

**MAY**

**6**

**1892**

**MISSING**







## TORN ASUNDER.

It was on a lovely morning in June, I remember, two or three years ago, that I arrived, on a business journey, at a village in Essex, which for the purposes of this story I will call Amesford.

It was a day of glorious sunshine, and everything looked bright, happy, and gay. Eren the villagers seemed to be wearing their best and gayest clothes, and there was altogether such an air of festivity and holiday making about the place that my first inquiry of the matronly hostess of the inn at which I intended to stay was to the cause of all this mirth and frivolity.

"Lord bless you, sir, don't you know? I thought everybody knew that by this time. Why, it's Bessie Blossom's wedding day, of course," said the good-natured dame. "Ah! she's a perfect picture, she is; and as good as gold."

"I'm sure I hope Miss Blossom will be happy," I said, reserving the practice of puns which occurred to me as practicable for a more appreciative audience. "As I am going to stay at Amesford till to-morrow," I added, "perhaps I may have a chance of seeing the bride."

"You will have no time to lose then, sir," said the good lady, as she directed me to the room I was to occupy. "The wedding is to be at eleven punctual, and it only wants a quarter. I was just going to put my bonnet on when you came in, so you'll excuse me now, sir, won't you? I wouldn't miss the sight for worlds. As I live, there go the bells," and she bustled off to her own particular sanctum, while I made my way to the church whence I could hear the merry chimes of the village bells.

It was a pretty wedding, though the church, full to the very porch, was so hot and stifling that I was glad to get outside and get a breath of fresh air in the churchyard before the ceremony was half over.

The bride was not so young as I expected to find her. After the gushing language of my landlady I naturally looked to see a young girl of about eighteen, fresh and beautiful. I saw instead a grave, lady-like person, whose age would certainly not be less than six-and-twenty, of medium height, wearing a creamy silk dress, a long tulle veil, and a wreath of flowers which, if not orange blossoms, suited the colour and texture of her hair admirably. She walked through the double row of eager spectators ranged on each side of the path leading from the outer gate to the church porch with a careless grace, and what I thought was a proud, slightly-contemptuous curl of the lip.

She seemed to me, by birth or education, to be rather above the average cut of the good people of Amesford—a fact she was evidently thoroughly aware of.

I gathered that her father was a soldier, retired on a pension, her mother an ex-lady's maid, and the bride-groom the village schoolmaster and leader of the choir at the parish church.

It was probably such a wedding as the Amesford folk did not often get a chance of seeing, and they had turned out en masse to do honour to it.

Presently the pealing of the organ and the strains of the wedding march floating softly on the still air announced the conclusion of the service, and the people streamed out of the building to take up their places along the walk, and be ready to pelt the bride and bridegroom with flowers and rice as they passed on their way to the carriage standing in the road outside.

I had noticed, while I had been loitering in the churchyard, a disreputable looking fellow standing near the gate. There was the nervous twitching about the mouth, and the bloodshot, watery look about the eyes which betokened days, and probably nights, of drunkenness and dissipation. He wore a battered top hat, a short frock coat very much damaged, and worn almost threadbare down the front and about the armpits, a pair of dirty gray trousers, well fringed around the bottoms, and standing well away from the knees, and boots which were almost heelless, and gaped wide at the toes. A dirty collar, tied round with a soiled silk handkerchief, completed his visible attire. And yet, notwithstanding his seedy, dilapidated appearance and rakish dissipated look, there was that in his manner and in his talk, when presently he spoke, which induced the belief that he had seen better days.

He was looking through the railings with a curiously eager gaze, and remained motionless until the people came trooping out of church. Then a cruel smile played about his mouth, and a glimmer lighted up his bloodshot eyes as he took up a position from which he would face the bride as she came through the porch. I was strangely interested in the man, so out of place amidst that gay and festive throng and moved up close to him.

A stir in the crowd, and the murmur of many voices, heralded the appearance of the newly-married couple. I noticed that the man kept in the background till they had reached the middle of the walk. Then he suddenly started forward, and with a sweep of the hand, which drew all eyes upon him, exclaimed:

"Look you, good people, that woman is my wife! Ha! ha! proud madam, you did not dream of this!"

Instantly the place was in an uproar, as with a piercing scream the startled woman fell back in a swoon. A score of strong hands seized upon the man who had launched this bolt from the blue, while hoarse murmurs arose. "He's mad!" "He's drunk!" "Duck him in the horsepond!" resounded on every side, and the excited rustics would have made short work of it had I not spotted the village constable, and seizing him by the arm dragged him to the spot.

"I tell you she is my wife. If you don't believe me ask her," exclaimed the man, as the crowd by whom he was being severely hustled fell back to make way for the constable.

Meanwhile the bride had been carried into the vestry, on the table of which still lay the register she had so recently signed. The schoolmaster seemed but a poor fool, and was too bewildered by the suddenness of the attack to be capable of doing anything but look helplessly on.

The constable wanted to take the cause of all this disturbance into custody as a rogue and vagabond. I suggested that it might be as well first to hear what the officiating clergyman had to say, and although he seemed inclined to resent my interference, I induced him at last to take the man round to the vestry door, whither I accompanied them. Here a conference took place. The man gave his name as William Chandler, and repeated that the woman just married was his lawful wife, adding that he owed her a grudge and meant to pay her out. He didn't want the woman; wouldn't live with her in fact, at any price. But she had committed bigamy, hadn't she, he inquired with cool effrontery, and instead of looking him up the constable would be better doing his duty if he looked her up.

The constable said he would take the risk of putting Mr. Chandler under lock and key first; he wasn't afraid the woman would run away.

I don't think William Chandler had quite reckoned upon this, but he maintained a sullen silence, and amidst the hooting and hustling of the crowd was conveyed to the room, toll-house looking structure which served as the village lock-up.

Later in the day I heard Bessie Blossom's story from my landlady, as much of it, at least, as was known to the latter.

Bessie Blossom had been brought up by her parents with rather exalted views of life. They had saved a bit of money, and they spent a portion of it in giving the girl a boarding-school education and training, which the ex-lady's maid regarded as absolutely essential to her daughter's happiness. Then at eighteen the girl went to London as assistant-governess in the family of a baronet, and there made the acquaintance of the baronet's nephew, a young scapegrace, who had never done any good for himself or any one else. He was sufficiently attached to the girl to marry her.

When the affair came to the ears of Sir Dixon Tryton, however, which was not until the knot had been securely tied he immediately stopped the allowance of two hundred a year he had previously made his nephew, and warned him that not a penny piece more in any shape or form need he look for or expect. Idle and dissolute, William Chandler, thrown on his own resources, speedily developed the innate brutality of his nature, and vented his rage and disappointment on his unoffending wife. She bore with his ill-treatment until her child died. Then she resolved to leave him and go into service again, if possible, and she was preparing to put this plan into execution, when news reached her that in a drunken frolic with some boon companions, in the course of which they had launched and gone to sea in a leaky boat, he had been drowned.

Bessie Chandler returned to her parents to take counsel with them as to her future, for she was left penniless. She found her mother stretched on a bed of sickness. Nothing was known in the village of the girl's marriage, and it was supposed that she had returned home to nurse her mother. And when, a few weeks later, the mother went the way of all flesh, Bessie yielded to her father's entreaties to remain with him. That was a matter of two years ago.

Then came the wooing of Bessie by the schoolmaster. She had become very much attached to him, and gladly accepted his proposals. But she had not enlightened him as to that dark experience of hers, and had forbidden her father to do so under a threat of leaving him and never seeing him again, which to the lonely old man was quite sufficient. So that the blow had found the schoolmaster wholly unprepared, and had broken him down.

The question remained—what was to be done. It was clear that Bessie had committed an act of bigamy, which, though done innocently and unwittingly, none the less made her amenable to the law. And during the evening news was brought that Mrs. Chandler had been arrested on a warrant, and was in the custody of the inspector of police at the neighbouring town, where the Amesford constable had reported the affair as soon as he had disposed of Chandler.

The police-court at the town, where the petty sessions for the division in which Amesford was situated were held, was almost as full of Amesford folk the next day as the church had been. There was a charge entered against William Chandler that he had been brawling in Amesford churchyard and that he had no visible means of subsistence. For these offences he was liable to be sent to gaol for three months. But as he would have to give evidence in the bigamy case it was decided to take that first.

Although I had lost the greater part of the previous day, as far as business was concerned, I was by this time sufficiently interested in the matter to make one of the audience when the case was called on. On being placed in the dock, Bessie covered her face with her hands, and burst into a passionate burst of tears. The suddenness and unexpected nature of the event, coming at a time when a woman's nerves are naturally overstrung with excitement; then the arrest, the thought of the disgrace and exposure, and above all, as I afterwards heard from her own lips, the dread that she might have to live again with the man who had done her such cruel wrong, had unnerved her. But after that first outburst she sat calm and quiet while the constable gave his evidence, and the clergyman deposed as to the service performed at Amesford Church the previous day.

Then William Chandler stepped into the witness box, and stated that he had been rescued from the boat accident, but had made no effort to let his wife know he was alive. He had been very unfortunate, and hearing that his wife was living at Amesford, he had tramped his way to that village to hear, as he entered it, that she was to be married again. He did not deny that he could have stopped the marriage ceremony taking place had he liked, but added, amid the unstrained biases of the spectators in court, that he "did not see why he should have put himself out about her—she never cared twopence for him after she knew he had no money."

"And you say this woman is your lawful wife?" asked the presiding magistrate.

"I do," replied the man.

"When and where were you married?" asked the magistrate's clerk.

"At Chapetown Church, by license, on the first of May, 1878," was the reply.

"You being then a bachelor?" was the next question.

The witness hesitated a moment, then answered "Yes."

"You lie, you villain," exclaimed a shrill female voice at the rear of the court. "It you're William Chandler, I'm your lawful wife, for you married me first. Ain't no enough!"

"Make way for that woman," said the clerk. "Come forward."

By dint of much pushing and exertion the woman edged her way through the excited crowd till she stood by the side of the man she claimed. She was a coarse-looking, red-faced woman of middle age, yet with the remnants of Tygone beauty.

"Yes, it's him, sure enough," she said, when she had glanced at Chandler. "Like me, he isn't so handsome as he was. I was a barmaid when he married me—"

"It's false," interrupted the man, who had utterly collapsed at the sound of the woman's voice, but had now recovered some amount of self-possession and assurance. "It was not a legal ceremony."

"Oh, that's your game, is it," exclaimed the woman, placing her arms akimbo, and facing him with an expression which boded ill for him. "But it won't do. I've got the certificate safe enough, and have satisfied myself it's all right and proper. No, Mr. William Chandler, you're my husband, safe enough, though you're nothing to be proud of. I've had to keep myself since you ran away and left me, but I mean to make you do it now, you beauty!"

And so it turned out. An officer was sent with the woman to fetch the marriage certificate, which was found to be in proper form. Then came Mr. Chandler's turn to go

into the dock on a charge of bigamy, and he was duly committed for trial.

I don't know what became of him or his wife. But Bessie was escorted back to Amesford in triumph, restored to the arms of the schoolmaster, and, I believe, "lived happy ever after."

## PEARLS OF TRUTH.

"Of all fruitless errands, sending a tear to look after a day that is gone is the most fruitless."

As the shadow of the clouds glides over the fields and leaves no trace behind, so does evil over pure lives.

To err is human; but the pain felt for the crime that has been committed separates the good from the bad.—[Alfieri.]

We are so much in the habit of wearing a mask before others that at last we do it before ourselves.—[La Rochefoucauld.]

The spirit of life is like the seed in our gardens; it either grows and bears fruit in the sunlight, or it rots in the darkness.

Meeting trouble is just like going into the enemy's country. There is not a single promise given us for such a useless, foolhardy journey.

"It is not by turning over libraries, but by repeatedly perusing and intently contemplating a few great models, that the mind is disciplined."

There is a great deal of unmaped country within us which would have to be taken into account in an explanation of our gusts and storms.—[G. Eliot.]

Trample not on any; there may be some work of Grace there that thou knowest not of. The name of God may be written on that soul thou treadest on.—[Leyland.]

Men and women make mistakes about their own symptoms, taking their vague, uneasy longings, sometimes for genius, sometimes for religion, and oftener still for a mighty love.—[George Eliot.]

## THE GREAT VICTORIA FALLS.

Among the Grandest in the World, Though Very Little Can Be Seen of Them.

Livingstone was the first to describe to us the great falls of the upper Zambesi River, which he called the Victoria Falls. These falls are among the greatest in the world. The most recent visitor to them is Mr. Deane, a French explorer, who is now carrying out ethnological investigations in the Upper Zambesi region. He has made some remarks about these falls which give us a different impression of them from that commonly held.

He says that all his predecessors have spoken so enthusiastically of the falls that he hardly dares to express his own opinion. "I will content myself," he adds, "by saying that they would be very grand if one could only see them. The great river, about a mile wide at this place, suddenly contracts and disappears, apparently into the bowels of the earth, falling from a height which I estimate at about 400 feet, into a gorge which is about 300 feet wide. The water dashes itself with such violence to the bottom of this gorge that much of it rebounds high in the air, and a column of spray and vapor rises at least 300 feet above the level of the river. One can see this column plainly marking the location of the falls, seven miles away, and their roar can be heard for several miles. I could find no position where I could see the bottom of the gorge, and there was only a single place where it was possible for me to see as much as 600 feet in width of the falls at one time. It is impossible to compare the Victoria Falls with those of Niagara. The latter are very grand and the former are terrific, but more on account of what we imagine than because of what we can see."

## Crow's Nest Pass Railway.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—Col. Baker, M.P.P. for Kootenay, B.C., and one of the leading promoters of the B.C. Southern railway, which is chartered to build a railway through the Crow's Nest pass, arrived here to-day for the purpose of furthering the company's bill now before Parliament. The company has received a land grant from the Provincial Legislature of 3,400,000 acres, and liberal terms have been offered to the Canadian Pacific to decide whether they will take over the charter and subsidy and build the line. The C.P.R. has been given until the 25th inst. to decide whether it will accept the offer.

## Result of Observation.

He—I don't see how a girl can marry a man she's known only two weeks.

She—And I don't see how she can marry one she's known longer.

## A Frightful Example.

Teacher—"What is the meaning of the word 'contiguous'?"

Pupil—"Dunno."

Teacher—"It means 'touching.' Give an example of a sentence containing the word."

Pupil (after a prolonged mental struggle) "The 'Rabes in the Wood' is a very contiguous story."

## His Brother Looked Like Him.

"Didn't you warrant this suit of clothes not to fade?" indignantly demanded a workman of Moses on York street.

"No, my friend."

"Yes, you did. I bought them on your warrant not to fade."

"My friend, keep cool. You was in der wrong store. I vas der man who warrants der clothes not to shrink. It vas my brudder, two doors away, who goes on der no fade peensness, and he failed last night."

## Too Much Frivolity.

Farmer's Boy—"There's goin' to be a minstrel show in Pinktown next week, can I—"

Old Hayseed—"Gee whittaker! It ain't a month since you went to the top o' the hill to see the 'clipses of the moon. D'youth wauter to be always on the go?"

In a battle between British troops and Lushais, between Lungle and Damagiri, in India, 40 of the latter were killed.

The oldest capital in the United States is Santa Fe, which was the seat of government in New Mexico as far back as 1640, and yet its population is only 6,185 according to Porter's census.

Mankind is always happier for having been made happy. If you make them happy now you will make them thrice happy twenty years hence in the memory of it.—[Sidney Smith.]

There is a rock in Mexico which foretells the weather. In fair weather it wears a neutral tint, and when it is about to rain it turns to a dingy red. Its temperature increases, and it appears as if it were being heated by an internal fire.

## HOUSEHOLD.

### A Spring Song.

When all the world goes sweetheating—  
When all the world is young—  
In cowslip time, in blackbird time,  
The waking fields among,  
Give me thy hand, my dearest love,  
And come abroad to see:  
The last of love and hope—  
And so is love to me!

The starling's love, in long, shy calls,  
"Come over and chaffinch" swell the tale  
Adown the moist, warm breeze.  
See, primrose and anemone  
From the soft ground have sprung;  
And the green earth is all in bud—  
For all the world is young!

Come, let us "smell the dew and rain,"  
Now it is overcast;  
For every breath is incense-fraught,  
The spring is here at last!  
And gone is Winter's gloom, dark night,  
And fair has dawned the day.  
Sweetheart, we never can grow old—  
It must be always May!

—[Marcia Tyndale.]

### A Good Husband.

A most delightful man, who is handsome enough to cause many a maiden's heart to flutter, and who is well enough off to be a suitable cause, in mamma's estimation, for the fluttering was modest enough to affirm that he remained single owing to the fact that he did not feel capable of making a woman happy. This very statement revealed the truth that he would indeed be the man to make one of the best of husbands, and in consequence make a very happy woman of the girl he chose for his wife.

