your neck in Ontario, he is biting the small of your back down in Quebec; whilst you are rubbing the injured part against the nearest sharp angle, he is holding a secession carnival down among your toes in the Maritime Provinces, and if you don't look alive and catch him he'll make your life a burden, as the literal flea has done to my dog to such an extent that it even disturbs the staidness of his demeanour in the midst of family worship, and sends him whirling round in an insane endeavour to bite that portion of his spinal column where the tail joins on to it, only to stop in the midst of his gyrations and substitute an unreasoning scratching of his left ear that threatens to drive them entirely off that useful appendage. Your Liberal is not to be despised I can tell you. Why, when the voters' lists were revised last year he

ATTENDED TO HIS BUSINESS THOROUGHLY

and got every man jack put on that would vote the Liberal ticket or was likely to be induced to do so. Did you fellows do the same? You know you did not. Even I can tell you of scores of votes that you lost and, as I said before, he is getting out his candidates early. Now, it's no use talking about all the real canvissing being done within two or three weeks of the elections, or as a prominent man on your side assured me, between nomination and polling days, "the early bird catches the worm," and there is always a "floating capital" of voters around, who do not care much about it one way or the other, and will give their votes to the first man that asks for it, if he has enough gift of the gab to carry him through ten minutes fluently. All these are lost to you by your confoundedly stupid procrastination. How upon earth, do you suppose, can a man vote for your candidate, when he does not know till the last moment who that candidate will be? And do you think he's going to wait till then, and be badgered out of his life in the meantime by stump orators and canvassers just to suit your convenience? No! First come, first-served; and he promises his vote, dismisses the subject from his mind, attends to his own business, and reats in peace till polling day; and I scarcely blame him.

And there's another thing, not less important, but even more so, if you wish to save your bacon at the next elections; (and you'll have all you can do to save it;) and that is you must have no divisions amongst yourselv's. Yu're not so strong in voting power that you can afford to start two or three Conservative candidates in a constituency. Wherever you intend to do that sort of thing you may just as well shut up at once, and give the Liberals a walk over. It will save time and trouble, and expense. You had far better be like the hunter's coon and come down at once, than try to

STRADDLE HALF A DOZEN BRANCHES

at a time, by the way of keeping yourselves up. Wherever you find two patriotic gentlemen bent on serving the state at all hazards, find out which of them has the most prospects of success and unite upon him, and if that won't choke off the other, post him as they do defaulters at clubs; put him in a lunatic asylum; run away with his wife; send him on a trip to Three Rivers labelled "Conservatives Canvasser," read him the articles in the *Daily Herald* for a week, and by that time you will have him reduced to a state of idiocy evinced by a deep admiration of the "Independent Party" who controls it; or, if none of these will do, poison him off with a batch of pies [you've got plenty in the Townships, and can spare enough for the whole Dominion if it's necessary], do any thing, and everything to prevent his coming forward. Never mind if you kill him. If he's a good Conservative he will be sure to go to Heaven, and that's the best place for him if he can't stay on earth without splitting up the party. But, first of all, be sure you get the right man; and I need not do more than hint to you that conventions are not always the means of arriving at a certainty, and more than the prophecies of the *Gazette* are infallible *Verbum Sap.*"

I thought that he winked, but on examining more closely I found that he was fast asleep. Just like a Conservative! I believe that if one was going to be hung, which is an improbable supposition, I grant, and an opperation altogether unnecessary when there is such a large supply of Liberals around, he would go to sleep whilst they were adjusting the knot under his left ear.—*St. John's News.*

Presentation to the Rev. John Rollett, Grenville, P. Q.

The removal of the Rev. John Rollett, Rural Dean, from Grenville to Montreal, was the occasion of a meeting on Monday evening Nov. 8th, to present him with a purse of gold and silver.

The idea was only mooted that morning and fears were entertained that the time was too short for the work in hand, but once decided upon all else was made easy by the indomitable energy of Mr. Alex. Pridham, Mayor of Grenville, who, after heading the list with $50 in cash, had by 8 o'clock p.m., the respectable sum of $163 in hand. About 9 o'clock the parishioners and friends of Mr. Rollit, numbering nearly 100, met in the spacious residence of Mr. Pridham, who, with his amiable lady, dispensed kindly cheer and hospitality to the large assembly and did their utmost to amuse and entertain them while waiting for the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Rollit and family, who were in total ignorance of the pleasant surprise awaiting them. On their arrival Mr. Pridham read a short and feeling address expressing the regret felt by himself and those assembled, at parting with one who had resided in their midst for twelve long years, the familiar friend administering with kindly and impartial sympashy not only the comforts and consolations of religion, but entering with heart and soul and ready sympathy into any scheme on foot for the benefit or innocent amusement of his flock, which fact alone had helped to endear him to them in a greater degree than a narrow minded policy would have accomplished. He also expressed regret that the purse which he had the pleasure to present to him, in the name of those assembled was not of greater value, but, unfortunately, pockets were not always so full as hearts would wish them on these occasions and the short time allowed for collection had not permitted outlying districts to be heard from. The purse filled with gold and silver to the amount of $163 was then presented by Master Mac Pridham aged 5 years, and was received by Mr. Rollit with emotion too deep for words. After recovering himself he said that from his previous knowledge and long experience of the Grenville people, he might have known some pleasant surprise was on the tapis when he was invited to meet them that evening, but was quite unprepared for its substantial form, though such an evidence of their regard and affection was unusual, & acceptable at a time when his expenses were unavoidably heavy. His reason for leaving Grenville was not the desire of change, either of ministry or scene, but for the benefit of his family who were now of an age to require better schools and greater advantages than could be obtained in a village. He spoke of his 12 years ministry amongst them as one of pleasant retrospection, and paid a high tribute to the warm hearts he had found under rugged exteriors, and thanked them for appreciating his endeavours to serve his Master faithfully and for their ready sympathy and substantial help in all cases of emergency or trial. He should always remember and speak of Grenville with affection and gratitude. He could give no information as to his successor, but could assure them that great pains would be taken to secure "the right man in the right place", and trusted they might be as happy in their future spiritual adviser as he had found them in their temporal, his experience of Mr. Pridham proving him to be the faithful friend who spared neither time, energy nor money in any matter in hand, whether in business, pleasure, or benevolence. This brought the meeting to a close with many hand shakings and kind farewells. Many who were not of his congregation will regret that the portly, dignified figure of Mr. Rollet will no longer be one of the familiar and pleasant objects in Grenville village.

A Good Investment.

"I suffered with eruptions on my face for over two years. I determined to give Burdock Blood Bitters a fair trial. After taking four bottles, I can say it was the best investment I ever made. Jean Claney, Beausejour, Manitoba.

Pay Your Teachers' Properly.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR,—I read with pleasure your editorial in last weeks WATCHMAN on Teachers Diplomas. Now, no one will train for the highly honorable profession of teacher for the paltry remuneration of ten or fifteen dollars a month. A law should be passed fixing the minimum of teachers salaries at three hundred dollars per annum. Anything under this means that our daughters will never be fit for anything else than servant girls, and that our sons will be hewers of wood and drawers of water all their days. That is what they are now, thanks to our being too stingy and ignorant to pay our teachers more than ten dollars a month. Our miserable, shortsighted selfishness has injured our families greatly and accounts in a great measure, for their want of success in life. Their lack of education prevents them from rising in the world as they would be certain to do if they were properly educated. A very great number of the people of Argenteuil can neither read nor write and very few can do so correctly. No wonder outsiders give us such a name for stinginess, when we are mean enough to offer a teacher ten dollars a month.

AN ARGENTEUIL IGNORAMUS.

Local Sketches of Lachute.

BY F. G. IRELAND.

(Continuation of Sketch VIII.

OTHER NAMES.

In the primary laws of association the mention of one name brings others to the mind. The mention of Egypt suggests the Nile and the Pyramids. The mention of Greece is at once associated with Thermopyle, Salamis, Mars Hill, etc., so in sketching the career of one local man the name of another comes up. English by birth and a miller by trade, without many educational advantages and certainly with no college training there appears on the stage a young man whose part is played well in connection with his limited sphere in the mill at Lachute, but whose prosperous career at the noon time of this century no one could have possibly predicted. He rises in the estimation of the customers at the mill and in the eyes of his employers and the general public as a man of sterling honesty and unimpeachable character. He was known by the familiar name of "Jimmy Fish" whose boots were always polished, hair slightly curled at the ends, face shaved cleanly, always looking like a boy, but never afraid to soil his hands by greasing journals or his boots by sweeping the mill floor or his conscience by neglecting to assist anybody in need no matter how meanly clad or low in position. Of peculiar temperament, hasty temper and quick resentment, yet, forgiving and forgetting as quickly, the sunshine of his countenance would brighten up at the next meeting as if no unpleasantness had ever occurred and so the beams of friendship shed their luster about him without envy or suspicion. His was a hobby to play the clarionet, and scarcely ever absent from church, he led the choir with this musical instrument for about half a century and was always in his place which to his mind was as important as that of the minister. As time passes and we come down to later years we may touch this name again in its connection and influence on the material interests of the place.

A MILIONAIRE.

In our first sketch there was mentioned the name of Hutchins whose services to Lachute and surrounding country was to be enlarged upon as we proceeded. One of his daughters married a Mr. Lemuel Cushing whose name cannot be passed over without notice. At the period to which we have now come, Mr. Cushing was an active and energetic merchant whose business extended far and near but, was centrally located in Chatham Township, on the bank of the Ottawa River, which place still bears his name. His robust constitution, indomitable perseverance, business ability, tact and enterprise combined with honest principles and fair dealing caused him to take a leading position in numerous public spheres from the Local Council to the parliamentary halls of the country. It is said of him in connection with his attention to matters of detail in his business concerns, and which attention is always rewarded in a similar manner, that he would work all day attending personally to his customers in the store until night, and then have his horse ready for a night drive into Montreal. Reaching the city by the time the wholesale houses were open, he would spend the day in making purchases, and no one but a country merchant can realize the toil of both, body and brain, a man has to undergo, who spends a day in going from one warehouse to another in selecting dry goods, groceries, hardware, boots and shoes, hats and caps, etc., but when the hard day's work was over in the city he was ready for a night drive back again to his place of business fifty miles distant which he would reach in time to wait on his customers all the next day. It is no wonder he made money and got rich. His amiable wife also took part in all the burdens of life, and was but little less ambitious than her husband. Mr. Cushing extended the spore of his enterprise even into the United States, and purchased one of those beautiful islands, opposite the city of Portland, which at that time was quite a fashionable watering place. On this island he built a large hotel which soon became known all over Canada and the adjoining States as a summer resort. Mr. Cushing also owned at one time the celebrated Caledonia Springs, and it is to be regretted that he had not spent more of his money and attention in making them, in his day, what they are designed yet to become, the most attractive springs and fashionable health resort next to Saratoga on this continent, he lived to a good old age, having moved to Montreal some years before he died, and was reported in the Commercial agency book as worth $1,000,00.

BRIDONVILLE.

Things are kind of lonesome round here at present, and no wonder, seeing that so many of the young ladies are in Montreal: Maggie, Mary, Jane, Lizzie and Sarah are all there. Here is a list of some of the Mille Isle girls in Montreal and there is about as many more of them married there. This is a partial list of the unmarried ones but as they are all good looking and excellent house-keepers we expect to see them all married soon: Maggie Woods, Maggie Pollock, Maggie McCulloch, Maggie Elliot and Maggie Elliot, Mary Ival, Mary Pollock, Mary Ann Ryan, Mary Ann Hammond, Mary Jane Steapleton, Jane Hammond, Jane Caruthers, Jeannie Morrow, Jeannie Watchorn, Lizzie Woods, Lizzie Pollock, Eliza Morrow, Eliza Symes, Lizzie Riley, Eliza Boyd, Sarah Symes, Sarah McArthur, Sarah Morrow, Sarah Rathwell, Ellen Campbell, Nancy Kilpatrick, Tillie Watchorn, Frances Good, Nancy Pollock, Mariah Hamilton, Annie Pollock, Rosina Paradis and others.

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.—Edward Dawson, Cherrie Dawson, Wm. McArthur, Mat Kilpatrick and James Day, are all in British Columbia at present. They are saving money fast and are all coming back next summer to get married. Mat Morrow, Bob Ival and Sam Ival are at the Buckingham mines. Mat Morrow and John Morrow are in Ottawa. James Elliot is at Wright's, above Ottawa. Hance McCulloch and Isaac Westgate are in Montreal, and Wm. John Woods is in Compton. Hance McCulloch, son of Color Sergt McCulloch, and James Elliot son of Mr. Robert Elliot are fine specimens of young Canada. They are both 6 feet 4 inches in height, straight as a ramrod and of fine appearance. The boys are after them for Pioneer Corps of the 14th, and defy any of the front companies to produce the like.

THE ROBIN.

Oh! the robin, the pretty round robin,
That Mercier has set up a-bobbin,
What will it disclose?
Why nobody knows.
That little mysterious red robin.
Some say 'twill try some of it's gas on
His Honour, the Governor Masson,
But that will not do
For he'll merely say—"Shoo!"
And off goes the rugeose robin.

W. H. B.

THOSE RIFLE MATCHES AGAIN.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR,—Please pardon me for trespassing on your valuable space, but I was so amused at "Front Company's" letter in your last issue that I could not refrain from saying a few words. "F C." is evidently in bad humor and thinks "Antimonopoly" should not "bore" the WATCHMAN with his grievances. Now Sir, I always considered the county paper a good place to discuss items of public interest, and there is no doubt that the subject under discussion at present is of great importance to us, back people. The WATCHMAN has always showed a spirit of "British fair play," so I am sure it will not feel "bored" if the back company's trying to get their rights. The secret of "Front Company's" annoyance is the fact that the back companies have at last determined to stand up for fair play; some of them have 25 miles to travel to reach Lachute when going to camp or any other business connected with the Battallion and notwithstanding that they turn out full companys every time. Now Sir, I venture to say that Mr. Front Company would not be in the Battallion at all if he had so far to travel and yet, he is annoyed because "Antimonopoly" asks that some of the Rifle matches be held in the back part of the county if he had a spark of generous feeling or fair play in him he would not say a word against it, but in place of that they are held in St. Andrews, away near the limits of the county. "F. C." calls "Antimonopoly" a sore head, but I think of the two he is the sorest and most mixed up. I quite agree with "British fair play" in last issue; even if the matches are held at Lachute or St. Andrews, let them be advertised as there are some splendid marksmen in the back companies; but then, they might carry away the prizes from "Front Company."

BACK COMPANY.

Morin Flats, 15th Nov. 1886.

PERRY DAVIS'
PAIN-KILLER
IS RECOMMENDED BY
Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Workshops, 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 Medicine.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited)
SOLE AGENTS,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

BRISTOL'S
PILLS
The Infallible Remedy for all Affections of the Liver and Kidneys.

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM
THE remedy for curing Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Diseases of the Throat, Bronchitis, Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs, Difficult Breathing, and all the Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs. *No better remedy for Whooping Cough can be found.*
CAUTION.—Don't experiment with new and untried medicines, but always keep on hand this safe and sure remedy.—**Allen's Lung Balsam.**
MOTHERS, have you delicate, weakly children, who are always TAKING COLD, and subject to CROUP? Remember, there never was a case of CROUP which did not originate in a COLD.
ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM IS YOUR REMEDY.
Physicians who have failed to cure their patients should try this medicine before they give the case up, as we know many valuable lives have been saved by being persuaded to give it a trial.
Do not despair because all other remedies have failed; try this remedy, and you will not be deceived. *It will cure when all others fail.*
Allen's Lung Balsam is now put up in Three Sizes,
Price 25c., 50c., and $1 per Bottle.
The 25c. bottles are put up for the accommodation of all who desire simply a cough or Croup remedy. Those desiring a remedy for Consumption or any Lung Disease should secure the Large $1 Bottles.
Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

Local Advertisements.

AUCTION ROOM

I AM NOW erecting a building in the Centre Ward of LACHUTE TOWN, and expect it to be completed by the

15th DECEMBER,

will then sell all kinds of goods on Commission.

Merchants, Farmers, or any person having anything to sell, will find it to their advantage for Terms of Sale and any particulars to see

ANDREW BOA,
Proprietor,
OR
J. PATENAUDE,
Auctioneer.

Lachute, Nov. 11th, 1886.

NOTICE

TO BUILDERS 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. McGIBBON,
41-3 m Lachute Mills.

T. JOUSSE,
Watchmaker & Jeweller.
GOODS SOLD
AT
MODERATE PRICES.
FIRST-CLASS WORK DONE.
Orders taken for Cartridges, Shells, &c
T. JOUSSE,
Lachute, P.Q.

VETERINARY.
Prof. M. A. Piche,
LICENTIATE OF THE
MONTREAL VETINARY SCHOOL
And Professor of Materia Medica at the
VETERINARY SCHOOL,
Wishes to inform the public that he is always ready to attend any diseases on Domestic Animals.
Office open every day in Mr. Theo. Jousse's Jewelry Store, Opposite Post Office.
Night attendance at Rodrigue's Hotel, Lachute.

LACHUTE
Flour Mills.
THECHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR
STRONG BAKER'S FLOUR
WILSONS 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. 25ly

NOTICE
THE UNDERSIGNED will be prepared to do all kinds of Gristing and Sawing at their Saw and Flouring Mills, from and after the 20th September instant.
J. B. CUSHING & Co.
Cushing, 16th Sept., 1886.

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

New Burnt Lime
For Sale at THOS. C. NOYES,
Chatham, Nov. 12th, 1886. 30-tf

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

CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK JOURNAL

There have been few more marked successes in journalism than has been achieved by the CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK JOURNAL of Hamilton, Ont. Started less than three years ago as a 20 page monthly, it has gone on steadily increasing in matter and interest, as well as in size, first to 24, then to 28, and finally to 36 pages. Though devoted especially to *stock-raising*, it includes The Farm, The Dairy, The Apiary, Poultry, Horticulture and The Home, so that for the general farmer or such farmers as make live stock breeding in any of its departments a leading feature of their business, we do not know where to find its equal in Canada. We heartily recommend it to our patrons as the leading paper of its class in the Dominion. It is published at Hamilton Ont., by The Stock Journal Co. Price, $1 per annum. Those subscribing now for 1887 get the remainder of 1886 free. We can furnish it and our own paper together from now to end of 1887 for $1.75. The October and November issues will contain the prize lists of the Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, and the Provincial Fair held at Guelph. Call at our office and examine it, or send to the publishers for a free specimen copy.

Local Advertisements.

J. E. IRELAND.
FAMILY GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &C.
Choice English Breakfast Teas, Finest Congous, Japans, Young Hysons &c.
PURE COFFEES,
Very finest Mochas and Javas, also Chase and Sanborn's Celebrated Old Govt. Java.
A FEW
Fancy Green Cairo Tea Sets @ $3.60. Regular price, $5.00.
Green Indian Grass Tea Sets @ $3.40. Regular price, $4.00.
Pink Prim Rose Tea Sets @ $3.50. Regular price, $4.50.
Brown Bosphorus Tea Sets @ $3.25. Regular price, $4.00.
Black Bouquet Tea Sets @ $3.00. Regular price, $4.00.
Plain Tea Sets @ — — — $2.60. Regular price, $3.00.
Coloured Glass Lamps, all sizes. 40c. to 75c., complete.
Coloured Glass Dishes and Sets, at very low prices.
A general stock of Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Glassware, Patent Medicines Hardware, Nails, Binding felt &c., &c., always on hand at lower than ordinary prices.
J. E. IRELAND.
Lachute Mills, October 14th, 1886.

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.

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.

TO LET, on Main Street!
Recently occupied by Mr. Hugh Fraser, Jr., 8 Rooms, with good Stable and Wood Shed. For further particulars apply to R. W. EVANS; or HUGH FRASER, Jr.
t. f. Lachute

WANTED IMMEDIATLY A FEMALE TEACHER for the Protestant Dissention School, of Wright References required. One capable of teaching music preferred. Apply to
R. MOORE.
Sec.-Treas., Wright P. O., P. Q.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.
PARLIAMENT HOUSE
PRIVATE BILLS.
PARTIES intending to make application to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec for Private or Local Bills, either for granting exclusive privileges or conferring corporate powers for commercial or other purposes of profit, for regulating surveys or boundaries or for doing anything tending to affect the rights or property of her parties, are hereby notified that they are required by the Rules of the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly respectively (which are published in the Quebec *official Gazette*), to give ONE MONTH'S NOTICE of the application, clearly and distinctly specifying its nature and object), in the Quebec *Official Gazette*, in the French and English languages; and also in a French and English newspaper published in the District affected, and to comply with the requirements therein mentioned, sending copies of the first and last of such notice to the Private Bills Office of each House, any persons who shall make application shall within one week from the first publication of such notice in the *Official Gazette* forward a copy of his Bill, with the sum of one hundred dollars, to the Clerk of the Committee on Private Bills.
All petitions for PRIVATE BILLS must be presented within the "first two weeks" of the session.
L. DELORME,
Clk. Leg. Assembly.
Quebec, October, 1886.

A. G. Stackhouse,
IS NOW AT HIS STUDIO,
WORK GUARANTEED better than ever (Prices Moderate).
A. G. STACKHOUSE
Andrews, Oct. 8th, 1886.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Millinery.—S. Carsley.
Sheriff's Sale.—Z. ROUSSILLE.

LOCAL.

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.

STATION RESTURANT.
LUNCH AT ALL HOURS.
OYSTERS FOR SALE.
L. P. P. RODRIGUE.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. J. L. Pollock, an old friend of this neighborhood is about to open a first class grocery store in Mr. J. A. Bedard's building, on Main Street. Mr. Pollock being so well known in the business as a commercial traveller, we trust he will share a portion of the public patronage.

Don't be Deceived.

Beware of any druggist who will try to induce you to take anything in place of McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It is a marvel of healing for Sores, Cuts, Burns, etc. No family should be without it. It has no equal. Get McGregor & Parke's, and have no other. Only 25c per ox at T. Christie's Medical Hall, Lachute.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church, Lachute, intend holding a Bazaar on Thursday, 16th Dec., for the sale of fancy work &c., and refreshments. Notice of place later. 12-tf

McGREGOR & PARKE'S Carbolic is invaluable for wounds, Sores, Salt Rheum, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Festers, as a healing and purifying dressing. Do not be imposed on with other useless preparations, recommended to be as good. Use only McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Sold by T. Christie, Medical Hall, Lachute.

LOGS WANTED.—Wanted a quantity of white and yellow Birch, Maple and Beech logs delivered at Arnotts Mills, Lakefield. D. Hambleton, Bobbin Manufacturer, Lachute. 12-4in.

Horsemen, Attention!

When your horse is galled, scratched or cut, or has an ugly sore, bathe twice daily, and apply McGREGOR & PARKE'S Carbolic Cerate. It is undoubtedly the finest healing and cleansing application for it. Be sure you get McGregor & Parke's. Sold for 25c per box, at T. Christie's Medical Hall, Lachute.

THE GUERNSEY BREEDER AND MILK JOURNAL.—We are indebted to Hon. Mr. Abbott, for the November issue of the above publication, which contains some important information on the subject of Guernsey cattle.

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

FOR SALE.

