

MAY

20



AUGUST

5

1892

MISSING

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VOL. XV.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1892.

NO. 51.

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ON WILL

upon me and threatened to conquer my better judgment. If anything in my manner or speech should arouse Kenrick's suspicion—I had thought of confronting this man—of a look of dread escaped me, as I feared it might, the object I had in view might be defeated.

I crept towards the limekiln fire, keeping out of the path of light, until the heat scorched my face. I then knelt down, and leaning cautiously forward, looked about me while shading my eyes with my hand from the intense glare. The great furnace door stood wide open. The kiln being built up in the low hill-side, the higher hills in the dark background above looked all the darker, with the blue transparent flames appearing and disappearing at the aperture, or chimney, with the grim unearthliness of a witch's bonfire. Down below, in the quiescent space in front of the furnace, sat Kenrick. I was bending down quite near him, so near, that by stretching out my hand I could have touched his arm. He was smoking a short clay pipe, resting his elbow on his knees, and looking intently into the dull quivering glow. What could he see to gaze so so fixedly in that red-hot, gigantic pile of wood and coals? There was a weird, haunted look in his face—a look that brought a new terror to my thoughts.

There was only one thing to be done. Waking Station could be reached in a few minutes; there was a short cut across the fields. I at once determined to go there and telegraph to a friend in London and await his reply—a friend who knew Colonel Hetherett, and this most likely man to furnish news of him if still in town.

I found the telegraph clerk busy at the wires. When I had written out my message and handed it to him, I expressed my intention to wait for an answer. He looked at me through his little square window with a half-glance of recognition: "Won't you step inside, sir," said he. "There ain't much of a fire," he added apologetically. "But the waiting-room is locked up; and it's cold and windy enough out there to cut one to pieces. You'll find the door on your right."

Tick-tick-tick. He was busy again working at the wires.

I sat down by the fire in the telegraph office and tried to take a more hopeful view of the situation. I began to imagine that the answer was on its way; and that the lengthy pauses, which now took place, expressed a suspended power of volition—that the telegraph clerk was too terror-stricken to complete the message on account of its tragic significance. I became intensely excited. I watched the clerk with a feverish sense of certitude that by studying his face I could interpret these electric sounds. I was on the point of asking him to confirm or dissipate my impressions, when he began to write, with a deliberation that almost drove me mad, upon a telegraph form. This paper he at last handed to me. The words ran as follows: "Hetherett left London in dogcart at nine."

I glanced at the clock; it was on the stroke of ten. It would take little more than an hour for an expert driver like Colonel Hetherett to reach Waking Hall.

Once more I started across the fields. The way was dark, so dark, that to attempt running was out of the question, for there was a deep ditch on either side of a narrow path. And as I walked along, tapping my stick in front of me, like a blind man, I kept my eyes wide open; my ears for the possible sound of Colonel Hetherett's dogcart along the high-road. More than once I stopped to listen and to look out ahead for the slightest glimpse of a dogcart in the distance.

Stay! What light is that? And surely I can distinguish the sound of wheels upon the road. It must be the dogcart; no one but Colonel Hetherett would drive at that reckless pace along a country high-road on so dark a night, with no lights for miles, except the ghost of one at the cross-roads on Waking Green. Yes; I can see the gig-lamps plainly now, and they look like great blinking orbs flashing out and in, as the trap alights along, passing by trees and hedges and other objects that are frequently black against the moonlight. And there is still a broad field to cross before I can reach the highway; and before I can even run over the ground the dogcart will have passed the stile that leads out upon the road.

I shout in a loud, distracted voice: "Stop!" I have attracted his attention; he brings the trap to a standstill. But I now begin bitterly to repent having raised my voice. For I see the reflected light of the limekiln fire right ahead in the night; and I know that my shouting will have reached Kenrick's sharp ear. He will see the dogcart; for Colonel Hetherett is stopping at the limekiln. They will meet face to face.

I have no distinct recollection of how, either running, walking, or stumbling, I gained the highway. But I did gain it, and in an amazingly short space of time, for as I sank down exhausted at the stile, which I saw was the limekiln, I saw Colonel Hetherett pulling in rein just within the path of light that always streamed across the road; at the same moment I saw Kenrick start up from the ground within reach of the dogcart, raise his arms, and straighten his back, as if nerving himself for a spring.

"Hold my horse," said the Colonel in a firm voice, as he flung the reins across the animal's back. "Don't stand staring there. My name is Hetherett."

"Is it?" interrupted the man. "Do you think I don't know you?"

"Do what?" said Kenrick; and glancing savagely about him, he selected a stone the size of his great fist, and hurled it at Colonel Hetherett. The stone, flying within an inch of the Colonel's head, dropped into the hedge beyond.

From the point where I had sunk down against the stile, the whole scene was visible to me in the light of the limekiln fire. The iron door was wide open, as I had seen it an hour ago, and the heat and glare struck upon Kenrick's threatening figure as though illuminating his awakened passion. Colonel Hetherett had risen from his seat in the trap and was stepping down. From first to last his eyes were fixed upon the man's face. No movement escaped him.

"Why did you cry out?" said the Colonel sternly.

"When?"

"A moment ago. You cried out 'Stop.'"

"Never," Kenrick answered sullenly.

"No. And yet the voice came from this quarter," said the Colonel. "You heard it; didn't you?"

"What if I did?"

I could see both their faces distinctly now. I could see that Kenrick was quivering with suppressed rage and fear. But Colonel Hetherett's look was cool and determined.

"Kenrick," said the Colonel in a quick tone, "the time has come for a settlement between us. It is now thirteen years ago that you have not forgotten. I know that. For twice since then you have made an attempt on my life in Smithfield ten years ago, and again to-night."

Kenrick made no reply; but I could see that the Colonel's dauntless manner, his stern voice, and penetrating look, were beginning to assert their influence over the man.

"Now listen to me. You brought upon yourself the punishment I gave you," said the Colonel, "by disobeying my orders. If you did not learn a lesson then, it is time you learn it now! When I drew up here a minute ago and asked you to hold my horse, you refused. I am going to give you one chance more," he added. "You say you didn't call out to me to stop. Some one did; and I am going to satisfy myself instantly on this point. I am going to make a search along the road. You've a lantern, I suppose? Lend it to me."

Still no reply; no movement on Kenrick's part.

"Have you a lantern or not?"

"Yes; one or two, I reckon."

"Lend me one," repeated Colonel Hetherett.