It is not the man who is afraid he will not fill the bill in the matrimonial play that is the one that fails signally in the role. If he ever ventures so far and asks a woman to be his wife she is pretty sure that her life will be pleasant so far as her domestic relations are concerned. If his modesty is not assumed he will never quite recover from the surprise at her accepting him, and he will always regard her love as a possession that is exceedingly precious and must be carefully guarded lest it slip away from him. No matter how many years they are married it will always be the same, and the modest, unassuming bachelor will prove the devoted, admiring husband to the end.

On the other hand, the superb creature who considers that he bestows a little slice of heaven with the giving of his name is the one that is going to make a girl wretched. He feels as though perhaps he were too precipitate in his wooing and shows her by his actions if he does not tell her in so many words that there were many other girls just dying for him.

If money is scarce it will not be he that will suffer. His glorious form must be arrayed in gorgeous apparel his luncheons necessarily of the finest, and his cigars the best, though perhaps at home, his wife in a garment that may have been one of the dresses of her troussau many years ago, eats warmed over mutton and does her own work. He, in his pride, considers it enough honor for any woman simply to bear his name, and if it were suggested to him that his wife was miserable he would not credit such a ridiculous statement.

Girls, do not be deceived by the gay, showy men, who are essentially selfish and who could never love anyone as well as their own charming selves. Do not let the fine figure, handsome face and dashing air make you snub the quiet, modest chap who blushes when you speak and appears a trifle stupid before the gay wit's caustic and flow of talk of the more dashing rival. The modest man is the one for the long race and, if your head is level and your heart in the right place, the evanescent charms of the one will be completely swallowed up and lost sight of in the substantial lasting character of the other.

### Housekeeping Outfit.

I would not get too large a supply, says a writer in the *Housekeeper* in giving advice to prospective brides. I think the following would be a good outfit if I had to pay for it: Six sheets, six pair pillow slips (don't get shams, they are quite out of style), two cheese-cloth coverables, two blankets, two summer (light) quilts, two or three turkey-red or silesia coverables and one or two nice bedspreads.

For sheets get the Utica sheeting, two and a half yards wide, at from 22 to 25 cents a yard. It requires two and a half yards for a sheet. The pillow-cases should be made of fruit-of-the-loom muslin, 45 inches wide, which costs about 15 cents a yard and requires one yard per pillow. The cheese-cloth coverables you can make yourself. Cut the cloth in desired lengths and sew up seams, place as many layers of cotton as desired between the cloth and fasten at regular intervals with blue or red zephyr or Germantown. Buttonhole stitch or bind the edge. Your summer quilts you might make of white twilled muslin, stitched in some pretty design with the machine, or you can take six-inch-square blocks of the muslin upon which work outline designs in red embroidery cotton, and around edge of blocks sew strips of turkey red to form a border. Sew blocks together, line with turkey red and bind the edge with the same or with braid. When completed, your quilts look like a lot of little pictures in red frames. This, however, would take more time than you probably have to spare at present. You can make the silesia quilts too, but you can buy comfortable ready-made at all prices, from the turkey-red, calico on one side, at 98 cents, to the pretty patterns which come as high as \$3.75. I like all white best for a bed and would advise you to get a white marseilles spread which sell from \$1.50 upward, or even a honeycomb spread would look better than none at all.

For your table you will need a cover of heavy white cotton flannel, sixty-eight inches wide, which comes special for this purpose at from seventy-five cents a yard. Table damask by the yard is cheaper for ordinary use as are also the napkins, and therefore more desirable for you. Of course you will have to hem the two ends. As to the quantity and quality in this as well as in the towels, you must follow your own judgement and means. Tray cloths, doilies, carving cloths and scarfs can be added gradually.

A dozen toilet towels with a few Turkish bath towels will probably be sufficient to start with. You can add to your stock gradually the same as in table linen. For the kitchen get the twilled crash for dish towels and checked linen glass toweling at from 10 to 22 cents a yard, according to width. Also provide yourself with a few neatly hemmed dishcloths and dusting cloths.

### Care for the Face.

It is said that good soap is a great beautifier and a great preventive of the uncomely looking "blackheads" which are such a disfigurement and are so hard to get rid of. The real cause of these unpleasant little specks is not, as a rule, anything more

serious than this. Some people have much larger skin pores than others, and the dust collects, settles and finally forms a hard, black little substance which probably would never have had a chance of development if the skin was thoroughly washed with soap twice a day and rubbed vigorously with a coarse towel. Do not be afraid of a red nose; the redness will soon fade away and leave no trace.

We will add that the face should be greased well after the soap washing has been gone through with. A good plan to follow is: At bedtime wash the face with hot water and soap, rinse thoroughly; then "work in" by rubbing slowly and firmly the grease—cold cream preferably. This loosens the blackheads which are so snugly imbedded, and in the morning the soap and water will do better service upon a softened, pliable skin. Persons with rough skins will be amply paid for their trouble. It is tedious to be sure—weeks and months it may be needful to persist in the greasing. Veils are undoubtedly a contributory source of blackheads. The meshes become saturated with dust and exhalations most injurious to a delicate skin. By constant friction they are rubbed in and settle in the pores and are sealed there by a black speck. Street dust is unavoidable, but it is much less harmful taken straight to the skin than through a veil.

### On a Point in "Cleaning Up" and Disease Germs.

Every housekeeper or head of a family should know that the germs or spores of diphtheria and typhoid fever, as well as cholera and probably some other diseases, unlike those of scarlet fever, small-pox, tuberculosis and others, will take root, develop and multiply outside the human body, or other living organism, as on or in collections—even very small collections—minute quantities of damp, organic waste matter. The typhoid bacillus for example, is cultivated in the laboratory on the damp, smooth surface of a cut potato. Indeed, it seems that typhoid fever is never communicated directly from one person to another, but that its germs must pass through another phase of existence outside of a human body after they have been cast off from the body of an infected person before they can again take root in any other body. The same applies to be the case with cholera. This other phase of existence requires damp or moist organic matter with a certain degree of temperature, and it may be, absence of free sunlight. Either milk or water not quite pure appears to be a good soil for these germs. A few years ago typhoid fever broke out amongst a small body of soldiers in barracks on the Continent of Europe and in spite of what seemed to be every precaution in regard to cleanliness, there were from time to time for years recurrent outbreaks of the disease amongst them. Eventually, however, it was found that the under or inside clothing of the men had not been properly looked after and washed as it should have been and that all spots of excreta had not been removed, but some had been allowed to remain on the clothing, and on or in these spots the germs had gone through their other form of life, whence they had reinfected the soldiers. After all the underclothing was regularly and carefully cleaned there was no further outbreak of the disease. In "cleaning up," then, it must be borne in mind that minute quantities of dirt in certain conditions may harbour and even develop, from a chance germ or seed, the infections of some of these communicable diseases.

### House-Cleaning Now and Among the Ancients: A Contrast.

The Jews of Scripture history knew nothing, it appears, of the microscope nor of the nature of disease germs, but the Jewish housewife evidently felt more than does the modern housekeeper the importance of thoroughness in house sanitation. If she found a spot of brown or yellow mould growing upon the wall of her house, she did not simply wipe or wash it off, nor was she satisfied with what is now considered as doing all that domestic sanitation requires, the application of a coat of calamine or whitewash, or fancy wall paper to paste over the walls. Instructed by the priest in reference to the danger of living in a house permitting the growth of mould, with the myriads of kindred germs which may accompany such condition, the wife and mother of that period on the discovery of the patch of mould—the "plague spot," in her dwelling, immediately moved her family out of the dwelling, with all her stores—mats, rugs, blankets, robes, pots, cups, etc., probably into a tent, and the priest came in and looked the premises over, and instead of using a little carbolic acid or lime wash he brought his servants with trowels, shovels and baskets and laid bare the stone walls of that house with such a cleaning and scraping as would astonish our modern civilization. Mothers should learn in mind that in rooms, closets or corners which are not scrupulously clean and dry and in which air and sunlight cannot freely penetrate, mould spores will take root, and where mould spores will develop and grow, there the soil favours the development of such disease germs as diphtheria, whence they may be transferred to the little throats of the children.

### Almost a Hint.

They were walking under a very little umbrella, and she liked it well enough not to want a large spread of alpaca. He was modest, and seemed to be nervous, and she finally remarked very softly and with a tone of interrogation:

"Charley, I'll carry the umbrella if you will let me."

"Oh, no! I can carry it."

"Yes, Charley, but your arm takes up so much room that one side of me is out in the wet."

"I know, Fannie, but what will I do with my arm? Won't it be in the way all the same?"

"I don't know, Charley. But Tom Clark always knows what to do with his arm when he is under an umbrella with Mary Martin, because Mary told me so."

### The Luckless Post.

Young Scribbles is full of wonderment

To know the reason why

The poem he sent so hopefully

Brought back such curt reply.

The editor wrote with brevity,

And with a touch of scorn:

"It's fellows like you that make a man

Regret he e'er was born."

But here is the cause—the poem read,

"An Ode to Gentle Spring,"

And it chanced the day it was received

To snow like everything.

The tallest trees in the world are the gum

trees of Victoria, Australia. In some districts they average 300 feet high. The longest prostrate one measured 470 feet,

and 81 feet in girth near the roots.

## THRUST INTO THE FIRE-BOX.

How Engineer Scovel Got Rid of the Men He Had Run Down.

Engineer Smith told a story of how Mexican railway operators dodge responsibility. "Jim Scovel," he said, "was running a freight on the Central and had a crew of conductor, fireman and two brakemen. One night about a year ago Jim was running through a big sheep and goat ranch, in the State of Durango, near Peralta, when he saw two figures on the track near a switch. He thought they were railroad men and blew for them, but they seemed dazed. Jim then saw they were greasers and he blew for brakes and reversed, but the train was on a down grade and there was no help for it. The engine struck one of the men and killed him outright; the other was shunted off into the ditch, and when they backed up he was still living but unconscious. His head was crushed, and it seemed every bone in his body was broken. Of course the magnitude of the affair impressed Jim Scovel. He knew he was 500 miles from home. Fortunately it was a freight train and the accident had occurred at night in an isolated place. The train crew got together around the tank of the engine to discuss the situation. They were in great doubt. Jim Scovel said the wounded man ought to be taken to the next station and he would take the consequences. But the conductor said that would never do—they would all be juggled, finally a brakeman, who had read somewhere once upon a time that in order to establish a charge of murder it was necessary to have a corpus delicti, suggested that it might not be a bad idea to dispose of the corpus delicti there and then. He looked significantly at the fireman, and the latter, taking the hint, proceeded to shovel coal into his furnace. Jim Scovel objected to this, but finally gave way to the extent that the man, already dead, should go into the furnace, though he did not like to have the fire grates deluged with greaser grease. Then came another deliberation—as to the wounded man. He was yet unconscious, and his death inevitable, but he still breathed. Jim Scovel put his ear to his heart, and said: "Boys, I'll tell you what, the man is dead." "Can't help it," said the conductor, "he'll never know anything again and we can't wait here." The brakeman who had discovered the corpus delicti theory agreed with the conductor; so did the other brakeman, and the fireman signified his acquiescence in shoveling in more coal. Meantime the myb who was already in the furnace had raised the steam to that pitch where it lifted the safety valve and was blowing off in a way to drown all discussion.

"Shove him in!" yelled somebody, and in went the man, who was yet breathing."



## PETER HORACE'S SPECULATION.

It had been for months a mooted question in the little village of Glendale who would fall heir to Aunt Martha Marvale's money when she died.

There were her two nieces, the nearest of kin, in the first place. One, Miss Bertha Marvale, an amiable young lady, who was immensely proper and respectable, and had been very dutiful in her attendance upon her invalid aunt. The other, a wee bit of a maiden, with sunny eyes, and short dancing curls, who taught school for her own and her mother's support, and did not seem to mind it at all, she was always so bright and winsome. She had done nothing in particular for her aunt except to make sunshine in the prim old rooms by occasional visits, and in a saucy, inveigling sort of way to get herself very much liked by the eccentric old lady; it was very hard to see upon what grounds Miss Dot Mayburne based her expectation, so the neighbours said.

Then there was the church of which she had been a life long member, with its many charities, missions, and relief works. The trustees fully expected to be remembered by Miss Marvale; but many of the neighbours knew too much of her "closeness" and pride of family, and were sure she would not give her money to charitable institutions. Still, the weight of opinion went in favour of either Miss Bertha Marvale or the church.

And now the good, queer Miss Martha Marvale was dead, and buried with due solemnity and proper gloom. Soon it would be known who was the fortunate possessor of her fabulous wealth—for "fabulous" it had become, under the busy tongues of interested friends and acquaintances. To be sure, she had never made a display of riches and no one in Glendale had ever seen her money except in quite meagre sums. But she was known to have been quite miserly in her habits, and no doubt had large amounts stowed away in odd corners.

The lawyer sat at the head of the room rattling the important document ominously. Miss Marvale sat in a high backed chair, looking pale and melancholy, and was in her new and fashionable mourning dress. Mr. Peter Horace, a gentleman who never in his life had evinced a liking for anything but money until he met Miss Marvale, sat attentively near.

Dot Mayburne in doleful black, reclined in the uncompromising recesses of the big stuffed sofa, with a sadness in her pretty face that appealed to every tender heart in her presence. Willard Hayes, a young and penniless physician, and her most devoted admirer, supported her, figuratively speaking, of course, on her left. The deacons of the church sat in decorous silence, and one or two "oldest inhabitants" occupied the spare corners of the room. The reading began.

After the usual preliminaries it was found that all of Martha Marvale's real estate, money, and personal property were left unconditionally to her beloved niece, Dorothy Mayburne, excepting a few insignificant legacies to church and friends. To Bertha Marvale, in consideration of affectionate attention, she willed her favourite foot-stool. Its many dear associations, the fact that she had seen it for years the support of her aunt's wearied feet, would indeed be to her, and as she often expressed a pious contempt for carnal wealth, she would prize it above all earthly dross.

The whole fortune was not a munificent one, after all, and even Dot was not a rich woman. And she could only open her blue eyes in wonder while Willard Hayes smiled brightly upon her and whispered his congratulations. Miss Marvale's face was buried in her black-edged handkerchief and no one could tell how she was affected. Mr. Horace's face was a picture of blank dismay. The deacons looked glum, and said not a word. Everybody seemed inclined to get out of the way with as little ceremony as possible, and soon the cousins were left alone.

"I hope, Cousin Bertha, you will always make this house your home," Dot began timidly. "You know this is as great a surprise to me as to you, and, while I am glad of a home and comforts for mamma, I do not want you to be poor or homeless. Can't we all live together?"

"No, we can't all live together," snapped Bertha, coming out from behind her pocket handkerchief. "You are a little underhand cheat, and I wouldn't accept charity from you if I were starving! And it is not necessary, as I am engaged, and Mr. Horace is amply able to see that I do not come to want."

Dot retired, overcome by the stupendous intelligence, as Miss Marvale intended she should be.

"I am sure I congratulate you," she murmured. "And I hope, if ever you need a friend, you will not hesitate—"

"Both your friendship!" exclaimed the irate lady, rising. "I think we can dispense with each other's company, and as I cannot ask you to leave your own house, I will take the liberty of retiring myself."

That evening the will was discussed over a hundred tea-tables, and many queries, wonderings, "I told you so's," passed to and fro. What the old lady had seen to admire in Dot so much, what had become of all the wealth she was supposed to have owned, why she had left a paltry old ottoman to Bertha, who had been so faithful, and so forth, were all dutifully discussed, and left as unsatisfactorily disposed of as before.

In a little meagre private office down town Mr. Peter Horace sat, with his head resting dejectedly in his hands, and a general air of forlorn dependency in his attitude. He had for forty years loved himself, his money, and his single-blessedness more than anything else on earth; if ever a woman had stirred the religion under his shirt-front where his heart is supposed to beat, it was pretty saucy, little Dot Mayburne. And yet he had deliberately engaged himself to marry a plain, prim, elderly maiden who possessed nothing in the world more valuable than a worn-out foot-stool!

What a donkey he had been! And how

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to a new customer we are sure to see him back in a few weeks after more, proving that the good results from a trial bottle warrant continuing its use. This positive merit

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possesses by virtue of the Peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process used in its preparation, and by which all the remedial value of the ingredients is retained.

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### 100 Doses One Dollar

had it come about? Why was not Bertha Marvale the heiress, as he had calculated upon? The old lady's money seemed not entirely accounted for, either. Bertha had lived in the house for years, and he had deemed her a person of good sense; yet she must have bungled in her management somehow.

Then he burrowed deeper in his outstretched arms, and thought it all over again. Suddenly a bright idea struck him. Did not people invariably, in stories and romances, who had queer old legacies left them knock them to pieces, sooner or later, by accident, or in a fit of ill-temper, and find them stuffed full of gold pieces?

This was certainly the solution of the eccentric gift, and it also accounted for the missing wealth which everybody seemed so sure existed somewhere. He sprang up and paced the room in a sprightly manner quite at variance with his former moody demeanor.

"I will play the disinterested lover," he said; "I will swear to be true, come weal or come woe, and thus gain the approbation of the entire community. 'I'll marry the poor, disinherited Bertha Marvale, and at the very first dawning of matrimonial infelicity I'll kick that beastly foot-stool viciously across the floor. Then won't I be astonished to see the papers and gold roll out? Won't I clasp my grateful companion in my arms, magnanimously forgive her, and calmly take possession of her fortune? What a lucky idea of mine that was!"