Two Hundred Cords of stove wood, Beech, Birch and Maple mixed. Price in yard $1.35; delivered $1.50. Also a quantity of cord wood, $3.00 per cord.
P. LANE.

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

NOTICE.—This is to notify whom it may concern, that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my sons Henry and Charles, as they are working for themselves, and have been doing so for the past two years.
MOSES GEROUX.
Carpenter.
Lachute, 4th Nov., 1886. 11-5in.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

GLENGARRY.—Mr. Donald McMaster, M. P., has been nominated by the Conservative Association of the County of Glengarry as their candidate for the Commons. Mr. R. R. McLennan was nominated for the Provincial Legislature. Both these men have pledged themselves to support Prohibition as being the only effective means of suppressing the evils arising from the liquor traffic.

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

REMOVAL.

The undersigned will remove to his new store (next block to his present place of business,) on or about the 23rd instant. In doing so, he takes this opportunity of thanking his many customers and the public generally, for their kind patronage in the past, and hopes, with close attention to business, a well assorted stock, and prices right, to continue to merit their confidence and patronage in the future.
12-tf. J. R. McOUAT.

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

If people troubled with colds, would take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before going to church or places of entertainment, they would avoid coughing, greatly to the comfort of both speakers and hearers. Public speakers and singers find that the Pectoral wonderfully increases the flexibility of the voice.

Notice to Trespassers.

NOTICE is hereby given that all parties found cutting or removing timber or otherwise trespassing on the limits of the undersigned, in the third, fourth, fifth and sixth ranges of the Township of Wentworth, will be prosecuted according to law.
P. LANE.
Lachute, 9th Nov., 1886. 11-4in

There Is Nothing Like It.

There is no one remedy offered to suffering humanity whose use is so universally and frequently required as Hagyard's Yellow Oil, for rheumatism, neuralgia, colds, sore throat, deafness, croup, lumbago, and aches, pains, lameness and soreness of all kinds, when internally and externally used.

The Hon. Judge Routhier, of Quebec, is spending a few days with his mother and other relatives, here.

The Best Combination.

The best combination of blood cleansing, regulating, health giving herbs, roots and barks enter into Burdock Blood Bitters—a purely vegetable remedy that cures diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys.

Business men, look out! We are informed that a gang of burglars are on the road between Montreal and Ottawa, so that we would advise our business men to be careful

The Right Way.

The only proper way to cure a cough is to loosen the tough mucous or phlegm that clogs the bronchial pipes. This is why Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is the most successful remedy for coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles.

Mr. Robert Jones and his son, of St. Andrews, were out hunting on Thursday the 12th inst., and were successful in shooting a deer, this being the second this season, both being very large.

A Double Purpose.

The popular remedy, Hagyard's Yellow Oil is used both internally and externally, for aches, pains, colds, croup, rheumatism, affections and disease of an inflammatory nature.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

THURSDAY, November 18th, 1886.

Millinery Millinery
Millinery Millinery
Millinery Millinery

Feathers Feathers
Feathers Feathers
Feathers Feathers

Flowers Flowers
Flowers Flowers
Flowers Flowers

Bonnets Bonnets
Bonnets Bonnets
Bonnets Bonnets

Hats Hats Hats
Hats Hats Hats
Hats Hats Hats

S. CARSLEY'S MILINERY
is the best.

STYLISH HATS
CHILDREN'S HATS
A grand display
REAL JET ORNAMENTS
SILK PLUSH HATS
LOTS OF WINGS
EVERY COLOR TRIMMINGS
YUM YUM HATS
See our assortment.
MOURNING GOODS
INFANTS' HOODS
Leave your orders.
LADIES' DRESS CAPS
INFANTS' HATS
NATURAL FEATHERS
EVENING FLOWERS
ROSES AT ALL PRICES
You should call.
INFANTS' BONNETS
SILK POMPONS
The newest styles.
HOLIDAY DECORATIONS
EVERLASTING FLOWERS
BEADS AND PEARLS
Everything cheap.
SEA GULLS' BREASTS
THE LATEST NOVELTIES
S. CARSLEY'S MILLINERY
IS THE BEST.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla works directly and promptly, to purify and enrich the blood, improve the appetite, strengthen the nerves, and brace up the system. It is, in the truest sense, an *alterative* medicine. Every invalid should give it a trial.

OUR BANKERS INTERVIEWED.

Our reporter called on the banking firm of Meikle & Walker—he found both members of the firm in, but had to wait some time, as they seemed busy receiving deposits and discounting notes:

Reporter.—How do you find business; does it come up to your expectations?

Answer.—Yes, it has exceeded our expectations.

R.—What interest do you allow depositors?

A.—We allow 4 per cent on call, or 5 per cent. at three months notice.

R.—What do the banks in Montreal allow depositors?

A.—Generally 3 per cent., but the P. O. Savings Bank allows 4 per cent.

R.—How is it that you can afford to pay 5 per cent. to depositors.

A.—We do all the work ourselves and are not depending on the profits of our banking business for a living.

R.—What is your impression from your present experience, as to the ultimate success of your business?

A.—The indications are that in a few years we will have worked up a large business which will be profitable; if we pay expenses the first year we will be satisfied.

R.—Can parties wishing to borrow money from you for 3 or 4 months always get what they want.

A.—Yes, always, provided the security is good.

R.—Can depositors who have money with you at 4 per cent. get it any day they want it.

A.—Yes, any day between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m., Sundays excepted.

R.—Depositors at 3 months' notice getting 5 per cent. then get one per cent more than in the P. O. Saving Bank?

A.—Yes, and no bother in drawing it.

R.—From what section of the county are the depositors generally?

A.—They are from all parts of the county.

R. Are your deposits greater than the demands?

A.—Yes, so far, but expect a brisker demand for money later on.

R.—That must necessitate you keeping, a large amount on hand?

A.—No, we deposit in the Merchants' Bank, in Montreal, and draw as we need it.

R.—Supposing there came a hard year and a sudden call made on you by depositors, and your money out, have you banking arrangements to supply you with what you would require?

A.—Yes, to any amount.

Our reporter then thanked them for the information, and bid them good morning.

(We will give a report of the interview with the manager of the Ville Marie Bank next week, as we are obliged to leave it over for the want of space.)

A Tour Through Europe.

The people of Lachute who took this tour last Friday evening, were greatly pleased. The Hall was so filled that many had to stand up during the whole entertainment. The lecture and magic Lantern views were of a high order and intensely interesting throughout the two hours, or more that it took to make the trip, and see the sights. The lecturer, Rev. Mr. Tucker, could not well have made a better selection, and the highly refined and beautifully expressed sentiments which he gave utterance to, could not help but awaken in the minds of all present, a desire to be a scholar and a traveller. It was a grand chance to get information. It was a rare treat to the intelligent. It was a source of profit to the church as some $45 were realized. If we could have something like this once a month all winter, it would certainly be an advantage to all, as such interesting and instructing lectures must do good.

CONSUMPTION CURED

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block Rochester, N.Y.*

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

The December Number of this favorite family magazine closes the Twentieth Volume. The opening article is "A Moravian Village," by Lieut. H. R. Lemly U. S. A., who describes sympathetically the village of Salem, N. C. Mr. Powell's fifth number of "Leaves from My Life" deals with Lord Beaconsfield, "Barry Cornwall" and Alfred Domett. This Leaf is very fully illustrated. Other profusely illustrated articles are: "Zanzibar, and Mission Work There"; "Symbols of Christian Art," by F. ——, (surely a woman); "William Penn" and "Pharaoh's Palace of Daphnæ (Tahpanhes) Egypt." This last is the latest important discovery by the Egypt Exploration society. "How Virtue Triumphed" is a pleasant short story by Mrs. Angeline E. Alexander; and "Some Famous Paintings by Raphael" shows three of the great master's works in outline. "The Gems She Wore" is continued. There is plenty of miscellany in the shape of short articles and sketches, and several very beautiful full-page reproductions of paintings by well-known artists.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR,—I think you will agree with the statement that it is not often men address editors for the purpose of telling them that a bailiff had been at their house for the purpose of their goods and chatels notwithstanding that the object I have in view in adressing you this in order to expose to public view the arbitary unjust length that some men invested with power go when they think they can do so with impunity. Last Wednesday afternoon a bailiff made his appearance at our house, telling us that he came armed with the power of the law by the authority of the Mayor of the Chatham Council, named John Douglas, demanding from me the sum of one dollar and sixty cents which the said Mayor told him I owed the Council, and that if I did not pay the same he had orders to seize on my goods and chattels. Now, under the circumstances in which the Council contracted that debt I do not justly owe them anything, as the following will clearly show: I am owner of the east half of lot 5, in the 11th range of Chatham across which and nearly 4 other lots, a road passes on so much of an angle that it nearly touches the 12th concession when I became owner of said lot that road was represented to me to be a grant road by interested parties, not by the Council; on the road there is a bridge, opposite the said lot, which the Council notified me to get a special inspector to view the bridge and get it made a public bridge and that it would cost me five dollars, now I know that that bridge was established by law a public bridge I thought that notice very strange, so much so that it aroused my suspicions that all was not right concerning that bridge and road, consequently, I went out to the office of the Council to find if possible from their records how the matter stood; the result was that nothing could be found concerning either bridge or road and knowing that owing to that road passing from one concession to another it was a monte road by law, and as my share of it was not portioned off I refused to do any more work on it until I fond some more reliable information, regarding it, than the mere words of interested parties; it was while the matter thus stood that the Council contracted the dept for which they sent a bailiff to seize on my goods and chattels which under such circumstances, I am told, they had no legal right to do, and it is obvious they had no moral right, besides that it is admitted by those who saw the work that was done that even the sum demanded was an over charge; any ordinary faithful working man could easily have done all that was done, in about three hours or half a day at the utmost, the work that was done was simply cutting about four feet of raspbery bushes, hazel sprouts and other such like from each side of the road for about three acres across the lot. I have now been owner of that lot for nearly ten years, and in that time I have not seen that road kept open in winter, and so seldom is it travelled in summer that I have cut heavy swaths of wild hay on parts of it. Now, on a road so seldom travelled all that was done on it could very well have stood over for a short time until the right of the Council to command regarding it, was unquestionably established as they themselves clearly showed it was not by causing a *proces verbal* to be made regarding it, and the bridge shortly after they contracted the said debt and even in doing that they had to apply to me for help for no one would move in the matter, consequently, they begged of me to either advance or become good for five dollars to get a special inspector to view the bridge and road and draw out a *proces verbal* which I consented to do on being assured by them that I would not have to pay it if I did become good for that sum, and that if I did advance it it would be refunded to me again, you will easily see from that that my refusal as above noticed did not arise from unwillingness to do my rightful share of road duties on that road, in fact the Council are entirely indebted to me for bringing to light all the reliable information they are in possession of to day, regarding it. I am no lawyer, but certainly their action in the matter towards me as noticed, does not appear too harmonious with common sense, far less with equity of law, or even common morality, strictly speaking, the sum demanded could not be called a tax, but they having the power, made it so, they had not the manly spirit to do me the justice of allowing me the previlege of defending myself before a court of justice, but they must themselves act the part of judge and jury over the matter which to say the least is very suspicious looking that they even themselves were well aware of the unjustice of their act towards me it cannot be possible that it is otherwise, my word regarding the matter of an over charge was of no account with them. I gave them fully to understand the reasons why I would not pay the sum demanded why they have resorted to the unprecedented means by neighbouring municipalities is best known to themselves, but I must say and I think all intelligent thinking men will endorse my words that their action resembles more a venting of spleen than a duty required of them. I am told that Councils are liable to heavy penalties or illegal seizures, but that penalty would not come out of their own purses the innocent taxpayer would be made to pay for such delinquency, even myself. I resisted their imposition as long as I could do so without being drawn by it into a law suit, it then became my interest to suffer a wrong rather than institute proceedings against them, for libel through illegal seizure they have taken money from me but it is beyond their power to take my reputation and principles from me, none but myself can do so effectually, they by their own act have shown that they have entered the downward road to do both, and I know full well that an intelligent public who reads this letter, will view their act in that light. Hoping that you will excuse the liberty taken in addressing you so long a letter and that in the interests of right you will kindly give it place in your paper. I am, Sir.

Yours respectfully,
W. BAIN.

Argenteuil, Que., Nov. 13th, 1886.

A Common Expression.

"I was troubled with liver complaint for three years, tried many remedies but never found anything that has done me as much good as Burdock Blood Bitters." James Higgins East Templeton, P. Q.

NARROW ESCAPE.

ALMOST FATAL ACCIDENT AT THE C. P. R. DEPOT, LACHUTE.

Mr. William Morrow, of this place, met with a serious accident on Wednesday morning last, at the C. P. R. Depot, here, when the morning train was approaching the depot, Mr. Morrow dropped his knife upon the track and stepped down from the platform to pick it up not noticing the train approaching and before he could get out of way the engine struck him, throwing him between the platform and the train, stunning him for a few minutes. Upon examination he was found to have escaped with quite a number of bruises and scratches, but no bones broken.

MILITARY ITEMS.

Better Amunition Wanted. Hurry up Brownsburg.

The Canadian Militia Gazette says: "Oh, if we only had reliable Snider ammunition there would be some satisfaction in shooting, but when we have to use stuff that we have lost confidence in, we will speedily follow up by losing heart altogether. We would feel that way ourselves were it not that we have unbounded confidence in Gat Howard and the Dominion Cartridge Co. Let the Militia Department place a trial order with the Dominion Cartridge Co. of Brownsburg, Argenteuil, and there will be no more wailing over bad ammunition.

HOW THE ARGENTEUIL RIFLE ASSOCIATION SHOULD RUN THINGS.

We are indebted to the kindness of M. A. Brocklesby, Esq., Secretary of the Victoria Rifle Association, for a great deal of valuable information. From a printed circular dated Montreal, 12th May, 1866, and which was sent to every member of the "Vics", we give the following extracts, making our own comments thereon:

The Committee of the Victoria Rifle Association, wish to remind the members of the Battalion, that they *all* are members of this Association and enjoy equal privileges; and also to submit the following summary of Arrangements made for the forthcoming season:

1st. Free marking at the ranges is provided by the Association.

2nd. The new and good issue of ammunition will be provided at a price below cost, viz: 50 cents for thirty rounds. Tickets for same can be had from members of the Committee, or from any of the officers of the Association.

3rd. Handicap Rules will apply in prize meetings of the Association. The encouragement to new men and others afforded by this system will, it is hoped, induce a large attendance at all the seasons competitions.

4th. The Regimental Matches will take place on Saturday, 17th July, and a large number of prizes will be offered for competition. Programmes with rules and regulations will be distributed some days previous to that date. Due notice by advertisement will also be given of each prize meeting.

Now we would like to see the Argenteuil Rifle Association take a lesson from the Vics. In future let the Argenteuil Volunteers be notified by printed circulars in regard to Rifle Association matches in the beginning of the season, and let all matches be properly advertised.

A convenient place for the sale of extra ammunition must also be had, and every encouragement given for company matches. If the Argenteuil Rifle Association intends to encourage rifle practice it must turn over a new leaf, and give all volunteers in the county an opportunity of competing. This they cannot do unless they are notified by advertisement when the matches are to take place.

OBITUARY.

It is our painful duty to record the unexpected death of our esteemed friend, Mrs. Anne Caroline Fowler, relict of the late Mr. Thomas Norris, of Uttoxeter, England, who has been living with her daughter, Mrs. Massiah, in Lachute, since last spring. The deceased was in her ordinary good health up to Wednesday, the 10th inst., when she complained of not feeling well, and took to her bed. Doctor Thomas Christie was sent for who pronounced her dangerously ill of inflamation of the lungs, which culminated in her death on Tuesday morning, at 6 o'clock when she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. Her two eldest sons were with her when she died, Messrs John and Thomas Norris—the other son, Charles who has been residing in Rochester, N. Y., could not reach Lachute in time. Mrs. Norris was a woman universally respected, of an active, energetic business turn of mind, well versed in scripture history, and in her last moments she gave evidence of faith, confidence and acceptance in and through her blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. For her "to live was Christ, to die was gain." The funeral took place on Thursday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, a large and respectable concourse escorting her mortal remains to the Methodist burying ground, there to await the trumpet of God.

THE LATE MRS J. R. McLAREN.

The funeral of the late Mrs. J. R. McLaren took place from the residence of her son, Mr. W. D McLaren, 812 Palace street, at 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon and was largely attended. A short service was held at the house, at which the Rev. James Patterson and the Rev. James Fleck officiated, after which the funeral cortege formed and proceeded to Mount Royal cemetery, where the remains were consigned to their last earthly resting place. There were no pall-bearers and among the chief mourners were the sons and grandsons of the deceased lady. The late Mrs. McLaren, who was in her 87th year, was a native of Sterling, Scotland, and had been a resident of Montreal for over fifty-six years being highly esteemed by those with whom she came in contact, for her many good qualities.—*Gazette.*

ANOTHER DEATH FROM TYPHOID FEVER.—We are sorry to have to announce another death from typhoid fever, here, Mr. Robert Bain who has been ill for some time with this disease died on Saturday evening last. His family has the sympathy of the whole neighborhood for their sad affliction, this being the second death in the family in one week.

OUR CHURCHES.

ST. SIMEON'S CHURCH.—(Anglican) Morning service, 10.30 a.m.; Sunday School, 2.30 p.m.; Evening Service, 7 p.m. Rev. Wm. Sanders, Incumbent.

HENRY'S CHURCH.—(Presbyterian) Sunday School, 9.30 a.m.; Morning service, 11 a.m. Rev. Wm. Forlong, Pastor.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Morning Service in Olivet Hall, 11 a.m.; Evening service 7 p.m.; Rev. John Higgins, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Morning service, 10.30 a.m.; Sunday School, 2.30 p.m.; Evening service, 7 p.m. Rev. J. Armstrong, Pastor.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Sunday School 9.30 a.m.; Morning service 11 a.m. Rev. Jno. Mackie, Pastor.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—High Mass, 10 a.m.; Vespers, 3 p.m.; Low Mass every day during the week, 7 o'clock a.m.

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.

Local Advertisements.

C. T. WALES & Co.

Beg to announce the arrival of more Wool Dress Goods that have been in such demand for Winter Wear.

Also that our assortment in other departments is now complete.

HARDWARE, variety and value (as usual) unsurpassed in the county.

Teas and Sugars selling low,

Bear in mind the two 'V's,' *variety and value*, at the

People's Cash Store.

C. T. WALES & CO.

St. Andrews, Nov. 4th, 1886

Local Advertisements.

Lachute Furniture WAREHOUSE.
Hope's Block.

NOTICE.
PICTURES FRAMED.
FURNITURE
OF ALL KINDS
REPAIRED.

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

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

Victoria Foundry.
IRON & WIRE FENCING,
CEMETRY RAILING,
CRESTING,
COAL STOVES,
COOK STOVES,
BOX STOVES,
HOT AIR FURNACES.
McOUAT & McRAE, Lachute.

SCHOOL DESKS.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Du Lievre Works," will be received until FRIDAY, the 26th day of November next, inclusively, for the construction of a Lock and Dam and works in connection therewith, on the River Du Lievre at Little Rapids, Ottawa County, Quebec, in accordance with plans and a specification, to be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, on and after Friday, the 5th of November, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons desirous of tendering are requested to make personal enquiry relative to the work to be done, and to examine the locality themselves, and are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed *forms* supplied, the blanks properly filled-in, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an *accepted* bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars ($2500), which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order.
A. GOBEIL, Secretary.
Department of Public Works, }
Ottawa, 30th Oct., 1886. }

SHERIFF'S SALE!

FIERI FACIAS DE BONIS ET TERRIS.

Superior Court.

District of Montreal, } WILLIAM JAMES
to wit: No. 221. } McGREGOR (W. DAWN, Plaintiff; against EDOUARD CAMPBELL WURTELE, *es-qualite*, Defendant, and George H. Kerulck, *es-qualite*, new curator.

As belonging and now in the possession of George H. Kerulck, in his quality of of new curator duly appointed to the vacant estate of the late Alexander Louthood, in his lifetime, accountant, of the city and district of Montreal.

1. The south portion of lot number fifteen, in the second concession of the township of Grenville, county of Argenteuil, district of Terrebonne, comprising the whole extent of land lying between the river Ottawa and a straight line drawn from a point of the division line of lots numbers fourteen and fifteen, of the said concession of said township at a distance of six chains from the edge of the said river to another point on the division line of lots numbers fifteen and sixteen, of the said second concession of said township, also at a distance of six chains from the edge of the said river Ottawa. The said lot bounded to the north by the remainder of the same lot, to the south by the river Ottawa, to the east by the said lot number fourteen, and to the west by the said lot number sixteen, now known and designated on the official plan and book of reference of the said township of Grenville, under number fifteen A, (15 A). Reserving from the said extent of land a strip of fifty feet in width by the whole depth of said lot, the said strip of land being contiguous to the division line of said lot number fourteen.

2. A strip of land forty feet in width contiguous to and running along the east side of the railway or railroad, from the edge of the water to the Queen's highway or front road of the said second concession of said township of Grenville, said district, the said strip of land to be used as a road and forming part of said lot number fifteen, of the second concession, of said township, and forming also part of lot number fifteen B (15 B), of the official plan and book of reference of the said township of Grenville.

To be sold at the registry office of the county of Argenteuil, district of Terrebonne, in the town of Lachute, on the TWENTY-SIXTH day of NOVEMBER, instant, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon. The said writ returnable on the twenty-ninth day of November, 1886.

Z. ROUSSILLE,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, 15th Nov 1886.

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Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, 9th September, 1886.

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THE LITTLE NEWSPAPER BOYS.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

Two little brothers left their home
One cold, bleak winter's day,
All round the city streets to roam,
But not in childish play.

They on a noble errand went,
An honest dime to gain,
By selling papers—well content
To brave the sleet and rain.

One ten years old was brother "Bill,"
And six years old was "Jack;"
They trudged along with right good-will,
Though business was quite slack!

Yet bravely shouts the elder boy:
"My papers! who will buy?"
And at each sale a smile of joy
Lights up each cheerful eye.

The weary hours of night wore past,
The steeple clock struck Nine:
One bun between them eased their fast,
But Jack began to pine.

"Oh! Bill, I'm tired and sleepy now,
I'll sit down here and rest;"
And soon the cold and chilly brow
Dropp'd feebly on his breast.

His brother Bill, with courage high,
More energy display'd.
"The latest news!" did loudly cry,
Not daunted or afraid.

Yet, now and then, dear little Jack
Would look with tearful eye
On brother Bill, as he came back
To tell him—"not to cry!

"I've nearly sold them all now, Jack,
There's only three to sell;
When they are sold, high on my back
I'll ride you home pell-mell!"

At last their merchandise was gone,
Ten cents was fairly won!
And Bill knelt down to help Jack on
His back, for the home-run!

Dear Christian people, help such boys
To earn an honest cent,
They little know of earthly joys,
And yet seem well content!

His Ministering Angel.

CHAPTER I.

One dreary November night, when the murky mist from the river enveloped everything in gloom, a man and woman walked together along the Embankment in sad converse, that had a sound of dull domestic duty in it.