Kenrick hesitated still; but it was only for a moment. There was something in Colonel Hetherett's whole attitude that appeared to bring the man suddenly to a better sense of the situation. He crossed over to the hut, went in, and slammed the door angrily behind him. The Colonel paced slowly up and down always within the light of the fire, and always with his look directed toward the hut. Presently the little round window brightened, as if returning his glance; and a moment afterwards Kenrick came out in his hand.

"Thank you," said the Colonel, and now, Kenrick," he added, "look at this horse."

He took the lantern and turned away; and for the first time, since this meeting between

HOURS LATE

The passenger train had come and gone, and at least one anxious watcher turned away disappointed.

"When will the next train be in?" Mrs. Jessup asked of an official.

"At 10.15, ma'am."

"Three whole hours," sighed the lady, turning disconsolately to her carriage. "And my whole evening spoiled! My birthday, too! It is too provoking."

There were actually tears in her eyes. Mrs. Jessup was young, pretty, happily married, in comfortable circumstances, and the proud mother of two lovely children; but having no real griefs she was apt to make the most of a fortnight, and she had been away for a fortnight, and she had been so sure she would return a sister, bringing with her her favorite sister, whom she had not seen for months. Such a happy evening as she had anticipated, and now it might not be! She was not alarmed. They had only missed connection somewhere, but her birthday must be kept alive.

The children were waiting in the great dim parlor, and seemed scarcely able to understand that papa and Aunt Nellie had not come. "We are all dressed and ready," little Gertrude pleaded piteously. "When will they come?"

"Not till after your bed time, dear," her mother answered with a sympathetic kiss. "Our three hours of pleasure are all spoiled now—utterly ruined."

"Aren't there any more hours, mamma?" asked the child innocently.

Mrs. Jessup started. Of course there are, but not to-night. What makes you ask such a question, Gertrude?

"Because when you have lots of anything you don't mind two or three, but when you have just a few you are careful of them," nodded the little girl. "But I thought there were lots of hours."

"Do hush, Gertrude," her mother exclaimed with a nervous shiver; "you are enough to make one's blood run cold."

She rang for the nurse, and dismissed the children to their supper and bed. The great shadowy drawing room was very still when they were gone. The night was dark, cloudy and windy. Mrs. Jessup was lonely and disappointed. There was a circle of rosy, quivering light around the open grate, and another circle of steadier light around the shaded lamp on the centre table. All else was shadowy, dim and uncertain. She sat down wearily, and took up her fancy work, but it had no interest without Nellie to admire and criticize. What a dreary birthday it was, anyhow!

And how still it was! Nothing to be heard but the crackling of the fire, and the loud, slow ticking of the clock. She could barely see the burnished pendulum as it passed regularly before the faint gleam on the mantel. How slow it was! The evening would be interminable at this rate.

Suddenly Gertrude's words flashed back on her: "If you have just a few you are careful of them." What if these were her last hours on earth? What if instead of waiting for her husband and sister she were expecting death? Would the minutes seem so long then? Would she not think the heavy pendulum swung fearfully fast?

A man was to be hung to-morrow morning. Did the hours seem endless to him? To-morrow morning at ten! He had only fifteen little hours to live. And she had been wishing she could annihilate three of them! She shuddered at her own selfishness. She had known him well once. They had been children together in a lonely mountain region where children were scarce, and they had loved each other as few playmates do. And now—in fifteen little hours she and Nellie would be driving out, happy as the day is long, while the fearful drop was hurrying him into eternity.

Had Nellie been there she might never have thought of Harry. Why should she? It was now more than ten years since she had seen him, save once for a passing glimpse. And he was changed, too, not the same Harry at all. It had shocked her to hear of his trial and sentence, but her own life was too interesting for her to pay much attention to one who had slipped out of it long ago. One night, alone in the dim parlor, with nothing to do but watch the slow pendulum, memory played one of her unpleasant tricks, bringing back long forgotten pictures of the olden time. There rose before her the bright boyish face she had liked so well. How clear and brave it was with the sunshine of long ago flooding it! She could see the sunny hair, and the dancing blue eyes, and hear his cheery call, "Come out and play, Lottie." The sunny hair would be beneath a coffin-lid by this time to-morrow, and the brave voice be hushed forever. And she would be gayly pouring tea at the supper-table, forgetful that he had ever existed.

But she had loved him then. He was only six when they first met, and she was four. His home was almost a mile away yet how often had he come all that way to see her. He was always a brave little fellow. She could see him coming now in his little brown jacket, with his hands full of wild roses and buttercups. And how they used to race! It all rose before her—the rugged mountain peaks around, the bright blue sky overhead, and the two merry children shouting and laughing in the valley. Harry was always gentle with her. Mother would say, "Take good care of Lottie, now," and he always did. He would never take care of any one again. He was to be hanged to-morrow morning,—"hanged by the neck until dead."

She aroused herself with an effort and looked at the clock. Only a quarter to eight. Would the tardy hours never be gone?

Hours were not so slow when she and Harry played beside the brook, or walked to the little grave by the lonely pine tree. That was Harry's baby sister that died before she was two years old. Pretty little Bessie, how they had loved to play with her tiny pink fingers and count her toes! And now they cried when told she was dead; cried till Lottie's head ached with a pain she remembered even now. They carried flowers to the little grave almost every Sunday after that. And very often they sat there building wonderful air-castles, which never would be fulfilled now. Harry was to be hanged to-morrow,—"hanged by the neck until dead."

He meant to build a grand house on Eagle Mountain, looking down to the valley, and there was to be a greenhouse and lots of beautiful gardens. A pure white monument was to be put over Baby Bessie's grave, and great herds of cattle grazed farther down. Harry was to be very rich and go to Congress, and finally be President. And still through the memory of their childish prattle there ever recurred that fearful end of all,—"to be hanged to-morrow, hanged by the neck until dead."

She shook off the thought with an icy shiver, and snatched up a book of poems from the table. It opened at random and her gaze fell on the lines:

Tell it not to mother's care,
How life's sad waters flow,
How midst ruffian taunts and jeers
Life for life was given.

She closed that book with a shudder,

Research and talent owe their existence to the Canadian period of his life. So we can fairly claim him as having been a great Canadian.

In his younger days, a patient student, an enthusiastic antiquarian, and a hard worker, he carried these traits with him throughout life. "Memorials of Edinburgh" and the "Archaeology of Scotland" were the works which brought him repute in his native country, and the appointment as Professor of History and English Literature in University College, Toronto. Of the latter work, the British Quarterly Review said at the time: "This is no ordinary book. If we mistake not, it will form an epoch in the study of the earlier antiquities of Scotland and of Britain at large." Mr. Hallam, the historian, pronounced it to be the most scientific treatment of the archaeological evidence of primitive history which had ever been written.