Miss Marvale was deeply gratified of being assured of her lover's devotion and disinterestedness, and her spirits and dignity rose in proportion. Indeed, she carried herself in the presence of her unpretending cousin as though she were the heiress and not the insignificant possessor of a foot-stool. She claimed the right to remain in the house which had been her home so long till she should be married from it, and, as far as

## "German Syrup"

We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

ED. L. WILLIAMS, of Mrs. JAS. W. KIRK, Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when they are troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood—whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs.

appearances went, might as well have been the mistress of Marvale Mansion.

Mr. Horace rented a pretentious house, and furnished it completely, referring with beautiful deference to his betrothed's taste in everything.

"Be sure and bring your foot-stool," he said playfully, "and we will dedicate a whole corner to it. I would not keep house without it for the world." And Miss Marvale thought this very delicate in him, as it might naturally be supposed the stool would be a disagreeable object.

They were married, and the wedding was the "event of the season." Dot was not invited, but she was busily engaged elsewhere, and did not mind the neglect, and when Bertha left the old house to enter her brand new home, Dot and her bappy husband, Willard Hayes, moved in.

For a few weeks everything went on smoothly. Mrs. Horace carried herself with a great deal of dignity, as became the newly-married wife of a well-to-do money lender and the mistress of a handsome new residence. Indeed, the fashionable people of the place paid her more attention than they did the real heiress, who was so little like a wealthy matron that the fact was almost forgotten.

Mr. Horace bore his happiness quiet-

ly, and contained himself with patience. Perhaps he was a little irritable in the privacy of the domestic circle but he was only preparing for the grand moment when it would be appropriate to "kick that beastly foot-stool clear across the room." To be sure, he might have suggested to his wife that they examine the stool, and see if it contained anything of value; but she would perhaps laugh at his whim, and would not allow it to be spoiled, and when the wealth was found she might suspect him of knowing something about it and of marrying her for it; and, as he rather preferred peace to unnecessary squabbling he wished the discovery to come about accidentally.

At last, one evening, he found it standing directly in his way. Bertha, looking apprehensively at her husband's stern countenance, hastened to remove it, but he was too quick for her. A well-applied and forcible kick sent it dancing across the room, where it was shattered against the marble fireplace. Mr. Horace eagerly sprang to the spot, where Bertha regretfully followed him.

He did look at it in amazement, as he had often pictured himself doing, but the amazement was very genuine. He grasped each piece, and shook it fiercely; he tore everything apart that could be torn apart with furious haste. Alas, in vain! At his feet lay a heap of broken mahogany, torn purple velvet, and dusty horsehair—nothing more—nothing less.

"What do you mean? What did you expect to find?" asked Bertha with trembling lips.

"Your aunt's legacy. I've been fooled—trapped—I won't stand it. What have you done among you with all her money? She couldn't have carried it with her."

Peter Horace was angry enough, as he strode up and down the room, to have demolished forty ottomans, and Bertha went into hysterics on the sofa. It was a dreadful blow to her vanity to think that she had not been "married for herself alone," after all; they had a terrible scene, but finally a sort of reconciliation was patched up. Both were too respectable to let the world know of their disappointment, and they agreed to keep the fate of her aunt's legacy a secret.

Bertha owned that the old lady had given her \$500 before she died, telling her she was not as rich as had been supposed, and that was probably all she would ever receive from her. Still, she had hoped against hope that more would fall to her share, and had only been reconciled by Mr. Horace's seeming disinterestedness.

With renewed devotion to business, and a little extra fleecing of customers on Mr. Horace's part, they managed to retain their handsome residence and keep up appearances, which was, after all, what they both cared for most of anything in the world.

### Work and Rest.

Weariness: Who should be weary? Not he who has life to live.

He to whom aught is given must still have something to give. And man is made for the battle, and the sword is girt on the thigh of the warrior.

And the purpose of God is thwarted if we only linger and sigh. Ay, and we all have been wounded, some more and others less.

And the sorrows our hearts have suffered have taught us tenderness.

Scatter the seed in the morning, and at eve stay not the hand.

Morning and noon and even, there will still be open land to be sown.

It may be but a cup of water, but a gently spoken word.

Above the gift is noted, the faintest accent heard.

And the good we do to another comes back to us ever again.

As the moisture raised from the ocean returns in the gentle rain.

For blessing works in a circle, and the faster that circle lives.

As it wheels around the throne of God, ever in strength it grows.

And life is the coinage of heaven to be spent in the purchase of love.

Till all the realm of the earth below, is as pure as the realms above.

Then weary not in the struggle; God ruleth all for the best.

And at last the wings in the circle shall bear the soul to its rest.

### What a Horse Can do.

A horse will travel 400 yards in four and a half minutes at a walk, 400 yards in two minutes at a trot, 400 yards in one minute at a gallop. The usual work of a horse is taken at 22,500 pounds raised one foot per minute for eight hours per day. A horse will carry 250 pounds twenty-five miles per day of eight hours. An average draft horse will draw 1,600 pounds twenty-three miles per day on a level road, weight of wagon included. The average weight of a horse is 1,000 pounds; his strength is equivalent to that of five men. In a horse mill moving at three feet per second, track twenty-five feet diameter, he exerts with the machine the power of four and a half horses. The greatest amount a horse can pull in a horizontal line is 900 pounds, but he can only do this momentarily; in continued exertion probably half of this is the limit. He attains his growth in five years, will live twenty-five, average sixteen years. A horse will live twenty-five days on solid food without solid food but only five days on solid food without drinking. —[The Human World.]

### The Electric Light

Is a matter of small importance compared with other applications of electricity. By this agency Polson's Nerviline is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficent power. Nerviline, pleasant to take, even by the youngest child, yet so powerfully far reaching in its work, that the most agonizing internal pain yields as if by magic. Nerviline relieves neuralgia instantly and for the speedy cure of nerve pains of every description it has no equal. Sold everywhere.

You can't learn too much but you can half learn too much.

At Poland, Man., on Tuesday, the three-year-old son of Mr. John Jordan had his head blown off by his brother, who used a gun which he was quite confident was not loaded.

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### Heat and Cold.

The use of the hands, as in washing in hot water, then exposing them to extreme cold, is prolific of a very common misery. Mrs. Robert Simpson, 71 Berkeley St., Toronto, Ont., writes, Oct. 2, 1891, as follows:—"St. Jacobs Oil cured me of rheumatic cramps of the hands after all other treatment failed me. My hands were much swollen and painful, and for a time I was nearly helpless; however, thanks to the magic touch of St. Jacobs Oil, shortly after its use I was relieved, and ultimately, entirely cured. I now always have a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil in the house."

### To Dispel Colds.

Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when cold, or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

Contentment with to-day's lot makes candidacy for a better lot to-morrow. —[Charles H. Parkhurst.]

### Nature's Creative Powers Surpass

all the arts of man. Fearless of contradiction, St. Leon mineral water has proved its superiority. Used freely as a table water it absorbs those secretions that quench life. Also St. Leon soothes, feeds, and tones up the nerve and vital forces, is so full of that mysterious life, sustaining fluid can be ignited. The charmed, refined feelings that flow steadily on when St. Leon is imbued those only can tell who try it well.

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"WARNING." Ask your Druggist for GIBB'S TOOTHACHE GUM, take no substitute.

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**WEAK MEN** (young and old), suffering from mental worry, overwork, insomnia, excesses, or self-abuse, should take these PILLS. They will restore lost energies, both physical and mental.

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**THE BANK OF TORONTO.** DIVIDEND NO. 72

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of FIVE PER CENT. for the current half year being at the rate of TEN 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 June next. The THAVERNIS Books will be closed from the 17th to the 21st days of May, both days included.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS will be held at the Banking House of the Institution on Wednesday, the 14th day of June next. The chair to be taken at noon. By order of the Board.

D. COULSON, General Manager. The Bank of Toronto. Toronto, April 27, 1892.

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FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1892.

WATER WORKS.

A very critical period has arrived in the history of Lachute. The question upon which the people will decide has been agitated more or less for the last five years. There has been no dispute as to the necessity of water works during all this time, and as far as we can see the only argument used against the scheme, was that of expense. Of course every "ablest resident" had his own special views of just what kind of a system would be best and cheapest and it is surprising, how many first class engineers arise, as by magic, in a small town when any local improvements are to be made. The WATCHMAN has contended for a secure, permanent and efficient, even if expensive system of water works, planned, supervised and built by a thoroughly responsible, and capable engineer, whose reputation as such, has been made and is at stake. Local men's ideas may be very good; but inasmuch as a case of disease or of law should be treated by professional men, so should this work, which is technical in its character, be undertaken upon the advice of a thoroughly competent professional man. Now, as to the expense. There are three benefits conferred by water works. 1st, Supply for domestic service. 2nd, Protection from fire. 3rd, Reduction in Insurance. To secure these benefits, a system of water works must of necessity cost a great deal of money. The question therefore which presents itself is, will it pay? Can we afford it? If to secure water for domestic use was the only desired object in view, a very good system might be put in for about one-third the cost of the one now proposed, but we contend, however, that while a large revenue will be obtained from service pipes, it would not pay to place a cheap system in Lachute, and still continue to expose valuable property to the mercy of some uncleaned chimney, a spark from a locomotive or a careless smoker, and to pay for a slight protection, such burdensome insurance rates as are now being paid in Lachute. The WATCHMAN has always been of opinion that the revenue from service pipes and the reduction in insurance, which would be obtained if a proper system were put in, would at least pay the interest and sinking fund on the proposed loan. At the end of fifty years, the whole expense would be met, the town would then be in possession of its water supply and during all these years a feeling of security against the ravages of fire would have been enjoyed. There is another advantage which may be said to be of a speculative nature, but which nevertheless is a real one, i. e. the inducement offered to outsiders to invest their money in real estate here. As we are situated, just now, persons who wish to retire from the active pursuits of life and build private residences in our picturesque town, hesitate to invest their money in a good building, which at any moment may be swept away by fire and to protect which a heavy interest must be paid to insurance companies. The inconvenience of having no water for domestic use during several months in the year is another drawback, which is sufficient to deter that most desirable class of inhabitants from settling and building houses in Lachute. But to secure these advantages it is of the greatest importance that the water works system should not be a cheap one. \$10,000 spent on water works which will not stand the test of a severe fire, might be worse than useless. The strength of a chain is measured by the strength of the weakest link, and the efficiency of the water works is paramount to the cost, provided always that the revenue which may reasonably be expected, is sufficient to defray the interest on the loan and the people are not taxed for the outlay. It can hardly be said that the people of Lachute have not had many opportunities to be well informed on the merits of the by-law they will be called upon to vote for or against on the 19th. The council through the reports of competent engineers, committees of the council and of citizens are so convinced of the necessity of this scheme that the by-law has been prepared, passed and only awaits the sanction of the popular vote. By this action the council has purged itself of the responsibility of refusing fire protection. The responsibility rests wholly with the ratepayers. They must decide whether we are to remain as we are, in danger of fire, paying heavy insurance rates and suffering from a half domestic service, or to endeavor to obtain all the protection convenience and security which would follow from the water works. If the measure should be defeated upon those who voted against it will rest a terrible responsibility should a disastrous fire occur. We trust this question is being thoroughly discussed among the people, for it is a grave undertaking involving a large expenditure of money

and should not be entered into without caution and a strict regard to economy as far as possible, interfering with efficiency.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

By the Rev. John King, of Dalesville.

When the snow disappeared, and as Spring advanced melancholy tidings reached us from the banks of the Ottawa, good old Mr. Edwards was no more. These tidings took us all by surprise, as he had been in the city that winter apparently in the best of health, and in high spirits. His death was sudden and unlooked for. He died as he had lived, about his Master's work. It appeared he had gone over from Fox's Point to Lochaber to preach, the spring sun was warm, and the walk from the river side to the School-house causing him to perspire. He entered and sat down near a window in which was a broken light, through this the wind blowing upon his bald head checked the perspiration, producing erysipelas, which baffled all the skill at hand, hurried him to his grave. In a few days his aged wife, long the partner of his joys and sorrows, when she saw the sad state in which he was, sickened and took to her bed, and was only raised when he was no more, to take a last look of him whom she loved so well. She died of a broken heart, and the two funerals took place about the same time. In life they were lovely, and to death not long divided. They sleep together in a settlement burying ground, back of Fox's Point, where many of the fathers of the settlement, and some of their children sleep, and where the others will follow. Mr. Edwards was a wonderful man, not having the advantage of education in his youth, he possessed an active mind, and a sound judgment. His information on many subjects was extensive. He read much, and studied human nature well, one could not be long in his company without perceiving that he was born to be a leader among men. He had a good gift for speaking, though like all untrained minds, his sermons were rambling, lacking arrangement, but they were sound in doctrine, and abounding in scripture quotations. When he and his brethren first settled in Clarence it was both a natural and moral wilderness—there was no Baptist Church, Baptist ministers or Baptist in all the Ottawa region, under these circumstances Mr. Edwards opened a Sabbath School, and held meetings for religious worship in his own home. After a few years the Church in Clarence was formed, though he was not ordained to the work of the ministry till 1831, nine years after his settlement in Clarence. On that auspicious occasion he had the pleasure of receiving into the church by baptism his son John who afterwards became Pastor of the Baptist Churches in St. Andrews and Chatham. Mr. Edwards possessed a large amount of missionary spirit. He did much to promote the cause of Christ along the Ottawa River, in summer's heat and winter's cold, he travelled about preaching the glad tidings of salvation. Many a time he paddled along in his canoe up and down the Ottawa, and at other times journeyed on foot, though bad roads and in places where there were no roads at all, to communicate the word of life to the settlers in the back woods. For these works of faith, and labours of love he received no remuneration, but laboured, working with his own hands for the support of himself and those depending upon him. This he did not because he thought it wrong for the preacher of the gospel to live of the gospel, but because the country was new and the people were poor, and like Paul he felt pleasure in the thought of not being burdensome to any one. The labours of Mr. Edwards, though appreciated in his life time, were not so much so as they ought to have been. It is only in looking back upon that moral waste, and comparing it then with what it is now, that we can know the value of such a man. Mr. Edwards' mind was deeply impressed with the importance of obtaining a supply of ministers to enter upon the many destitute fields around, but this could not be obtained without money, so to obtain this Mr. Edwards made up his mind to leave his family and visit England and Scotland, which he did in 1829. He set before the churches there the spiritual destitution of Canada, and the great want of labourers to enter the fields ready for the harvest. His energetic appeals had a powerful effect upon Christians there, he obtained money, and what was still better, through his means, Mr. Gilmour from Aberdeen—and Mr. Fraser from Inverness were induced to come and labour in Canada. These good men in connection with himself did more than any others to advance the cause of Christ in the Ottawa region. Mr. Gilmour was the means of the formation of the Baptist church in Montreal, while Mr. Fraser settled with the Baptist church in Bread-

albane. If Mr. Edwards had done nothing more than induce these men to come to Canada, he had done a good work, their labours have been greatly blessed by God to the conversion of many souls, and the remembrance of their visits, and their preaching is dear to the hearts of their spiritual children. Mr. Edwards again visited Britain in 1839—he was sent by the committee of the Baptist missionary society to solicit aid to them to carry on their missionary operations in Canada. He was very successful in his undertaking, having obtained the sum of seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling. He was at that time very well received, and many turned out to hear the Canadian farmer (as they called him) from the banks of the Ottawa. He returned to Canada the spring of 1841, bringing along with him the Rev. John Girdwood to take the charge of the Baptist Church Montreal, and the writer then a young man with a view to preach the gospel in Canada. John Girdwood took great interest in missionary operations, and after remaining a few years in Montreal where he was the means of doing good, he removed to the United States, where he laboured for several years with good success. He was removed suddenly by death into the joy of his Lord, leaving behind him a name which will hold a conspicuous place among the devoted servants of the Lord.

After his labours and dangers by land, and by sea, the messenger came to soon call Bro. Edwards from his earthly abode to a mansion above, there to abide till the king, the Righteous Judge, shall, at his appearing, award him the crown. But though his removal was gain to him, it was a great loss to the church below, and especially to the Baptist Missionary Society. In losing him—they lost an able counsellor, and an energetic labourer. There is no likeness of this great and good man. The one that was taken in Britain while he was there, and which I had the honor to take charge of from Edinburgh, to Greenock, was unfortunately destroyed in a fire which consumed some valuable property belonging to his son John in Upper Canada, yet his countenance is stamped in the minds of all who knew him. I think I see him as he stood in the Edinburgh pulpit, pleading the cause of Canada, or on the deck of the M-hawk in the midst of the Atlantic ocean, (which he crossed five times, giving advice to the emigrants. But now he is gone and we shall see his face no more, like others who bore the burden and heat of the day. He has entered into rest, but we hope when our work is done, and our sun set, to meet him in a brighter and better world. That summer there was an examination of the College, the ministers present on that occasion were Dr. Davis, Mr. Girdwood, and two Presbyterian ministers, one of them was Dr. Taylor, the other has since died, along with them were some members of the committee, and other well wishers of the cause. They all professed themselves satisfied with the proficiency of the young men, and complimented the Doctor on his mode of instruction. It was about this time that we removed to a larger and better house in the west end of the city near the mountain. The society had purchased a lot of ground, the lot was on the slope of the mountains, a very fine situation, commanding a fine view to the south, on this they built the new College, a building which would have been an honor to the denomination if they had been able to keep it. In it was sunk much of the money collected with so much labour in Britain. The building of this house was an unhappy affair, it involved the Society in debt, they were unable to pay, so that after enjoying it for a short time, it had to be sold, and unfortunately fell into the hands of the Roman Catholics who converted it into an hospital. Owing to this unhappy affair the College, and the Missionary society which had been the means of doing so much good were broken up. Still in looking over the past we can see in them the hand of God over-ruling these things for the best, and bringing good out of what then appeared to be an evil.