The man was the most dismal of the two. Good fortune had not been neighbourly with him of late, and he found it hard to make the pretty clinging creature at his side understand to what a low ebb their fortune had fallen.

She seemed of brighter humour, for she strove to make him forget his troubles and look for the light that she felt certain shone for them somewhere ahead.

In vain she pleaded with him to have patience and hope, begged he would take heart, and face the future boldly, assuring him courage could alone command success.

He would not be comforted; in vain the wooing womanly voice made music for him; he would not hear its melody.

The time was past when her loving words could stir responsive tenderness. He was tired of all the world. A demon of discontent goaded him on; his brain reeled, the one word "ruin" wrote itself in letters of fire upon the mist of the river.

The dull light of the blear-eyed moon took to itself the same form in the fog, and heaven, too, seemed to burn the one word in his brain.

The tired woman at his side, dragged like a dead weight. "A dead weight!" He wished she was dead, and he too; then at least there would be rest and quiet.

The woman's wan looks and pleasant patient speech perplexed him painfully. A divine flood of compassion surged above his misery, and lifting her small chill hand to his lips, he kissed it kindly, saying in a tone of infinite affection:

"Poor little woman! how you must hate me for dragging you into this Slough of Despond."

"Hate you! Oh, Dick darling, don't say that, it hurts me. Why, my love seems all that is left to you. Try for my sake to be brave, dear. Shall we go home, Dick?"

"Go home, what for? We have no supper and perhaps Mrs. Berk will bully us about the rent," answered Dick savagely.

The woman sighed; her heart sank as she glanced at his sombre darkening face.

"Let us go down to the pier here, and see the people land," she said, with an effort to regain her former cheerfulness.

He allowed her to lead him down to the wooden pier, just as a steamer, panting like a living thing, ceased to beat the leaden water with its big wheels that the chilled passengers might alight.

The landing-stage was crowded, and where Dick stood there was no chain to keep one from falling into the inky depth below. His wife stood between him and the edge. Somehow the water's silent look of dark repose had a strange fascination for him. He shivered and said:

"Come Peggy, let's be going."

"Wait till the crowd has passed, pet. I can't bear to be pushed about now."

"I beg your pardon. I forgot."

Then they stood silently together for a few seconds, and the man's face went white; he breathed heavily.

"Mind, Dick darling; you'll push me into the water! My God! Dick what would you do? Oh, husband, save me!"

A great cry, whence no one knew, and the crowd rushed back at the sound.

"A woman in the water!"

One moment the man stood unmoved.

Then with a look of dark despair in his eyes, sprang after her, while the fiery letters that spelt "ruin," still danced on the water with fiendish glee.

"Well, old chap, how goes it now!" said a kind rough voice, as a man dressed as a waterman, bent over a prostrate dripping figure laid before a great coal fire, the light of which lay on the wan wonderment of his eyes as he pushed the dark wet hair from his forehead, and said hoarsely:

"Where am I? and where is——"

Here a shudder stopped his speech, and the waterman said:

"You're safe and sound, my lad, something to be thanked for, seeing as how we—my mate and I—fished you out of the water an hour ago, half dead. But drink this, it will warm you, and keep quiet till your clothes are dry; my missus has got them before a good fire."

Dick lay silent, looking into the red heart of the fire, and seeing there only Peg's despairing looks, when she felt him push her into the arms of death.

The echo of her last despairing cry kept repeating itself to him in a low level whisper of intense entreaty and reproach: "Oh my husband, save me!" And he had meant to die too, to end at once and for all time his self reproach for the life he had spoilt with his own.

He felt the very fires of hell were as nothing beside the bitter consuming passion burning in his heart. Oh, if his wife could but know that he had meant to die with her. Surely the memory of her reproachful look would fade. Ah, how he loved her, now that all her sweetness was lost to him forever.

A great heart-yearning to be with her possessed him with pain, to which the pangs of death were pastime. He hid his face in his hands, and prayed for death as he never prayed in his life.

He felt all the miserable madness of the night slipping away from him, leaving only the horror of his wife's eyes. To haunt him then like accusing spirits came the memory of her every look and word of love, during the dark time that had led him on to sin.

His dreary thoughts were disturbed by a second waterman, who had entered the kitchen, shaking the water off his hat. He sat down, saying:

"A young woman has just been fished out—a pretty young creature, likely to have been a mother. Lor, what a sight of suicides there be this miserable month!"

Dick listened with a deeper heart-sinking. Unknown to himself he had left a faint hope that she too might have been saved. Should he unburden himself of his misery to these men? There might come some mitigation of his misery in speech, but the thought passed swiftly.

Naturally proud and self-contained, he could not face their scorn at the want of manliness in giving way to such desperate sin. So he was silent, and went away with sincere thanks to the people—not for saving his life, he could have hated them for that; but for their kindness and tact in letting him go unquestioned.

When he was out in the open air again, he wondered where he should go? Home was out of the question; everything in that poor room would speak so bitterly of her. Her tiny shoes, odd bits of finery, her one neat dress, and all those wonderful little half-finished garments that she used to smile and cry over. No, he dared not face them now, the hands that had fashioned them were still in death. And the little life, for whom they were so lovingly prepared, would never be—ah! never be, in this world, yet somehow he felt in that other life mother and child must live together to the glory of God. Somehow the thought of Peg got fixed at this, and he looked at it as a picture born of divine inspiration.

He still felt a great sickness oppressing him, for he had fasted long, and suffered much, and now he did not know where to turn for even bread and shelter. The rain beat down upon him pitilessly as he wandered on he knew not whither. He longed to go.

Anywhere, anywhere out of the world.

. . . .

A meagre-looking little man, spare and unhandsome, sat alone in a sombre, grand-looking room, bent over a scientific folio. A little old man, with keen eyes, a cruel mouth, a bumpy forehead, from which the white hair had receded, affrighted by so much learning. This was old Dr. Dean, a man justly renowned as one of the most scientific doctors of the day.

He had achieved wonderful cures through his clever chemistry, and was rich, besides possessing one of the most lucrative practices about London. A lonely old man he looked, and was too, though he would be the last to confess it.

How steadily the rain dripped from the high roof, splash, splash against the window-pane. Surely he of all men was not becoming a martyr to nerves. He could not readily absolve himself in study as he customarily could. Something seemed amiss with him. He looked up at a pretty picture of a woman, which hung on a wall fronting him, and shook a withered fist at it spitefully, saying:

"I'll have you cut up, madam, strip you of your gay colouring, shred by shred, your perplexity of prettiness that plagued my life, and left behind a curse you called a son. I wonder where he is, starving with his latest fancy somewhere in London, I suppose. Starving! Well, let him starve, madam, since he dared to disobey his father. Preferred a miserable little milliner to a big practice and the most handsome woman in B——shire. Why do I think of him? I thrust him out of my life a year ago, and have not heard of him since."

The old man had worked himself into a fury; now he buried his face in his shaking hands, and told himself "he was a miserable old idiot," to sit drivelling there, prosing to vacancy about a prodigal son. Surely he was not turning sickly late in life, that he should think so much of an ungrateful lad, who forgot all duty at sight of a pretty face; for this girl had beauty, he would allow, much as he detested her—the base-born blot upon the brightness of his son's life.

Hark! someone's foot had crunched the gravel. Who could come to him so late? Who but his miserable boy?

All the household slept, he must open the door himself, should a knock come. He rose, and listened with head bent forward, and anxious eyes, that had a waiting look, like one who had listened long. He smiled as the knock came, and shuffled away to obey the summons, muttering:

"Ah, ah, at last! I knew he must come. How has he held out so long? Oh boy, boy, can it be true that this old fool cares for you still?"

The heavy door swung back, and showed the drenched slouching figure of a man, who leant heavily against the side of the porch. He came into the light quickly saying:

"Father, don't you know me? Ah, how should you? I am starving, and half mad, I think. Let me come in, and give me wine, food, and shelter, unless you would see me die at your door."

"Why should I not see you die, ungrateful dog that you are?" asked the old man, his voice quivering with excitement, as he pulled his son in out of the blackness of the night, dragged him in, and felt his wet clothes; looked into his haggard, altered face, and, though he would rather have died than have confessed it, felt his heart yearn over this only son, who had, so he always told himself, been such a misery to him.

In the cosy study the young man sank into a seat, unmindful that the wet from his drenched garments dripped on to the rich carpet and made a dark stain. His father brought him wine, food—everything he could wish; watching him all the while, with a fear dawning in his eyes dreadful to see, for he was too old to bear trouble.

What had this bitter bad boy of his done, to come home in such a deplorable state of poverty, his handsome lad, of whom he was once so proud? Could it really be Dick Dare-all, as he was commonly called, from his reckless risking of all consequences to gain his ends?

The old man shuddered, and shook his fist at the picture of pretty womanhood that had been a good portrait of his wife; shook his fist at her and muttered:

"You are to blame, hussey, for your wicked indulgence of him."

Then he sat down opposite his son and watched him. He shivered a little at sight of the famine-stricken face, that had once been such a picture of health, high spirit, and manly beauty. When his ravenous appetite was satisfied he said quickly:

"Well, Richard, what have you to tell me?"

His son lifted his eyes which had a dogged, restless look and said fiercely:

"Why did you not answer my letters?"

"For the same reason that I discarded you—because I would not support a family of paupers. He, he, you're a clever lad, but you over-reached yourself that time. I fancy you look in a poor way; how's the girl, your pretty Peggy, I think you called her?

'When first I met Peggy
It was on a market day,'

sang the old man in a cracked voice, as he rubbed his hands together nervously. Then he dropped his light tone, and said with the force of a long-cherished resentment, "Your mother is to thank for all your misery; your mother made a fool of you, Dick."

"Silence, sir! my mother was an angel. Had she lived, I should never have become the miserable outcast that I am. She loved me."

"Ah, and nothing else in life, not even her husband, the beautiful fiend," answered the old man hotly, remembering all the blighted hopes that had blossomed so brightly when he first called this man's mother "wife." "But let the past lie like the dead lion it is, and speak to me of that barking dog the present, that will be heard, try to silence it as you may. Tell me how the medical student managed to keep the milliner?"

"He did not manage to keep her, sir, she died."

The old man sprang to his feet, an exultant light in his eyes.

"Died! when? how? where?"

His son looked up disdainfully. Then goaded by the old man's look of relief into renewed recklessness, he said:

"You shall hear. Have patience, and give me the brandy."

"'Tis unscientific to drink neat brandy like that, lad."

"No matter, sir, if it kills me, it will save the hangman a job, perhaps."

"What do you mean, Dick?"

"I mean I am a murderer, for I pushed my pretty Peggy, and her unborn babe into the Thames one night when we were starving."

The relief of the confession seemed to unlock the flood-gates of his soul; he sank, face forward, on the table, and sobbed with fierce abandonment.

"Good Heavens, Dick; you are mad!"

"Oh, I wish I were, I wish I were: then perhaps I could forget. Think father, for the want of a few paltry pounds, I was driven to this. Poor Peg felt the husband that loved her push her into eternity. I could not see her starve; you were a stone to us. I had meant to die too, but someone saved me, and so my poor patient darling died. All the world does not hold such another wife, loving, patient, all that is desirable in woman. Oh, I feel as if I were indeed gone mad when I think of it. I am humble enough now, sir, am I not? See my tears drop like rain; I am nearly naked, have tramped miles to let you see your work, for your work it is!"

The blood flew to his face in sudden uncontrollable passion; he sprang to his feet, knocking over his chair, and said:

"Give me up to justice, you pious old humbug. See your son hang, and know you placed the rope about his neck. For Peg's in the other world, and I long to go to her, it is so lonely here."

He sank all in a heap upon a couch close by, and his father went to his side, saying:

"Ah, he is going to be ill! This delirium is but the token of broken health. Look up, lad, look up! you shall have your old room, and I will bring you back to health or perish in the attempt."

(TO BE CONTINUED).

A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.

An Englishman Who Lost His Horse and Slept Out.

I was told by a person who had spent most of his life on the pampas that on one occasion, when travelling in the neighborhood of Cape Corrientes, his horse died under him, and he was compelled to continue his journey on foot, burdened with his heavy native horse gear. At night he made his bed under the shelter of a rock, on the slope of a stony sierra; a bright moon was shining, and about 9 o'clock in the evening four pumas appeared, two adults with their two half-grown young. Not feeling the least alarmed at their presence, he did not stir, but after awhile they began to gambol together close to him, concealing themselves from each other among the rocks, just as kittens do, and frequently, while pursuing one another,

LEANING OVER HIM.

He continued watching them until past midnight, then fell asleep and did not wake until morning, when they had left him.

This man was an Englishman by birth, but having gone very young to South America he had taken kindly to the semi-barbarous life of the gauchos, and had imbibed all their peculiar notions, one of which is that human life is not worth very much. "What does it matter?" they often say, and shrug their shoulders, when told of a comrade's death. "So many beautiful horses die!" I asked him if he had ever killed a puma, and he replied that he had killed only one, and had sworn never to kill another. He said that while out one day with another gaucho looking for cattle a puma was found. It sat up with its back against a stone, and did not move even when his companion threw the noose of his lasso over its neck. My informant then dismounted, and drawing his knife advanced to kill it. Still the puma made no attempt to free itself from the lasso, but it seemed to know, he said, what was coming, for

IT BEGAN TO TREMBLE,

the tears ran from its eyes, and it whined in the most pitiful manner. He killed it as it sat there unresisting before him, but after accomplishing the deed, felt that he had committed a murder. It was the only thing he had done in his life, he added, which filled him with remorse when he remembered it. This I thought a rather startling declaration, as I knew that he had killed several individuals of his own species in duels fought with knives in the fashion of the gauchos.

All who have killed, or witnessed the killing of the puma—and I have questioned hundreds of hunters on this point—agree that it resigns itself in this unresisting, pathetic manner to death at the hands of man. Claudio Gay, in his "Natural History of Chili," says: "When attacked by man its energy and daring at once forsake it, and it becomes a weak, inoffensive animal, and trembling, and uttering piteous moans, and shedding abundant tears, it seems to implore compassion from a generous enemy." The enemy is not often generous, but many gauchos have assured me, while speaking on this subject, that although they kill the puma readily to protect their domestic animals, they consider it an evil thing to take its life in desert places, where it is man's only friend among the wild animals.

When the hunter is accompanied by dogs, then the puma, instead of drooping and shedding tears, is

RAISED TO A SUBLIME RAGE;

its hair stands erect; its eyes shine like balls of green flame; it spits and snarls like a furious tomcat. The hunter's presence seems at such times to be ignored altogether, its whole attention being given to the dogs and its rage directed against them. In Patagonia a sheep-farming Scotchman, with whom I spent some days, showed me the skulls of five pumas which he had shot in the vicinity of his ranch. One was of an exceptionally large animal, and I here relate what he told me of his encounter with this animal, as it shows just how the puma almost invariably behaves when attacked by men and dogs. He was out on foot with his flock, when the dogs discovered the animal concealed among the bushes. He had left his gun at home, and having no weapon, and finding that the dogs dared not attack it where it sat in a defiant attitude, with its back against a thorny bush, he looked about and found a large dry stick, and going boldly up to it tried to stun it with a violent blow on the head. But, though it never looked at him, its fiery eyes gazing steadily at the dogs all the time, he could not hit it, for with a quick side movement

IT WOULD AVOID EVERY BLOW.

The small heed the puma paid him, and the apparent ease with which it avoided his best aimed blows, only served to rouse his spirit, and at length, striking with increased force, his stick came to the ground and was broken to pieces. For some moments he now stood within two yards of the animal perfectly defenceless and not knowing what to do. Suddenly it sprang past him, actually brushing against his arm with his side, and began pursuing the dogs round and round among the bushes. In the end my informant's partner appeared on the scene with his rifle, and the puma was shot.

In encounters of this kind the most curious thing is that the puma steadfastly refuses to recognize an enemy in man, although it finds him acting in concert with its hated canine foe, about whose hostile intentions it has no such delusion.

Quite Another Thing.

"Hole on dar," said a colored man hailing an acquaintance. "Does yer cross der street ebery time yer sees me ter keep from payin' dat bill?"

"No, I doesn't."

"What den?"

"Ter keep from bein' axed fur it."

What's in a Name.

"And what have you named the baby?" inquired a suave candidate of a father upon whom he was calling.

"Nothing," was the answer.

"Ah, family name, I presume," murmured the candidate approvingly, as he patted the young constituent.

MAN OR PHANTOM?

Story Told By a War Correspondent.

During the Franco-German war I represented a leading English journal. Upon my arrival in Germany soon after the declaration of war I presented my credentials to the proper authorities, and after much delay was attached to the Royal Saxon Army Corps, as brave a body of warriors as was ever gathered together for purposes of destruction and carnage. I followed the fortunes of the gallant corps through the fall campaign and was with them at the siege of Paris. It is unnecessary to pay a tribute to the bravery of the noble Saxon lads who, after repelling the savage attacks of the courageous enemy, shared their scanty allowance of pea-sausage and rye bread with the half-starved French guards who had been fortunate enough to be captured.

As might be expected my constant presence at headquarters and my unvarnished reports of the doings of the corps secured me the friendship of some of the officers, while others found it hard work to conceal the pique excited by my letters. Among my dearest friends and defenders was Lieut. Baron Ludwig von L——, an adjutant to one of the regiments attached to the corps. It had been my good fortune to render a slight service to the Lieutenant during the opening days of the war, and with an enthusiasm which was

INEXPLICABLE TO ME,

he defended my every action and let no opportunity pass by to sound my praises. It was but natural that such disinterestedness challenged my admiration, and soon our friendship had ripened into an intimacy such as can only be established amid the surroundings in which we were placed. Nothing marred these pleasant relations until Christmas Eve, when a stray shell from one of the forts struck the tent in which the Lieutenant and I were celebrating the great German holiday. In a moment I realized that he had been severely wounded, while I had escaped unharmed. An examination of the wound proved that his life was in imminent peril, and the staff surgeon concluded to send von L—— to his home in Saxony. In pursuance of the doctor's directions we parted then and there, and the early morning train bore my friend to the arms of his anxious family, while I continued my exciting life among the sanguine soldiery.

The week following this incident was devoid of interest, owing to the inactivity of the French, but on the ninth day the forts opened fire, and from whispered conversations at headquarters I gleaned that the morrow would

SEE A SANGUINARY CONFLICT.

In order to be prepared I left the tent of the most advanced Saxon outpost at 4 o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of preparing topographical notes concerning the probable field of carnage. My work was soon completed. Silence and solitude, interrupted at rare intervals by the cheery "Qui vive?" of the French outposts or the gruff "Wer da?" of the German sentinels, tempted me to rest under a protecting shed, and before I realized it I had settled down for a little nap. When I awoke the darkness told me that the evening had far advanced, and looking around I saw that a terrible snow storm had covered my tracks. Escape was impossible. I knew not how to reach my friends, and to fall in the hands of the French meant disgrace and perhaps dishonor.

Making the best of an ugly situation, I drew my heavy fur overcoat closer around me, pulled my cap over my ears, and retreated once more within the shed. Scarcely had I settled into a comfortable position when I was appalled. Was it possible! Yes, there at the rickety door of the shed stood, real as life, Lieut. von L——, his right arm extended, his left hand resting upon his sword-belt, and speaking in a low but distinct whisper: "Beware of the Franctireurs!" Suddenly as the apparition appeared it vanished.

Imagine my feelings; I cannot describe them. I verily believe that my hair stood upon end. A stupor followed this fear and a trance-like slumber. How long I remained in this condition I knew not at the time, but well do I remember the awakening from the trance. My nervous system was totally deranged, my hands refused to do service; in fact I had not the strength to light a match to look at my watch. With a groan I sank back upon my bed of snow. I tried to sleep, but in vain. All I could do was to think. Had I seen Ludwig von L——, or his spirit? the real man or a phantom?

At last relief came. I could not be mistaken. I heard the footsteps of a small body of men. They approached the shed. Yes, but not with the steady tread of the soldier. Heaven's! could it be the Franctireurs, those bloodthirsty guerrillas and hyenas of the battlefield! I tried to fortify myself for an attack. I tried to arouse my physical self. Before I could arise or make a move the door of the shed was rudely opened. A rough face showed itself. It was that of the leader of a noted guerrilla band. The Franctireur entered. He approached, cocked his revolver, and said with mock politeness, in broken German: Monsieur, prepare to die." Making an effort to reach my own weapon, at this moment I was startled by the words: "Not he, but you!"

Looking up I saw the pallid and frightened face of the Franctireur, and by his side—could it be possible?—Lieut. von L——, pointing a pistol at the heart of the assassin. The excitement proved too much for my shattered nerves, and just as I heard the explosion of a pistol I lost consciousness.

When I revived it was 8 o'clock in the morning. By my side stood Maj. M——, commander of the advanced outposts, and a detachment of Saxon infantry.

"Well done, my lad," said the Major, and with that he pointed to an object lying by my side covered with a field blanket.

"What do you mean, Major?" I inquired faintly, not understanding his remark.

"Well, I mean that you have dispatched the worst hound of a guerrilla, who ever disgraced a country."

Like a flash the mysterious apparition presented itself to my mind, and hastily calling a Corporal I bade him extract the bullet from the dead Franctireur's wound. Then I produced my revolver and found that not a shot had been fired from it. I compared the bullets used by me with that extracted from the wound. They were of different weight. The mystery was unsolved. Who had shot my enemy?

The battle predicted by the staff officers was not fought on that day, and I was glad of it, for the exciting scenes of the previous night compelled me to rest for some time. On the fifth day after my adventure I received a letter from Saxony. Here it is:

"My Dear Sir—Our dear son Ludwig breathed his last at 4 this morning. Upon his arrival here the doctors pronounced his case hopeless. Up to 8 o'clock last evening his recovery seemed assured. At that hour he suddenly grew restless, called out your name three or four times and exclaiming, "Beware of the Franctireurs!" fell into a deep slumber or trance. He remained in this condition until 3 o'clock, when he rose up with a start, fell back upon the bed unconscious, and at 4 o'clock died in his mother's arms.

"With best wishes.
"Your obedient servant,
"GEORGE ALEXANDER VON L——."

My story is finished. I need only add that the ball extracted from the body of the Franctireur corresponded in weight with those in the revolver of my deceased friend, and this discovery made the mystery still darker.

Up to this day I cannot explain the strange transpirings of that night before Paris. Can you?

Corn Sowing

Is a process conducted by the agency of tight boots all the year round. Corn reaping is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe and sure-pop corn cure. Putnam's Extractor is now widely imitated. Beware of all poisonous and sore producing substitutes.

HORRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

The Cruelty of Which Civilized Races Have Been Sometimes Capable.

The punishments to be witnessed even to this day in the East are also most peculiar, and to European minds vindictive in the extreme. The bastinado is dispensed on the soles of the bare feet, but it is not often carried so far as to cause death. The sticks used in Turkey are usually heavy staves, in other countries thin rattan canes ending in a fine tapering point. From the fact that the lower classes in the East go about everywhere bare-footed, their feet become, as it were, case-hardened. As many as 2,000 sticks have been broken over the feet of a criminal, and that would mean upwards of 6,000 blows. Imprisonment is reserved for burglars and maiming is carried out ordinarily only on professional thieves. The method of inflicting this punishment is generally by cutting off the joint of a finger for the first offence, and a hand for the second. Sometimes a man will be lamed by taking away part of the main tendon of the leg. Blinding is scarcely ever resorted to, but occasionally the ears are cut off, the criminal in this, as in other cases, being taken through a large crowd of gazers in the bazaar to the place of execution. The punishment of death is inflicted in most cases by simply cutting the throat of the prisoner much in the way that a butcher slaughters a sheep.