With such an introduction to the Canadian educational world, it is little wonder that Dr. Wilson proved successful from the first. It was not long after this appointment that he was offered and refused the Principalship of McGill College, Montreal. The reason since given is that he was beginning to find his new sphere of labor a highly congenial one. And such it seems to have been during the succeeding forty years of a busy and useful life. Sir Daniel's work as Lecturer, Examiner, and College Executive, has proved him possessed of not only literary wisdom, but of abundant energies, great tact, and vigorous common sense. His lectures on history have been marked by a clear philosophical perception and a broad toleration for opposing schools of thought. His name and that of Sir William Dawson, of McGill, are familiar where ever science and original research are known and valued. As an educationist he has placed Toronto University in the forefront of modern seats of learning. It ranks with Yale, Harvard and McGill upon this continent, and, in its course of instruction and results, can compare favorably with the great universities of the old land. Throughout Canada and many other countries will be found to-day men who sincerely mourn the death of a great teacher, and of one who did them individual service.

As a former President of the Canadian Institute, and of the Royal Society of Canada, as President for many years of the Young Men's Christian Association, and founder of the Boys' Home in Toronto, Sir Daniel will be missed. In many other spheres of Christian activity and educational influence he will be deeply regretted. Toronto loses in his death a citizen who did more for its fame and advancement than we can well appreciate; Canada loses a man who has been honored by his Queen, and by many of the great scientific societies of the age; science and education lose a great and worthy exponent.—*Empire*.

MR. MYERS' DISMISSAL.

Mr. Elgin Myers, the county crown attorney for Dufferin, refusing to act on the intimation of Sir Oliver Mowat, that his resignation was advisable, has been formally dismissed from his office. The action of the Ontario Premier is generally accepted as timely and justifiable. Mr. Myers is rather a light weight politically, and it is doubtful if he will be able to live up to the notoriety his controversy with Sir Oliver has brought him. The attempt a few of his friends are making to pose him on a pedestal of martyrdom for freedom of speech and opinion has a very poor basis to start from. There are a number of annexationists in Canada, as there always have been. They are not persecuted nor interfered with in any way even when they undertake to propagate their theories. Mr. Myers, having ceased to occupy a position as representative of the Crown, can continue on his course without interruption official or otherwise, so long as he sees either profit or glory in it. But even those who agree with him in his views as to the propriety of Canada throwing off her allegiance to the British sovereign will admit that the leaders in the movement should not expect to hold office under the government they are trying to overthrow. The mass of Canadians will be inclined to think that the Ontario Government was tardy in its action, and will approve of the dismissal now that it has come. It is not meet that an opponent of the Crown should work against it backed by the prestige of an officer of the crown.

SIR DANIEL WILSON.

The death of Daniel Wilson, LL.D., President of Toronto University, removes a man who has conferred honor upon Canada and acquired a reputation abroad which extends throughout the civilized world. Although he had won a certain degree of fame before coming to Canada in 1853, there can be no doubt that Dr. Wilson's life-work was here, and that the most enduring monuments to his literary

THE ST. JOHN'S RELIEF FUND.

News of the disastrous fire at St. John's was published in Montreal on the morning of the 9th of July. Yesterday, the 9th of August, the Montreal relief committee presented a report of its work to the public. The record is one on which Montreal not less than the gentlemen who voluntarily assumed the task of direction can be congratulated. The contributions of the citizens amounted in value to \$39,500, of which \$32,011, including \$10,000 from the City Council, was in cash. There has been sent to the St. John's committee about \$10,000 in cash, as well as some \$28,000 worth of food, clothing and supplies. Most of the latter was purchased at reduced rates, and as, thanks to the liberality of the transportation lines, it has been handled, shipped and carried gratis, it will in St. John's represent a value very much in excess of the cash outlay in this city. The expenses of the committee have been very small, indeed, and the prospects are that a considerable sum will yet be sent to the sufferers. Montrealers, by whatever standard their work is measured, can certainly be said to have done their full duty to the afflicted city, and have fully maintained the record of their home for generous charity when the call is backed by genuine distress. And not Montreal alone, but all Canada, has acted as became a sister nation in the hour of Newfoundland's affliction. The response to the appeal for help was both quick and liberal. From what is known it is safe to say the gifts from Canada will exceed those from all other countries combined. Almost every city in the eastern provinces has held forth a well filled hand to the stricken ones; and there is reason to say that, in more ways than one, good will come from the deed.—*Gazette*.

MONTREAL WEEKLY HERALD RUSHING.

The proprietors of the Montreal Weekly Herald inform us that their offer to supply that excellent paper till December 31st for 25 cents is meeting with a very gratifying response. Subscriptions are pouring in from all parts of the country, and the subscribers are warm in their expressions of satisfaction with the paper. Remember the sooner you send your subscription, the more you will get for your money the price which the paper is being given is about a quarter of the regular rate. Sample copies for inspection are sent free, and the address is the Montreal Herald Company, 6 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal.

ST. ANDREW'S MODEL SCHOOL.

The Model School Building will be completed for the opening of school on the first of Sept. With the improvement of the school grounds, the building and surroundings will add to the beauty of St. Andrews. The two retiring school commissioners, Messrs Hunter and Webster were re-elected by acclamation. Mr. Alfred E. Rivard has accepted the position of Head Master. He comes with high recommendations from Dr. Robins of McGill Normal School. In addition to a Diploma with high standing, he has the Honorable the Superintendent's Prize for Proficiency in French and Honorable Mention in the Art of Teaching and Greek, is a gentleman of rare skill in teaching and in government of classes. The Academy work will be taken up in the school.

WHO WILL SUCCEED SIR DANIEL?

Principal Grant's Name Suggested by the "Globe."

The Toronto *Globe* discussing the question of the vacant principalship of Toronto University says: There is a name that will occur to many in connection with the high post. Rev. G. M. Grant, principal of Queen's University, has occupied such a prominent position in educational matters that the public mind will naturally single him out as a fitting person on whom the mantle of Sir Daniel could fall. Principal Grant is above all things an administrator, and in the opinion of many that his character of the man who should be next executive head of the Provincial University. The Government, however, may have some other name in view of equal acceptability. We do not know that Principal Grant's name has ever been considered, nor do we know that he would accept the position.

An Unusual Death-Rate.—At this season of the year there are always many deaths, particularly among children, from Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, etc., but this season the cases seem to be unusually frequent and fatal, and every one ought to know that a sure and speedy cure can easily be obtained by taking a teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain Killer in sweetened water (hot water is the best), every half hour until relieved. This remedy has never been known to fail. Full directions are with each bottle. It is kept by every respectable druggist. New Big bottle old

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A first-class new Hearse has just been purchased and is

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Lachute, Jan. 14th 1892.