Met Half Way.

A pretty little romance culminated in Judge Warner's office yesterday when Mr. D. H. Lynam, of Duluth, and Miss Lizzie Curran, of Montreal, presented themselves with a love light in their eyes and piloted straight for the haven of matrimony. Mr. Lynam who is a prominent real estate man and dealer in Mesaba iron stocks in Duluth, has passed the age of goodliness and is a well appearing gentleman. He came into The News office with a fragrant Havana and said he had known Miss Curran since childhood. "We thought we would meet each other half way," he added, "and as we are going to live in America we decided to be wedded according to the laws of our newly adopted home." They registered at the Hotel St. Marie, and will go home today.—Saint St. Marie news.



REV. ALEX. BOYD GIVEN,  
(Pastor of St. Simeon's Church, Lachute.)

We have much pleasure in introducing to our readers the Rev. A. B. Given, the new clergyman of the Anglican Church. Mr. Given is about 35 years of age, and is a native of the North of Ireland. He graduated at Birkenhead, Eng., ten years ago and has since labored in this Diocese, among other places at Quyon, Pontiac Co., where he was for years. He assumed his pastoral duties on Sunday the 8th inst., and preached to a large congregation at both services, creating a very favorable impression. We welcome Mr. Given, to Lachute, and wish him every success in his ministrations. At the request of members of his congregation, we will publish next week the sermon he preached on the morning of the 1st inst.

Argenteuil County S.S. Association.

The following Township Conventions will be held under the auspices of this Association, at the different places and dates mentioned below:

Morin Plains, Monday May 23rd; Mills, Tuesday May 24th; Lakefield, Wednesday May 25th; Harrington, May 26th; Arundel, Friday May 27th; Dalesville, Monday May 30th; Augmentation [Avoca], Tuesday May 31st.

LAKEFIELD.

The Rev. Reuben Gilbert, preached twice in the Methodist Church here last Sunday. The afternoon sermon was especially to the children, and proved very interesting and profitable. He also delivered his popular lecture on "Little Jack Horner."

A report of good fishing near here attracted some Lachutians, but when they came the fish (except chub) refused to interview the bait offered and of course the parties hied home sadder if not wiser.

A lady enjoys the enviable position of being the most successful fisher in Lakefield.

Now is the time to get out some of the big stones that make a big bump on the road and also old crotchety logs, that seem to upset life's happiness.

Considerable rain fell here on Wednesday.

To the Editor of the WATCHMAN—

Dear Sir:—I greatly regret having again to warn your readers against a book of "Bible Readings" published by the Battle Creek Adventists, containing the usual poison of the system. It is offered by a young man, who I trust is not aware of the depths of Satan manifest in this and other of their works, such as "Daniel and the Revelation," which already lie on many tables round about.

Like "Millennial Dawn" (which I was told afterward got pretty well stamped out in the township of Cuthbert) these books deny the important doctrines of Eternal Life as the Gift of God, making it a reward, and Eternal Punishment, teaching the annihilation of the wicked. Let me remind your readers that while cold orthodoxy is worse than nothing to meet God with it is not remedied, by the wretched heterodoxy of those who undermine sacred scripture and exalt (as they pretend) the love of God, at the expense of His holiness.

Let us remember God is as righteous as He is loving, and as loving as He is righteous, the one no more and no less than the other.

Those who deny this, and teach men so, may well stand in fear of that Eternal Judgment they affect to deny.

With every sympathy for the young man for whom I wish only good, I beseech your readers to refuse the books of these people as they value their own and their children's immortal souls.

Let me all what I remarked before when writing you of "Millennial Dawn," there is a vast difference between erroneous views, into which any of us may fall, and false doctrines which characterize this system and which necessarily undermine Christian faith.

Yours truly,  
WM. BAXTER.

DIED.

POLLOCK.—On the 12th May instant, Thomas Pollock Sr. Postmaster, Hill Head Que., in his seventy-third year. Funeral from his late residence to the Cemetery Lachute, at 2:30 p.m. Sunday.

Toothache.—Do you suffer with it? Get a bottle of Pain Killer and find relief in the twinkling of an eye.—For Toothache it is a specific.

KICKAPOO  
INDIAN MEDICINE COMPANY,

Will be at Lachute, for two weeks in

VICTORIA HALL.

Call and see the Indian Medicine Man. Consultation and advice free. If he can do you good he will tell you so.

NATURE'S REMEDIES.

Some six or seven years ago Mr. Frank Cushing, of the Smithsonian Institution, astonished the world by his account of the semi-civilized Zunis, who, until his visit to them, had successfully maintained their exclusiveness. He only succeeded in securing an entry into one of their villages through the kindness of the Zunis. When he was commissioned to investigate the character and habits of these superior people he was a very sick man, was being treated, in fact, for consumption. The mission was given him in the hope that residence in the warm south would restore him, and he purchased a valuable officer to the Government. During his journey his illness grew upon him, and when he reached a Zuni village he was stretched in exhaustion upon a litter which was carried by his friends. They were sent to the Zuni chief to come to them imploring to be cured. On this the Indians received him, nursed him assiduously and finally made a well man of him. Eventually he was received into the tribe, learned their language, religion, and science of medicine.

One curious thing he discovered was that the principal cause of his cure was a liquor whose composition is unknown to the Zunis. They hold it in great esteem and twice every year they send an embassy to the Kickapoo Indians, who manufacture it, and purchase a supply of it. Several times the Zunis attempted to purchase the secret of its composition, but always without success. Once they attempted to force the coveted knowledge from the Kickapoos and made war upon them for that purpose, but were repulsed.

Fortunately a white man was more successful with the Kickapoos. This tribe originally dwelt in Illinois. Thence the Government moved them to Kansas and later on to the Indian Territory, where they inhabit the old Sac and Fox reserve. A Government agent, Mr. Charles Bigelow, better known on the border as Texas Currier, was taken very sick while visiting the Kickapoos, and was restored by their medicine, whose ingredients the Zunis are so desirous of learning. When Mr. Bigelow recovered he pointed out to the chiefs of the Kickapoos that they might acquire wealth by preparing quantities of Sagwa for sale.

They demurred for a long time, but finally fell in with the proposal and sent a group of their doctors to travel under the guidance of Mr. Bigelow and sell the Sagwa. Their success was phenomenal, so great, indeed, that it became impossible to supply the demand and adhere to the crude process of manufacture adopted by the Kickapoos. Accordingly, the Kickapoo Indian Medicine Company was formed, with headquarters at New Haven, Conn., and the manufacture of Sagwa and other Kickapoo remedies was begun on a large scale. About six hundred men are employed, and the capital of the Company is \$200,000. Giving round numbers only, the sales of the Company last year were 500,000 bottles of Sagwa, 400,000 bottles of the Kickapoo Indian Oil, 100,000 bottles of the Kickapoo Compound, 100,000 boxes of the Kickapoo Worm-Killer and about 90,000 boxes of Kickapoo Salve.

The Sagwa is a tonic purely vegetable in character, being the liquor obtained by boiling in water certain varieties of bark, leaves, herbs, and roots. The Kickapoo theory of sickness is that it results from a poverty of the blood, involving cessation of circulation in the action of one or more of the vital organs. Hence they direct their attention solely to the purifying and strengthening of the blood. Thus the Sagwa effects beyond question, though just how it acts will probably not be known until the Kickapoos are willing to make the ingredients of their great specific known. The benefits of its use may be noted in the Kickapoos themselves. No finer race physically exists in the world. Both men and women are tall, strong and remarkably developed. There is not a weakling in the tribe. They are a very peculiar people. Like the Zunis they are very exclusive and have never acquired the vices of civilization. The Indian nations generally, judging from the reports of early settlers and travellers in this country, were healthy people until intemperance and diseases contracted from white men began to play havoc with them. The Kickapoos have always retained their pristine vigor. Possibly the fact that Sagwa keeps them robust is the reason for their escape from the bodily organs. However that may be it is a fact that

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Derivative persons derive astonishing benefits from the use of Sagwa. It appears to act upon the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and bladder, stimulating all of these organs, and it is never too violent a stimulant, for the Kickapoo is a remarkable old age. They always administer the Sagwa to their children, alone or in conjunction with their other famous remedies. The price of

Sagwa is one dollar a bottle. The Kickapoo Indian Oil is a very valuable remedy, affording effective and speedy relief in all nervous and inflammatory diseases. As a quick cure for all kinds of pain it is magical. The oil may be taken internally or applied externally. For rheumatism it is excellent. The price is twenty-five cents per bottle.

The Kickapoo Indian Worm-Killer is prepared by the Kickapoos from their native formula, of roots and herbs. It is a positive specific for the removal of stomach, seat or of pin worms, whether in adults or children. It is safe, prompt and effective remedy, and requires no physic. Its price is 25 cents per box.

The Kickapoo Indian Salve is made by the Kickapoos from the best buffalo yellow root known. It is a specific for skin diseases, soothing and excellent for erysipelas, eczema, boils, piles, burns, &c. It also sells for 25 cents per box. The Kickapoo Indian Compound Cure is an invaluable Indian remedy for coughs, colds, asthma, throat and lung diseases. It is a cure for all these troubles, and is pleasant to take. Its action is specific. The price of the Kickapoo Compound Cure is half a dollar per bottle. These are the chief medicinal preparations in use by the Kickapoos. Their excellence is proved by the fact that they have preserved the tribe in health, notwithstanding the fact that they have been removed from their original home in the north to the centre and afterwards to the extreme south of the country, and have thus been forced to brave great climatic variations.

Another proof of the superiority of these medicines is found in the enormous quantities that are being sold yearly in all parts of this country. In our house where once they have been used a supply of the Sagwa, at least, is always kept on hand for it is known to be necessary. Most every druggist sells it.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.  
In the Matter of  
OCTAVE DUCHENE,  
St. Jovite.

INSOLVENT AND ABSENT.

TENDERS will be received at a dollar rate until Saturday 21st inst. for the moveable assets of the Insolvent, consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Hats Stationery, Fixtures, as per Inventory amounting to \$576.63. Should none of the tenders be accepted, the Stock will be sold by public auction at the Sales' rooms of MARCOTTE BROS., No 95 St. James St. Montreal, on Wednesday the 25th May 1892 at eleven o'clock a.m.

The inventory may be seen at my office. Conditions, Cash. For further information apply to

AMEDEE LAMARCHE,  
Curator.

Office of Lamarche & Olivier,  
No 1709 Notre Dame St.  
Montreal.



# HEARSE.



The undersigned having purchased a well-equipped hearse, in Montreal is now prepared to attend funerals, and to enter more fully than heretofore into the

## UNDERTAKING

Business in all its details.

Coffins and Caskets of every description at fair Attendance Day & Night.

SIMON McKIMMIE,

Funeral Director.

Lachute, Sept. 1891 4-6m

## PUBLIC NOTICE.

WANTED a few pastures for the Harlie Farm, Brownsburg, apply on premises.

MILO HUTCHINS,

## NOTICE

WM. ARMSTRONG, Blacksmith, and Horse Farrier, would respectfully announce to the people of Arg. nt. all that he is now prepared to undertake all troubles in horse and carriage (Carriage and Co. work) He is a safe and experienced hand and is going to make a special business of it. While thanking all many patrons for their past patronage, I would request those owing me for a settlement of their accounts this month. Wanted at once a good Blacksmith, one accustomed to horse shoeing preferred. W. ARMSTRONG, Farrier

## J G Davidson,



## UNDERTAKER.

Main st. Lachute Que.

Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, everything complete in this line.

COFFINS FURNISHED,

Day or Night.

Scarfs and Gloves complete, for sale or to rent.

A first class new Hearse has just been purchased and is

FREE TO PATRONS.

I have been years in this branch of business in Aylmer, Que., and guarantee satisfaction.

Lachute, Jan. 14th, 1892.

21—tf



Is Once More Swimming. Gr. oysters, Oysters, Furniture, etc. Cheap at J. FISH & CO'S.

THE FISH

## NOTICE.

TICKET NO. 97 has been awarded the horse put up to be disposed of. The holder of this ticket will please send it to the undersigned immediately.

D. V. CAMERON,

St. Andrews, Que.

## NEW GOODS ! NEW GOODS !

Just received, a large stock of Dry Goods consisting in part of American and English Prints, all beautiful patterns, Flannellets, dark and light colors. Gingham, Checked Cottons, Cottonades, Factory Cotton, White Muslins, all kinds.

TWEEDS.

We beg to advise our county customers and others, that any desiring to take advantage of our cheap Tweeds, can get them now in exchange for Wool in June or July.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A large stock of Boots and Shoes, to select from of good quality and cheap. Call and see us. Butter, eggs, and all merchantable produce taken in exchange for goods.

BANFORD & McFAUL.

WEST END.

3a

## CARRIAGES ! CARRIAGES !!



A. ROBITAILLE,

Carriage Maker & Blacksmith,

Foundry Street, Lachute.

Has always on hand a complete assortment of Carriages, Single and Double. Repairs done at reasonable rates.

## BLACKSMITHING.

Has an experienced Blacksmith on hand, who can execute all orders with promptness and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Horse Shoeing a specialty.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

## DRESS GOODS!!

Having completed our Spring purchases, we beg to call the attention of the LADIES to the unusually large Stock now in our Store, of

## DRESS FABRICS.

Consisting of Novelties in Dress Goods, Dress Patterns, in Tweed Effects, Silk Warp Cashmeres, Plain Cashmeres in the Newest Shades, Serges very Cheap, All SHADES. A Fine line of Sateens very Dressy.

## OUR PRINTS

Are very Special in value, being extra wide, Fine Cloth and Newest designs.

BEDFORD CORD DRESS GOODS,

in all the new shades.

G. L. MEIKLE, & CO.,

31—tf

Main Street, Lachute.

## READ

A. MITCHELL & SON'S



ADVERTISEMENT, NEXT WEEK.

## CARRIAGE FACTORY !

St. Philippe. Que.,

My Spring Stock of Buggies is just being set up in the

SHOW-ROOMS.

Farmers intending purchasing a Buggy or other Vehicles should come and examine my stock, which is large. Buggies, Carts, Express Waggons, etc, cheap for cash or on time. Repairing always done.

A large stock of Harness on hand of every description. Give me a call and examine for yourself.

T. LAFRAMBOISE, Prop.

## PIANOS & ORGANS.



Cash or instalment plan TERMS EASY.

Call and obtain prices.

CHAS. KENNIBURG,

Main Street.

Lachute.

## Superior Court.

CANADA.

Province of Quebec, DISTRICT OF TERREBONNE.

In Re

CHARLES CHARLEBOIS, of Lachute, Que., Founder.

Insolvent.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 11th day of April instant 1892, by order of the Court, I was appointed Curator to the estate of the above-named Insolvent, who has made a judicial abandonment of all his assets for the benefit of his creditors. Claims must be filed at my office within one month.

G. J. Walker,

Curator.

Lachute April 14th, 1892.

## WANTED.

50 Pastures Wanted, for three farms near Lachute.

P. LANE.

April 13th, 1892.

84—1m

## Paris Kid Glove Store.

262 St. James St. Montreal.

The largest importers of Kid Gloves in Canada. When you want Gloves of any kind write us for price list.

E. B. COOKE, & CO..

33—6m

## GIRLS and BOYS

CAPS, RIBBONS, LACES, EMBROIDERS, CHIFFON, MUSLINS, SATEENS, PLUSHES, VELVETS, FANCY GOODS and DRESS TRIMMINGS.

Miss L. Whinfield,

Dressmaker.

East of Post Office Calumet. 33—3m

## NOTICE.

PARTIES having business with us will please call at the store of Hugh Fraser, jr. We also give notice that we will not take any cows to pasture this season as we are stocking it with our own cattle.

FRASER BROS.

## Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS will be received from Saturday, April 30th, up to May 14th, for the erection of new Hotel on the property lately destroyed by fire. Lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted. Plans may be had by applying to the proprietor.

P. RODRIGUE,

Proprietor, Lachute.

## ORGANS !!



The Doherty Organ leads the market

## Sewing Machines

of the best makers, sold on instalment plan. Ten per cent discount for cash. Kid Long Bows, \$2 a pair; French Kid Boots \$1.75 a pair etc

J. A. BEDARD'S,

Main St. Lachute.