In England there have been several very curious methods of punishment. Quartering and maiming the body was common in the earlier days of British history. The pillory was also used for the exposure and ridicule of offenders. At times, too, "the cell of little ease" was occupied by some offender. This cell was constructed on the principle that no comfort should be given to the person imprisoned; there was neither sufficient room for standing, lying, nor even sitting comfortably.

But of all the kinds of punishment that of boiling to death was surely the most vindictive and atrocious. It was made a capital punishment in England by statute 22, Henry VIII., 1531. One Ruse, a cook in the service of the Bishop of Rochester, had poisoned some soup, which caused the death of several persons, and it was to guard against such heinous actions that the punishment was enacted. This death penalty was not long in force, being repealed during the next reign by Edward VI.

Burning was the usual punishment meted out to those changing their doctrinal faith. This method dates back to the first dawnings of English civilization, for our Druidical ancestors used to sacrifice to their gods by burning all the condemned criminals.

Beheading with the axe, maiden or guillotine, long held sway in Great Britain; indeed, up to the year 1747, when Lord Lovat was the last to suffer this kind of death. This method was afterward followed by the more humane plan of strangling, which, however, like the former kinds, were done openly. All are aware that secrecy is now the great thing aimed at in such kinds of punishment, a result, or more particularly a change, brought about by the advancing march of modern civilization.

Witchcraft was very common 400 or 500 years ago in Great Britain. Any person taken and accused of having occult dealings with "the realm of spirits" was punished by drowning, which, by the way, is said to be the pleasantest death imaginable.

The French had also some curious punishments. Prisoners were chained to galleys which they were forced to tow day and night. Hardly any cessation of toil was allowed and the poor wretches held out simply to escape the driver's lash. To enumerate all the methods is not our intention; suffice that we should mention the strangest of them all—viz.: wearing the iron mask for life. Into this mask the person's head was placed once and for all; nothing is seen of his features save his eyes and mouth; death alone relieved the languishing victim.

Bill Nye to Mothers.

"Fond mother," Bradley's Fork, asks: "What shall I name my little girl-baby?" That will depend upon yourself very largely, "Fond Mother." Very likely if your little girl is very rugged and grows up to be the fat woman in a museum, she will wear the name of Lily. When a girl is named Lily, she at once manifests a strong desire to grow up with a complexion like Othello and the same fatal yearning for some one to strangle. This is not always thus, but girls are obstinate, and it is better not to put a name on a girl that she will not live up to.

"Again, "Fond Mother," let me urge you to refrain from naming your little daughter a soft, flabby name like Irma, Geraldine, Bandoline, Lilelia, Valerian, Rosetta, or Castoria. These names belong to the inflammatory pages of the American novelette. Do not put such a name on your innocent child. Imagine this inscription on a marble slab: "Trifoliata, beloved daughter of Gerald and Vaseline Tubbs, died March 27, 1888. She caught cold in her front name."

I have seen a young lady try faithfully for years to live down one of those flimsy, cheesecloth names, but the harsh world would not have it. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and while I can imagine your little girl in future years as a white-haired and lovely grandmother, wearing the name of Mary or Ruth, with a double chin that seems to ever beckon the old gentleman to come and chuck his fat finger under it, I cannot, in my mind's eye, see her as a household deity, wearing a white cap and the name of Rosetta, Penumbra, or Socodontia, or Catalpa, or Voxhumania.

Good-bye, fond mother. Do not be offended at what I have said. Never having had any experience as a mother, for that is not my forte, I have assumed a good deal of responsibility in thus writing you, but I ask you as between man and man never to give your daughter a name that will make her a butt of ridicule.

When His Mamma Loved Him Best.

The Sunday-school teacher was impressing upon her class the importance of honoring their parents.

"Now, children," said she, "when you are naughty and cross, your mamma does not want you to be near her where she can see your naughty ways. But when you are good she loves to have you by her.

"Now, Tommy, when do you think your mamma loves you best?"

"When I'm asleep," replied Tommy stoutly. "She says so."

Understood His Limitations.

A couple came before a justice of the peace to be married, when, the ceremony being over, the bride began to weep copiously. "What's the matter?" asked the new husband. "I never told you I don't know how to cook," sobbed the bride. "Don't fret. I'll not have anything for you to cook. I'm a poet."

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs;—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer,—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption, send 10 cents in stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A clergyman exhorted his congregation to "vote as you pray," and later on he advised them to "pray often."

Startling Weakness,

general and nervous debility, impaired memory, lack of self-confidence, premature loss of manly vigor and powers, are common results of excessive indulgence or youthful indiscretions and pernicious solitary practices. Victims whose manhood has thus been wrecked should address, with 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise giving means of perfect cure. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A girl says there is no truth in the saying "Like father like son." She says she likes the son first-rate, but she can't bear the father.

The Weaker Sex

are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements, and gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

In the restaurant: "Garcon, are you sure that this fish is fresh?" "Ah, monsieur, of that it is impossible for me to say; I have only been in the place a week."

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Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 308 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

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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 our for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

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A. P. 306.

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, upon the paid-up capital of the bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Wednesday, the first day of December next. The transfer books will be closed from the sixteenth to the thirtieth day of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.
D. COULSON, Cashier.
Bank of Toronto, Toronto, 27th Oct., 1886.

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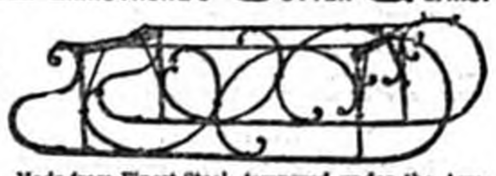
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Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Q. C., D. C.
Melbourne M. Tait, B.
John Betham Abbott,
Harry Abbott, B. Oct. 5

NOTICE!

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

J. Malcolm McDougall, B.C.L.
(Late of Three Rivers.)
ADVOCATE, Etc.,
AYLMER AND OTTAWA.

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

PEOPLE.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich will reach the half century line of years on the 11th of November.

Miss Kate Field's favorite saddle horse is Tuck, a coal black stallion, upon which she takes daily exercise in Washington.

Ex-President Arthur was too ill to go to the polls at the elections. This is the first time that he has failed since he was old enough to vote.

That wonderful machine, the type-writer, is manipulated with great dexterity by ladies, and some of them are also good stenographers.

The King of Portugal recently bestowed upon the King of Spain three military orders, and his Royal Babyhood was so delighted that he tried his best to swallow them.

Mrs. Beecher says that the only fault she has to find with England is the bad climate and bad bread, the latter being so hard that it could almost be used for paving material.

Sarah Bernhardt actually talks about turning stock farmer in the Argentine Republic. Should Sarah begin to talk tragedy to an Argentine steer she will scare the entire drove.

When Chauncey M. Depew came down from the stand under the Bartholdi statue after his oration he declared, with a long-drawn sigh, that it was the first time he had ever delivered an address to an audience of applauding steamboats.

Dr. Joseph Burnett, father of Mr. Edward Burnett, who is a son-in-law of James Russell Lowell, declares that the report of the engagement of Mr. Lowell to an English widow is utterly without foundation.

George Alfred Gath says he had a tendency to blush when he first entered a newspaper office. This was when George Alfred was young. He is old enough now to let the newspaper office do the blushing.

Mr. George Gould and his wife are evidently not hearty eaters—at present. The Chicago News says of them: "They remained in town only a short time, but during their stay Mr. Gould purchased a basket of grapes and a fishing outfit. Mrs. Gould carried the grapes into the car where the couple made a light lunch." Mr. Gould probably ate the fishing outfit.

W. A. Croffut, of the Washington Post, says that the remains of A. T. Stewart lie in the Cathedral at Garden City; that Mrs. Stewart consented to pay the robbers $25,000, and that the money was paid and the bones were handed over to an agent of hers on a hill in Westchester County at the dead of night. Mr. Croffut says he had the story from a member of the Hilton family.

The father of Lord Clanricarde, whose eviction proceedings are causing so much excitement in Galway just now, must have been a curious personage. According to the London correspondent of the Liverpool Post, the late Lord, when on his death-bed, asked his doctor how long he had to live, was told a couple of hours, and thereupon requested his valet to wind up a music-box. It was whilst listening to its melodious strains that he went to his rest.

Marshal Bazaine fell while walking in the Retiro at Madrid one day last week, fractured his leg, and had to be carried to his house by the police and bystanders. He is old, poverty-stricken, and broken-spirited, and he wanders about the streets of Madrid shabbily dressed and wearing a long gray beard. He lives entirely alone, his wife having gone to Mexico last spring with the hopes of getting some money from certain family interests there. His son is a volunteer in a Spanish regiment of chasseurs.

Dr. Furnivall, President of the Maurice Rowing Club, and at 81, has won three prizes in races this season, lately sent Mr. Gladstone a copy of his letter on "Sculls or Oars," proving the great superiority of sculls to oars in pairs, fours, and eights. The ex-Prime Minister, in returning his thanks for the letter, says:—"When I was at Eton, and during the season, I sculled constantly, more than almost any other boy in the school. Our boats were then not so light as they now are, but they went along merrily, with no fear of getting them under water."

A Little Off on Chickens.

"I'll take a leg of the chicken," said Miss Lollepop, just from boarding-school."

"You have one, and I have the other," said her admirer.

"Oh! yes. I forgot a chicken has but two legs. It's a duck that has four. Excuse me."

THE WATCHMAN,
And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. X LACHUTE, QUE., FRIDAY, NOV. 26, 1886. NO. 13

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

Sir Donald Smith has consented to run for the House of Commons for Winnipeg.

One hundred and eighty miles of the Manitoba and North-Western railway is now in operation.

An advance of ten to fifteen cents per yard in price of Canadian-made woollen goods has been announced.

Frontenac County Council has been asked to appoint a gamekeeper to protect deer from wanton slaughter by pot-hunters.

The monument over the volunteers' graves at Winnipeg will be unveiled on the anniversary of the Fish Creek fight.

Five members of the Mounted Police have deserted from Regina, taking with them the pay of one troop, amounting to $2,000.

Extradition proceedings against John F. Hoke, the defaulting cashier from Peoria, Ill., have been commenced in Montreal.

Mr. Alexander Begg, emigration agent of the Canadian Pacific railway in London, has been transferred to the head offices in Montreal.

The late R. B. Butland, music dealer of Toronto, has bequeathed between $60,000 and $70,000 to the Toronto General Hospital.

Toll-gates cost the farmers in Frontenac $45,000 a year. Active measures to abolish the nuisance are being taken by the Kingston Board of Trade.

Dr. Robert Bell, of the geological Survey, has returned to Ottawa from a four months' Exploration of the Severn district, south of Hundson's Bay.

One thousand men will be kept in the mountains by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company during the winter to clear the tracks of snow or other obstructions.

The Ottawa lumbering season just closing has been unusually good, the large output having been readily sold at fair prices. Two thirds of next year's cut has already been sold.

Right Rev. John McLean, Bishop of Saskatchewan, died on Sunday of last week at Prince Albert from the effects of injuries received by being thrown from a buggy some time ago.

The Imperial Government has decided to grant medals to those members of the North-West Mounted Police who were under fire in the rebellion, and they will shortly be presented to them.

Arrangements are completed between the Northern and North-Western and Canadian Pacific railway for the carriage of through freight and passengers via the Northern Pacific Junction railway.

A serious collision occurred between two construction trains on the Canadian Pacific railway, at Donald, B.C., in which one man was killed, twofatally injured, and several others less seriously hurt.

His Excellency the Governor-General, accompanied by Lady Lansdowne and suite and the Bishop of Algoma, were among the passengers on the mail steamship Parisian who landed the other day at Rimouski.

The engineering staff of the Hudson's Bay railway have been discharged. Seven miles of the road is now ironed and forty miles graded. The report that the Canadian Pacific has an interest in the road is emphatically denied.

The Rosebud River Ranch Company, of which Mr. A. J. McKay, of Toronto, is manager, intend putting six thousand head of cattle on their ranch in the spring, and will also start a cheese factory with six thousand dairy cows.

The North-West Council has passed a resolution asking that all fines in liquor cases be devoted to the Territorial fund, instead of the Dominion. The Council recommends that scrip be given the Mounted Police on service during the rebellion.

The grand jury at the Toronto Criminal Assizes brought in "No Bill" in the case in which Quartermaster Swanson, Patrick Burns and George McInerney were charged with conspiracy to defraud the Dominion Government out of $1,000.

The Scott Act party in Moncton, N.B., are vigorously prosecuting the war against liquor sellers in that city. On Saturday last two convictions were made, one of the offenders being a boy ten years old, who acted as bartender in his father's saloon.

The degree of Bachelor of Music was conferred on Rev. W. Roberts, Miss H. E. Gregory and Miss E. S. Mellish at Trinity College the other afternoon. This is the first occasion in which a degree of Music has been conferred by a Canadian University.

At a meeting of old settlers held in Winnipeg, a petition to the Dominion Government was adopted urging the settlement of claims which arose before the transfer of the territory, and a committee was appointed to examine and report upon the Metis and their claims.

Dr. McEachren, Inspector of Quarantines, has returned to Ottawa from his tour of inspection in the North-West Territories. As a result of his observations it is considered probable that more stringent quarantine rules will be drafted for protection from pleuro-pneumonia.

It is reported that the question of a treaty between Canada and the Sandwich Islands is under consideration by the Dominion Government and that a commissioner has been appointed to proceed to the West Indies and report upon the best methods of developing trade relations.

AMERICAN.

The strike at the Chicago packing houses has ended, the men going back to work on the packers' terms of ten hours a day.

It is reported that plans are being prepared for deepening the Niagara river channel from Buffalo to Tonawanda to eighteen feet.

A desperate fight took place in Shelman, Georgia, between a party of negroes and a white family, in which two of the latter were mortally wounded and one of the negroes was killed.

"Larry" Donovan, who recently made himself notorious by jumping from Brooklyn bridge, the other morning accomplished the equally perilous feat of jumping from the new Suspension bridge into the Niagara river, and was picked up none the worse for his adventure.

FOREIGN.

The Colonial Exhibition has closed.

A state of siege has been proclaimed throughout Bulgaria.

A Government scheme for nationalizing the Prussian railways is under consideration.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has arrived at Athens and was visited by Premier Tricoupis.

Heavy storms are reported throughout Great Britain, doing great damage to shipping.

It is rumoured that Gen. Kaulbars is suffering from nervous excitement and has had apoplectic fits.

The Warsaw *Gazette* says Austria-Hungary is a decaying empire, whose miserable collapse is drawing near.

A young American woman in Paris has entered upon a thirty days' fast under the surveillance of a committee.

The St. Petersburg newspapers daily publish reports of crimes and atrocities practised on Russophiles in Bulgaria.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in his interview with the Sultan, advised his Majesty to open up Turkey to European capital.

The surplus realized at the Colonial Exhibition, which amounts to £50,000, is to be handed over to the Imperial Institute.

The new torpedo invented by M. Coudray, with which Admiral Aube is experimenting, is said to be superior to the Whitehead projectile.

A special says the Imperial Paliament has been prorogued from the 9th of December to January 20th, when the Queen will open it in person.

The Po and Adige, Italian rivers, have overflowed and submerged the country along their courses, causing much damage and some loss of life.

The Russian Goverament is uneasy on account of rumours of suspicious movements of Anglo-Indian and Afghan troops on the Afghanistan frontier.

There is great activity in commercial and financial circles in London. The new joint-stock companies registered lately have a combined capital of £80,000,000.

Dr. Wilhelm Junker, the Russian explorer in Africa, has been heard from after six years' silence. The result of his explorations are believed to be very important.

Prince Waldemar, the third son of the King of Denmark, has been elected by the Sobranje as successor to Prince Alexander on the Bulgarian throne. He has refused to accept the position.

An Algerian doctor has saved the life of a girl, aged twelve, who was in the last stage of consumption, by making an incision between the fifth and sixth ribs and burning out three cubic centimetres of the diseased lungs with a red-hot iron.

Owing to the extraordinary police precautions taken in London, the Lord Mayor's show took place without any serious interference on the part of the Socialists. There was intense excitement, some violent speech-making, and a few encounters between the mob and the police, but no bloodshed.

A swindling bureau was recently opened in Strasbourg which announced that ex-Empress Eugenie had determined to grant a pension to soldiers who had been fourteen years in the service. A large number of soldiers applied, and were charged one or two marks, according to circumstances, for registering their claims, and then the bureau vanished like a dream.

Kidnapped in a London Street.

The following statement will appear to your readers as almost incredible, and had it not happened to myself I should regard it as such.

One day I was inspecting the jeweller's window opposite the United Service Club, when I was accosted by a well-dressed man who congratulated himself upon having, as he said, discovered me after much searching, and, without a moment's warning, and before I could recover myself from the surprise, he seized my arm and literally lifted me into a cab, upon which were two travelling trunks, and directed the coachman to drive to King's Cross station.

He very soon assured me to my astonishment as may be supposed, that I was his wife, and now that he had got me home to Newcastle-on-Tyne, I should go where, in answer to my remonstrances, he assured me that I should find my clothing and everything just I had left it when I deserted him! Argument on my part was altogether out of the question. To the asseveration, "But I am not your wife; I have a husband and family," he simply replied: "Oh, yes; I knew you would say all that. I am quite prepared for all this sort of thing. I have got you now, and home you go." I really thought the man mad; but no. To the remark that I would jump out and call the police he was perfectly cool and collected, and simply said, "You can do so. They never interfere between man and wife." This I thought was a very forcible argument, for in street disturbances I have twice seen men bullying women, and to those who interfered remark, "It is my wife, sir, and don't you interfere between man and wife. It is no business of yours." I was so astonished and annoyed that I became alarmed, for all sorts of ideas sprung up—the possibillity of solitary confinement, the nunnery, all sorts of things! I asked to be allowed to get out and send a telegram. "Oh, dear, no; I can do all that for you from home."

I became sick at heart, and faint, and—happy thought!—I told the fellow so, and suggested that he should pull up somewhere for a glass of wine. He felt for his flask, and I sniffed, as I thought, cloroform. Thank God, he had forgotten his flask, and so pulled up in Princess street at a public house. Now was my chance to escape. I told him to go on in and order it. He did so, and I jumped out and into a 'bus that happily was just passing up Oxford street, and so escaped the jaws of worse than death.

The Congo Railroad.

The friends of the Congo State say the upper Congo will not be worth a shilling until a railroad 235 miles long has been built around the cataracts in the lower river. Very little has been heard of this since an English syndicate was formed about a year ago to do it. There is no doubt that the English, headed by Mr. Hutton, President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, were willing and anxious, but now, after months of fruitless negotiations, the English syndicate has dissolved and Belgian capitalists have taken up the enterprise.

The English accuse the Congo people of defeating their scheme, because they desired that Belgians should build and control the railroad. The Congo authorities, on the other hand, say the negotiations failed cause the English proposed, in effect, to set up a government of their own in Congo, and because they practically demanded a monopoly of trade, which, under the act of the Berlin Congress, could not be conceded to them.

There is no doubt whatever that the railroad will be built. The past year's discoveries in the Congo basin, and the great mass of new testimony showing that this vast region may become of considerable value to commerce, have at last silenced the detractors of King Leopold's enterprise. The task of even partially developing the upper Congo basin is one of great magnitude, and will require many years. The work thus far, however, has met with encouraging success and the prospects of the new State have at no time been so bright as they are to-day.

The Belgian capitalists to whom the Congo State has just granted a concession for building the railroad, have subscribed the funds needed to send a party of engineers and specialists to the Congo to survey the route, determine the cost, and prepare the plans. It is expected that this work will occupy more than a year. The new syndicate asserts that it has already received assurances of the financial co-operation of foreign capitalists when the work of track laying is ready to begin.

FARM.

BUYING SEED.

Those who intend to buy seed grain or potatoes, for use the coming season, should by all means do it now, for the following reasons. First, seed can be obtained for a less price in the fall than in the spring of the year. Second, a better quality can be obtained, as small grain stored through the winter in large quantities together will degenerate in vitality, and corn can be had in the ear all of large size, and in much better condition than after having been stored, and corn should never be bought excepting in the ear, for then it can be seen what it is. If obtained when shelled, how can the buyer tell whether he is getting large fine ears, or small ones? Potatoes can be got on much better terms in the fall, from almost any seed man, or other persons who have them for sale, while small lots of potatoes, corn or small grain will keep much better, and retain their vitality to a greater degree, to be kept through the winter than when stored in large amounts.

In buying seed of any kind great care should be observed to get that which has been improved by selection and culture. An improved variety having its characteristics established will produce much better results both in quality and quantity, than that which has been grown ordinarily. The same principles apply here that has wrought such great, most wonderful and beneficial results in live stock of all kinds. And "thorough bred" seed is as much superior to that commonly grown as improved, "thorough bred" stock is superior to the common stock.

By all means then buy corn in the ear, and all other seed in the fall of the year. And be sure to get what you buy, by obtaining it from the most reliable source known. Make those you buy of guarantee the representations they make to be "true to the letter."

HOW VEGETABLES ARE WINTERED.

Only a few vegetables can be wintered outdoors in the north without protection. Parsnips are among the exceptional vegetables which the winter does not destroy, and, except for use while the ground is frozen, may be left in the soil. Salsify, or vegetable oyster, is of similar nature, but beets, turnips, and carrots will not stand excessive cold; to retain the fresh, crisp flavor they should be taken up as late as possible and placed in a cool cellar or in pits with earth and straw enough over them to prevent freezing. The latter is the method most in vogue with market gardeners, who usually know how best to present their vegetables in the finest condition. Artificial heat in any form spoils the flavor of vegetables generally. The sweet potato is an exception, and will rot in a temperature below 50 degrees, while dryness does not injure it. Cabbages may be pulled up roots and all, turned upside down, the heads packed together in beds six feet in width, and the ground between the rows thrown over the heads. In extremely frosty weather they cannot be reached and enough must be left in the cold root cellar for winter use. Onions require a dry barn or stable loft, and should not be packed more than eight to ten inches deep, with a foot of straw over them to keep out frost. In the extreme north some fire protection may be necessary. For family use a string can be kept hung up in any part of the cellar. Onions will stand 20 degrees of frost without injury if dry. Celery is best when taken from the open ground, but should be taken up and placed close together in beds with earth and litter over all to keep from freezing. Winter squashes require a dry place, free from frost.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

A poultry man near Boulder, Col., keeps 1,000 turkeys. He sows a small field of wheat, and allows the turkeys to harvest it themselves. They also secure grass-hoppers and other insects. He has already received an offer of $1.50 each for the lot as soon as they are old enough for the market.

The Journal of Decorative Art says: We have it on the testimony of a reliable man that buttermilk mixed with fine sand and applied to new woodwork outside will stand for many years and gives the most complete imitation of stone it is possible to get, and with it absolute preservation of the timber.