21-4f.

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Wanted five Teachers, for No. 1 Lakefield, 2, Good's corner, 3, Shrewsbury, 4, Nicholson's, 5, Long Lake. Term to commence September 1st.

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Lachute, Oct. 15th, 1889. 7-1yr

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JAS. W. COTTINGHAM,

Lachute, Que.

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Miss M. E. Barron, will receive pupils for the Piano Forte, on and after the first of September next. Terms made known on application.

46-3m

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</

Harvest Prospects in England.

According to the special reports published by the Times with regard to the crops, the outlook is somewhat discouraging. The most favorable points in the estimates relate to the root and grain crops. The yield of hay will be lighter than for many years past. Cereals, it is stated, do not appear as if they will be able to pull up to an average, whatever the weather may be between now and harvest time, and although wheat has generally improved on the month, there has been more than a corresponding falling off in oats, which were at one period looked upon as likely to be the crop of the year. Barley seems to promise better results, and it is hoped to improve considerably, moving up from 88.0 to 93.8, Sussex making the best return. In Kent and Worcestershire there are slight signs of mould, but no serious damage is reported. In Scotland there have been reports in barley, oats, potatoes, beans and peas; but losses of peas, wheat and roots. In no case, however, has the change been great, the most important being the advance of grass from a position represented by 94 in June to 101.3 in July. In Wales wheat has improved a little; barley has receded to a very limited extent; oats have gone up a point, and are uniformly excellent; an advance has been made in beans and peas; potatoes are reported to be very robust, promising a very heavy crop, while grass has receded 4.5, and roots half a point. As a whole, however, the outlook is not regarded as better than it was 12 months ago, although it is not put down as very much worse when a balance is struck of all the growing crops.

Wide Tires.

An agricultural engineer writing in the *Journey Gentleman*, makes some suggestions of importance to the farmer in any country in the following:

One more thing is needed. This is a law doubling the tax of a person using a tire narrower than three inches, and reducing it one-fourth when a four-inch tire is used. This is, of course, on heavy vehicles which cut the roads to pieces when the narrow tires are used. The wide tire is a service to the road, acting as a roller. Unfortunately, this matter is not understood, and there is much error in regard to it. The draft of a wide tire is not increased, but diminished. When a narrow tire sinks into the soft ground, it is equivalent to going up a slope equal to the depth the wheel sinks and the small distance from the lowest point of the wheel to the level of the road. This is more than would be perceived at first sight, and increases the draft fully a fourth or more.

Another thing should be well known, viz., that to travel in a rut is destructive to a road, and every driver should avoid following directly in the track of another wagon. By doing this the road may be made like a floor—all the more so if the wide tires are generally used. All this applies to the use of wagons in fields, but more so. I have seen a washout that cost \$50 to repair, made on a hill field by one rut caused by one load of hay drawn down a slope, that might have been avoided had the tire been four inches wide.

Will the broad tire act as a roller on the dirt road or will it afford an increased surface on which to pick up the dirt that clings to the wheel when the soil is wet to the depth of half an inch? That the tire that is sunk in the soil is continually going up hill and a very steep hill at that, must be apparent to any man who will measure the angle from the bottom of the rut to the level of the surface. If that hill was apparent and the same angle stretched out a mile in advance, the horses would balk and the driver become utterly discouraged.

—(Western Live Stock Journal.)

How to Tell the Best Cow.

The Western Farm Journal has lately been looking over the views of two wise men as to the best means of selecting a good milk cow. The Journal says it takes a few more words to tell what Prof. Robertson, of Cornell University, knows on the subject. He is a man of a large and scientific knowledge of cows, and he says the only way he knows to tell the best cow is by milking her and keeping a record of her milk and butter. He thinks it is impossible for any man to tell by merely looking at her which is the best cow in a herd. The man who can do so ought to be able to tell which is the fastest horse out of a dozen fast breeders by looking at them. Most men think they can do this and back up their judgment with their money, and the very difficulty of doing it furnishes the chief interest in a race course. Nearly any man with any sort of practical knowledge can tell a fairly good cow when he sees her, but to tell which is the best merely by what can be seen, is something, in the professor's opinion, beyond the reach of man's sagacity.

Prof. Robertson, the well known Canadian authority, while not pretending to describe, or be able to judge the very best cow, yet points out certain rules which characterize good cows as follows:

"A long underlengthwise of her body; and it should be very elastic in quality. The elastic quality means room to make milk. A soft skin, a mellow skin covered with mossy, silky hair. A cow has only one skin—one skin under her body and clear through by way of the stomach. The skin, if coarse or harsh, means sluggish digestion inside, and that means an expensive cow that does not digest her food or thrive well. Then a cow should have a large, roomy barrel, with broad ribs wide apart, for holding plenty of good, rough, bulky, cheap feed; it should be filled up twice a day. See that the milk veins under the cow's belly are prominent; prominence is a far more important indication than actual size would be. Firm muscles in the abdomen mean good constitution. They are one of the best evidences of endurance and thrift that you can find in a cow, and endurance to stand the strain of giving milk continuously is what you want. A cow should have broad joints with long lamp. A rather long, lean neck, with clean-cut face and prominent eyes. These points indicate enduring power to stand the strain of a long milking season. If a cow has these five points she will usually have the power of serving a man well."

Having given the above Mr. Robertson wisely adds that unfavorable conditions of keeping, either as to stabling or defective feed will neutralize the very best equipment; in other words, the very best cow, in the hands of a poor feeder, or surrounded by conditions not favorable, or in the hands of a man who does not like cows and the care of them, turns out to be a very common and ordinary individual.

Iron-clad Vermont.

Dr. Hoskins, the noted Vermont pomologist, writes the "A. American Cultivator" that by selection and growth of seedlings, orchard apples there will thrive successfully

in the cold Northern and Western States are being annually added to the list of worthy fruits. A feature of the horticultural advance is the improvement along the Canadian border, many of which are deserving of more credit than they have heretofore received. Even along the Canadian border many of these native trees produce fine stock, on which improved varieties from the nursery can be grafted successfully. The northern belt of the United States is well adapted to the cultivation of apple trees, with the exception of the severe cold, which will injure all trees but those of the hardiest nature. So far most of the varieties that have proved of value in the cold section have been imported from Canada, although fruit growers are now paying more attention to the question of iron-clad trees for the United States.