[Sign of the Long Boot.] 14

## D RAITT, JR.,

Watchmaker and



Jeweller.

Main St Lachute.

Fine Watches and Clocks carefully cleaned and repaired.

## JEWELLERY.

Repaired at low rates. Always on hand a full assortment of Watches, Clocks and Silver Plated Ware.

Spectacles to suit all sights.

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H. FROST,

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## CHANGE IN BUSINESS.

THE Undersigned begs leave to inform the public, that he has purchased the Hotel occupied by the late J. B. Daoust, St. Philippe, d'Argenteuil, Que. All travellers will receive due attention. The table will be supplied with all the delicacies of the season. Free Buss to and from all trains. Livery Stable on the Premises.

M. LECLAIRE, Proprietor.

Argenteuil Hotel, St. Philippe.

36—1m

## Avis Public.

APPLICATION sera faite a la prochaine session du Parlement du Canada pour un acte d'incorporation de la Compagnie du Chemin de fer, de la Vals d'Ottawa, avec pouvoir d'acheter cette portion du Chemin de fer Le Grand Nord, a l'ouest de Lachute, et la Chemin de fer Caillon and Grenville, de faire un pont sur la Riviere Ottawa entre Caillon and Grenville, et de construire une ou des lignes de chemin de fer reliant le dit pont aux chemins de fer des deux cotes de la dite Riviere.

C. N. ARMSTRONG,

Pour l'edification

## W. J. SIMPSON

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Fire, Life And Accident.

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## For Sale or To Let

THE UNDERSIGNED will sell the Brick House and lot situated just outside of Lachute Town, in the Township of Chatham, on very reasonable terms, or will let to a suitable tenant, for further particulars apply to the proprietor, 10 W. J. SIMPSON.

## LUMBER.

The Lachute Lumber Company have constantly on hand, a large quantity of

## Lumber,

DRESSED

and

UNDRESSED

ORDERS may be sent to the

Brownsburg or left with

W. J. SIMPSON.

"Watchman" Office

## REMOVAL.

THE UNDERSIGNED having rented the Building formerly occupied as a store by Mr. John Bradford, has removed his

## MEAT MARKET.

AND

## Vegetable Shops

to this favorable stand. In thanking the public for past patronage, he still hopes to give better satisfaction in the new premises opposite

FISH'S BRIDGE.

D. WILON,

Butcher

DELICATE

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

PURE  
SWEET  
LASTING

RICH  
RARE  
PUNGENT

**FLORIDA WATER**

STILL HOLDS THE FIRST PLACE  
IN POPULAR FAVOR, BEWARE OF  
IMITATIONS.

FRAGRANT



## Falstaff's Song.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEPMAN.

Where's he that died of Wednesday?  
 Great place on earth hath he!  
 A tailor's yard beneath, I wot,  
 Where worms are appointed to be;  
 For the wight that died of Wednesday  
 Just laid the light below,  
 Is dead as the varlet turned to clay  
 A score of years ago.

Where's he that died of Sabba's day?  
 Good Lord, I'd not be he!  
 The best of days is foul enough  
 From this world's fare to flee;  
 And the saint that died of Sabba's day  
 With his grave-turf yet to grow,  
 Is dead as a slinger brought to pray  
 A hundred years ago.

Where's he that died of yesterday?  
 What better chance hath he  
 To elude the can and toss the pot  
 When this knight's junkets be?  
 For the lad that died of yesterday  
 Is just as dead—O ho!  
 As the scurvy knave men laid away  
 A thousand years ago.

"Strange it seems, when one first discovers  
 it, that Shakespeare put no ballad, tavern-  
 catch, or other song, in the mouth of power-  
 clinking Sir John. But he certainly left us  
 a most tempting refrain for one."—E. C. S.

## A BOYCOTTED BABY.

CHAPTER II.—JEM'S WIFE.

At home every one knew by the master's looks that something had happened; but no one dared to question him. Not a word did he speak to his wife as to what had taken place. The dinner to Lord Polonius and his daughter was not again mentioned. Perhaps Matthew's intention was to let his wife discover for herself; if so, he carried it out long enough to cause her a good deal of anxiety. James Bulbous, according to rule, had always dined at home on Sundays, usually staying from Saturday till Monday; but for two Sundays after these events he did not appear, nor did he write. Matthew Bulbous still was silent, and his wife was afraid to speak. She knew that her husband was aware of the reason of her son's absence. At last, one morning, seeing no hearing from her son, the mother's anxiety conquered her fear.

"Matthew," she said, following him as he went towards his study one evening after dinner—"Matthew!" He halted, and looked round. Her hand timidly touched his arm, and she could hardly speak. "Jem," she said, "is anything—the matter?"

"As far as I know, he is quite well," he answered coldly. He walked away, leaving her standing in the middle of the hall. At the door of the study, however, he stopped and thought for a while. "Come with me," he then said; "I have something to tell you."

Mrs. Bulbous followed her husband into the room, and sank into a chair, trembling. She knew he had ill news to communicate, and Matthew Bulbous showed little consideration for her feelings in his method of telling it.

"You want to know about your son," he said. "Very well. I'll soon tell you all I know, and I dare say you will think it enough—of the kind. He has been married for six or seven months."

She gasped, and slightly raised her hands with a gesture of dismay. Then, clasping them tightly, she stared at the husband, who proceeded: "Who or what is she? Of course, as a mother and a woman, you are deeply interested to know. Who she is, I can tell. What she is—or has been—I can tell. Your son's wife."

"Matthew!" She leaped up with a cry—this gentle and timid woman—and stood panting before him, with heaving bosom and blazing eyes. Matthew Bulbous was startled, but only for a brief time; his big hard eyes and set face soon reduced her, and she sank in the chair with a moan. "If you doubt it, send for him and take care of yourself! How would you like to see her in your house—your son's wife—beside your daughter—in her painted and impudent ugliness, in her tawdry finery and rage? Why, woman, to look at her!" he exclaimed, extending his arm towards the door, as though his son's wife were standing there—"to look at her is to feel sick! A creature you would cross the road to avoid—a degraded animal, whom your very avoidance would rouse to tear and claw you. Yes, send for her, by all means; one interview will be enough."

"Jem, Jem, Jem!" murmured the poor woman, sobbing. It was indeed harder for her than to her husband to realize that the young man would have fallen into such folly, and she felt the agony of which her husband was insensible.

He had been lured into it—trapped into it—drugged into it. It was blasphemy against nature to suppose that he had voluntarily done such a thing, with all his faculties at his command.

Mrs. Bulbous, after this, was practical enough to mourn her son as dead. She knew he should never pass his father's door again. Week passed after week, and nothing was heard from him. His name was never mentioned. He was dead and gone out of their lives. His chambers had been given up—as the mother learned in some indirect way—and he had disappeared.

The room James Bulbous had been in the habit of occupying when he slept at Blackheath was locked up now—locked by Mr. Bulbous himself, who kept the key of it. The night which it was locked was a little incident which is worth relating. There were several photographs on the table, framed, a mother and sister, some friends, and that of a very lovely girl with dark eyes. Mr. Bulbous examined this curiously for half a minute, holding it in his hand; with the other hand he turned over a small heap of photographs of noted persons, such as you see in shop windows.

"An actress—or a dancer—or one of that sort," he remarked, having another look at the picture, and throwing it on the heap with the others. "I never thought he was that kind of fellow."

Two days before Christmas, he had a brief note from his brother Joseph—which was the first communication between them since that day at Chelsea—inquiring whether Matthew still meant him to emigrate. Matthew seemed to have forgotten the project; but he sent a message to his brother to come to the office at three o'clock the next day. "Punctually to the minute Joseph was there, and the clerk was sent out of the room."

"If you still mean it," observed Joseph with the manner of a man resuming an interrupted conversation, "I would prefer New Zealand. The climate is better, and I couldn't go to Canada for months yet. I don't care for Canada."

"As you please," said Matthew indifferently. "Let it be New Zealand, then; and as you are in a hurry to go, the sooner the better. Go to the tailor and order an outfit. I'll be a to the rest."

Then there was a pause. There seemed no more to be said on the particular subject. After a while, Joseph inquired concerning the health of his brother's wife and daughter, then there was another pause. At last Matthew asked if Joseph knew anything about Jem.

"I didn't like to mention his name first, Matthew," he answered. "Yes; I saw him last night. He supports himself by writing for the papers and things now."

"Yes. Anything else?"

"Well—his wife is—"

"Stop!" Joseph stopped very quickly, and looked at his brother.

Matthew's face was dark, but presently it cleared, and he observed: "I feel no interest in that quarter. I asked about Jem. I didn't want to hear about her."

"I thought you might be interested to know—"

"That there's a baby?" said Matthew, with a grin that showed his mouth to great disadvantage. "I'm sure I'm delighted!"

"To know," continued Joseph, not heeding the interruption, "that Jem's wife is—"

Matthew Bulbous leaped to his feet. He drew back the chair, and looked intently at his brother. "Dead did you say? When did she die? What did she die of? There's no mistake about this?"

"I died yesterday morning. Found dead in her bed. Heart disease, the doctor said. No mistake at all, Matthew, as you may see for yourself if you like to attend her funeral to-morrow."

"I attend her funeral! I'd see the woman—ahem; well, that sort all end that way. I'm not a bit surprised," he observed, with a deep-drawn sigh of relief.

He could not sit on the chair now. He walked about the room with his hands in his pockets. Mr. Matthew Bulbous was powerfully excited, for the liberation of his son was fraught with momentous possibilities. But as Joseph was sitting there, eyeing him with a curious interest, and waiting to be sent away, Matthew had to come back to him.

"You may come over to Blackheath to-morrow, if you like," he said, "after the funeral. You are going to the funeral, I suppose?"

"Yes, I'm going."

"Come over after the funeral. As it will be Christmas Day, you may stay for dinner if you like. What hour is the funeral to be?"

"Two o'clock."

"Come over immediately afterwards. I shall expect you at four. Have you any money?"

He took a few sovereigns from his waistcoat pocket and threw them on the table. Joseph Bulbous picked them up and went away.

After his brother's departure, Matthew Bulbous sat down and leaned back in the chair with his large eyes staring vacantly at the inkstand on the table. His senses of the absence of outward things—even of the presence of the clerk, who was idly waiting outside for his summons back to his work. Bulbous was filled with deep and absorbing joy. Jem's wife was dead. The detested obstacle to his ambitious projects was removed. It was not unreasonable to suppose that the event must be a happy relief to the young man himself. The experience would chasten and subdue him, and generally be good for him. After just a little delay, sufficient to wipe out the last miserable vestige of the late wife's memory, the young man would be ready to accept with gladness his father's schemes. Jem's wife was dead. Oh, the silent and mighty upheaval of Matthew Bulbous's energies, paralyzed for the time by his son's unfortunate marriage, now that friendly death had undone it, in fairly good time! Everything would, and should come right now—now, that Jem's wife was dead.

Matthew's action was prompt. Jumping into a cab he drove to Lord Polonius's club, and found that nobleman there. His lordship received him civilly, but curiously, Lady Jessalinda was quite well, he politely assured Mr. Bulbous; and then the latter proceeded to business, stating the case briefly and clearly. At first the Earl listened with an affectation of polite indifference; but he soon showed his interest. Mr. Bulbous explained very plainly the folly of his son, and the bitterness of his repentance, and assured Lord Polonius that the young man was ready now to do his part with proper spirit to promote the early realization of the project upon which they were both so cordially agreed a few months ago. Bulbous did not put his thought in words, but he felt no apprehension of his son's matrimonial prospects having been interfered with by the addresses of another suitor in the interval.

"Well—ah—really, Mr. Bulbous, it requires consideration," observed Lord Polonius gravely.

"Why should it?" Mr. Bulbous asked, the case not being one for sentiment. "It has been considered already in all its points. Unless, indeed," he added, as an act of politeness of which he privately did not see the necessity, "unless Lady Jessalinda—"

"Yes, that's it," said his lordship quickly; "we do not know exactly how Lady Jessalinda will regard it. Ladies are sensitive of such an experience, and as a rule do not prefer newly-made widowers. We must take all this into consideration."

Matthew Bulbous, anxious as he was about his project, began to stiffen. He suspected that this clever old peer was laying himself out to exact further pecuniary concessions.

"Do you propose to reopen the matter with Lady Jessalinda, my lord?" he asked, with ominous coolness.

"I did not mean to leave any doubt as to that," said Lord Polonius, who, from his own private interests, was as anxious as Matthew Bulbous to carry out the project; "it is as to the result that there may be a little doubt. I only meant to imply that, naturally, it will be less easy to win Lady Jessalinda's consent now than it was a few months ago."

In private, Matthew Bulbous was not so sure about this; but still, women were women, and there was no counting on their whims. Lord Polonius, in conclusion, promised to drop in upon him later in the afternoon, and Mr. Bulbous took his departure.

At six o'clock his lordship called. "I have spoken to Lady Jessalinda," said Lord Polonius in a confidential whisper, "and I think we may venture to hope that—ah—matters may in time—ah—not impossible—resume their former footing. Of course we must allow a little time, so as to forget the—er—certain episode. Then, we may proceed again."

"That will do," said Matthew Bulbous, understanding aright the meaning conveyed by the Earl's circumlocution. "How long will it take?"

"Well, as to that, we can lay down nothing definite. Now, if your son would go abroad for a while—"

"He's going," said Mr. Bulbous promptly; "but the question is how long is he to stay abroad?"

"He can be recalled when it is considered judicious," said Lord Polonius. "Of course he will keep you advised of his address. I do not think," he said, lowering his voice again and significantly pressing Mr. Bulbous's hand, "his exile need be very long."

Matthew gave a gratified smile, which his American cousins would describe as of large dimensions; but the next morning an

observation casually made by Lord Polonius quickly changed the expression of his face. "Of course," his lordship observed, pulling on his gloves, "there is hardly need to mention it, but of course the understanding is entirely upon the assumption that there is no surviving issue of the—er—the marriage!"

These were ominous and startling words, because the Earl meant them, and they suggested a possibility of which Matthew had not thought before. But the situation was critical and he was equal to it.

"No, my lord," he answered with confidence, "there is no child of that marriage."

"Ah, that is satisfactory. I trust everything will go on well now," said the Earl; and then he took a gracious farewell of Mr. Bulbous for the present.

Matthew Bulbous went home in high spirits. His old luck had not deserted him after all. He felt himself to be a man who could not fail. He might have known himself better than to have felt beaten by Jem's marriage. Here was the demonstration that he was still the same successful man!

The church bells were ringing as he walked up the stony road from the station. As a rule, it was a noise he hated; but to-night the bells pealed a tune that gladdened his heart.

"Jem's wife is dead!"  
 "Jem's wife is dead!"  
 "Jem's wife is dead!"  
 "Jem's wife is dead!"

So the bells rang out in the clear frosty sky. Matthew Bulbous laughed, and wished them a Merry Christmas.

At dinner, his wife and daughter were struck with the exuberance of his spirits. After dinner, he made Agnes play several "lively" pieces on the piano—an instrument he only loved less than church bells—and said something about buying her a new one. For the keys gave out the same carol as the bells, no matter what she played.

Later on, he called his wife into his study, and exultingly announced the great news to her. The result startled him.

"Matthew!" she exclaimed, with natural horror, "surely you are not rejoicing over the poor creature's sudden death!"

"Surely I am, though. Pray, why shouldn't I?" he demanded defiantly.

"It is wicked—horrible! No, Matthew," his wife said with a shudder, "she is dead, and all emity."

"I have no emity," he growled. "She wasn't a fit subject for emity. But I say what I feel, and I cannot but feel glad. Have you no thought for your son? Are you sorry for his release?"

But his wife, without further word, left the room, and Matthew Bulbous put down his pipe, pushed away the half-consumed totter, and stared angrily in the fire. When he was angry, it was a sign he was conscious of having made a mistake. Undoubtedly, he was glad of the woman's death, and believed he had a right to be glad; but perhaps the exhibition of his joy was not exactly proper. After all, Jem's wife was dead, and could do no further harm. As the harm which she had done was being happily remedied, it might have been better to ignore the fact that she had ever existed. And considering her miserable life and miserable end, her death was probably an unworthy and indecent subject for exaltation.

Matthew Bulbous was a coarsely-bred man, not free from superstition, and at heart a coward. Hence the words of his wife disturbed him, and however he might have despised his son's wife when living, he was not so sure that the dead could be treated with the same impunity. In fact, he unconsciously felt that on the whole it was best to leave the dead alone. In the fading embers of the fire, the wasted and rigid face of the poor creature who had already passed before her Judge met his eyes often than he cared. With the fire, his energy of mind seemed to sink also, lower and lower as the time passed.

Just as the chimes of midnight startled him, as from a troubled sleep, the most extraordinary thing came to pass that ever happened to Matthew Bulbous. The door opened, and a female figure glided into the room. The lamp was turned low, and he could not see her distinctly; a shawl hung over her head, half-concealing her face, and the gloom hid the rest of it; but he expected strange and unaccountable scenes of recognition. He was convinced he had seen the face before—he knew not when or where—though he certainly did not see it now. She did not speak for some time, but stood before him in a silent and expectant attitude, as though he had sent for her. The strangest thing was that he knew this to be the apparition of his son's wife, while at the same time it was certain that the invisible face was not the face of the dead woman.