One cow will eat about the same as eight sheep, though in rocky pastures the eight sheep would get a good living where the average cow would starve. It is a question whether these eight sheep with their products of wool and lambs would not net more money than the cow, deducting labor of milking and caring for the milk. A herd of twelve to fifteen cows will occupy one man's time pretty fully in feeding and caring for them. Milk makes much extra work in the house, and when made into either butter or cheese does not net a big profit after paying for the labor.

It is astonishing how large an amount of straw can be worked down into manure with even a little stock, provided the barn-yard is well covered. The first thing to be done when stock is put up is to spread straw to the depth of one or two feet. This will make a bed to save both solid and liquid droppings. Sheep, with their small feet, will work down a big stack very soon, and if well fed make a manure that will tell wherever it is applied. One of the best foods for making manure is bean straw, which other stock do not relish, but of which sheep are very fond.

The colt that is taken from its dam in the fall has a hard time of it the first winter, all the harder for a too prevalent idea that a little hardship at this time is no detriment, causing the animal to be tougher. On the contrary there is no time in a horse's life when liberal feeding is more necessary or will pay better. Oats are even more necessary for the colt while growing than for the old horse while working or being driven.

Pumpkins are excellent to make pigs grow. They should be boiled and the seeds removed. Pigs will thrive on this with very little meal before the time for heavier feeding comes on.

INDIAN LOSS AT CUT KNIFE.

Deadly Effect of the Firing of the Queen's Own.

Mounted Policeman G. W. Rowley, now in Ottawa, states that about the middle of last August a party of mounted policemen, searching about Poundmaker's reserve for stolen horses, took advantage of the opportunity to try and ascertain how many Indians were killed at the Cut Knife Hill fight between Col. Otter and Poundmaker. Beneath a mound on the battle field they uncovered eight or nine bodies. Conducted by an old squaw, they proceeded down the creek a short distance, and by a small waterfall found the remains of quite a number of Indians. The squaw told them some thirty of the killed at Cut Knife had been buried there. She also said that 25 or 30 had been buried in a coulee not far from the battle field. The Indian braves had done their utmost to conceal from the whites the number of the killed. Policeman Rowley says the Indians have been disappearing very fast lately, mountain fever having carried off a large number during the past summer.

"DON'T STRANGLE ME."

The Execution of Sproule, the British Columbia Murderer.

The Victoria *Standard* gives the following account of the execution of Sproule:—"The heads of the spectators were uncovered out of consideration for the culprit as slowly, but with firmness, he approached and walked up the ladder leading to the trap of the scaffold. No weakness or faltering was noticeable, although the prisoner's emaciated body and limbs demonstrated but too plainly the work resulting from month after month of delay and almost unbearable suffering and suspense. He appeared and behaved himself as a man thoroughly resigned to his inevitable fate, and, as he had frequently stated to Rev. Mr. Fraser, he evidently 'wished that the past might remain a thing of the past; that he

BORE NO MALICE OR HATRED

to those he was about to leave behind, and that he trusted the future to the mercy and sparing of his God.' That he was prepared to die with an abiding hope for forgiveness, if guilty of the terrible crime laid at his door, could not be douted by those who witnessed his calm and collected demeanor. He had slept well during his last night upon earth, and awoke with all his mental faculties about him. After the hangman, who was an under-sized, wirily-built man, had placed the prisoner in position on the trap, immediately under the noose and facing the spectators, the condemned man, in slow and deliberately uttered words, heard distinctly throughout the courtyard, said:—'My friends, this is a very sad situation in which to pass away from this world—in such a condition; and I trust that this will be

AN EXAMPLE AND WARNING

to all—(here the prisoner paused for a minute or so)—who commit sins—(again pausing). The charge that has been preferred against me was wrong. I was not guilty of the crime of which I was accused. There were eight witnesses who came to Victoria to swear against me, and they bore false witness against me which led to my conviction. They know as well as I do the wrongs they have done. (Prisoner here paused again, and for a moment or two seemed to engage in deep thought as to what other statement he could make, and then continuing:) I have nothing further to say only "good-bye to all.'" The hangman then.

PROCEEDED TO ADJUST THE NOOSE

about the condemned man's neck, and as he did so, Sproule, feeling the pressure of the rope, said in pitiful tones: 'Don't oh don't strangle me.' But the hangman proceeded with his duty, and Sproule, repeated in painful accents: 'Don't, don't strangle me.' These were his dying words. Whilst the noose was being placed in its proper position Rev. Mr. Fraser offered up a brief but fervent prayer for the safe keeping of the condemned man's soul, and scarcely had the final sentence of the solemn supplication to the Almighty died away, when the hangman shot the bolt, and with a dead, resounding thud, Robert Evan Sproule was launched into eternity."

Infant Life in Paris.

There is no doubt that the want of space from which the poor tenant suffers in Paris is a serious drawback to the proper rearing of an infant. There is, further, no doubt that sufficient care can not be bestowed upon the infant, even if there be sufficient space, where the woman, as is the case 900 times out 1,000, among the working population of Paris, helps to win the bread. Among the lower middle classes the wife keeps the accounts. A wet nurse at home is expensive and irksome. These peasant matrons have been spoiled by the upper classes, where they are indulged to an extent that defies description. They are decked out as for a feast; they rule the household, in return for which they give what the mother is apparently unwilling or unable to give, and what old-fashioned folks still persist in considering the sweetest joys of maternity. Thackeray made Becky Sharp French by her mother's side. It proved his acumen; had he done otherwise English readers would have been inclined to tax him with exaggeration in depicting his heroine as utterly indifferent, nay, sick and tired, of her pretty son, because he interfered with her enjoyment of society. In Paris, however—and in the large provincial centers, whose chief delight it seems to ape Paris—the Becky Sharps are in a majority. I have before me the statistics of last year's births for the city of Paris (the twenty arrondissements within the fortifications). They amount to 62,000. Out of these 17,000 were dispatched to the country. I may safely defy any one curious in these matters to take a six hours' stroll through one or two of the best or second best quarters of Paris, and to find more than one well-dressed mother out of thirty unflanked by a wet-nurse. He can easily try the experiment for himself, seeing that there is a difference in the costume of the mere nurse-maid and the wet-nurse. The latter is got up very theatrically and prettily with a wreath of beautiful ribbons round her exquisitely embroidered cap, two long streamers of the same ribbon floating in the wind; a handsome dress and ample cloak, often lined with silk, and a lace apron. She is part of the show of a fashionable entertainment in Paris. If my observer has done this, if he calculates the 17,000 infants gone to the provinces, and jots down a computation based upon the traction of the remaining 45,000, he will arrive at the conclusion that probably about one of every ten mothers nurses her own baby.

FATAL FROLICKING.

A Party of Drunken Young Men Cause a Girl's Death.

A shocking report comes from the usually peaceful and law-abiding parish of St. George, Beauce, Que. On Wednesday evening of last week a number of young men there got on the spree, and in their drunkenness resolved to go out there and pick a quarrel with a neighbor named Wintle, or to have some fun at his expense. They took a quantity of liquor with them, and Wintle, who had no notion of their intentions, received them with open arms. They plied him freely with the liquor until he became sufficiently intoxicated for their purpose, when they began the proposed quarrel. Drunk as he was, however he did not want to take it up, but did everything in his power to keep the peace. They would not listen to his reason. Finally, goaded beyond endurance by his provocation, he seized his loaded gun to drive them off his premises and fired at them. The bullet missed them but lodged in the body of his neice, a young girl who happened to be in the house at the time. On perceiving this horrible result, Wintle's tormentors fled precipitately, and medical aid was called in for the wounded girl, who lingered until Friday, when she expired. The district coroner then had Wintle arrested. At latest accounts the inquest was still proceeding. The tragic affair has created a most painful sensation in the locality.

The chewing gum yearly used by a certain family of eight persons in Minnesota costs $150.

HEALTH.

COLD CLIMATES BEST EVEN FOR INVALIDS.

I have no doubt that in genuine consumption the Northern climate is a good one. I am sure it is better than that of Southern California. Though, if the choice be between life in stove or furnace heat here, and life in the shade of a pepper-tree there, the pepper-tree shade is the better. But if the choice be between the sweet air of open grate fires, and, dressed in abundant flannels, much life in the saddle in all weathers; if the choice be between these here and a winter in Southern California, I urge the patient to remain in Canada. The money required for a journey across the continent will fit up his sitting room with open grate, and furnish it with wood or coal. The money required to pay for board away from home will supply a saddle horse and the extra thicknesses of woolen garments for the legs and feet. Commencing with an hour a day on a walk, the patient will soon spend five or six hours a day in the saddle. His pulse at the beginning is, say, 100; within a month it will fall below 80. Here is a strong impulse towards recovery. Twenty years' observation among consumptives in New England and Canada and three years among consumptives seeking restoration in California, confirm these statements.

BUILDING A BRAIN.

Our present life is signalized by a union between soul and body. All attempts to disturb the harmony of this marriage tie are futile and mischievous. The devotees of India crawl into caves, cultivate long hair and dirt, and starve and torture themselves to emphasize their hatred of these vile imprisoning bodies. They devoutly believe that the soul can rise only as it climbs on the ruins of the body. This struggle to divorce the soul from the body has appeared among many peoples. We have not altogether escaped it. With many of us a pale, languid woman is more of a lady than a rosy robust one; and a sepulchral clergyman more of a saint than a broad-chested, fun-loving one.

We are just beginning to apprehend the spirit of the old Greek, and to regard the body as an honorable and beautiful part of man. Already we speak of building a perfect body, crowned by a perfect brain as at once the greatest problem and grandest hope of the race.

THE MEDICINE OF THE FUTURE.

The late Dr. Samuel D. Gross, called the father of American surgery, used the following words in an address delivered at the dedication of the McDowell monument:

"Young men of America, listen to the voice of one who has grown old in his profession, and who will probably never address you again, as he utters a parting word of advice.

"The great question of the day is not this operation or that, not ovariotomy, or lithotomy, or a hipjoint amputation, which have reflected so much glory upon American medicine, but preventive medicine, the hygiene of our persons, our dwellings, our streets; in a word, our surroundings, whatever or wherever they may be, whether in city, town, hamlet, or country, and the establishment of efficient town and state boards of health, through whose agency we shall be more able to prevent the origin and fatal effects of what are known as the zymotic or preventable diseases which carry so much woe and sorrow into our families, and often sweep like hurricanes over the earth, destroying millions of human lives in an incredibly short time.

"The day has arrived when the people must be roused to a deeper and more earnest sense of the people's welfare, and suitable measures adopted for the protection as well as for the better development of their physical, moral, and intellectual powers. This is the great problem of the day, the question which you, as the representatives of the rising generation of physicians, should urge, in season and out of season, upon the attention of your fellow citizens; the question which, above and beyond all others, should engage your most serious thoughts, and elicit your most earnest co-operation."

NOT TO BE SURPASSED.

The Latest India Rubber Mind Cure Theory.

"They can make all the fun they like of the mind cure," remarked a "professor" of the science to a reporter, "but I tell you it's the only rational system of philosophical medicine." He leaned back in his chair, gazed at the polish on his gaiters with a far-away look, and continued: "You see, we believe that there is nothing in the universe but mind. There is no such thing as disease in the body. It is all the mind, and is all controlled by the mind. The time is coming when every one will accept this view and adopt our theory—treating the mind and the mind alone. The only good which drugs do is caused by their effect on the body whatever, and a physician might as well prescribe 10 grains of flour as to dose his patient with 10 grains of quinine. The flour would have exactly the same effect, provided the patient thought it was a febrifuge."

"Then drugs have utterly no effect except as they influence the imagination?"

"Not in the least. A man might as well take water or bread pills."

"If you poured nitric acid on a man's hand, and he thought it was water, would it burn him?"

"The "professor" beat a heel-and-toe tattoo upon the floor, and replied; "The chances are that it would. The man himself might not be aware of the fact that nitric acid was being used, but the mind of the man who made the substance would be present. You see, our science doesn't depend upon one mind alone. If it did, all would be plain sailing. However, there are minds which have gone before us. The universal opinion is that nitric acid will burn the flesh, and it is this opinion which would cause the injury in the instance you cite. It would be a case where 'the majority rules.'"

"I suppose that a rattlesnake's bite would be poisonous even though the person bitten thought it the bill of a mosquito."

"Of course it would be poisonous, because it is universally agreed to be so, and the minds that have formulated this conclusion are more powerful than the mind of the sufferer."

"How was it with the first man ever bitten by a rattlesnake? There was no previous opinion in regard to the effects of the bite, and he didn't know whether the bite was dangerous or not. Did the poisonous fangs prove fatal to him?"

"Young man, I see that you are not a believer, and—you'll find the door right behind you."

It is proposed that people who do not wish to be interviewed shall wear a small oyster shell on the lapel of their coat. When a fellow begins to ask questions, point to it, which will signify "I am dumb."

It is said that the human race is destined to be bald and toothless. This need not alarm the people seriously. A great many have been born that way, and the race is none the worse for it.

GENERAL NEWS.

Mr. Goodman, aged 76, and Mrs. Ireland, aged 68 of Farming, Iowa, had to run away from their children in order to get married.

Millionaire Terry, the richest man in Cuba, who recently died, began business as a peddler. He got rich at that, married more money, and died worth $30,000,000.

Mrs. Jane McEwen, who recently died at Studholm, N. B., at the age of 94 years, left three sons, three daughters, fifty-eight grandchildren, and forty-one great-grandchildren.

Eighteen thousand salmon are said to have been recently caught in Puget Sound at one haul of two seines; and a lot of fish got away, too, by the bursting of one of the seines.

Two lighthouse keepers on the North Carolina coast were recently discharged because for three months they had not spoken to each other. They had quarrelled about the color of the sea.

Pau Dvorak, the Bohemian composer, now in London, is enraged whenever he is called "Herr" Dvorak. He doesn't at all object to the English "Mr.," but the German "Herr" is very distasteful to him. The Bohemian equivalent to "Mr." is "Pau."

Mrs. Fleming of Wood county, Ohio, lighted an extra candle the other night when the preacher and his wife called, and after they had gone away her husband Josiah, boxed her ears for the display of extravagance. Although they have been married forty-two years, she has sued for a divorce.

Two Denver citizens, buffalo hunting in Park county, Colorado, walked twenty-five miles, and thought they were amply repaid when they discovered a big bull bison standing alone in the "very heart of a mountain fastness." Of course they joyfully killed the lonely representative of a once mighty herd.

A burglar broke into a store in Springfield, Mass., the other night, and left a piece of one of his shoestrings on the window where he entered. W. E. Smith was arrested, a part of one of his shoestrings was gone, the remaining part corresponded with the piece found in the window, and so Smith is to be tried for the burglary.

James Truett, a fashionable young man of Hindsdale, Ga., was in danger of having his beauty disfigured by the loss of one of his front teeth. In this dilemma he paid a friend $15 for a sound tooth. The two then went to a dentist, who extracted the friend's tooth and inserted it in the mouth of Truett. The operation was successful.

Dr. D. H. Platt of Pictou, N. S., has a very intelligent parrot. One of its tricks is to strike a match and hold it for the Doctor to light his pipe. While practising in the Doctors's absence not long ago, the bird dropped a match on some loose paper on the floor, set the woodwork of a window ablaze, and the dwelling narrowly escaped destruction.

Oscar Caley and Will Jones of Stantonsburg, N. C., were out shooting and saw a squirrel run into a hole in a tree. Will climbed the tree to scare him out, and Oscar waited for a chance to shoot. The chance came, for the squirrel popped out, but instead of hitting the game the boy hit his comrade, who plunged headlong to the ground dead.

An arrow point made of ivory was lately extracted from the breast of a goose shot near Colusa, Cal. As there are no savages nearer than the Arctic regions with whom ivory is plenty, the conclusion is that the arrow was made from the tooth of a walrus and shot into the breast of the bird by an Esquimaux. The skin of the goose had grown over the arrow.

It is said that Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor of the German empire, is the special partner in a stock and grain commission house in New York. The resident members of the firm will not talk about the subject, but a good many, remembering that the Prince of Wales was head over heels in oil speculations on the Petroleum Exchange a few years ago, say that Bismarck's desire to scoop in American shekels is as natural as eating to a foreigner.

On reaching Holyhead, the other night lately the Great Eastern had a narrow escape from destruction. When she reached the harbour it was blowing a heavy gale from the north-north-west. An order was given to let go anchors, but some delay arose, and the vessel was rapidly drifting on a dangerous shore. Great consternation prevailed on board, and signals were made for help. The sea was very high, and breakers dashed furiously on the rockbound coast. Just as it seemed impossible to save the vessel, the anchors were got down, and fortunately held.

A despatch from Buda-Pesth tells the story of the discovery and dispersion by the police of sixteen persons who had been driven from their homes by the cholera and had taken refuge under a tent near the Danube. In continuing their search for other vagrants the police found thirty persons of both sexes lying naked in a filthy, but warm stream of water that flowed from the mill. They had taken stones for pillows and were preparing to spend a comfortable night. The condition of the hundreds of paupers who spend the night in all kinds of weather on the benches along the Thames embankment is said to be but little better than this.

A Hero Of the Lever.

While the Convention of Locomotive Engineers has been in session in New York the country has been furnished an illustration of the heroism which is part of the ordinary every day equipment of the men who make up that brotherhood. The disaster on the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad was terrible enough, but its horrors would have been aggravated but for the cool courage and quick good judgment of Mr. Little, the engineer of the ill-fated express train. "Our train," says Bishop Whipple, one of the passengers, "was going at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, so the train men said, and the courage of the engineer can not be praised too highly. He staid with the engine, and I have never known an air-brake to be set so quickly and strongly as that one was." Mr. Polter, another passenger, gives a more detailed account of the engineer's services to those whose lives were intrusted to his hands:

"The engineer, who displayed marvelous coolness and courage, came among us with head and face crimson with blood, and told us how it happened. He said he was whirling around the curve, and the position of the side-tracked freight obscured the switch signal, but he was on the lookout for it, and the instant it appeared to his view he saw the death and destruction ahead. He had less than a train's length to go, and was making forty-five miles an hour, but he applied the full power of the air-brake and reversed his engine, and before he could remove his hand from the lever his mighty machine was plowing the earth and the cars were piling upon each other. It is wonderful that the engineer and fireman escaped with their lives. But for the lightning like celerity of the driver's action in applying the brakes, the whole train must have been frightfully wrecked and the loss of life much greater than it was. I must say that the company's employees performed heroic service for the comfort of survivors."

In what are thoughtlessly called the "good old times," which, compared with the present, were very bad old times for the most part, the praise of courage and honor used to be monopolized by men who occupied themselves in the business of killing people. But a new era, happily, has now arrived where the heroes are men who show themselves ready to die for others, and who, in their ordinary pursuits, are so habituated to the thought of self-sacrifice that when the emergency comes they meet it with an instinct of courage and judgment. All honor to the unbespangled heroes of the lever.

Charleston, S. C., will scream to a fever if some prominent citizen will recommend earthquake shocks as a cure for pneumonia, and so build up the place as a health resort.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOV. 26, 1886

NOTICE.

As our desire is to increase the circulation of the WATCHMAN throughout the County, we make the following offer:—The paper will be sent free for one year to any one who will obtain five new subscribers, and send us the $5.00 for the subscriptions. This offer will only be open until December 1st.

THE EVENINGS.

Now that the winter is approaching and the nights are long, it becomes a question of considerable interest and importance, as to how we should spend the evenings. Not having the advantages which prevail in a large city, the young people find the time long, and the winter dreary. There will be the usual number of private parties, and a few concerts, but these are not general enough, nor do they confer any lasting good on the participants. Time is so short in this age of railways, telephones, telegrams and electric lights, that our young people cannot afford to spend it in obtaining pleasure which lasts for the moment only. More strikingly does this fact present itself when we bear in mind that it is possible to combine pleasure and knowledge and that the best recreation of all is that which produces in the mind some lasting sensations of enjoyment. When we were listening to the discriptions of a tour through Europe, given by a lecturer in Olivet Hall, it became painfully evident that such things are not appreciated by us as they should, and it seemed strange that Lachute should not take advantage of its proximity to Montreal and have some prominent men deliver a course of lectures which would tend both to interest and give us a great deal of useful information. No doubt, some would consider such things very dry, and stiff, and would rather have a variety show, or a troop of negro minstrels visit the Town, but the mere fact that there are such should make us endeavor to cultivate a taste for such things among our people. Some of our churches might take the initiative in this matter, or as the scheme should be made as general as possible it might be taken up by the college authorities.

OUR BANKERS INTERVIEWED.

According to promise we give below the result of our Reporter's interview with the popular manager of the Ville Marie Bank.

Reporter.—How do you find business and does it come up to your expectations?

Manager.—The extent of a Bank's business is pretty much in its own hands. There is always a demand for money, the only question being how much it is prudent to loan, keeping in view the safety of the loans and the amount of deposits at the agency.

R.—Am I to understand that the amount loaned at an agency is regulated by the amount of deposits?

M.—To a certain extent yes. The deposits and circulation at a good agency should about meet the demands on the agency for discounts.

R.—What interest do you pay on deposits?

M.—On current mercantile accounts we follow the rule of other banks and pay no interest. On savings bank accounts we pay three or four per cent. as agreed upon. When deposits are made payable after notice, or for a fixed period, the rate is generally four per cent.

R.—Your neighbours are paying five per cent.

M.—They will soon find it unprofitable to pay that rate. At all events it would not pay us to pay so much for money.

R.—Has your business so far been such as to warrant the hope that your branch here will be permanent?

M.—Lachute is too important a place to do without a bank agency, and there is no reason why we should close the branch here. The Directors are satisfied with the business prospects, otherwise they would not have purchased the bank building we now occupy.

R.—Have you received from our people as liberal support as you had reason to expect?

M.—More so, particularly from the merchants and traders, not only of Lachute but of the neighbouring parishes, and this, although for nearly six months the bank had neither a suitable office nor a permanent manager.

R.—Supposing there was a sudden run upon your branch, what provisions have you to meet it?

M.—The deposits on call are not large enough to make a run of any importance. Indeed a considerable part of our deposits have been made to meet notes due to us, so that if the money was drawn out to-day it would have to come back to-morrow in any case it would only cost a telegram to Montreal to get all the legal tenders required.

R.—How do you find your circulation?

M.—Very satisfactory.

This ended the interview, our reporter leaving with the impression that the Banque Ville Marie had got the "right man in the right place."

PROHIBITION.

At a meeting of the sub-committee, of the Argenteuil branch of the Dominion Alliance, held on the 24th instant, it was unanimously resolved that in view of the approaching election for the Commons that temperance men are hereby respectfully requested not to pledge their votes to any candidate until his views on prohibition have been ascertained, and that the Secretary be instructed to write to each candidate requesting a definate reply as to whether he is in favor of prohibition and would vote for it or not, and if the reply or replies are unsatisfactory, that a general meeting be called for the purpose of considering the advisability of bringing out a Temperance Candidate.

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH—IN APPEAL.

BEDARD Vs. McGIBBON.

MONTREAL, Nov. 20.

Present: Chief Justice DORION, and Justices MONK, RAMSAY, TESSIER, CROSS and BABY.