The apple crop of Canada is a large one, and many of the farmers of this region depend largely upon their trees for sufficient revenue to rent the rest of their farms. Their exportation of apples does not begin to compare with that from the United States, but considering the comparative size of the two countries, our apple crop makes a pretty good showing. It may be worth while to mention a few of the varieties which are grown successfully on the Dominion border, and likewise in all of the cold Northern

YOUNG FOLKS

The "Blades o' Grass" Fairies.

It was a happy life that the little fairies, "Blades o' Grass" led down in the cool damp earth.

Their first recollection was of pushing up through the ground and receiving a dazling flood of sunshine full in their little faces. Then they felt soft breezes laden with all kinds of sweet odors fan their brows. Morn'g they proudly looked the glistening dewdrops which sparkle like brilliant upon their garments, and at night they fell asleep in the silvery moonbeams. Then there were the evenings, when they heard the frogs over in the pool calling in their hoarse voices, and the plaintive notes of the robin and the thrush from the great trees, and when they watched with delight the nightly rills of fireflies as they danced back and forth above their heads in wild and fantastic fashion.

Oh yes! the fairies, "Blades o' Grass" were very happy, very proud of their new summer frocks of a delicate green hue, and very glad they were alive. The mother used often to talk to her children and tell them of all the wonderful things they would see and hear before summer would die and they would creep back into the earth, and wait for the winter to spread her warm white mantle over them.

"If you enjoy life now, my dears," she said, one day, "how much more happiness will you possess when later you have risen higher in the world and can look out abroad over the land. You will see so many things. You will see boats going up and down the river, yonder, filled with people who sing and bring music out of strange instruments. You will see a wilderness of flowers in the gardens over there across the way—roses, honeysuckles, nasturtiums and sweet peas. You will see most beautiful butterflies and dragon flies and great moths fluttering about. Then up at the cottage on the hill above you will see people lounging about reading, talking and writing. They swing in gayly colored hammocks and the ladies wear beautiful gowns, though none are as beautiful as your own. And most wonderful sight of all you will see a huge bridge over the river and a great monster rush across it with an angry snort and snarl. And at night this terrific monster has an eye of fire which you may see gleaming a long, long way off.

"Make little and grow my children, so that you may see all these remarkable and beautiful sights."

And the little green fairies nodded their heads and drank in the dew eagerly and held up their faces to be kissed anew by the sun, that they might grow the faster.

One day they were conscious that they had neighbors. These neighbors had come silently and mysteriously. They also had pushed up from the soil, and were growing very fast, much faster than the "Blades o' Grass." The mother fairy tried to hold her own ground for herself and her children against these new comers, but they allowed their way in a most violent and impudent fashion.

"Make way for us," they cried roughly. "You needn't give yourself such airs and act as if you owned the earth. We're just as good as you are. We may not be quite so slim or quite so dainty, but we're here to stay, and don't you forget it either, and like many human beings they nudged and poked and jostled and grew taller and ranker and quite overcame their smaller and weaker neighbors.

The "Nettles," for so were the new comers called, were a very coarse and crusty lot, and boldly declared that they proposed to "run out" the "Blades o' Grass."

"We'll show you that we're just as good as you," they continually cried, and flaunted their heads over the poor little delicate fairies, who grew more feeble and sickly.

"Oh, what shall I do?" moaned the poor mother fairy as she saw her children slowly wasting away. "How can I save the lives of my darlings?" But the "Nettles" only laughed derisively and pushed their roots deeper in the soil and held up their heads more defiantly than ever.

But one day a lark alighted on a branch of the birch tree under whose shade the "Nettles" and the "Blades o' Grass" were struggling for mastery. The lark sang of hope and faith, and as he poured forth his message, the faint and weary, heat-sick mother felt new life. She listened eagerly as the lark sang in jubilant strain. The "Nettles" cried "Oh, how we wish that bird would stop its tiresome noise!" but the "Blades o' Grass" whispered "Oh, if he would but sing for ever!"

But at last the lark finished his song with these words: "Hope on! Help is nigh, help is nigh."

Then he flew heavenward. The mother fairy watched him disappear and for a moment felt very lonely, but, remembering his parting words, embraced her little ones and said: "Be brave, my darlings, help is nigh."

Early the next morning, ere the dew had ceased to sparkle, there came a sound of footsteps on the stone wall. The "Nettles" looked up and saw two faces, one the face of a little child, laughing, crowned with soft, yellow hair and with eyes as blue as the sky. The other face was older, with gentle eyes and an expression of pity.

"Oh, papa," they heard a sweet, little voice say, "see the nasty weeds spoiling the poor grass. What a shame!"

"That's so, my boy," said the other, "that won't do. We can't have our lawn overrun by those coarse, villainous nettles. I'll have them out of that in a hurry."

The little green fairies nearly fainted from joy. They tried to speak to express their gratitude, but could only away and bend towards the speaker. Then they saw a strong white hand grasp the haughty "Nettles" and give them a sharp tug. The weeds resisted and tried to sting the enemy, but the friend of the "Blades o' Grass" was determined and skilful, and presently the "Anxious" "Nettles" were flung upon the stone flagging to speedily wither and die in the hot sun.

Then this unknown friend dropped some fine seed into the hole left by the removal of the "Nettles." He gently patted the earth over it and said, "There, little grasses, you will soon have pleasant neighbors and I'll see that you are not plagued by any more weeds."

And as the "Blades o' Grass" rustled with delight and happiness and smiled up into the face of their preserver, the lark, who had come back from heaven, lifted his little head and rippled forth a melody—a hymn of thanksgiving, in which the little green fairies joined with all the voiceless merry of their bruised but happy little hearts.

Taking It Coolly.

The ship of an Admiral, who was the Duke of Wellington's near connection, was wrecked. He was placed in command of a second ship, which was also lost and himself was drowned. Lord Charles mumbled

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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.

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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.

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Notes.

heaven, will aid his that they will use all physical, mental and moral, will answer their help as far as they will exert most efforts to answer them, or would go if in their power. It is in vain that we pray for success in life, we are indolent, lazy; success is attainable by those who go after it, creating it for themselves.

In a "land of plenty," flowing with milk and honey," like ours, there is no occasion, as a general principle, for want and destitution, since the real necessities of life are by no means expensive. If that great and wise man Dio Lewis, could live well at a cost of eight cents a day—the cost of the materials from which his food was cooked—want and hunger are by no means necessary. With such living, using plain, simple and wholesome food, taken only to the amount really needed, at proper times and under proper circumstances, there is but little or no occasion for sickness and doctor's bills.

It is as certain that we can secure good health, by the necessary care, living simply, observing the laws of our being, the conditions of health, as that we can do our usual daily duties. The price of this great blessing, without which no one can be really comfortable and happy, is correct living, doing our whole duty to the body.