Jem's wife had been so much in his thoughts, that this sudden visitation took him, in a manner, at a great disadvantage. But it was nevertheless a situation of a character with which he was not well fitted to cope. Some time elapsed, therefore, before he could bring himself to address her with an inquiry, in a respectful and conciliatory tone, as to her identity and business.

She turned slowly toward him and told him (as he expected) who she was.

This confirmation, in spoken words, of his previous conviction had the effect of disturbing his mental equilibrium still further. In vain, rallying his courage, he assured her she was mistaken—that Jem's wife was dead, and was to be buried at two o'clock next day—that she had been found dead in her bed, dead of heart disease, brought on by her own conduct, as the doctor said. This discharge of hard facts and exact information seemed not to affect her in the smallest degree. Then it occurred to him to summon the butler, and the effect amazed him, but seemed not to disconcert his visitor in the least. The butler and other servants were either not in the house, or they were buried in the sleep of the Seven Sleepers, or they were all dead. For the bell rang loud and long down the passage, up the stairs, through all the rooms in the house, and finally passed up the chimney, and died away in the sky; but no person answered it.

Matthew Bulbous listened to this extraordinary performance with fear perspiring from every pore. He felt now there was nothing left but to ask his visitor humbly to state her business. He abjectly pleaded that he was tired and wanted to go to bed. Then the dark reproachful eyes settled upon him, from out the shadow, with a gentle scorn which caused him to look another way as she delivered her message. They had been happy, her husband and she, and did not want Matthew Bulbous's money. He had cast off his son because he failed to marry him to a grand lady. He was rejoicing now because the son's wife was dead and the grand lady might still become his wife. The visitor knew all Matthew's thoughts and schemes. Very well; but she added, with a movement that made him start, that she had left a baby, and would hold him to account for it. "According as you are kind and just to it, I will be merciful to you. It has no mother, and you must supply my place!"

A dim apprehension of consequences likely to arise from the existence of a baby passed like a cold wave over Matthew Bulbous.

Did she know the assurance he had given Lord Polonius, and was she warning him? Did she mean that, to supply her place, he was to get Jem immediately married to Lady Jessalinda? There were doubts on this point; but she should be anxious to be quickly succeeded by another wife, and to place her baby on the bosom of a stepmother; and it was extremely doubtful whether Lady Jessalinda would consent to dedicate herself to that maternal office.

But he gave his solemn promise to look after the child; and as he spoke the words, there was a knock at the door. Looking up, he discovered that his visitor was gone. With the instinct of a man of business, his first thought was whether she had heard him make that promise concerning the baby. He would have given a thousand pounds to be certain she had not heard the words. Could she possibly, he asked himself, have heard them, seeing that she was gone when he looked up?

The appearance of the butler at the door, inquiring if his master wanted anything further that night, gave him a considerable start; and he rose to his feet quickly, looking hard at the spot where the visitor had been standing during the late interview.

"No, Perkins," he answered, absently, drawing a deep respiration. "I—I believe I have been asleep."

But the conviction that he had been dreaming did not restore a tranquil mind. All night through his thoughts were haunted with shadowy fears. The face, hidden from physical perception, but still familiar though unaccountable, was no trick of fancy. And he could by no effort rid himself of the fear that the baby might be a real reality, worse to face than the ill-starred marriage which it sprang from—a reality that would have to be "boycotted" with vigour and thoroughness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WILSON'S BURGLAR.

Bowser's Counterpart has an Adventure.

"Henry! Henry! I believe there is some one in the front room!" whispered Mrs. Wilson as she poked her husband in the ribs to awaken him.

"Where is he? Let me get my hands on him!" he cried as he sprang out of bed, fell over a chair, and rolled on the carpet.

"Where is the revolver, Anna?" he exclaimed as he scrambled to his feet.

"Oh, there is surely some one in the room! I saw him cross between me and the light! We will be murdered!" she moaned.

Wilson grasped a chair and sprang out into the front room.

"Take that, you blood-thirsty fiend! I will teach you to creep into people's houses when honest folks are asleep! I will teach you to rob and murder!" he yelled and brought the chair down on his victim a second time with a loud crash.

"Have you got him, Henry?" Mrs. Wilson anxiously asked.

"Yes; bring the light. I have knocked the gentleman senseless," he replied.

"Look out that he does not shoot you!" cried Mrs. Wilson, as she pushed the lamp through the door, and looked in.

There stood Wilson in night apparel with the back of a chair raised over his head, ready to deliver another blow if necessary; and lying at his feet was a rocking-chair, broken in a dozen places, and mixed with the remainder of the chair whose back he held in his hands. The fragment of furniture slipped from his grasp as his eyes fell on the wreck.

"Mrs. Wilson, do you assert that you saw this rocking-chair running across the room?" he bellowed, turning on his wife.

"No, I do not assert anything of the kind. I saw a man, and there is the place he went out," she said pointing to the window.

"By the hair of Solomon!" he ejaculated as he sprang through the window, and ran around the house like a madman, and hurriedly crawled back through the window.

"If it had not been for your infernal screaming," he said, in a tone of disappointment, "I would have had that gentleman. I was just creeping onto him when you set up that idiotic howl."

"You were creeping, I should think. You rolled out of bed, fell over a chair, and made more noise than a fire company, and then you rushed out here and broke up some furniture. The wonder to me is that you did not scare the burglar to death! I wonder what he stole?"

"Great guns, yes! He stole my coat and hat! No, here they are. It's my underwear! No, here it is. My cane is gone! Yes, the brute has stolen my cane! I will offer a reward of twenty dollars for its return," and he danced excitedly around the hall.

"It is not worth three dollars, Henry. Are you crazy?"

"It is the thief I am after," he yelled.

"My ring is gone!—the one you gave me before we were married!" cried Mrs. Wilson.

"It does not amount to anything. I only paid six dollars for it," he replied.

"You told me it cost fifty."

"That was when I was spooning. Six dollars, madam, that is all. Let it go!"

"Henry Wilson, I will never live another day with you! You are a mean, stingy thing, and to think you would tell me such a contemptible falsehood!"

"Madam, the next time a burglar gets into this house, I want you to keep quiet and not say a word until I overpower him," said Wilson as he glanced at his clock.

"Great Scott, Anna, it is six o'clock! I thought it was bright moonlight when I was out looking for the thief," he said, staring sheepishly at his wife.

"Why, it is really daylight! If we had only raised the curtain. Say, Henry, I will bet one hundred dollars that was Bridget who came in and opened the window to air the room."

"Then where is my cane and your ring?" he asked.

"Well, if that does not beat me! Here is my ring on my finger!" she gasped.

"And I will be hanged if my cane does not rest on this rack, right where I did not look for it," he growled.

"Well, Henry, you must have been an interesting individual for early risers to look at as you, arrayed in night attire, galloped around the house," and she laughed until the tears stood in her eyes.

"This is some more of your smartness! To awake a man out of a sound sleep, yelling thieves and murder, to have him make a show of himself. I would not get out of bed again if the house were lined with thieves. You have yelled wolf once too often. I am no calf, to run and bleat every time you hold out a pail toward me," he howled.

"I was honest about it," she replied.

"Honest! There is not an honest hair in your head! If the truth were known, you had been lying awake for an hour, hatching the whole thing. There is one thing sure—you will use a soap-box for a swing rocker for the next eighty years, before I buy you one."

At dinner, while looking over the mail, Wilson found a note addressed to Mrs. Wilson. He passed it to her, and she opened and read it.

"This concerns you more than me," she said, reading aloud:

"MADAM:—If your husband is taking a course of medical treatment, or is training for the prize ring, or, in fact, anything that necessitates morning exercise in fatigue uniform we will overlook the performance; but if his strange gymnastics are repeated, simply for pastime, we will institute proceedings to suppress him."

Very kindly yours,  
 "NEAR NEIGHBORS."

"What is that, Anna? Who wrote that? Let me look at it," he said, with bated breath.

She handed the missive to him, and he slowly read it through. Then he said:

"As the dew descends from the unvalued heavens, or the crystallized snow, or the fleecy thistle down alights on my sturdy brow, so does such flimsy trash alight on the broad and intellectual mind of the representative from Polk County who sits before you to-day. Madam," he continued, as he arose to his feet, and removing his coat quietly, hung it on the back of his chair, and laid his vest beside his plate—"madam, while I imagine I can detect the ear-marks of a voluptuous dandy who shall be nameless, but who is bound to the afore-mentioned representative by ties of the common-law, if she or any other large eared woppled jawed, crane-necked individual ever sets her or his bespattered hoof on lots eighty and eighty-one, block twenty, Murphy's Addition, for the purpose of suppressing Henry Wilson, the owner of the above described features, will get her or his jaw knocked a-straddle of her or his neck, and her or his general anatomy knocked out of shape—no bar as to sex! Do you understand! Can you get your brain concentrated enough to realize what I say?" he yelled, as he sprang upon the table and shook his fist at his wife.

"Henry Wilson! get down from that!"

"Run my business, will—"

"Get off that table—"

"I'm the Royal Nibbs that runs that!"

"You could not run a colored camp-meeting without quarreling with the converts, or a poultry-yard without entertaining the fowls with a lecture on clinics. If your general make-up was in harmony with your mouth, you would be a statesman," she vociferated.

He sprang from the table, hurled aside a chair, and hastened to the garden.

"There! I guess he is satisfied for this time," Mrs. Wilson said, and resumed her work with a complacent smile.

## SOME OF THE NEW INVENTIONS.

A recently invented lampwick is made up of a film of cotton fibers or parallel fibres, just as they are arranged previous to being twisted to make thread. They are enclosed in a covering of thin material to give form to the wick.

A novel invention is a bran packer for the use of millers who do a large export business and to whom economy of space is desirable. The apparatus consists of an auger working in the funnel that fills the bag. It constantly revolves, at the same time having an up and down motion. On the down stroke it forces the bran into the sack, packing it solidly at the same time.

Two California inventors have devised a toll-collecting apparatus for telephone. It consists of the usual coin-in-the-slot device, with the addition of a clock-work apparatus that automatically cuts out the telephone when the time for the talk has expired.

A new instrument that possesses value and novelty is a speculum for examining horses' mouths. It is the invention of an Illinois man, and consists of a bit broad enough to keep the horse's mouth open and an arrangement of reflectors to determine easily the condition of the throat and mouth.

A Massachusetts man has invented a recording device for scales. Upon a roller is placed a piece of paper upon which a marker records the weightings of the scales as desired.

An Ohio man has devised a crib attachment for beds consisting of a stout wire frame-work forming the bottom, back and two ends. This is placed on a Y-shaped support fastened to the floor. The open side of the crib is toward the bed and the whole arrangement is very convenient, while it is easily removable from its support.

A San Francisco woman has invented a carving brace to hold fowls in place, while they are undergoing the process of carving. The device is clamped to the edge of the plate, and an adjustable fork extends at right angles from it, firmly holding the fowl in place. The most inexperienced carver can hack away at an old barn-yard favorite without fear of its suddenly seeking the floor.

Murder of an Englishman in the Transvaal.

News has just been received by the African mail of the murder, on March 19, of Mr. Thomas James, a native of St. John, Cornwall, who had only returned to South Africa last July, after spending a long holiday with his friends in England. Mr. James, who was a miner, had been in ill health, having suffered severely from influenza since his



## AGRICULTURAL.

### Two-Rowed Barley in Canada.

Prof. Saunders, of the Dominion Experimental Farm, has prepared his report on the subject of two-rowed barley. He says: In the annual report of the experimental farms for 1890 reference is made to the importation from England by the Government of a large lot of one of the best varieties of two-rowed barley for seed, which was sold to farmers at less than the cost of importation, in order to thoroughly test the value of this grain in all parts of the Dominion. It is there stated that a shipment of 50 quarters, 400 English bushels, of the barley grown from that seed, weighing about 32 lbs. per bushel, had been forwarded to London, England to be malted and brewed by one of the leading brewers there. This barley consisted of five or six lots, grown in different parts of Ontario. It was all forwarded to Ottawa, where the barley was thoroughly cleaned and mixed under my supervision, and the small kernels and as much as possible of the broken grain removed by passing it through a sizer or bobby machine, so that the sample was fairly uniform in character.

The following report was received in October last by the High Commissioner of Canada, through Mr. A. F. Dale. It contains the result of the brewing of the barley at Bishop's Cleeve, England, and the process conducted at the brewery of Mr. J. F. Flinn, report is signed by Mr. Arthur O. Stoper, of Colchester:—

"In compliance with your request I have pleasure in stating to you my opinion of the sample of malt sent me on the 23rd May last, which I understand was made exclusively from Canadian barley sent you by the Dominion Government.

"From careful examination of this malt, and from information furnished me by brewers well acquainted with the use of Canadian malt in the Dominion, and also from suggestions made by the well-known brewery expert, Mr. Frank Faulkner, I felt justified in using this malt exclusively without any mixture of other malts. I therefore proved its brewing qualities entirely upon its own merits, and to test it as severely as possible, I brewed a pale ale from it, although I fear the colour is a little higher than I generally get from malt made from English or European barley.

"The brewing worked easily, and I liked the handling of the goods in tun and the way they spent, indicating from the initial stages the quality of the malt. Each successive stage followed in proper sequence in exceedingly good form; the fermentation was practically perfect, and the condition of the beer at racking was exceedingly good. The final attenuation also was just as I wished, and as a consequence I think the brewing operations were those well adapted to the malt, and it must have been of good quality to have given such satisfactory results at every stage.

"The stability I have proved to be exceedingly good, indicating soundness of material.

"The extract was equivalent to 87 lbs. per quarter; and coupling all the preceding facts with the judgment I formed of the malt, irrespective of its use, I assign its value 35s to 36s per quarter. I may say that had I wished to obtain a greater extract, so as to obtain the maximum amount possible, I could readily have increased it, but I deemed it under the circumstances preferable to secure quality rather than quantity.

"The beer after racking has remained entirely satisfactory, and the very numerous people who have tasted it have been almost without exception of opinion that it is exceedingly good.

"Should you wish to have fuller and more complete notes of a more technical class, either as to the nature of the water employed in the brewing, and of the malt itself, I shall be happy to place them at your disposal. I assume the above report is sufficient for your present purposes, and I have much pleasure in testifying as a practical brewer to the value that good malt of this class would prove to the brewers who understood its use.

"October, 1891." This report is highly satisfactory, and shows that good two-rowed barley, such as will meet the approval of the English brewer, can be grown in Canada, and many samples, much better in quality and heavier than this shipment referred to, have been received of late at the Experimental Farm from farmers in Ontario, the growth of 1891.

Favourable reports as to the yield of the barley have been received from every hand, and it is the general opinion that the crop of the two-rowed has averaged much better than the six-rowed. Many reports of yields of 40 to 50 bushels per acre have been received from different points in Ontario, although some of the samples sent in have been light in weight and much discoloured. The buyers in the barley districts in Ontario paid up to the close of navigation from 8 to 12 cents more per bushel for the two-rowed than was offered for the six-rowed; but in many instances no care seems to have been taken to grade the purchases, but light and heavy, bright and discoloured lots, were all mixed together, making a very uneven sample. Much broken grain was also found in some lots. The returns received for some of the shipments are said to have been very unsatisfactory, having resulted in loss to the shippers. This disappointment, however, is clearly traceable to want of care in threshing, cleaning, and grading the grain. The faults lie partly with the farmer who must exercise more care in handling this crop if it is to bring him its full value. In a letter written by a practical Canadian maltster who recently visited England in connection with the barley business of his firm, he says, when referring to the disappointing sales:—"Shippers have not kept faith with the brokers or purchasers as to quality, the malt was not equal to the sample. Again, 'All brewers who saw the Government farm samples at the brewers' exhibition were charmed with them, and millions could have been sold, but the general crop did not equal the samples. I may say that unless the Canadian barley can be threshed so as to avoid the large proportion of half and broken grains, which cause excessive moulds on the floors, the trade won't materialize. All English maltsters agree on this point.' This gentleman speaks quite hopefully of the Canadian six-rowed barley for the English market, and says it is beginning to find favour with several maltsters who have tried it.

Other Canadian dealers speak more hopefully of the two-rowed barley trade. One says: "The two-rowed barley we have handled this season, grown from English seed, has given us the best of satisfaction, and I believe that all that has gone forward to the Old Country would have done likewise had it not been badly mixed."

Another buyer who visited England in connection with his barley business writes:—"In November sales were made in Great Britain by sample to arrive of both two-rowed and six-rowed. The former was received with much favour by maltsters

the latter did not attract much attention. I am not, however, surprised that the demand for export has fallen off, for many sales were filled with shipments quite inferior to the sample; the result was disappointment and resentment on the part of the receivers." He says, further: "It is a mistake to suppose that the English maltster does not require colour; he does, and the bright sample will in every case take the market there, as in the United States. I desire to impress strongly on farmers the necessity of growing from pure seed, and in harvesting and threshing to carefully avoid mixing. I found a very kindly feeling expressed towards Canada, and a marked desire to trade with her. I am convinced that if we can grow as good barley as we have done this year, and if it is kept pure, we will work into a good trade with the English maltsters."