McGIBBON and BEDARD.—A motion was made in this case for the rectification of an error in the judgment rendered in September last. The judgment as drawn dismissed the action with costs, whereas the intention of the Court was to restore the original judgment by which the costs of the *enquete* were divided.

RAMSAY, J., dissented from the majority on the ground that the court had no jurisdiction to alter a judgment fully entered up of the previous term. The judgment as drawn no doubt said what the judges did not intend to say, but His Honor thought the court had no jurisdiction to change that now. The danger of correcting was greater than the advantage to be gained by it.

CROSS, J., said the court had exercised the power in a number of cases already. Here the judgment as drawn imposed on the plaintiff the whole costs of the *enquete*, which had been needlessly lengthened, and the original judgment divided these costs, while dismissing the action. The case was taken to Review where the judgment was reversed in favor of the plaintiff. In Appeal the original judgment was restored, and the report of the judge's remarks published in the "Gazette" on the following day, as to the correctness of which there was no doubt, showed that this was the judgment actually delivered. But by a clerical error the judgment read as though the action were dismissed purely and simply. The plaintiff asked to be relieved from the consequences of the error, and the court considered that under the circumstances the application should be granted.

DORION, C. J.—The judgment as entered was not the judgment as it was rendered. The court was not asked to change a judgment, but merely to rectify an error which had crept into the judgment as drawn up, and which was apparent from the notes of the judge who pronounced the judgment. His Honor referred to a number of cases in which such errors had been corrected. In England this power was exercised constantly, and under the circumstances the court did not think there was any difficulty in granting the application.

Motion granted, Ramsay, J., dissenting.—*Gazette.*

THE LATE MRS. NORISS.

On Sunday evening Rev Mr Armstrong preached in the Methodist church in this Town, a sermon appropriate to the occasion of the recent death of Mrs. Norris, whose death and funeral were recorded in last issue:

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

"For thy that say such things declare plainly that thy seek a country."

"And truly if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned."

"But now thy desire a better country, that is an heavenly, wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city."—Hebrews XI—Vs. 13, 14, 15, 16.

He commenced with an earnest exposition of the subject matter of his text, dwelling with much force upon its general applicability and enlarging upon the grandeur and well framed character of the faith in which thy had not only died but lived—a life of faith being essential to a death in faith such as was contemplated by the text. Referring to the deceased, he expressed himself as assured of the certainty of the faith in which she had died, the answers she had given to questions put by him, the day before her death, leaving no room for the possibility of a doubt upon this score. He briefly sketched her early life, observing that her training had been such as to create in her religious impressions of the strongest character. Her knowledge of the scriptures was remarkable, while in her the Christian graces had lived and flourished. He described her home life as well as that which had reference to others as having been that of the Christian. He dwelt upon the fact of six to eight ministers having gone out from under the rays of herself and husband, and commended her exertions in various departments of the Master's work as being worthy of all emulation. He specially appealed to the members of her family and the congregation to follow in her footsteps, remarking to the former that her prayers of faith had gone up for them unceasingly, but that it was now for them to pray and act on their own behalf. The congregation was very large, the service was most impressive, the hymns and tunes being peculiarly adapted to the solemn occasion.

MILITARY NEWS.

Last month a very successful meeting was held by the Veterans of late Como Rifle Company, and a petition was submitted for signatures asking the Government for some recognition of their services during the Fenian Raid '66. Among those who addressed the meeting was their old veteran Captain R.W. Shepherd, Sr., John McNaughton, Esq., late Sergt. o. the Rifles is taking active steps to have their petition presented to Parliament.

Sergeant Instructor Gauthier has given up his position in Infantry School, St. John, and is now residing in Montreal, and it is altogether likely he may secure the position of Brigade Orderly Sergt for the sixth District as well as Instructor for the 65th Mount Royal Rifles.

Orderly Sergt Rentrick, late of the St. John's Infantry School has also given up that position, and is now employed in the C. P. R. office in Montreal.

It is rumoured that Capt. Geo. Martin of the 11th, one of the popular young officers, will attend a course of instruction at the Infantry School, during the coming winter.

It is a popular feeling in Montreal that the Volunteers should participate in the coming Carnival, *i e* a sham battle on snow shoes and a grand parade of the Brigade, but although ranked among the best militia troops in Canada, scarcely *a* Battalion can parade in proper winter uniform—hence the necessity of abandoning one of the grandest spectacles the Carnival Committee could possibly put on the tapis.

There is some talk of agitating for a Drill Hall and Armoury at Lachute, to accommodate two companies of the 11th, this would be a move in the right direction and make our enterprising town the scene of Military parades and drill instruction.

We take pleasure in recommending Hall's Hair Renewer to our readers. It restores gray hair to its youthful color, prevents baldness, makes the hair soft and glossy, does not stain the skin, and is altogether the best known to keep in all hair and scalp diseases.

Local Sketches of Lachute.

BY F. C. IRELAND.

SKETCH IX.

Lachute is now about to be known outside the County, and by more people than a few Montreal merchants who sold goods to the traders here, in fact it is to be known far and wide and the public men of Lachute never had such an opportunity of making it known as at this time (1858.) They were however too much absorbed with the every day routine of their own little business, or perhaps it never occurred to them that a grand medium was now open by which the eyes of the world could look as through a telescope, upon one of the most naturally favored spots in the Province of Quebec, if not in the whole country. This medium was Lovell's Canada Directory. It was a work of some 1600 lare pages, bound in cloth and was widely circulated throughout Canada. There were to be seen some other places quite insignificant when compared to Lachute, but by means of this medium of light, appeared much larger and much more attractive. In fact the Gore is seen to be a most attractive place with romantic scenery; mountainous; having several large lakes which furnish excellent fishing and in the line of population 1000 is given as the number: just twice that of Lachute, as the people of the whole Township are included. At the Gore there may be seen Grist and Saw Mills, Councilors and a Mayor while none of these are to be seen at Lachute in those days. In fact Lachute would look very small only for the College, Bible Society and Mechanics' Institute and the few individual who figure prominently in connection with them. St. Andrews figured very prominently in this Directory with its 1250 of a population, many of whose names are printed in capitals, indicating their prominence in the Community. In all Lovell's Canada Directory, there cannot be found a place of the size and importance of Lachute that makes so insignificant a display. Its mills and water privilleges are not noticed, while there is no mayor or councillors to be seen. There are only four names printed in capitals, one of them being a farmer living outside. The following is a complete copy of the discription of Lachute as found in Lovell's Directory of 1858:

LACHUTE, C. E.—The County Town of the County of Argenteuil, situated on the North River, a tributary of the Ottawa River, distant from Montreal, 45 miles and from St. Andrews, 6 miles; daily stage from Lachute, Carillon and St. Andrews, fare, 50c; daily mail; population, about 500.

Barron, Col. T. J. P., Treasurer of Mechanics' Institute. Barron Robert, Shoemaker. Barron Thomas, Jr., Sec. Mechanics' Institute. Bible Society. Rev. T. Henry, Principal; John Meikle Secretary. Birch Alva, Inn keeper and Saw mill owner. Brunton John, General Store. Christie Thos, M. D., Secretary of College. Clark Leonard, Carding mills. Cleland A., General Store. College, John Meikle, President; Thos Christie, M.D., Sec.; Rev. Thos. Henry, Principal. Dewart Rev. E. H., Wesleyan Minister. Didderidge and Mitchell, Cabinet makers. Fish James, Agent for Seigneury Mill. Giles Henry, Harness maker. Greenshields William, Tailor. Griffin Rev. Joseph, Church of England. Henry Rev. Thos., Free Church, Principal of College, and President of Bible Society. Hamilton Alexander, Saddler. Hills Samuel, J. P., Tanner and Farmer. Lane Milo, Innkeeper. Mayes Joseph, Wheelwright. Mechanics' Institute, John Meikle, President. Thos. Barron, Jr., Secretary. Col. Barron, Treasurer. Meikle G. & R., Dealers in dry goods, hardware, groceries, produce, etc. Meikle John, J. P., Postmaster, President of College and of Mechanics' Institute and Secretary Treasurer of Bible Society. Miller Matthew, Wheelwright. Orr Samuel, General Store. Raitt David, Tailor. Robertson John, Blacksmith. Shaw Thomas, Shoemaker. Simpson John, Shoemaker. Souter James, Blacksmith. Walker Linas, Carpenter. Walker Andrew, Farmer. Walker James, Clerk of Commissioners Court.

In comparing the description of Lachute with other places in the Directory, Grenville shows up to advantage with a population of 750, or fifty per cent more than Lachute. In the description also, every feature is prominently set forth which would likely attract attention to it even to the discovery of a French hare stone quarry. Dalesville shews up well with its mills, lakes, river, water falls, well timbered lands, with a promissing future before it. Brownsburg also figures as a milling center; Chatham is seen to be a place more stirring and enterprising than the rest of the County all put together; its population, including the whole Township is 3,500. There are a dozen mills noticed on the list. The long list of business men, mechanics, tradesmen, Inn keepers, and others contains only one farmer, while Chatham is generally looked upon as an Agricultural district. Whoever was entrusted with the compilation of material for the Directory, in Chatham, knew how to do it; he made the best of the chance to advertise something that was deserving of mention.

CHATBORO.

A wanton widower of this place—a butcher by trade—took unto himself a second wife to console himself for the loss of his first. The festive boys thought to honor him by a charivari, so out they turned with bells, whistles and horns, rendering melodious the midnight air for some time on the highway before the man of beef's door. Then they called him out and asked him to stand treat. He swore he would not and wildly brandishing aloft a huge butcher knife, threatened to make veal of the first one that came within his reach. They kept up the snakes for a couple of nights until the shedder of blood getting tired of the picnic told them if they did not "git" in double quick time he would shoot them. They dared him to do it. The sturdy slayer of sheep and swine could not stand it and he potted a fusilade of duck shot among the pleasure seeking blood-is-

Stormed at with shot and yell,
Backwards they bravely fell;
Back from powder's sickly smell,
How many wounded none could tell.

Every mother's son of them forgot their wounds, when one fellow gasped in dying accents, "Oh my God I'm killed." The shot has gone right through me. Send for a doctor, but no! He'll do me no good. Better send for a priest. The now thoroughly alarmed boys bore his apparently lifeless form some distance, when they discovered he had only smelled powder; but some of the other boys did not fare so well for they might have been found in the unenviable occupation of digging for lead in their perforated epidermis the following day. The new made husband thought he knew one of the boys, straightway got a summons served calling him before a Kadi in Lachute. He could prove nothing so the Kadi wisely dismissed the case with costs against the complainant.

Our quiet hamlet was also treated to an innovation in the shape of a "Box Social" on the 5th in the L. O. L. Hall. Mr. Fred Wade of Grenville, acted as auctioneer and quickly disposed of the boxes for a neat little sum. There was heard a sound of music on the air, and gents with ladies fair, nimbly tripped a measure there, until the wee sma' hours music and festivity reigned within the hall, for all is fair in love and war, and where is he who would not steal sweet possession of another fellows inamorata and in a secluded corner bask in the sun of her smiles. Altogether a pleasant night was spent, for the dance went on, and joy unconfined, youth and pleasure did meet to chase the flying hours with glowing feats.

SHALTO.

THE VALUATION.—The Valuators have finished their work in the West Ward, which shows the value to be $182,000, annual value $14,000, population 595, and deaths during the year 10. Had the work been done last year by wards, we should have been able to tell exactly the amount of increase in the respective wards of the town. The number of souls in the West Ward is now nearly half what the whole town contained last year.

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 impart more speedy relief in Dyspepsia or Indigestion. For Impoverished Blood, Loss of Appetite, Debility, 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.

THE remedy for curing Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Diseases of the Throat, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the Side, Difficult Breathing, and all the Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs. *No better remedy for Whooping Cough can be found.*
CAUTION.—Don't experiment with new and untried medicines, but always keep on hand this safe and sure remedy.—**Allen's Lung Balsam.**
MOTHERS, have you delicate, weakly children, who are always TAKING COLD, and subject to CROUP? Remember, there never was a case of CROUP which did not originate in a COLD.
ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM IS YOUR REMEDY.
Physicians who have failed to cure their patients should try this medicine before they give the case up as we KNOW many valuable lives have been saved by being persuaded to give it a trial.
DO NOT DESPAIR because all other remedies have failed, but try this remedy, and you will not be deceived. *It will cure when all others fail.*
Allen's Lung Balsam is now put up in Three Sizes.
Price 25c., 50c., and $1 per Bottle.
The 25c. bottles are put up for the accommodation of all who desire simply a Cough or Croup remedy. These dosing bottles are for Consumption or any Lung Disease should secure the Large $1 Bottle.
Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

JOB TYPE!

We have lately received

IN ADDITION TO

OUR ALREADY EXTENSIVE

assortment of

JOB TYPE,

a large assortment

OF THE

Newest Styles,

AND ARE NOW

PREPARED TO DO

EVERY DESCRIPTION

OF

JOB WORK

IN THE

BEST STYLE

OF THE

ART.

Orders Promptly Attended To

Simpson & Calder,

WATCHMAN OFFICE,

LACHUTE.

Local Advertisements.

AUCTION ROOM

I AM NOW erecting a building in the Centre Ward of LACHUTE TOWN, and expect it to be completed by the

15th DECEMBER,

will then sell all kinds of goods on Commission.

Merchants, Farmers, or any person having anything to sell, will find it to their advantage for Terms of Sale and any particulars to see

ANDREW BOA,
Proprietor,
OR
J. PATENAUDE,
Auctioneer.

Lachute, Nov. 11th, 1886.

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.

T. JOUSSE,

Watchmaker & Jeweller.

GOODS SOLD AT MODERATE PRICES.

FIRST-CLASS WORK DONE.

Orders taken for Cartridges, Shells, &c

T. JOUSSE,
Lachute, P.Q.

VETERINARY.

Prof. M. A. Piche,

LICENTIATE OF THE MONTREAL VETINARY SCHOOL And Professor of Materia Medica at the VETERINARY SCHOOL,

Wishes to inform the public that he is always ready to attend any diseases on Domestic Animals.

Office open every day in Mr. Theo. Jousse's Jewelry Store, Opposite Post Office.

Night attendance at Rodrigue's Hotel, Lachute.

LACHUTE Flour Mills.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR

STRONG BAKER'S FLOUR

OGILVIE'S 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

NOTICE

THE UNDERSIGNED will be prepared to do all kinds of Gristing and Sawing at the Grist and Flouring Mills, from and after the 20th September instant.

J. H. CUSHING & Co.
Cushing, 10th Sept., 1886.

FOR SALE.

A BUSH LOT within easy distance of Lachute.

J. PALLISER,
18-t.f. Advocate.

New Burnt Lime

For Sale at THOS. C. NOYES,
Chatham, Nov. 12th, 1886. 39-t.

MONEY TO LOAN

IN SUMS OF

$1,000 and upwards on first-class farm property.

Apply to
R. G. MEIKLE.

CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK JOURNAL

There have been few more marked successes in journalism than has been achieved by the CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK JOURNAL, of Hamilton, Ont. Started less than three years ago as a 20 page monthly, it has gone on steadily increasing in matter and interest, as well as in size, first to 24, then to 28, and finally to 36 pages. Though devoted especially to stock raising, it includes The Farm, The Dairy, The Apiary, Poultry, Horticulture and The Home, so that for the general farmer or such farmers as make live stock breeding in any of its departments a leading feature of their business, we do not know where to find its equal in Canada. We heartily recommend it to our patrons as the leading paper of its class in the Dominion. It is published at Hamilton, Ont., by The Stock Journal Co. Price, $1 per annum. Those subscribing now for 1887 get the remainder of 1886 free. We can furnish it and our own paper together from now to end of 1887 for $1.75. The October and November issues will contain the prize lists of the Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, and the Provincial Fair held at Guelph. Call at our office and examine it, or send to the publishers for a free specimen copy.

Local Advertisements.

J. E. IRELAND.

FAMILY GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &C.

Choice English Breakfast Teas, Finest Congous, Japans, Young Hysons &c.

PURE COFFEES.

Very finest Mochas and Javas, Also Chase and Sanburn's Celebrated Old Govt. Java.

A FEW

Fancy Green Cairo Tea Sets @ $3.60. Regular price, $5.00.

Green Indish Grass Tea Sets @ $3.20. Regular price, $4.00.

Pink Prim Rose Tea Sets @ $3.50. Regular price, $4.50.

Brown Bosphorus Tea Sets @ $1.25. Regular price, $4.00.

Black Bouquet Tea Sets @ $3.00. Regular price, $4.00.

Plain Tea Sets @ — — — $2.60. Regular price, $3.00.

Coloured Glass Lamps, all sizes. 40c. to 75c., complete.

Coloured Glass Dishes and Sets, at very low prices.

A general stock of Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Glassware, Patent Medicines Hardware, Nails, Binding felt &c., &c., always on hand at lower than ordinary prices.

J. E. IRELAND.
Lachute Mills, October 14th, 1886.

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.

Furniture!

FURNITURE!

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.

TO LET, on Main Street.

Recently occupied by Mr. Hugh Fraser, Jr., 8 Rooms, with good Stable and Wood Shed. For further particulars apply to R. W. EVANS, or HUGH FRASER, Jr.
L. L. Lachute

WANTED IMMEDIATLY A FEMALE TEACHER for the Protestant Dissention School, of Wright. References required. One capable of teaching music preferred. Apply to
R. MOORE.
Sec.-Treas., Wright P. O., P. Q.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE PRIVATE BILLS.

PARTIES intending to make application to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec for Private or Local Bills, either for granting exclusive privileges or conferring corporate powers for commercial or other purposes of profit, for regulating surveys or boundaries or for doing anything tending to affect the rights or property of other parties, are hereby notified that they are required BY the Rules of the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly respectively (which are published in the Quebec *Official Gazette*), to give ONE MONTH'S NOTICE of the application (clearly and distinctly specifying its nature and object), in the Quebec *Official Gazette*, in the French and English languages, and also in a French and English newspaper published in the District affected, and to comply with the requirements therein mentioned, sending copies of the first and last of such notice to the Private Bills Office of each House, any persons who shall make application shall within one week from the first publication of such notice in the *Official Gazette* forward a copy of his Bill, with the sum of one hundred dollars, to the Clerk of the Committee on Private Bills.

All petitions for PRIVATE BILLS must be presented within the "first two weeks" of the session.

Le DELORIER,
Clk. Leg. Assembly.
Quebec, October, 1886.

A. G. Stackhouse,

IS NOW AT HIS STUDIO.

WORK GUARANTEED better than ever (Prices Moderate).

A. G. STACKHOUSE,
L. Andrews, Oct. 8th, 1886.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Christmas Cakes.—*J. Hope.*
Annexation.
Shop to Let.—*A. McConnell.*
Dress Goods.—*S. Carsley.*

LOCAL.

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.

STATION RESTURANT.

LUNCH AT ALL HOURS.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

L. P. P. RODRIGUE.

Don't fail to get a ticket for the concert to be given by the Oddfellow's Band M-U, of Montreal, on Friday Dec. the 10th, in Victoria Hall. Tickets can be had at this office and from members of Laurentian Lodge.

McGregor & Parke,

of Hamilton, Ont., are the manufacturers of the greatest healing and purifying compound known for Sores, Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Salt Rheum, Frost Bites, etc. It is called McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Be sure and get the genuine McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate sold at The Medical Hall, Lachute, at 25c. a box

FOR SALE CHEAP.—An officers sleigh, about as good as new—also a stripper cow, six years old, will guarantee a first class milker, apply to

DUNCAN PAUL.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT.—There has been another accident at the Paper Mills, Mr. Ford the manager had his little finger torn off, but fortunately nothing very serious.

The virtue of Carbolic Acid for healing, cleansing and purifying is well known; but from the many modes of applying it, the public is uncertain how best to use it. To meet that want, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate is prepared, and may be used with confidence Do not be misled. Take only McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Sold at the Medical Hall, Lachute.

GONE TO ENGLAND.—Mr. T. Bannerman has gone to England on business which will no doubt be productive of the greater opening up of Lachute industries. Mr. George Hambleton who went out some weeks ago is sending in good orders already for Bobbins.

Years of experience and successful trial have proved McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate the most complete and satisfactory compound for healing Old Sores, Festerlings, Ulcers, Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Frost Bites or Felons, and for keeping out the colds and to cleanse or prevent proud flesh, sloughing or decay. Insist on having McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate, sold at 25c. at The Medical Hall, Lachute.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church, Lachute, intend holding a Bazaar on Thursday, 16th Dec., for the sale of fancy work &c., and refreshments. Notice of place later. 12-tf

A Good Investment.

"I suffered with eruptions on my face for over two years. I determined to give Burdock Blood Bitters a fair trial. After taking four bottles, I can say it was the best investment I ever made. Jean Claney, Beausejour, Manitoba.

LOGS WANTED.—Wanted a quantity of white and yellow Birch, Maple and Beech logs delivered at Arnotts Mills, Lakefield. D. Hambleton, Bobbin Manufacturer, Lachute. 12 4in.

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

FOR SALE.

Two Hundred Cords of stove wood Beech, Birch and Maple mixed. Price, in yard $1.35; delivered $1.50. Also a quantity of cord wood, $3.00 per cord.

P. LANE.

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

NOTICE.—This is to notify whom it may concern, that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my sons Henry and Charles, as they are working for themselves, and have been doing so for the past two years.

MOSES GEROUX.
Carpenter

Lachute, 4th Nov., 1886. 11-5in.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

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

REMOVAL.

The undersigned begs to announce that he has removed to his new store (next block to his present place of business,) and therefore again takes this opportunity of thanking his many customers and the public generally for their kind patronage in the past, and hopes, with close attention to business, a well assorted stock, and prices right, to continue to merit their confidence and patronage in the future.

12-tf J. R. McQUAT.

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

Notice to Trespassers.

NOTICE is hereby given that all parties found cutting or removing timber or otherwise trespassing on the lands of the undersigned, in the third, fourth, fifth and sixth ranges of the Township of Wentworth, will be prosecuted according to law

P. LANE.

Lachute, 9th Nov., 1886. 11-4in

There Is Nothing Like It.

There is no one remedy offered to suffering humanity whose use is so universally and frequently required as Hagyard's Yellow Oil, for rheumatism, neuralgia, colds, sore throat, deafness, croup, lumbago, and aches, pains, lameness and soreness of all kinds, when internally and externally used,

The people of Lachute and surrounding districts will be pleased to hear that our Band will give another of their popular Concerts Christma's week. Look out for later announcement.

The Best Combination.

The best combination of blood cleansing, regulating, health giving herbs, roots and barks enter into Burdock Blood Bitters—a purely vegetable remedy that cures diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys.

Fred A. Cooke, Esq., of Bossevain, Manitoba, is spending a few days with his sisters here, while on his way to Montreal to purchase his winter's supply of goods. Mr. Cooke is doing a large business in the little Town of Bossevain, Manitoba, and is one of the rising men of that section.

The Right Way.

The only proper way to cure a cough is to loosen the tough mucous or phlegm that clogs the bronchial pipes. This is why Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is the most successful remedy for coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles.

W. Chagland, Jr., Esq., of Quebec, is in Lachute at present, looking after the putting of the steam saw-mills here, in a proper shape for the winter.