It would be no more foolish to light a ten dollar bank bill in kindling a fire than to use the same amount in burning cigars and the "filthy pipe." Kindling an internal fire within, a fire which ever increases in intensity by each indulgence, wasting self-respect, self-control, manhood—true dignity of character, making a veritable slave of one who ought to be a man!

With all of thy "gettings, get understanding," such as will deter you from getting drunk. In the habitual use of intoxicants, one descends below the level of the senses, since they do not degrade themselves by the formation of such degrading habits, use not thus false to their nature, do not become unnatural, but live as the Creator intended that they should live, to that extent honoring him.

In cases of a deranged stomach, caused by excessive eating, at improper times and under improper circumstances, practical gluttony, it is safer to fast, without praying than to pray without fasting, though both would be proper, the one who fasts answering his own prayer by using the appropriate means of relief. It would be as appropriate to advise the drunkard to pray for a deliverance from his tyrannical habit, while still indulging his appetite for intoxicants, as for the dyspeptic to ask for his recovery from the effects of over-eating, while he still indulges his horrible appetite.

It would be less unfortunate for a young man to lose a hand or foot by accident, than for him to form habits of intemperance, ultimately becoming a drunkard. In the former case he need not lose his manhood, his mental and moral powers, his ability to be of some use in the world, while, in the latter, it is not the loss of a single hand or foot, but the ruin of the whole body, the loss of everything worth possessing.

Progress in Surgery.

One is almost startled, even in these days of rapid progress in all departments of science, to note the seemingly impossible feats of surgical skill.

Some months ago a practicing physician in the upper part of New York State was thrown from his carriage, and struck upon the left side of his head. He was unable to get up, and remained in that position, though still perfectly conscious.

His mind, in fact, was so clear that he motioned to his wife to get a book of medicine from his shelves, and pointed out to her a chapter on Cerebral Hemorrhage, thus making the diagnosis of his own case. He was put in bed, and by morning had become unable to use the whole right side of his body.

This partial paralysis, or hemiplegia, gradually improved under treatment, so that he was again able to be up, and to some extent hobble about.

After a time, finding his improvement at a standstill, he went to New York City to see if anything could be done for his relief. In one of the greatest hospitals there he was operated upon by one of the most skillful surgeons. Round pieces were trephined from the bone of the skull at the point where, from accurate calculations, it was estimated that the trouble would be found. A clot was found where it had been looked for. This was removed as thoroughly as possible, and the wound quickly healed.

When last seen by the writer the patient was walking, still with the aid of a cane, in the hospital wards, and had begun to speak some letters and words which had been taught him by his wife.

The injury had destroyed his ability to make the motions of the lips and muscles necessary to articulation; and when he had recovered the ability to talk, just as a child does, or as one learns a foreign language, though he still retained the power of understanding all that was said to him.

The experiment has lately been made in Paris of trephining the skulls of infant idiots, the bones of which had prematurely hardened, in order that there might be more room for brain development. So far the results, in the main, have been satisfactory.

In the future it may be common to treat epilepsy, paralysis of certain kinds and other brain troubles, as is already done in the case of brain tumors, injuries, etc., by the performance of operations, the technic of which has been rendered possible by the perfection of the antiseptic system of treating wounds.

Ears as Indicators.

In human beings of low or debased mental standard, the ears are large and flabby—note those idiots, cretins, etc.

When there is no love, and the ear widens from the bottom upwards, the owner is of a selfish, cunning and revengeful disposition.

When the ear is oval in form, with the lobe slightly but distinctly marked, it indicates for its owner a lofty idealism, combined with a morbidly sensitive nature.

Large round ears with a "neat hem" around their border, well carved—not flat, indicate a strong will and a bulldog tenacity of purpose.

Ears in which the "hem" is flat, as if smothered down with a flat-iron, accompany a vacillating mind and cold, unromantic disposition.

The person who has an ear with a rounded, oval top is almost without exception

Time for Himself and No Recreation.

It was just the kind of a rambling old red farmhouse, with its painted gables of mossy gray, overgrown with vines and hidden in a tangle of lilacs and roses, that a painter would have chosen for his canvas, a poet rhymed in his sonnet, a writer rejoiced to describe in the opening chapters of his summer novel, and a woman with common sense would have seen was out of repair, damp and unhealthy, inconvenient and uncomfortable.

The green paper shades of the seldom used parlor were rolled up and tied with white tapes, the cream-white curtains inside with their crocheted trimmings looped back, letting the unfamiliar sunshine into the low room, with its odor of damp, clean sanctity common to country parlors. There was a rag carpet on the floor, striped in gorgeous colors, a lounge in the corner with red calico covers and huck-filled cushions, a few freshly varnished cane-seat chairs set stiffly back against the wall, and some tiny type facsimiles of relatives, coffin plates framed in dark wood, and a wreath of worsted flowers on the wall. Beside the orderly table where the family Bible and photograph album had been life-long companions, a woman sat sewing on some of those fearfully and wonderfully constructed trousers which the "barefoot boy" of the rural regions fastens over his shoulder with a single suspender made like his trousers, out of his "pa's." Outside where the fresh leaves threw dancing shadows over her fresh toilet of luxurious simplicity another woman sat.

THE CITY SISTER.

Her hair fell in becoming waves upon her forehead, her hands were delicate and sparkling with jewels, a bunch of fresh clover was sipping upon her breast, and her face was bright with eager interest. The woman inside wore a faded calico dress, its illy fitting waist shrunken out of shapelessness with much washing, her hair combed tightly away from the shallow face and twisted into a tight little knot at the back, her large brown hands, coarse, red with heavy work, drawing the thread through and through the thick work with hurried, awkward "biggy." The woman with the clover in her hair was fresh from the rush and strain of active city life, had wondered why the faces of these farmers' wives were so dull and spiritless; why in their peaceful environment, in which the pulse beat of the mighty rush of modern life scarcely stirred the monotonous calm, where hurry and restlessness were mercifully unknown, the country woman aged so much more rapidly than her city sister; why her skin lost its delicacy, her figure its suppleness, her hair its luster, and why among the women patients of insane asylums the farmers' wives constituted the majority. She was finding out now. She had heard and been forgotten in the construction of the house. The vegetables were in the ground, the eggs in the loft, everything in most convenient places. There were the children to get off to school with their well-filled dinner-pails, the men in the loto to be provided with hearty luncheons. Did you ever see one of these men mow away broad and huge succulent doughnuts fried in lard, beans and pie, thick country pie with sudden crusts; and maple sugar seasoning? This one woman must keep all the domestic machinery going. When the cool shadows of the twilight fell she went again into the stable, where the "kine" of the poet's dream waited to be milked. There was no place this side that prepared for the wicked so hot as one of these stables full of these same "kine," which have little picturesqueness outside the poet's fancy. And when the milking was done and the "men folks," smoked outside and chatted together, the woman cleared away the supper things she had left to do the milking, put the children to bed, made arrangements for the early morning meal, and then went to sleep herself, too tired to crimp her hair, say her prayers, or think how wretched she was.