Enough has, I think, been said to show that if the Canadian farmer will exercise the requisite care in the cultivation of this grain, also in threshing and cleaning it for the market, avoiding all mixing; and if the shipper will see that the bulk of the grain he sends is equal to the samples forwarded, there seems no reason to doubt that a satisfactory trade in two-rowed barley can be established. The maltster in Great Britain is willing to pay a good price for a first-class article.

### Potato Trenches.

Quite a revolution was effected by the system of growing potatoes by the trench method, says the Philadelphia Record, for when experiments showed that a grower could produce over 128 bushels of potatoes on one-eighth of an acre, or at the rate of more than 1,000 bushels on an acre, as was done by Mr. A. Rose, of Pen Yan, N. Y., the new system at once attracted attention, for Mr. Rose also secured over 500 bushels of potatoes on a full measured acre of ground. It is not yet conceded that the trench system is superior to the usual plot culture, but as the potato season is nearly here it is not out of place to state what the trench system is, in order that those who so prefer may make experiments in that direction, the coming season, on a plot or two.

The land is plowed a foot deep and opened eight inches. The seed is then planted and the trenches left open, the dirt being filled in as the plant grows, the claim being made that, by thus gradually filling in as growth is made, the potatoes produce more tubers, as well as larger size and better quality, on account of having more room and a better soil; and when the trench is filled to the top the rows are level, and the usual level cultivation is given, though some prefer to hill up the rows, believing that, by so doing, more moisture is retained in the soil. The usual mode of growing potatoes is to plant the seed from four to six inches deep; but, as the trench system calls for nine inches of depth and of the width of a heavy plow furrow to as much as three feet, if preferred, tuber-bearing stems issue from different planes, making several tiers of tubers, fairly separated from each other, instead of being crowded.

The use of choice varieties, and the cutting of the seed judiciously, is well understood by all potato growers, and as the trench system is very simple, there is but little to learn other than the fact of enormous yields, but in order to secure the large crop the ground is liberally supplied with a fertilizer composed of about six per cent. ammonia, twelve per cent. phosphoric acid, and eight per cent. potash. As much as eight hundred and eighty pounds of fertilizer per acre have been used, which was sown in the bottom of the trenches and well incorporated with the soil, the seed pieces being placed on this one foot apart in the trenches.

### Hornless Cattle.

In the removal of horns as of many other undesirable things prevention is better than cure. Whether dehorning is injurious or not it must be painful and a shock to the animal, and the operation in its preparation and execution is one of no little trouble. Would it not be better to breed the hornless? A bull of the Red Polled English breed crossed upon any of the horned breeds is so prepotent that the horns disappear with the first cross almost invariably and the Devon red color appears.

These cattle have been bred in Norfolk and Suffolk counties England for over 100 years. The first authentic importation was by G. F. Taber of Pawling, N. Y., in the fall of 1873, and now they are distributed in most of the states of the Union. They are very numerous and deservedly popular in the Western States and on the great ranches. All of the beneficial results of horns usually noticed beside many others apply to this breed. They are hardy and excellent both for the dairy and for beef, and it is safe to say are the best all round cattle known. They are peculiarly suited to the climate, pasturage and needs of the New England states, and yet from the last herd book there appears to be but three proprietors of very small herds in all of that section.—(G. K. Taber, in Our Grange Homes.)

### Keep the Cow Content.

B. M. T. writes from Vermont: "I find in my own experience that there is a close connection between the cow's nerves and udder. So that the question is not merely a sentimental affair related to kindness and sympathy, but it pertains to the pocket book. I have been surprised, since owning a Babcock milk tester, to see the tangible proof of this fact. The slightest disturbance of the cow's equanimity has its effect on the milk pail. A blow from a careless man, the chasing of dogs, an uncomfortable storm or any disturbing influence means a loss. The more comfortable, serene, contented and quiet the cow is the better will she pay. Some have found that the Babcock tester will show a decrease in quality from no more of a cause than an unfamiliar milker, even though he be kind and gentle. Selfishness as well as kindly motives demands the most scrupulous kindness and gentle care of the milk cow.

The blow, the harsh word, the neglect in feeding have their influence in preventing the farm from giving a due measure to profit. So true is this that the increased quietness of the cow at night is considered the reason why morning's milk is often richer than night's milk."

### Nothing to Crow About.

Little Arthur was visiting his grandmother, who owned a large rooster that was possessed of fighting qualities. Arthur went out to feed the chickens, when the rooster flew at him, pecking him severely. Arthur beat him off as well as he could and finally got away and ran to the house. Some time later he was playing on the porch, when all at once the rooster flew upon an adjoining fence and crowed lustily. Arthur looked up and exclaimed: "You lie, you lie; you didn't lick me! I run!"

You must grow in the love of God by means of the root rather than the branches.

## NAVAL AND MILITARY.

### General Lord Roberts, Great Britain's Greatest Soldier.

The elevation to the peerage of His Excellency, General Sir Frederick Sligh Roberts, Bart. G. C. B., V. C., which was announced as one of the "New Year honors," and has just now been completed by the introduction of the new peer, has been delayed for many years through the influence of General Viscount Wolseley, who has long been notoriously jealous of his junior.

General Roberts is by a year an older man than his rival, Lord Wolseley. He was born in Waterford, Ireland, Sept. 29, 1832, the second son of Sir Abraham Roberts, a general officer of distinction. His elder brother is a major general on the retired list. Frederick Sligh Roberts was educated at Eton and at Sandhurst, and he departed from the latter place to become a lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery in 1851. In 1853, during the mutiny, he won the Victoria Cross for valor by recapturing from several sepoy a British flag, and he distinguished himself on several occasions during those dark days. In 1860 he was promoted captain, and in 1863 got an Indian medal for bravery in some of the numerous skirmishes with the hill men. In 1865 he went as Assistant Quartermaster General with General Napier to Abyssinia; Napier returned with a peerage, and Roberts increased his collection of medals. In 1872 he obtained a C. B. for bravery in the Loosha campaign in India. He was promoted Major and Colonel soon afterward, and in 1878 was Quartermaster General, with the rank of Major General, on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief in India.

In that year the Afghan war broke out, and soon thereafter General Roberts was created K. C. B., a promotion conferring knighthood. He went to the front during that war, and led the force which recaptured Cabul after the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari, the British resident in that city, Sept. 3, 1879. He defeated the Afghans on Oct. 6, and entered the city on the 12th of that month. He was made Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire for this service, and was placed in command of the city then, holding it for nearly a year. In July, 1880, Ayob Khan, pretender to the Afghan throne, defeated a British army under General Burrows, and drove the survivors into Candahar, which place he proceeded leisurely to invest. Roberts gathered about 10,000 men and departed from Cabul early in August, leaving Cabul to be occupied by Abdurrahman Khan, whom the British supported.

For three weeks nothing was heard of him, and it was thought that he had been cut off as so many other British soldiers had been by the Afghans. But on Sept. 1 Roberts appeared suddenly in front of Candahar, to Ayob's great surprise. On Sept. 3 he attacked Ayob Khan, and defeated him completely, capturing thirty-two guns and relieving General Burrows in his distressed condition. The march on Candahar has made Roberts famous; to it he owes in a large measure his peerage, and from it one of his peerage titles is derived. The march, though less important, is a parallel to Sherman's and like that owed its success to the skill of the commander. A soldier in General Roberts' flying force gives a brief account of the march and the battle in a letter dated Sept. 6, 1880:

"We left Cabul on Aug. 9 between 10,000 and 11,000 strong, picking up the garrison of Shiroor, which was in rather an isolated position, eighty-five miles from Candahar and 300 from Cabul; all the troops in it were 165 infantry, two guns, and one Beloochee regiment on whom they could not depend, as they kept deserting in ones and twos every day. We entered Cabul on Aug. 31, and were received with cheers from the fort; all the troops came out to receive us and they gave us a bit of breakfast. Half of my brigade was sent with two guns to try and turn on the water, which (Ayob) had cut off. When they saw us hard at work they kept up a brisk fire, but without doing any damage. They kept up firing all night, and at daybreak next morning opened the ball by firing into the first brigade camp. About 7 a. m. a small party, of which I was one, was sent to occupy a hill in front of the enemy's right, and for two hours we were exposed to as nice a shelling as any one could wish for, but without any damage to ourselves; the Afghans did not understand the boring of the fuses they took from our people."

"About 9 Roberts made his appearance and found us in battle order, the first brigade on the right, the second on the left, and ours in the rear to form the support. After a short half an hour we got the order to advance, and marched straight to the hill; and such a sight as I saw I hope never to see again—dead Afghans lying about in all directions, burning, their clothing set on fire by some Gorkhas or Sikhs. The General passed us at this time and sang out to our Brigadier (McGregor), 'I shall be in camp by 1'; and he was there by 12:30. Our fellows were grumbling at the way we were kept in the background; but I believe the General said that as our brigade had very hard work for the last six months in and around Ghazni, and that we had to fight eight or nine hours the night before, he would place us in reserve, and I think the major part of us were no sorry lot. The number of men taken up to the present time is 31, the number of killed and wounded 276, my regiment only two wounded. What the enemy's loss is I do not know, but it must be severe."

Roberts was created G. C. B. and a baronet, for this feat, and was appointed to the command of the army in Madras. On Feb. 28, 1881, he was sent to South Africa to push the campaign there to an end after the death of General Colley. Peace was made before he reached his post, so he returned to Madras. There he remained until 1885, when he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, the highest independent command in the British service, responsible practically only to Parliament. In 1886 he completed the conquest of Burma, for which the Earl of Dufferin, Viceroy of India, was made a marquis.

Robert's great hold on the army lies in his care for the soldier. He is a strict disciplinarian, and knows how to spare neither man nor beast; yet he always works harder than any of his men, and in the march to Candahar shared the soldier's food, and frequently spent twenty hours at a stretch in the saddle. To him more than to any one else is due the improvements in the condition of the enlisted man in the British service.

### A Popular Admiral.

Last winter, as was duly chronicled in the dispatches at that time, Sir Provo W. Parry Wallis, admiral of the British fleet, died at the age of 100 years. This caused a good many changes among the admirals, among others the recall of Vice-Admiral Sir George Willes Watson from the Bermuda station, where he had been for the past six years.

The flagship of the fleet at Bermuda was the Bellerophon, an old style, graceful vessel that had seen service in the Crimea, and is known throughout the world as the "Bully Ruffian." In his six years' sojourn

aboard the "Bully Ruffian" at Bermuda Admiral Watson had made himself extremely popular. He had got about him a staff as jolly as himself, and the jollity of the officers seemed to have communicated itself to the men, so that in the whole squadron and in the forts and in the hotels and cottages, where the guests from all the countries in the world were enjoying Bermuda's wonderful climate, Admiral Watson and his officers and his crew were regarded as the jolliest, most agreeable people on the face of the sea. As for the admiral himself, with his hoarse voice and his 64 years, that seemed to have been all summers, he was, in the language of the women, "the dearest man in the world."

So when the news that old Sir Provo Wallis was dead and that Admiral Watson and the Bellerophon and its jolly crew would have to leave was spread abroad in the harbor and on land there was lamentation everywhere, and when the day came for the Bellerophon to take her departure there were preparations to give Admiral Watson a rousing farewell.

The yards and rigging of all the eighteen vessels were manned until they seemed to be made of human beings, shoulder to shoulder and one above another. The officers were on deck in full uniform, and over at the fortifications the soldiers were on parade. As the Bellerophon weighed anchor and set out on her long voyage the war vessels began to salute and the big guns of the fortifications sounded melancholy and echoing expressions of esteem and regret.

The Bellerophon was finally in the midst of the seventeen vessels she had consorted with so long, and was never to see again. All the sailors in her rigging, at a given signal, cheered as one man, and the sound floated out over the water. Then, at the rising of the flag, the thousands of sailors in the rigging of the seventeen vessels answered this cheer as though the thousand throats were one. Handkerchiefs, caps, hands were waved, and from the shore came the fluttering of smaller handkerchiefs and smaller hands and gray muskadees. And the officers used the handkerchiefs in quite another way as they saw the "old man" on the deck of his old flagship, turning away his head and shutting his eyes from "the old daze" of the sun for a moment. The Bellerophon was soon out at sea, and then a graceful outline against the horizon, and then a speck, and then only known by the cloud of smoke which was soon dissipated.

As may be imagined, nobody was particularly glad to see the new admiral, who, of course, could not take the place left so terribly vacant. He was to come in the Blake, a battle ship, the largest and newest and swiftest and finest in the whole navy. One day they saw a cloud of smoke on the horizon, and then, with strong glasses, they made out a low-lying, long, mastless, ungainly looking craft, much like a shaven and shorn bulldog. There was nothing graceful about this new flagship, nothing of the easy, jolly way the Bellerophon sat in the water. The Blake was built for business, and very ugly business at that, and as it came nearer they saw through the holes in the sides long, vicious-looking guns, quite different from those of the old Bellerophon.

Of course the new admiral must be received with all formality. So the guns were got ready on the seventeen vessels in the harbor and the soldiers lined up on the fortifications. Presently the big guns on the great masonry were booming away, a little gloomily, a little crossly, and not at all jolly, while the smaller guns on the ships were cracking also. As the Blake came up a big column of smoke rolled away from her side, and then a long, bright flash, keener than the bright sunlight, flashed on the waves, and then those on sea and shore heard the roar of the gun—soud, boarse, ugly, a growl of surly warning, as it seemed, that the days of a jolly admiral and a jolly crew on a jolly flagship were over. The bulldog had drawn back his lip and had shown his teeth.

### The Queen's Horses.

In the horse world of London, the highest circle the most exclusive set, so to speak, is that housed at Buckingham Palace. To many loyal subjects the Queen's horses are as much an object of interest as the regalia; and as cards of admission are freely granted by the Master of the Horse, the Royal Household, to the best-known stables within the walls of mortality. There are in them about a hundred horses in all—State horses, harness horses, coach and light riding horses, and what not. Stables there are in London of more aggressive architectural features, and some in which there is a far greater show of the very latest improvements; but there are none more well-to-do looking, none in which the occupants seem more at home. Comfort and order are everywhere apparent; the grooming is, of course, perfect; and there does not even appear to be a straw out of place in the litter. The Queen has, however, long given up riding, and the only saddle horses in the stables are those used by the suite. Raikes relates in his journal that a few days after her accession she went for Lord Albemarle, then Master of the Horse, and said to him "My Lord, you will immediately provide for me six chargers to review my troops." It is probable that the order was not fully executed, but, if it were, matters are managed very differently now. The Queen has her favorites, and in matters of horseflesh is content to leave well alone as long as possible. If a pair fetches her Majesty from Paddington, it is always the same pair; if she drives in the Park with four horses, it is always the same team; so that practically out of the hundred horses the Queen uses but six. The horses ridden by the equerries and outriders are also kept at their special work as long as they are found fit, and the visitor going the round of the stables after an interval of years will find Blackman, and Cossack, and Phalanx, and Buckthorn, and Sewell, and their companions still flourishing, and seeming more conscious than ever of the distinguished success with which they do their duty in the royal equipage of every day life.

### Shorthorns And Ayrshires.

There is a world of suggestiveness to the friend of the Ayrshire and Shorthorn cow in the last report of the Massachusetts agricultural college. The milk of several cows of different breeds was analyzed and the results are published in the report. The Holstein milk was lowest in fat and also in other solids and the milk was considerably below standard. The Jersey milk was highest in fat but next to the lowest in other solids. The Ayrshire milk was next to the highest in solids other than fat and next to the lowest in fat, presenting the best ratio between the component parts for food purposes and still averaging 13.27 of total solids. The Shorthorns made a good showing in this respect but not quite equal to the Ayrshires. The ratio of fat to other solids in the Ayrshire milk was 1 to 25, in Shorthorns 1 to 24.

Bank notes in Austria-Hungary are printed one side in German and the other in Magyar for the benefit of the Hungarians.

## HEBREW, ISRAELITE, JEW.

### A Rabbi's Explanation of the Meaning of the Three Words.

It is not an infrequent occurrence that I am asked which of the three appellations given to our people, Hebrew, Israelite, or Jew, be the more correct or acceptable. I have no doubt that one or other among you have had similar questions to answer, nor that you experience some difficulty in shaping your reply. In books, periodicals, and daily papers, in public meetings and private conversations, these words are used either indiscriminately or with an apparent doubt as to whether or not one or the other would be preferable, or perhaps objectionable. In order to form a correct opinion it would appear necessary to have some knowledge of the etymology, origin, and former usage of these terms.

Hebrew in our sacred tongue called "Ibri" is derived from "avar," "to cross," "come over." It was first applied by the ancient inhabitants of Palestine to the family of our ancestor, Abraham, who, migrating from Mesopotamia to Palestine, had to cross or pass over the river Euphrates. It was the name by which the Jews were known to foreigners in ancient days. Thus Joseph is spoken of by the Egyptians, and introduced himself to them as an "Ibri" or "Hebrew." Miriam, as Pharaoh's daughter, whether she should go and call a "Hebrew" woman. Moses speaks to Pharaoh of the "God of the Hebrews," and the Prophet Jonah tells the heathen mariners, "I am a Hebrew!"