LINES

Written by Jas. Lowe, Sr. on the death of his sincere friend, Patrick Curran, near San Francisco, Cal., on the 5th of September, 1886.

Relentless Death thou takest all,
The poor, the rich, the great, the small
Before thy sickle all must fall
And go to dust.
Should prince or peasant get the call
To die, they must.
Implacable, relentless foe
To all our plans and aims below.
To thy stern call we can't say no,
But cross that bourne
Where earth's sojourners all must go
Ne'er to return.
But oh! it wounds the feeling heart
When friends and kindred do depart;
But there's no feeling in thy dart
Oh cruel death!
Affection's ties you rend apart
As with a breath.
Patrick, my friend, I hold you dear,
Thy name I ever shall revere.
To honor's course you did adhere,
Would never bend.
Brave, noble, generous your career
Unto the end.
A loving wife for you doth mourn
A husband from her bosom torn,
Thy children now are left forlorn
With poignant grief.
No more to them you will return
Their head and chief.
Low in the grave thy body lies
Thy soul to realms beyond the skies
Where God rewards the just and wise
With perfect rest.
While living none could you despise
You did your best.
Thy work is done, and soon will I
Like you be called upon to die.
But why repine, Just let us try
To do our best,
And trust the Lord implicitly
To give us rest.
For time will roll on to the last,
Just as it did in ages past.
Whatever men may try;
And millions yet unborn will live
Like you, to live and die.

HADLEY, MINN., Nov. 1st, 1886.

Mr. G. F. Wanless of Denver, Colorado, has been on a short visit to his friends in Lachute and St. Andrews this week.

The mortality in the West Ward of Lachute for the year has been only ten, half of these died quite recently. The lowest per centage of mortality in the cities of Canada is about 20 per 1000 per annum, so it is believed that Lachute will show as low a mortality if not lower than other places.

A Common Expression.

"I was troubled with liver complaint for three years, tried many remedies but never found anything that has done me as much good as Burdock Blood Bitters." James Higgins East Templeton, P. Q.

SHREWSBURY.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR.—On Sunday, Nov. 21st, at 3 p.m., the pulpit of St. John's Church, Shrewsbury, was filled by the Rev. C. Trottman, and celebration of Holy Communion. The text chosen for the occasion was the latter part of the 19th verse of the 22nd chapter of the gospel of St. Luke.

I am Sir, yours,
Shrewsbury, Nov. 24th, 1886. COR.

A Double Purpose.

The popular remedy, Hagyard's Yellow Oil is used both internally and externally, for aches, pains, colds, croup, rheumatism, dearness and disease of an inflammatory nature.

Lachute, November 24, 1886.

The Oddfellows of Lachute, take this opportunity of publicly thanking Mr. Wm. Morrow, for the readiness with which he placed at their service, his Livery outfit at the funeral of the late Robert Bain, and also for his generosity in refusing to accept remuneration for the use of the same.

QUERIES AND REPLIES.

VOLUNTEER.—Yes if you wish to join C Battery of Artillery, headquarters at Victoria, British Columbia, write to Sergt. Major Kinsella, Kingston, Ont. He is enlisting 100 men at present.

SERGEANT.—There is nothing to prevent you turning the barn into a drill hall. Squad and Company drill are very important and it is essential that you Non Coms should be good drill. Keep on as you are doing and you will have by far the best company in the Battalion. You are right in only enlisting robust hardy young men.

GRIN AND BEAR IT.—You say you feel sore at the 11th Battalion losing the flag of war at Richmond and at Lachute on the 18th of September, and that you are confident they could have won both times had it not been for the officers. You are not singular in this opinion but there is nothing to prevent you appointing either a Non Commissioned Officer or a full private as Captain of your tug of war team.

You have the stuff in your regiment to beat anything, or if you have not got you can easily enlist it. Tell the Officers to stay outside the ring and stop yelling heave, heave, and working the men to death when it is not required. They know as much about a tug of war as they know about grammar and spelling. You must either do this or grin and bear it. They must die some time. One Captain is enough for the team and there is no necessity for three or four Officers bellowing like a lot of wild bulls.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla thoroughly cleanses the blood, stimulates the vital functions and restores health and strength. No one whose blood is impure can feel well. When you are discouraged and despondent take Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify and vitalize the blood.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

FOR DECEMBER.

In these days, when outdoor sports are so generally cultivated, many will read the article, "Why we Canoe," by W. C. Stephens, in the December number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, and some at least will be tempted to try an amusement so exhilarating and attractive. "Persian and Turkish Tobacco" have their votaries too, who will endorse Mr. Oncanyan's praises. The sketch of the Centenarian Chemist Chevreul, on whom our Harvard has just conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws, will be read with interest. The article on the American Sparrow ought to be full of interest just now as showing how easily it could be tamed and used instead of a scarecrow to keep off grain-devouring birds. A venturesome young lady, Miss Taylor, tells of what she beheld at one of the 'Great Thirsty Dances' among the Indians, till its horrors overpowered her. W. H. McCann goes into the by-ways of life and tells of "Eccentric Robbers." The charming serial, "The Tattersall of Columbia," with a careful account of the Elmira Reformatory, is an article to be read and studied carefully. "A Widow in Jamaica" is a sketch of west India travel, very prettily told; and like the other articles in the number, well and attractively illustrated. Arthur Dudley Vinton tells the story of "North American Earthquakes." "The Fisher-girl of Grand Menan." "Two Inspirations," "Shadow or substance?" and other stories in this magazine, justify its title of the "Popular Monthly."

DEATHS.

MCCALLUM.—At Lachute on Nov. 8th, Maria Bain, beloved wife of Alex. McCallum, aged 34 years 4 months and 13 days.

BAIN.—At Lachute on Nov. 13th, Robert Bain, aged 36 years 9 months and 7 days.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROFITABLE BANKING.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR.—Your reporter has given some interesting items on one banking firm and they have suggested some questions about banking which, if you could answer, would afford satisfaction no doubt, to more than one of your readers.

1st.—Do private banks come under the Banking Act as regards monthly statements to the government showing their paid up capital, amount of revenue last dividend, &c?

2nd.—If a bank receives in deposits $100,000 more than it lends during a year and pays 4 per cent for it, would it not require a business of $400,000 a year, or in that proportion, to make things even supposing the loans to be made at 8 per cent at which money is now attainable on good mortgage?

"It is vanity to conceive that there would be ordinary borrowing without profit," as Lord Bacon put it in 1625, and the principle is still the same. Mens necessities are supplied by borrowing upon interest and so business is facilitated and the banks are a benefit. To borrow and keep the money in the box is not profitable, so the money must be kept stirring, and as there is lots of it no one need want.

Yours truly,
PROFIT.

'POINT FORTUNE.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR.—The writer of the letter in last week's issue, signed "An Argenteuil Ignoramus," is in my opinion partly right surely. By all means let us have well educated teachers and pay them well, but until the grade is raised, and teachers are properly trained, and take an interest in their high vocation, I think they are in many instances over paid, (I mean no reflection on our teacher, but some that I know would be better fitted for servants, and I think an intelligent domestic servant in a good family—well paid—with her regular work and afternoons out, is better off than the majority of country school teachers; she has only one boss.

The grain trade has been brisk here this fall, although prices have not been high. Messrs. Brown & son have shipped about 30,000 bushels, and have a good deal in stock. Mr. E. A. St. Denis has also shipped a large quantity and has more in stock. The crops being on the whole good, the farmers should not grumble.

I hear it reported that in the event of a Federal election, your present member will not seek reelection, if such is his intention, your worthy Warden ought to be brought forward, he would be the right man in the right place.

I suppose in our county there will be some new aspirants or candidates for the salary grab, but I think our present member, Mr. M'Millan will lead in the race.

Yours,
JOCK.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR,—I cannot but admire your patience and generosity in opening your valuable columns to so many correspondents, civil and military, who may abuse your readers by firing their grievances at each other methinks to look over your Editorial Leader and see the amount of *debtors* you have against so many local correspondents, and this large amount of respect due to our military correspondent with so many valued favours you have of the past extended to our famous old Battallion, I know our debts to you is such we cannot value too big. But there is one thing the members of the Eleventh can do, those that are not already, should become prompt subscribers to your valued paper (that has so long advocated the 11th's cause) and do all they can to incourage their neighbours to subscribe for THE WATCHMAN. Argenteuil County can boast of a Loyal old Regiment and a Loyal County paper; let us be true to each other, the WATCHMAN so far has done its duty, well, let us do ours and increase the number of its subscribers. Mr. Editor, do not think me previous; Your correspondent of last issue, "Back Company" is a prominent man, and I hope he will send you a few subscribers the coming long wintery nights. I would like Back Company also to become a member of the Argenteuil Rifle Association at once. If he should be a member to study the Association By-Laws so that he will not be too previous in future.

Front Company would go 100 miles to the Railway for camp. The Government allows four cents per mile millage, going and returning with rations and hay pay, it should be a picnic for Back Company, with a chance to play soldier.

Back Company stands in his own light. He advocates front companies being moved back, and finds himself twenty-five miles to the rear, at present, it would be well for the commander of the 11th Battallion were all back companies nearer the front. When the old Battallion could be brought together occasionally during the year, which might assist in improving our Battallion's appearance when going into camp.

FRONT COMPANY.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR.—I saw in your last issue a letter of Mr. William Bain's, setting forth his grievances against the Catham Council for taking money from him he thinks they had no legal right to. I sympathise with Mr. Bain, I always feel for the weak when they are oppressed by the strong. However they must be daring fellows in that Council to take such a man as Mr. Bain by the throat and compel him to shell out his cash when he would much rather keep it in his pocket. Mr. Bain says they have taken his money, and consoled himself that it is beyond their power to take his reputation and principles. Mr. Bain may make himself easy on that score they will not attempt that they do not want them. Whatever the gentlemen are that compose the Chatham Council they would be very little better if they had Mr. Bain's reputation and principles.

JACK.

November 23rd, 1886.

BOURGET COLLEGE, RIGAUD.

English people generally do not speak French as they should. We live in a French Province, do business with Frenchmen, meet them in all the various vocations of life and consequently we should be able to speak their language. Perhaps the most successful way to learn to speak French is to go a few terms to a French college, where the pupils are nearly all French and where instruction is given and class conversation is carried on in French. One of the best colleges in the Province is Bourget college, Rigaud, whose course of study we have received. In looking over the different branches taught there, we find special prominence given to commercial education. Each pupil is furnished with capital and rents a store, buys, sells, holds correspondence with different firms, makes all necessary computations, ballances his books, makes his deposits in the college banks which has checks and money of its own. The pupil first commences as sole proprietor and afterwards takes in one or more partners. It is evident that this is a most practical way of making a good accountant and business man out of a boy. Besides this fact there is the great and inestimable advantage derived from living with French boys, and learning the idioms of the language as well as the peculiar habits and customs which are characteristic of our fellow subjects. All this tends in a wonderful degree to promote harmony and good feeling between the two races.

ST. SIMEONS CHURCH.—The semi-annual vestry meeting took place in this Church on Wednesday evening, Mr. Ireland presided in the absence of the pastor, Rev. W. Sanders. Mr. James Fish read the financial statement for the half year, showing, that after paying for the Parsonage lot, Clergyman's salary and all other claims a balance was in hand.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

THURSDAY, November 25th, 1886.

DRESS GOODS! DRESS GOODS!

Colored French Cashmere.
Colored French Cashmere.
Colored French Cashmere.
Colored French Cashmere.
Colored French Cashmere.
Colored French Cashmere.

At S. CARSLEY'S.

Colored French Merinos.
Colored French Merinos.
Colored French Merinos.
Colored French Merinos.
Colored French Merinos.
Colored French Merinos.

At S. CARSLEY'S

New Checked Camel's Hair.
New Checked Camel's Hair.
New Checked Camel's Hair.
New Checked Camel's Hair.
New Checked Camel's Hair.
New Checked Camel's Hair.

At S. CARSLEY'S

New British Melton.
New British Melton.
New British Melton.
New British Melton.
New British Melton.
New British Melton.

At S. CARSLEY'S.

Choice Dress Goods.
Choice Dress Goods.
Choice Dress Goods.
Choice Dress Goods.
Choice Dress Goods.
Choice Dress Goods.

At S. CARSLEY'S.

New Casimire Francais.
New Casimire Francais.
New Casimire Francais.
New Casimire Francais.
New Casimire Francais.
New Casimire Francais.

At S. CARSLEY'S.

Striped Boucle Cloth.
Striped Boucle Cloth.
Striped Boucle Cloth.
Striped Boucle Cloth.
Striped Boucle Cloth.
Striped Boucle Cloth.

At S. CARSLEY'S.

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.

Local Advertisements.

CHRISTMAS

AND

NEW YEAR'S CAKES.

Housekeepers' Attention.

I beg to announce that I have introduced a method of thoroughly Washing, Cleaning, and Picking Currants and Raisins by a steam process, whereby all stalks, stones and decayed fruit are extracted, leaving nothing but clean, plump, sound fruit, with nothing of the sugar properties destroyed, and nice and dry.

Housekeepers who have not yet got their Cake supplies would do well to give us a call and inspect samples and leave your orders. We are prepared to supply you with a Plump, Fresh Fruit at the same price as you pay for dirty, sandy, unclean stuff.

Citron, Orange and Lemon Candied Peels, fresh and at low prices.

Standard Sugar and X X X Pulverized Sugar for Cake Icing.

Get your Cake supplies at HOPE'S, and save Money, Time, and Temper.

Fruit Cake, Lunch Cake, Sponge Cake, Wine Cake, Short Bread, Ginger Bread, Wedding Cakes made to order, and a large assortment of small Cakes.

Almira Grapes (Choice) 20c. per lb., Oranges, Lemons, Fameuse Apples, Figs, Dates, Walnuts, Almond (soft shell,) Filberts Brazil Nuts.

Christie, Brown & Co's celebrated Biscuits, Sodas, (the finest made), Wine Biscuit, Seed Biscuit, Village Biscuit, Queen Biscuit, Picnic Biscuit, Ginger Nuts, 13c. lb., Boston Crackers.

The fly convention is now over for this season and we have the largest stock of

CHOICE CANDIES

ever seen in Lachute, and we are going to sell them. A fine mixed Candy, Pure Sugar,

ONLY 15cts. PER POUND.

A good selection of fine goods—Chocolate, French Cream, Bon Bons, Mottos, and &c., &c., at half price.

Candies sold retail at wholesale prices, and don't you forget it.

This is our business and we are going to keep it—give us a call and get your table supplies—everything Fresh, Bright and clean.

J. HOPE,

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Persons desirous of tendering are requested to make personal enquiry relative to the work to be done, and to examine the locality themselves, and are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars ($2500), which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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A. GOBEIL, Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 30th Oct., 1886.

General Advertisements.

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Sketches showing the position, approximately, of these berths, together with the conditions upon which they will be licensed, and the forms of tender therefor, may be obtained at this Department or at the Crown timber office at Winnipeg, Calgary, N. W. T., and New Westminster, British Columbia.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy of the
Minister of the Interior

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, 9th September, 1886.

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CHAPTER II.

"You have been with us a year to-morrow, Margaret," said the comely matron of an East-End union, as she folded some fine white linen work, fresh from the fair hands of a sweet-looking little woman who sat busily working by the window, bending her pretty head close to the pane to catch the fading light.

It was a cozy homely scene. A fine baby boy crawled after a black kitten. The kettle sang on the polished hob, and all the warm tints of the dark crimson curtains and soft carpet were lighted up by fire-glow.

Margaret's hands lay in her lap upon the snowy folds of her work, as she said:

"A year ago, and you are not tired of me yet, Mrs. Winter. Oh, how good you have been to poor baby and me."

"Nonsense, child; why, we could not do without you. Some one must do the needle-work; why not you as well as another? It was never done so well before. Besides, we are all so fond of the boy."

She picked up the boy as she spoke, and tossed him above her sleek white head, smothering his fresh firm flesh with kisses, as she talked pretty baby nonsense to him in a voice that bespoke the sincerity of her affection.

"Put the work away, Margaret, and make the tea. Ted will be home in a minute or two, and 'tis such a dismal night out, we must make it cheery at home as compensation."

That night Margaret, in the same cozy room, stood alone with a big broad-shouldered pleasant-looking man under the glow of the gas-light, saying in a tone of quiet, yet earnest entreaty:

"You know my whole story now, Ted. Will you do all this for me?"

"Oh, darling, I would die for you."

There was unutterable despair and patience in the low-spoken words; for he had dared to put his fate to the touch, and had lost all, but the courage to endure.

Months passed and Richard Dean lived with his father. There was some talk of the old doctor taking the young surgeon into partnership. Father and son seemed to have come to a better understanding; at any rate, there was peace in the gloomy home, a peace and quietude that seemed to be part and parcel of Richard Dean's punishment—for to his troubled restless heart quietude seemed the most maddening thing on earth.

Intercourse between Lawyer Patmore's and Dr. Dean's households had been interrupted years before by Richard refusing to marry the lawyer's heiress, a handsome and whole-hearted girl, who had allowed all the love of her life to go out to the man who had refused her.

Love is a lesson hard to unlearn, and while she despised herself for the clinging fondness of her faithful heart, she loved on and suffered.

The old doctor guessed at her heart-yearning, by the warmth of her welcome to the young widower, and chuckled; for in it he found hope to indulge his old long-cherished scheme of uniting the fortunes of the two houses, and seeing his son settled in his birthplace, content in his father's plans for him.

But Dick was wretched, for he could not forget that dark hour when despair had mastered him, and caused him to sacrifice his heart's dearest to the madness of his bitter feeling of defeat.

He grew old, haggard, and seemed to live within himself, in dismal dreams of what might have been.

Dr. Dean saw his son's sickness and sorrowed over it as he had never thought to sorrow over any suffering out of himself.

He dreaded death or madness for the only offspring of his unhappy marriage.

Out of the father's dread came a resolve to ask Ethel Patmore to save her old sweetheart.

One day he sought her among her flowers.

She was a noble-looking woman, with great earnest grey eyes, soft dark hair, and the grace of a Grecian goddess.

She received the old man kindly; all old people loved Ethel, she was so gracious to them; her sweet womanly compassion towards all who were drawing near to the end of life, made her patient and forbearing with their failings.

Truly there was but little to like in Dr. Dean, but he was the father of the man she loved with all the strength and purity of her loyal brave heart; so her voice was gentle and her greeting kind, so kind that Dr. Dean felt it would be sweet to have her to chase the dull echo of a dead past out of his dismal home.

"Ethel, you will forgive an old man if he presumes too much on your indulgence for his son's sake, his only son, whom he believes will die or go mad if he is not carried out of himself by some new interest in life, some call upon him made by another's need. Have I been mistaken all these years, my girl, in supposing you hold this scapegrace son of mine in greater regard than is good for your peace."

Ethel's face flushed, her hands trembled among the flowers she was binding into a nosegay. Her heart seemed to beat in her throat and stifle her; for some seconds she was silent; then with quick resolve and courage, she uplifted the light of her honest eyes to the old man's face and said steadily:

"It is true, I love your son, have loved him all my life, I think; I love him too well to become his wife, knowing he had only such affection as one gives to a sister, to repay the whole devotion of my life."

"But, Ethel, does it not strike you that you could win him were you his wife? Marriage gives a woman such a hold over a man; if she has force and fire in her nature that can kindle responsive warmth in him she may by surrendering herself wholly to his pleasure, winning him to new hopes, and holding his heart at first through his children, at last through herself alone."

Ethel's face lighted up. All the suppressed passion of long years leapt to new strong life at his words.

Oh, to make happiness for him, when he found life's joy's were past!

To teach his heart to answer hers; to be the mother of his children.

Then seeing her humble rapture, the whole yielding sweetness of her face, the old man continued:

"If there is power in loving, you must win him. Once his wife, dear, all will be well with both. It is his only chance. Can't you let him see you love him beyond all pride, prejudice, or self? Surrender all your sweetness for his acceptance; he were more than mortal to refuse."

Ethel bowed her face amid the dewy blossoms, and said softly like one who fears, yet yearns to dare Fate:

"It shall not be my fault if your plan for Dick's recovery fails."

"I have persuaded Ethel to make tea for us, Dick, and give us some music afterwards. Mr. Patmore is coming to take a turn at cribbage with me. I declare we shall soon be getting quite gay."

Richard Dean looked up wearily from his book, then rose to greet the regal woman with the softened glorified face. He marveled to see her so stirred out of the grand calm he had looked upon as the barrier between her and the attractiveness of womanhood. A strange thrill passed over his heart as he met the clear questioning gaze of her love-lit eyes. He had been less than a man if he had not responded to so kind a look of interest. So he smiled a wan, soulless smile, that showed Ethel only too clearly the great alteration in him.

"You look ill, Dick. I fancy you study too much. Father says that last book of yours has made quite a stir in your profession."

"A clever book, my dear, a clever book. I did not think the lad had it in him to compose so great a work in so short a time," said Dr. Dean, rubbing his bony yellow hands together.

Richard sighed. Even fame, that seemed very [illegible] just now, had no interest for him because of the haunting past, and his never ceasing regret for that young life lost in the dark waters.

Tea passed pleasantly. It seemed sweet and homely to see a woman at the head of the table; still more pleasant to hear the old songs sung in her rich soft voice, that told of a life of brave self-containment.

The two old men soon left the young folks and went to their favourite pastime—cards.

Ethel sang on, flooding the quaint old room with rare sweet melody.

Richard sat back behind the shadow of the curtain listening. Somehow her songs recalled his boyhood, and the only pleasurable companionship he had known after his dear indulgent mother had gone to rest. Presently the music ceased, and Ethel stood beside him. As she laid a firm soft hand on his arm he looked up. The subtle scent of some faint perfume came from her garment, the vivid rose at her breast rose and fell softly; the calmness of her statesque beauty was broken up by a strange glow and gladness, like the joy of a freed spirit. Her star-like eyes looked into his, as she said in a shaken voice:

"Dick, dear old boy, you are unhappy, won't you share your trouble with me, as you used when we were two lonely loving little youngsters. You used to trust me then, and love me, too, a little. Cannot you do so now?"

Her voice had a pleading ring in it as she recalled their childhood. His hand closed over hers as he said kindly:

"Thank you for your sympathy, dear, but my trouble is an unshareable load that I must carry all the days of my life; a burden that no one can lift from me, something that can never cease till life is over."

"Can nothing comfort you, Dick?"

"Nothing, dear, unless the dead could live again, and life be lived afresh."

"But those who love you suffer in your sorrow, so your grief is selfish."

"Ah, who is not selfish, dear? As to those who love me, why I am the most lonely, desolate creature under the sun; there is not one person upon the face of the wide world that loves me."

Ethel bent over his chair, her head drooped over his upturned face. A crimson tide swept up to the ripples of her hair, as she bent all the power of her perfect lips to his, and kissed him quickly, saying in a tone of passionate appeal:

"I love you, Dick; can my love avail you nothing?"

"Hush, you are moved by your compassion for me to forget my unworthiness. Your love is such as kings would go uncrowned to win. Hush, sweet, I am unworthy—Heaven knows how unworthy of your pure affection."