"But do you always work so hard as this?" queried the woman in the shadow of the "kine." "Pretty much of the time," answered the other, in her loud, high pitched voice. "In the spring there's the spring's work, you know, and I have to milk more cows, cause the men folk is busy night and morning; there's the butter to make until the milk goes to the factory, the house to clean, the sugar to sugar off, the soap to make, and lots of paintin' and paperin' to be done. You know we farmer folks do everything ourselves. Money is too scarce to pay it out for such work as white-washin' and paintin' and paperin' indoors. And then the hayin' comes on and we have men folks, and I have more milkin' to do, and sometimes take the milk to the factory, and the berries begin to get ripe off in the loto. I don't have to put up for the winter unless I pick 'em myself. It's all we can do to buy the sugar. And then there's the harvestin' and the thrashin', and after that the house to clean and things to get fixed for winter. And the children do get so all out of clothes. You see we don't never buy new, and things made out of old wear out sooner. I can't get much time to sew in summer. I have so much to do." "And in winter?" interrupted the softly modulated voice.

"Well, in winter there's the quilts to piece up and comfortable to tie, the carpet rags to sort and sew. It is an awful job to make a carpet when folks wear their clothes as close as we do." And then there's the coloring of 'em to do, and the warp to get ready and all, and the knitting. I tell you it is a power o' work to keep three boys and two men in socks and mittens. I ain't got a girl. I lost my only girl. She'd be a helped me, you know. And it's only a little while anyway before the cows come in again, and I have the butter to see to."

"WHEN DO YOU READ?" "Oh, I don't read much of any 'cept Sunday afternoon sometimes when I get my work done early. The men folks they read the paper, you know, and kind o' talk it over together when the neighbors come, so I kind o' keep the run o' things, that's all. I do miss the reading most of all. You know I was a teacher when he married me, pretty good at books, too. I thought, just as I suppose you do, that they wasn't any need in a farmer's wife working round all the time and gettin' so old and foolish before she's 50, but I tell you when a man hain't got his farm paid for, there ain't anything but work for his wife. You see the children come along, and you can't afford

to hire a nurse. The neighbors come in and do what they can, and the men folks git along best they can until you can't stand it any longer, and you git up and go to work before you are strong, and that and taking care of the babies and the hard work breaks you down young. You git so you don't know or care much for anything."

"But do you have no recreation?" "Oh, once in a while, of course. There's church, but you see, we have to git up so early to git the chores out of the way. We have to dress all the children and take them 'cause there ain't anyone to leave 'em with to home, and then hurry home to git dinner and git the chores done to go again in the evening, until I tell 'em sometimes I believe Sunday is the hardest day in all the week. We generally go to the fair one day, but that's a hard day, too, because we always take

The recent decision of the Privy Council concerning the Manitoba School Act, and the probability of the question becoming a most important one in Dominion politics for the next few years, lead us to review the history of the case as well as the grounds and effect of the decision just given in England.

In 1890 the Manitoba Legislature passed an act establishing national schools. This act entirely abolished denominational schools supported by government money. The schools thus established were open to all with equal privileges, irrespective of religious beliefs. Each individual tax-payer was held liable to contribute his share to the support of these schools. Two rate-payers resisted the payment of the school taxes, one a member of the Roman Catholic Church, the other a member of the Church of England. The grounds of this resistance was that the Manitoba Act was *ultra vires* of the Legislature, members of the Catholic and Anglican churches inasmuch as it deprived of the privilege of maintaining separate schools, a privilege secured to them by the Act of Union, when in 1870 they were admitted to confederation. The Manitoba Government was successful in its own courts, but the Supreme Court of Canada gave a unanimous decision in favor of the two taxpayers and against Manitoba. This later judgment is completely reversed by the Privy Council and maintains the right of Manitoba to establish national, undenominational schools and tax the people irrespective of their religion for the support of such schools. So much for the history of the case.

The reasons for coming to this final decision are set forth in a concise and clearly worded judgment rendered for the court, by Lord Macnaughton. The whole question seemed to be whether according to the meaning of the Act of Union of 1870, the Provincial Legislature had exceeded its power in passing the Public Schools Act of 1890. The powers conferred upon the Legislature by the Act of 1870 in reference to education were as follows:

In and for the province the said Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provisions:

1. Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law or practice in the province at the Union.

What then were the rights or privileges with respect to denominational schools, which any class of persons had by law or practice when Manitoba was admitted to confederation? There seems to have been no doubt as to this. There was no law or regulation or ordinance with respect to education in force at the time, and consequently no rights with respect to denominational schools existed by law. But were there any rights existing by practice and if so what was the practice?

It would seem from the evidence given in the case by Arch. Bishop Tasche, that the practice was as follows:—

"There existed in the territory now constituting the province of Manitoba a number of effective schools for children. These schools were denominational schools, some of them being regulated and controlled by the Roman Catholic church, and others by various Protestant denominations. The means necessary for the support of Roman Catholic schools were supplied, to some extent, by school fees paid by some of the parents of the children who attended the schools, and the rest were paid of the funds of the church contributed by its members. During the period referred to Roman Catholics had no interest in or control over the schools of the Protestant denominations, and the members of the Protestant denominations had no interest in or control over the schools of the Roman Catholics. There were no public schools in the sense of state schools. The members of the Roman Catholic church supported the schools of their own church for the benefit of the Roman Catholic

children, and were not under obligation to and did not contribute to the support of any other schools."

This means that the Roman Catholics had the right to establish schools at their own expense, to maintain their schools by school fees or voluntary contributions, and to conduct them in accordance with their own religious tenets. Every other religious denomination had precisely the same privileges. But the Roman Catholic contention is that this practice implied as a necessary incident, the right of exemption from any contribution under any circumstances to schools of a different denomination. The court was of the opinion that the schools established by the Act of 1890 are not denominational schools, that they form a national system of education upon an unsectarian basis and did not necessarily imply or involve immunity from taxation for the purpose of supporting denominational schools. The judgment reviews the main provisions of the Public School Act, 1890 and concludes that that it does not prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons had by law or practice in the province at the Union.