The second term, "Israel," "Israelite," is to be traced to the story of Jacob wrestling with a mysterious being at "Peniel," when he was told: "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel," that is, "striving with God, victorious in God," or, as Gesenius translates, "soldier (or champion) of God." The term Israel or Israelite points to the mission of the children of our race to wrestle with or battle against any forces hostile to their sacred trust, at the same time foreshadowing their final triumph and victory. The name "Israel" became the national name of the twelve tribes, collectively. Later after the division of the kingdom under Jeroboam, the name applied only to the ten seceding tribes forming the northern kingdom, known as the Kingdom of Israel, in contradistinction to the southern kingdom, consisting chiefly of the tribes of Judah, Benjamin, and Levi. After the destruction of the ten-tribe kingdom we find the old name Israel again used to designate the people of the Kingdom of Judah, and the name "Israel," collectively and "Israelite," individually, has to this day remained in common usage.

The third appellation, "Jehudi," or, "Jew," originates in the name given by Jacob's wife, Leah, to her fourth son, "Judah," or "Jehudah," meaning praise or thanks to God. For at his birth the mother exclaimed, "For this time I will give thanks unto the Lord!" The name was worthily borne by the noble and sturdy son of Jacob, whose record throughout is of valor and of Jewishness. The tribe of Judah, named after him, was the most numerous, enterprising, and valiant among all the tribes of Israel. During the march through the desert Judah's place was in the van of the host. The traditional standard of the tribe was a lion's whelp, with the words: "Arieh, O Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered." Later the name "Jehudi," or "Jew," was applied to a member of the kingdom of Judah (after the separation of the kingdom of Israel), even to those not of the tribe of Judah; proof of which we find in the fact that in the book of Esther Mordecai, though the tribe of Benjamin, is called "Jehudi," a "Jehudi" or "Jew." After the return from the Babylonian captivity all the members of the new State were called Jehudim, Jews or Judeans, the name being extended to the remnant of the people scattered throughout the nations.

So much as to the etymology and historical significance of the names "Hebrew," "Israelite," and "Jew." From it appears that among the three the first, "Hebrew," the most ancient and remote. And as in ancient days by it the Jew was distinguished from foreigners, so to-day it would appear that in order to point out anything distinctively Jewish the word Hebrew is more properly applied. Thus we speak of a Hebrew language, Hebrew literature, Hebrew melodies, &c. Otherwise the appellations Israelite and Jew, or Israelitish and Jewish, are more frequently employed as more expressive and characteristic in their meaning and important in history. Of the two the former is a name of honorable distinction, referring to the divine calling of Israel, the spiritual combat of truth against falsehood, of light against darkness, in which our people were enlisted as a nation, in which they were still engaged when, with the fall of Jerusalem and the destruction of the temple, they ceased to be a nation, and which will not terminate until, in the fullness of time, God's light and truth will finally triumph.

And with the name "Israelite" that of "Jew" the children of our race will ever proudly bear and cherish. They trace its origin to the noble ancestor, and brave and distinguished tribe, whose name was perpetuated in the kingdom of Judah, loyal and true to its ancestral faith and traditions.

And when the autonomy of Israel as a nation was destroyed its fragments—though scattered broadcast over the earth—were still closely united by the strange spell of that ancient name Jehudi or Jew, by which, individually, we were and still are wont to call each other, and by which we are chiefly recognized by the world.

### Esau's Baby.

Esau was a n'atlist—Least he wester say so, cus Somehow he could never see What the plan o' n'atlist wuz. Uster say he'd prayed an' prayed: Things went crowsie jest the same! Uster said no sorter show, N' that's before the baby came.

Uster say n'atlist heaven's here, Land o' love, I d'obee it ain't! Also say n'atlist hell's on air! 'Twas enough ter try a saint. But the n'atlist wuz too good For the baby, an' I found Jest by accident, an' 'twere, Esau sorter shiftn' round.

Made a diff'ence, don't ye see? Sorter n'atlist God ter pray to! Spose the hell's hell! That ain't no place For a babe ter go away to! Got so that we wester him T'ellin' baby Bible stories, Lookin' sort o' guilty though; Said he spoke in allegories.

By an' by, when she got big, He jined the church for an example: Got ter be a piler, too; Uster kote him fer a sample. Soter habit, I s'ume, But he sorter grew ter love it. Call him a n'atlist now! Wal, sir! Guess you'd der ter fight ter prove it!

The temple of Hom-mon-ji, at Inkegami, begun in 1282 and finished in 1308, in one of the most famous religious structures in Japan.

## METEORO HEAT.

### An Aid in Making Up for the Sun's Ordinary Expenditure.

I pointed out that when a shooting star dashes into our atmosphere, its course is attended with an evolution of light and heat owing to its friction through the air. We were thus able to account for the enormous quantity of heat, or what was equivalent to heat, that existed in virtue of the rapid motion of these little bodies.

Of course, we see these meteors only at the supreme moment of their dissolution when they dash into our atmosphere. It is, however, impossible to doubt that there must be uncounted shoals of meteors that never collide with our earth.

It must necessarily happen that many of the other great globes in our system must, like our globe, absorb multitudes of meteors that they chance to encounter in their roamings. The number of meteors that will be gathered by a globe will be doubtless greater the larger and more massive be the globe, and this for a double reason.

In the first place, the dimensions of the net that the globe extends to entrap the meteors will, of course, increase with its size, but, in addition, the more vehement will be its attraction and the greater will be the number of the meteors that are drawn into its extensive atmosphere.

Of course this reasoning will apply in a special degree to the sun. We shall probably be correct in the assertion that for every meteor that descends upon this earth about 1,000,000 meteors will descend upon the sun. As these objects plough their way through the sun's atmosphere, light and heat will be, of course, evolved.

It has been conjectured that the friction of the meteors that are incessantly rushing into the sun may produce light and heat in sufficient quantities to aid in the maintenance of the sun's ordinary expenditure.

It has even been supposed that the quantity of energy thus generated may supply all that is wanted to explain the extraordinary circumstance that from age to age no visible decline has taken place in the intensity of the solar radiation.

Here again is a question that we must submit to calculation. We have first to determine the heat that could be generated by a body of, let us say, a pound in weight falling into the sun after being attracted thither from an indefinitely great distance. The result is not a little startling; it shows that such a body, in the course of its friction through the sun's atmosphere, might generate as much heat as could be produced by the combustion of many times now its weight of coal consumed under the most favorable conditions.

### How Animals Bear Pain.

One of the pathetic things connected with this kaleidoscopic nonsense people call life is the manner in which the animal kingdom endures suffering. Take horses, for instance, in battle, and after the first shock of a wound, they make no sound. They bear the pain with a mute, wondering endurance, and if at night you hear a wild groan from the battlefield, it comes from their loneliness, their loss of that human companionship which seems absolutely indispensable to the comfort of domesticated animals.

The dog will carry a broken leg for days wistfully but uncomplainingly. The cat, stricken with club or stone or caught in some trap from which it gnaws its way to freedom, crawls to some secret place and bears in silence pain which we could not endure. Sheep and other cattle meet the thrust of the butcher's knife without a sound, and even common poultry endure intense agony without complaint.

### A Philosopher Fuzzled.

The proprietor of a tan-yard in Ontario, determined to build a sort of stand or shop for the purpose of vending his leather, buying cow hides, and the like.

Having completed his building he began to consider what sort of a sign it would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment. After occupying some time in thinking on the subject a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger hole through the door-post and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out.

Some time after he noticed a grave-looking personage standing near the door with his spectacles gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the tanner was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out and addressed the individual.

"Good-morning," said he.

"Morning," said the other, without moving his eye from the sign.

"Do you want to buy leather?" said the store keeper.

"No."

"Do you wish to sell hides?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"Are you a merchant?"

"No."

"Are you a lawyer?"

"No."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here for an hour trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through that auger hole."

### An Opal Worth a Million Dollars.

The most famous opal of history was that which was worn in a ring by Nomes, the Roman Senator, in the days of the Triumvirate. In size it was scarcely larger than the average hazelnut, yet its beauty was such as to render it the marvel of its time. The "money-changers" and goldsmiths of Rome set its value down at \$1,000,000. Marc Antony made overtures for its purchase, in ending, it is believed, to present it to Cleopatra. Upon the death of Nomes history loses all trace of it, there being no record of its transfer from him to any member of his family.



## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

### PRESBYTERIAN, HENRY'S CHURCH.

Rev. Wm. Forlong, Pastor. Service in the church at 11 a. m., Sunday School 2:30 p. m., Dr. Christie M. P., Supt. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

### FIRST PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. John Mackie, Pastor. Service in Church at 11 a. m., Sunday School at 10 a. m., J.W. McQuat B. A., Supt.

### METHODIST.

Rev. Mr. Craig, Pastor, and Rev. M. Morrison, Assistant. Service 10:30 a. m. Class-meeting at close of service. Sunday School at 2:30, Mr. Murray Supt. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening at 8. Strangers are welcome.

### ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Rev. A. Dwyer, P.P. High Mass 9:30. Vespers 3 p. m.

### BAPTIST.

Rev. John Higgins, Pastor. Service every Sabbath morning at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. Sunday School 9:45. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30.

### BRETHREN.

Break Bread every Sabbath morning in their Hall, Hugh street at 11 a. m., and study the scriptures in the evening at 7. Prayer-meeting Tuesday evening at 7.

### ANGLICAN.

Rev. Alex. Boyd Given, Incumbent. Morning Service at 10:30 a. m. Evening Service, at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School, at 2:30 p. m. Wednesday evening Service, at 7:30 p. m.

### SALVATION ARMY.

Sunday services, Hallelujah Breakfast at 7 a. m., regular services 11 a. m., 3:30 p. m. and 8 p. m. Weekly meetings, on Monday, Thursday, Saturday nights, at 8 o'clock.

### RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Y. P. C. Endeavor Society, John Jackson President. Meeting every Monday evening in Jas. W. Bait's Hall, at 7:30. Young people are cordially invited to attend.

The Young People of the Methodist Church meet every Friday evening in the above church, at 7:30. All are welcome.

The W. C. T. Union, meets every month in their rooms opposite the Medical Hall. Mrs. Massiah, President.

Band of Hope meets in the W. C. T. U's Rooms every Saturday. Mrs. J. G. Davidson Supt.

Itch, Mange and Scatches of every kind on human or animal, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by T. CHRISTIE & S.

## NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made at the next session of the parliament of Canada for an act to incorporate the Ottawa Valley Railway Company, with powers to purchase the portion of the Great Northern Railway, west of Lachute, and the Carleton and Grenville Railway and to build a bridge across the river Ottawa at a point between Carleton and Grenville and to build a line or lines of Railway to connect said bridge with the Railways on either side of said river.

C. N. ARMSTRONG,  
For Applicants.

## Sporting Goods!

A good Stock of SPORTING GOODS, including Guns, Rifles, Ammunition, Fishing Tackles etc. etc, will in a short time be added to my present stock.

MINNIE P. BOA,  
Kenniburn's Block,  
16 Lachute.

## Stationery.

LETTER HEADS,  
ENVELOPES,  
WRITING PAPER,  
BILL HEADS,  
STATEMENTS,  
MOURNING PAPER.

For Sale Cheap at

## Watchman Office.

## R. G. MEIKLE,

BANKER.  
Lachute, Que.

—Money received on Deposit—  
—Money lent on good Joint Notes—  
—Collections promptly attended to  
Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.  
Saturdays, from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.  
Lachute, Oct. 15th, 1892. 7-lyc

## \$3,500 IN REWARD.

### The Canadian Agriculturist's Great Fall Literary Competition.

The Fifth of Yearly Literary Competition of the CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, American and English, is now open. The following splendid prizes will be given to persons sending in the greatest number of words making up the words "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." Every one sending in a list of not less than 100 words will receive a valuable present of silverware.

1st and 2nd Prizes, \$500 and \$250 in Gold and Silverware.

3rd " " \$250 in Gold and Silverware.

4th " " \$100 in Gold and Silverware.

5th " " \$50 in Gold and Silverware.

6th " " \$25 in Gold and Silverware.

7th " " \$10 in Gold and Silverware.

8th " " \$5 in Gold and Silverware.

9th " " \$2 in Gold and Silverware.

10th " " \$1 in Gold and Silverware.

11th " " \$1 in Gold and Silverware.

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71st " " \$1 in Gold and Silverware.

72nd " " \$1 in Gold and Silverware.

73rd " " \$1 in Gold and Silverware.

ST. M. DR. TAPP'S AMTHALENE  
Your address is cured and we will mail  
you a sample of this FREE. DR. TAPP'S AMTHALENE  
Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Canada

## IMPLEMENT WAREHOUSE

Keep constantly on hand a full stock

ROLLER

GRUBBERS

ARUNDE HARROWS

PLUGHS (Wilkinson and other makes)

SEEDERS, FANNING MILLS, (the old

standard "Mackenzie Mill" and the "Chat-

ham Fanning Mill" the best Mill in Can-

ada, as can be proved by hundreds of

testimonials.) STEEL HARROWS, LUM-

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—ALSO—

Parts for any kind of machines or goods

old by me. The goods sold by me are

from the best manufacturers in Canada.

T. TUART,

LACHUTE March 30th 1892

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## STOVES!



## STOVES!

Cooking Stoves,

Hall Stoves,

Parlor Stoves,

Furnaces,

Ranges etc.

## PLUGHS.

ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY MADE AND REPAIRED.

CASTINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION IN BRASS OR IRON

McQUAT & McRAE, Lachute.

## FLOUR! FLOUR!

JUST RECEIVED a car load of our which will be sold at the lowest prices.

A Large and complete stock of TEAS, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES  
CANNED GOODS, CROCKERY ETC., always kept on hand.

All kinds of farm Produce taken in exchange.

P. CARRIERE & SON,  
ST. PHILIPPE.

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## HARDWARE! HARDWARE!!

FARMERS, When you want

HARDWARE.

You can save money by buying from me. My Stock is large and varied, in FORKS, AXES, SHOVELS, etc. A Large assortment of Hollow ware, POTS, KETTLES and PANS, CURRY COMBS, BRUSHES, SHEEP SHEARS, TIN-WARE, CARRIAGE BOLTS, from one inch to ten inches, OILS, PAINTS, and VARNISHES. Also a first-class Stock of Leather on hand. Mink, Muskrat Skins etc, wanted.

Blacksmithing done and Satisfaction given.

A Blacksmith Wanted.

JAMES DENSMORE,

Stonefield, Que.,

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## BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

THE GUIDING STAR TO HEALTH.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR

DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA, BILIOUSNESS,  
CONSTIPATION, BAD BLOOD, RHEUMATISM,  
HEADACHE, FOUL HUMORS, JAUNDICE,

and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the

STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS AND BLOOD.

B.B.B. acts on all the organs of the body to produce regular action, to strengthen, purify and tone, and to remove all impure accumulations of morbid matter from a Common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

Thousands of reliable men and women testify to its good effects in the above diseases. Is it not worth at least a trial in your case? Price \$1 per bottle, 6 for \$5, or less than 1c. a dose.



## NEW FIRM.

THE undersigned having formed a partnership will continue the business formerly carried on by A. G. McARTHUR & Co., at the West End

## BUTCHER SHOP.

There will always be on hand the best supply of Hams, Bacon, Fish, Vegetables, and Canned Goods of all kinds. Orders delivered as usual. Cash paid for hides, beef, pork etc. In thanking his customers for their patronage during the past 12 years Mr. McArthur solicits their continued support for the firm of

BENNETT & McARTHUR.

18-ly

## Valuable Property For Sale.

THE PROPERTY known as the Mile End Grove Farm, Chatham, within half a mile from Hamelin & Ayer's factory and the town of Lachute, 6 acres distant from Earl's Mills. It can be purchased with farming implements and stock thereon, or without, also a BUSH LOT

on the West Gore Road, within three and a half miles of Lachute.

For further particulars apply to

JAMES BOYD,

24-3m Lachute, Que.

## LACHUTE

## Grist & Saw Mills

HAVING leased these Mills to P. McRAE & CO., of Ottawa, the undersigned, while continuing the management, solicits a continuance of the liberal patronage he has always enjoyed, for this enterprising firm which proposes to conduct the business on a more extensive scale.

## SPOT CASH

will be paid at fair market price, for Oats, Barley, Corn and Buckwheat.

A full line of the different Brands of Ogilvie's Flour, such as Hungarian Patent, Strong Bakers, Family Flour, and other favorite brands will be supplied at rates and quantities which will defy competition either in price or quality.

First prize at all exhibitions is the record for all these brands. This flour has a Pedigree and don't you forget it.

P. CAMPBELL

Manager.

Lachute Mills 7th Oct. 1891.

## SUPERIOR COURT.

CANADA  
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC  
District of Terrebonne.

IN RE



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**AUGUST**

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**1892**

**MISSING**



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