Ethel drew his head upon her breast with a beautiful abandonment, and her low passionate speech, combined with the power of her rare beauty, stole away his senses, like strong wine.

Ethel left the gloomy old house Richard Dean's betrothed wife. And as she knelt beside her bed in the pure moonlight, that seemed to be characteristic of her pure pale loveliness, she prayed that the future might be blessed with peace and contentment; love seemed beyond the reach of even her prayers; for she felt further from happiness to-night than she had ever done.

Yet such was the power of her great love, that she counted the cost of Dick's well-being light, even if it was bought by her life.

So the months passed on, and Richard Dean found pleasure in the calm presence of his future wife; for she was too sensible to weary him with any display of affection more than friendship would warrant, still more to vex him with an exacting love.

She was not quite unhappy, though her heart often ached with a sense of the bitter void in her life that his love alone could fill. Sometimes she mistrusted the future so much that she was inclined to regret her promise, not for her own sake, but because she feared for Dick.

He tried hard to shake off his despondency, tried to respond to her gentle unassuming affection; but the shadow of his lost wife came between them.

And as the day drew nearer for him to put another in her place all his old passionate love for his girl-wife flamed up afresh and filled him with a wild unrest, a longing to be free, to love the dead alone.

His father came out of his seclusion and became quite liberal in his arrangements for his son's future. The old place was brightened up, and everything that a wife could wish would be Ethel's except that summit of her hopes, a husband's love.

Dick could but think how different his life might have been if Peggy had been so received, and out of the bitterness of his regret grew a jealousy for the dead who had suffered so much for his sake.

He brooded more and more over her death; grew more gaunt and sombre daily, till his father, fearing all his plans would fail, hurried on the marriage, hoping that change and travel would rouse his son.

The day before the one fixed for the wedding, Dick tramped about all day trying to still the strange pain at his heart. In the evening he sought Ethel in her garden, white and travel-stained.

She looked up with a little cry of amazement. He held both her hands in his, while his eyes held hers with an earnest look of enquiry.

"Will this marriage really be for your happiness, Ethel? Can you content yourself with such poor affection as is left in me, after spending all the passion of my heart upon another? Are you not afraid of your future with me?"

"No, I am not; I am only afraid you will regret your union with me. I love you, Dick, loyally and with all the love of my life, yet I will give you freedom even now, if it would be better for you, dear."

She lifted her face to him in the moonlight, with a rapt look of undying love, and so vanquished him afresh, that he drew her to his heart and kissed her gravely, saying:

"May God so fail me in my direst need if I prove unworthy of your trust, darling."

He had never spoken so kindly to her before, never so bestowed the treasure of his lips in such quick caressing.

Ethel's heart leapt with such a new-born hope; surely he would learn to love her some day in the dark mistrusted future, where she was to live but to win his love.

A woman paused on the dusty roadway in the shadows while they parted, saw the clinging kindness of their last caress, and cursed them both beneath her breath, in hot aching resentment. She waited until Ethel's soft gray garment had melted into the night shadows; then she hurried after Dick, catching him up by the riverside. The night was light as day; the water spread itself away between the dewy meadows of silver. The small slender figure stepped before Dick, lifted a wild white face, and a shadowy hand, and motioned him to pause.

"Good God! Peggy, is it you?" burst from Dick's white lips in a tone of mortal fear and agony. He thought the spirit of his last love looked through the eyes of this familiar shape, that he believed lived alone in his imagination. "I am gone mad."

He moved shudderingly and would have walked on, but still he felt that she stirred not. His hand touched hers; she was a living breathing woman. He fell at her feet and wept out a passionate plea that she would speak and break the awful spell of suspense.

"Do not kneel to me, Richard Dean. Kneel and supplicate high Heaven to pardon your fearful sin. You are right; it is I, your wife, who lived even after the horror of feeling the husband sent her and her unborn child to their death. I said 'love me;' I did not mean that. You did not love me, or it would not have been in your heart to murder me, so that you might be free to marry as your father wished, and become a wealthy man here, while I lay in the cold water, a woman unwept, a wife forgotten. Oh, Dick! what did I do to deserve this at your hands—you, whom I loved before Heaven, you whom I thought loved me? Oh, my heart is broken, I wish I were indeed dead! I only came to you to prevent your wronging another, perhaps as loving and trustful as I have been. Do not touch me; your hands hold death, and we are near the water, near as we were that awful night when you tried to send me to my death."

Dick had knelt at her feet, a great relief and joy growing strong in his heart now he realized she lived, lived, but with a heart dead to him, because of her fear of him.

In swift passionate speech he told her that he had meant to die with her. Told her of his famine and remorseful sorrow afterwards, and how his father had rescued him; begged her for the love they had borne each other, to forgive his momentary madness and return to make his happiness.

His voice trembled with joy at seeing her. The gratitude of being spared a soul-killing sin gave rapture to his speech. But the wife had seen another woman in his arms, a woman that she knew was to become his wife on the morrow, if she did not interfere. So she shut him out of her heart, closed credulity against him, and spurned him as only a jealous outraged suffering woman can spurn a man she loves.

He rose to his feet roused by her bitter taunting speech, rose into his old command, though now a painful pleading seemed to blend unfitly with its force, and told her the law would compel her to return to him.

"Not if the law knew of your murderous attempt upon my life."

His head drooped again. He pleaded with her patiently, lovingly, all the yearning of his soul finding voice, and knocking upon the portals of her heart.

"How dare you ask me to believe you, when I saw you with these poor eyes that should be blind for weeping, saw you hold another to your heart, where I had lain; caress another, with the lips that swore fidelity to me before God's altar? Even had I died, surely it were over soon to fill my place. Let me go, or I shall go mad, and seek the death to which you once condemned me. For, oh, I have loved you with all the power of my being! Let me go! Oh, do not touch me! Can't you see I fear you?"

"Have pity, wife, for God's sake, and hear me. You are the only woman I ever loved; my heart is loyal to you, though these accursed lips have given you cause to mistrust me. Oh, you are not going; you shall not leave me! Wife, wife, have mercy! You shall not go!"

He took her into his arms. She, overwrought, gave a great cry, and someone came rushing out of the shadow, and said in a stern tone of command:

"Release that lady, you have forfeited all right over her. She shall return home with me, where she has found shelter during all these months that she has been absent from you."

"Oh, Heaven! what new horror is this? Tell me, Margaret, what is this man to you?"

"The truest, noblest friend that ever woman had; he saved the life you cast away as worthless."

How long Margeret's bitter speech would have gone on none knew, but it was cut short by her husband falling headlong at her feet insensible. Then all the wife and woman in her awoke. She wept over him, pouring out all the pent-up love and longing of her stricken heart. And the man she called friend stood silently beside her with a weary pain at his heart, to see how dear this man was to her.

That night Dick was taken to his father's house raving like a madman. Some one had found him by the river, who, the doctor did not quite understand; it was enough to know his only son lay near to death upon the eve of his bridal, and to feel that he had helped to bring him to that bitter pass.

Ethel met all this misery with brave fortitude worthy of her noble womanhood; laid aside her wedding finery with set white looks: for when she shut them out of sight, she felt she had looked her last on all hopes of a future with the only man she could ever love. With the devotion of unselfish love, she nursed Dick through the fever that followed; heard all the cruel ravings about his past and Peggy; save his mad exultant look when he whispered:

"The dead lives," and Ethel knew her heart's best blossom would never live again; felt she must lay it up as a treasure in heaven, and let it guide her to happiness there.

Ethel's face, pitiful and passionless as an angel's, was the first that Dick's hollow eyes looked upon when reason returned to him. He shrank from her ministering touch, and hid his face from her; all the fearful knowledge of that awful night, when his wife had returned to haunt him by the moonlit river, came back to him again with cruel clearness. He begged Ethel to listen to his confession.

She held his hand in her cool strong palms, while she listened with dilated eyes to his story. It was worse than she imagined it could be; yet a great compassion swallowed up all condemning thought. How her idol had suffered! She heard him out silently, then her head sank on the pillow beside him, that he might not see her pain, and she said softly:

"And loving your wife as you say you do, can you mistrust her so cruelly? 'Perfect love casteth out fear;' and surely she were spotless, or she would not have power to hold your heart. I will seek her out, and learn whether or not she is innocent; something tells me she must be. And some day, when you are both very, very happy together, dear, you must get her to forgive my part in this miserable misunderstanding. Now you must try to sleep, dear, you have talked too much; yet if your heart is eased it will do no harm."

She pressed his hand to her cheek, and left him to wonder over her perfect womanhood, his ministering angel. Three days later, Dick lay in the gloaming alone with only his weary thoughts for company. He was very weak, so weak that tears came into his eyes, as his trouble came, renewed to him by loneliness. Presently he fell asleep, and dreamt a dream of joy that lent a fleeting radiance to his gaunt haggard looks as he slept. He was awakened by feeling something soft and warm laid in his arms. His wondering eyes unclosed to look upon a lovely dimpled darling of a baby, who lay asleep nestled on his heart.

Ethel was standing over him with a smile in her eyes.

"Whose child is this?" he asked, gravely.

"Do you not know, Dick? Does not your heart cry out, and claim its own? It is your own little child, dear, come to draw you to the mother."

She lifted a little fist like a doubled-up daisy, and laid it against Dick's lips. He kissed it passionately and said:

"But what of Peggy?"

"All is well with her, as I supposed. You know, Dick, I hold your happiness too dear to give it into another's keeping if I were not quite, quite sure that—that other were worthy."

Ethel slipped into the shadow, and someone's arm stole about his neck and a dear voice begged between sobs of joy for him to take his wife to his heart again, and he did with great gratitude to God, for his merciful deliverance from the misery of the past year.

And Ethel, what of her? The noble heart secured happiness and prosperity to the man she loved, and lived on in the reflected light, content to be called "His Ministering Angel."

The Use of Navies.

With all the nations building powerful navies, it is impossible that war-ships should not play a more important part in future wars than in several of the international conflicts of our days past. Single vessels costing $1,000,000, or $5,000,000 are not now uncommon, and more are laid down every year. Meantime the experiments in great guns go on. A gun recently manufactured by Krupp for Italy weighs 118 tons 3¼ cwt. It arrived at Antwerp on a specially constructed railroad carriage 105 feet long, running on thirty-two wheels. It could not be taken by rail to Italy on account of fear that the mountain bridges would not sustain it, so it had to go by sea. It is to be mounted at Spezie, in one of the iron-clad forts.

It may be somewhat illogical, but a walking match is always expected to pay running expenses.

HOUSEHOLD.

HINTS.

In all our experiments we have found nothing so safe and serviceable in cleaning a carpet as bran slightly moistened—only very slightly—just sufficient to hold the particles together. In this case it is not necessary to stop and clean the broom every few minutes. Sweeping the carpet after the bran has been sprinkled over it not only cleans the carpet and gathers all the dirt into the bran but keeps the broom clean at the same time.

To test eggs, place them in a pan of cold water—those that float should not be used, as they are bad. Another way is to shake the egg gently, close to your ear; if you hear a gurgle or thud the egg is bad. Eggs should be kept in a cool place and if it is desired to keep for an indefinite time rub each egg thoroughly with linseed oil and pack in bran or coarse salt with the small end down.

The cleanest and most polished floors have no water used on them at all. They are simply rubbed off every morning with a large flannel cloth, which is steeped in kerosene oil once in two or three weeks. Shake clean of dust, and with a rubbing brush or stubby broom go rapidly up and down the planks (not across). In a few rubbings the floor assumes a polished appearance that is not easily defaced by dirt or footprints.

Fruit has a much greater food value than is usually supposed. Those engaged in light work requiring thought rather than muscular exertion can use much of it in displacement of heavier and less digestible articles. Grapes and pears are especially valuable; partly, perhaps, because their delicious flavor promotes a free flow of saliva, which is the important gestive fluid.

Soft, nice kitchen towels may be made by folding fifty-pound cloth flour sacks in the middle, turning in the edges, and stitching all around. Then sew loops on each end. This is a good way to use up some of the sacks that will accumulate. I also use them for linings where thin linings are wanted.

An excellent grease eradicator is made of the following ingredients: Ammonia, two ounces; soft water, one quart; saltpetre, one teaspoonful; fine soap, in shavings, one ounce; mix thoroughly and keep in a covered vessel. This recipe is a simple one, yet it has made millionaires of four men who have successively controlled proprietary rights to use it.

A pound of bananas, it is said, contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat or as many pounds of potatoes, while as a food it is in every sense superior to the best wheaten bread. It is not generally understood that bananas fried, baked or roasted are very appetizing, and that sliced and placed in a dish with alternate slices of orange they make a most delicious dessert.

One of the very latest ideas for ladies whose time hangs heavily on their hands is to make a patchwork bedcover of the backs of discarded kid gloves, says the London News. To match and combine the colors, both of the kid and the ornamental stitching, and to fit in the shapes, affords an occupation far more fascinating and prolonged than "crazy patchwork." When finished, the quilt must be lined with a delicate soft silk or satin. It will really then look a little nearer to being worth the trouble of making it than might be imagined.

An expert laundry woman recommended to us the use of kerosene in fine starch to make the linen glossy and to keep the iron from sticking. We tried it and the results were admirable. About half a teaspoonful of kerosene to starch enough for six shirts. The odor evaporates entirely before the clothes are ironed. Each molecule of starch seemed to be surrounded with an infinitesimally thin pellicle of the oil, and the iron glided over the bosoms, leaving a smooth, clean, glossy expanse.

We have been requested to repeat the directions for making tomato butter. Pare seven pounds of ripe tomatoes, add to them three pounds of sugar (brown will answer), and one pint of vinegar, one ounce of powdered cinnamon, half an ounce of whole cloves. Boil it for about three hours. It will keep without sealing, and is a very convenient article to have on hand. Try it.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Mince Meat.—Two quarts of chopped apples, one quart of chopped beef, two ounces of minced suet or the same amount of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, two of cinnamon, one of nutmeg, and a little clove—not more than half a teaspoonful—one cup of boiled cider, one cup of clear stock in which the beef was boiled, one pound of raisins seeded and cut in halves, and three cups of nicely flavored brown sugar. Stir all thoroughly together in an earthen or granitized pan and let the mixture come to a simmer at the back of the stove while the pastry is being made.

Oyster Toast.—Select fifteen plump oysters; chop them fine and add salt, pepper, and a suspicion of nutmeg. Beat up the yolks of two eggs with a gill of cream; whisk this into the simmering oysters. When set pour the whole over slices of buttered toast.

Stewed Turnips.—Put three tablespoonfuls of butter in a sauce-pan on the stove and as soon as it is melted put in one small onion minced fine and one quart of turnips cut in dice; stir until they are brown, then add one heaping teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, and half a saltspoonful of pepper, stirring for two minutes. At the end of this time add a cupful of milk or stock and simmer for twenty minutes, keeping the sauce-pan covered. Serve immediately.

Ham and Veal Pie.—Take two pounds of veal cutlets, half a pound of boiled ham, two dozen oysters, half a pound of fresh-made sausages, two tablespoonfuls of savory minced herbs, quarter of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, a little mace, pepper and salt to taste, with a strip of lemon peel finely minced, two hard boiled eggs and half a pint of water; cut the veal into square pieces, put a layer of them at the bottom of a pie-dish. Sprinkle over this a little of the herbs, spices, seasoning and lemon-peel. Cut the eggs into slices, put some of the slices and about eight oysters with part of the sausages, cut into three, then a layer of the ham in thin slices Proceed thus until the dish is full, arranging it so that the ham is at the top. Put puff paste on the edge of the dish, then pour in half a pint of cold water, cover it with crust, and ornament with leaves cut from the remaining paste; brush over with the yolk of an egg and bake in a well-heated oven for from an hour to an hour and and a half. When removed from the oven pour in at the top through a funnel half a pint of rich gravy, so that when cold it will form a jelly. Mushrooms may be added to this pie.

A Psychological Curiosity.

A harmless monomaniac, nearly an octogenarian, who had been in bed for twenty-seven years, having the delusion that his Satanic majesty always stood at his door to prevent him from going out, suddenly, one morning in June, took it into his head that the devil was gone, whereupon he got out of bed, and with nothing on but his shirt, walked down to the quary (nearly a quarter of a mile), and jumped over. Although a boat pulled off from the vessel, he swam ashore. Nobody knowing him, he was taken to a public house, and a medical man was sent for. He was taken home, where he remained two or three days in bed, all the better for his dip. He has been to church, and is now about to resume his former calling, that of a preacher.—British Medical Journal.

Honest and True.

This is eminently the case with Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure. It is an honest remedy, for it contains the most powerful, the purest, and most certain pain subduing remedies known to medical science. It is honest, for it does all it claims to do. It is honest, because it is the best in the world. It only costs 10 or 25 cents to try it, and you can buy a bottle at any drug store. Nerviline cures toothache, neuralgia, pain in the back and side. All pains are promptly relieved by Polson's Nerviline.

The Mother's Lament.

SAM JONES, TORONTO.

A true mother's joys, though blest are but brief,
But who yet hath fathomed the depth of her grief
Or e'er brought relief?

To her sore, stricken heart when in life's brightest morn,
Cruel death from her arms her best treasure hath torn—
Her dearest first-born.

Ensnared like a bird, all too careless and free,
Struck down in the height of his innocent glee—
A cherub of three.

As she sat by the cot where he slept his last sleep,
With dull leaden eyes, all too weary to weep,
Grief's vigil to keep.

From her white fever'd lips issued many a groan,
As she nurs'd to her bosom her sorrow alone,
And thus made her moan—

"How this stricken heart yearns for my angel boy's love;
Could he nestle once more, my innocent dove—
Alas! flown above.

"For his pure morning kiss, how my hungry lips long,
See his laughing eyes glance from his fair curls among;
Hear his sweet infant song.

"I but clutch empty air for his fondest caress.
Can a mother her spirit-child dare dream to bless,
Or an angel address?

"I would know if beyond, in those realms of the blest,
In dwellings celestial, he hath found sweeter rest
Than in this empty nest.

"Does that gaze which so oft this fond heart did entrance
Thrill responsive in some gentle seraph, perchance,
Like a mother's glad glance?

"Whose ears do now drink in each soft accent sweet,
Hear the fresh playful prattle, watch the flash of his feet,
Whom now do they greet?

"Who devours each bright glance, so frank yet so coy;
Watch the quaint mirthful pranks with his fav'rite toy.
Call mine, my dear boy.

"Ah! let me but deem, when some softer star gleams
I behold his pure smile, in its bright fitful beams,
And dream happy dreams.

"Not long here bereft, bearing life's dreary smart,
Soon to see and to know thee, now as thou art,
And never more part.

"For me, until then, all earth's bliss can but cloy,
Till I clasp thee again, my only true joy—
My own darling boy."

A Chance Acquaintance.

BY L. A. MORRISON, TORONTO.

With the Compliments and apologies of the Author to Mrs. Jno. P. Treadwell, Norfolk, Conn.

Twas on the train, by chance we met;
—(Though "chance", to me, means God's good guiding.)—
A quiet "*This seat taken yet'?*"
A smile, "*Come in*"! and we were riding
A-ong, though strangers, side by side,
We spoke, at first, about the weather;—
That hackney'd theme, where friends untried
Find common talking ground together.—

Bartholdi's "*Liberty*" came next—
'Midst drooping skies, that day, crown lighted,—
The landscape served us for a text;
Nor rock, nor brook, nor vale was slighted,
And then, from higher realms of thought
We each brought fourth some rarer treasure,
With soul-experience richly fraught,
Our hours of purest mental pleasure.

She spoke of Home—in chi'dhood's days,—
So full, to her, of joy and beauty,—
In modest, earnest words of praise,
That told me Pleasure dwelt with Duty.
She praised the quaint New England Town;
The Saint beloved, whose precious teaching
Moulded her life; and his would crown
For Christ like Pastor work and preaching.

And easily our converse grew,
Each thought another one requesting,
And each, as brought to fuller view,
A broader line of truth suggesting;
Till in a moment;—"*All change here*"!
And then our pleasant talk was ended;
A bow, "*Good-bye*"! and 'twould appear
As if, by chance, 'twas all intended.

Two Souls, to God and Conscience true,
And living right with strong endeavour,
We meet, touch, cross, are lost to view,
Nor meet again, perchance, forever;
Yet casual meeting must enhance
Our gifts and thoughts, and keep them vernal,
Nor word, nor meeting comes by chance;
Each hath significance eternal.

If.

If I were a railroad brakeman,
My whispers would be so plain,
That the man who was going westward
Would surely get home again.
I'd open the door for the ladies,
And show them all to a seat,
And carry their parcels and what-nots
In a manner becoming and neat,
I would cultivate tones of silver
Whenever I had to speak,
If the company would give me a salary
Of fifteen dollars a week.

If I were a baggage [illegible],
I'd handle the tr[illegible] with care,
They should never [illegible] in a corner
Nor suffer a scra[illegible] tear;
I would treat their [illegible] gently,
And regard their contents, too,
So that when they reached the owner
They would seem as good as new.
I'd cultivate all the virtues
Of the gentle, the mild, and meek,
If the company would give me a salary
Of twenty dollars a week.

If I were a railroad conductor,
I would always say, "Tickets, please,"
I'd be most polite to the ladies,
And always appear at my ease.
I wouldn't knock down any money
That was given to me for the fare;
No spotter need be appointed,
To make me work on the square;
No kick need be made by a traveller,
Not a squeal, not even a squeak,
If the company would give me a salary
Of thirty dollars a week.

"Wilt Thou be Gone?"

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

BY NORA LAUGHER.

Ah; leave me not! I cannot bear to part
With thee, the bright spot of my lonely heart.

Thou must not go, thou art the only thing
To whom I, in my helplessness, can cling.

Then wilt thou leave me? Nay, nay, nay not so!
Why would'st thou leave me? Whither would'st thou go?

When sickness troubles thee, or grief is nigh,
Who, who would care as much for thee as I?

Where would'st thou find such pure, such perfect rest
As in the loving shelter of my breast?

Then do not leave me for this life to me
Would cease to be life, dearest, without thee!

Beautiful Women are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

It's all very well to speak of riding habits but the fact is that most of us are ridden by habits.

Somebody's Child. Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face, and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's heart before it is too late. Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to-day whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpasses cod liver oil, hypophosphites, and other medicines in curing this disease. Sold by druggists.

A bookworm sometimes becomes so absorbed in his vocation that he will not turn when he is trodden upon.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headaches, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.

There are some crimes that are never punished. Did you ever hear of a base ball player being arrested for stealing bases?

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The heroes we read of are not like those we see. If a man is born great, as the world goes now, he must hustle around lively enough to stay great.

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 our for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

The proof: She—"By the way, who is that lady in white you have been so attentive to this evening?" He—"Attentive to! You are mistaken, that's my wife."

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, etc., 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, 50 cents.

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" " 1873 model,	18.00,		"	19.50
" " 1876 model,	19.50,		"	21.00

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Total Assets, - - - $8,800,000
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Money received on deposit for a fixed term of years for which Debentures are issued, with half-yearly interest coupons attached. Executors and Trustees are authorized by law to invest in the Debentures of this Company. The Capital and Assets of the Company being pledged for money thus received, depositors are at all times assured of perfect safety.
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