Notwithstanding the Public Schools Act, 1890, Roman Catholics and members of every other religious body in Manitoba are free to establish schools throughout the province; they are free to maintain their schools by school fees or voluntary subscriptions; they are free to conduct their schools according to their own religious tenets without molestation or interference. No child is compelled to attend a public school. No special advantage other than the advantage of a free education in schools conducted under public management is held out to those who do attend. But then it is said that it is impossible for Roman Catholics, or for members of the Church of England (if their views are correctly represented by the Bishop of Rupert's Land, who has given evidence in Logan's case), to send their children to public schools where the education is not superintended and directed by the authorities of their church, and that therefore Roman Catholics and members of the Church of England who are taxed for public schools, and at the same time feel themselves compelled to support their own schools, are in a less favorable position than those who can take advantage of the free education provided by the act of 1890.

That may be so. But what right or privilege is violated or prejudicially affected by the law? It is not the law that is in fault; it is owing to religious convictions, which everybody must respect, and to the teaching of their church that Roman Catholics of England find themselves unable to partake of advantages which the law offers to all alike. The Lords of the Privy Council were unable to agree with the opinion which the learned judges of the Supreme court have expressed as to the rights and privileges of Roman Catholics in Manitoba at the time of the Union. They doubt whether it is permissible to refer to the course of legislation between 1871 and 1890, as a means of throwing light on the previous practice or on the construction of the saving clause in the Manitoba act. They cannot assent to the view, which seems to be indicated by one of the members of the Supreme court, that public schools under the act of 1890 are in reality Protestant schools. The Legislature has declared in so many words that the public schools shall be entirely unsectarian, and that is carried out throughout the act.

A NEW ERA FOR LAW BREAKERS.

Major Bond of Montreal delivered an address in Hamilton on Monday last, in which he gave a history of the citizen's league of Montreal.

The incidents and difficulty of the new historic fight for law and order against the Mercier regime were renewed with telling effect. He showed up ex-Chief Phaneuf, of the revenue police, as "an official hand and glove with lawbreakers," that Mercierism meant the hiring by the Government of a friend of the liquor sellers to prosecute them, while a member of the same law firm defended the accused in the case. He showed that the Mercier Government neglected to have the fines imposed upon

the friends of the then Government for law-breaking. Major Bond created a sensation by making the definite charge against the Mercier Government of having given Sohmer Park and others permits to evade the liquor laws. "The present Government of Quebec," said the President of the Montreal League, "are entitled to high praise for their course towards the liquor law-breakers." There had been, he said, up to Saturday last a bitter struggle going on behind the scenes between the liquor clique of Montreal, including and headed by the Sohmer Park crowd on the one side and the Citizens League on the other. Before leaving Montreal he was officially informed on Saturday that the Government had decided to ignore the approaches of the law breakers, and to insist upon a strict observance of the law by all. The thanks of the temperance people of Montreal and the Province of Quebec, he declared, should be tendered to Premier DeBourcherville, the Hon. Messrs. Hall, Taillon and Beaubien. The application of the examples given of the law enforcement effort in Montreal was that the temperance people must exert their influence at the ballot box for temperance in the case of minor officers as well as in federal elections, as the difficulties of the past had proven to have largely arisen from the unfaithfulness of minor

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Lachute, Jan. 14th 1892.

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Lakefield, 2, Good's corner, 3, Shrews-
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Term to commence September 1st.

Apply to
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Lachute, Oct. 15th, 1889. 7-1yr

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Just received, a car load of
fresh burned Lime. Will also
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Parties taking large quantities
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Summer
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Call and examine

Clothes for the
laundry must be
left

Golden Memories.

There may be pies as good, and even better
Than those I knew of in my earlier days,
Made by my mother—can I ever forget her,
Or of her say or sing too much in praise!

There may be cakes made richer, lighter,
Sweeter,
(Prepared by some one's scientific rule,
Clipped from a printed cook-book,) and look
neater
Than those within my dinner-pail at school.

There may be doughnuts full of richer savor,
That I thought full of my mother's love,
But when I ate the full and true and flavor
Fall short of those found in that dinner pail.

There may be hymn tunes set for modern singing,
New-fangled, highly seasoned, full of grace
or else
But, at their best, I never find them bringing
The joy of those learned at my mother's knee.

There may be fresher rhaps, and newer stories
Of love and life, and of death,
But ah, they fall far from the old and glorious
Of those I read with childish bated breath.

Pies, cakes, and doughnuts known in modern
story,
No matter what of these I since have had,
The old still hold for me their golden glory.
Far brighter than the new ones—good or
bad.

"My mother made them, and in days now
so dim,
Old tales rehearsed, and good-nights sweetly
sung,
O! the delights of childhood's moment golden,
How close they cling and keep the old heart
young."

THE BELLS OF LINLAVEN.

BY JOHN RUSSELL.

CHAPTER I.—THE VOICE OF THE FELL.

The way is long when the foot is weary
and the old man, with white locks
tossed and dishevelled, will have a hard fight
with the strong west wind ere he gain the summit
of Brathrig Fell. He pulls his cap
closer down over his brow, and struggles on,
with a slow bent forward to the gale. His
step is slow and uncertain, and he frequently
pauses to take breath, turning the while
his back to the wind to let the fierce gust
pass. One hand holds the staff with which
he props his fainting limbs; the other
clutches the fastenings of a small valise or
knapsack, brown and much worn, which he
carries slung over his shoulder.

The man certainly looks old, yet his feebleness
would almost seem due less to age than
to illness. For as he gains the shelter of the
pine-wood that skirts the brow of the hill,
and sits down by the wayside to rest, there
is a hectic flush on his cheek, a quick
coming and going of the breath, as if some
spasm of agony, mental or physical, were
about to seize upon and destroy him. His
lips move tremulously, like those of one
speaking in pain, but a half-stifled groan is
all that is audible.

It was evening and the mingled gloom
and glory of the red October sunset filled
the western sky. The great hills of West-
moreland and Cumberland rose up huge and
black against that burning background of
light, the smooth round crest of Helvellyn
contrasting with the sharper ridges of
Skiddaw and Saddleback. Dense masses
of black cloud swept along the nearer
sky, or lay in the far distance like bars
of darkness across the western flame. A
misty dimness was creeping up into the
valleys on the farther side of the Fell,
showing like a thin white mist against the
purple shadows of the hills. And away
down there to the left, glimpses might be
had through the trees of the glittering sur-
face of a wind-swept lake, giving back the
colours of the western sky in waves of
slowly fading brightness.

The light in the west gradually died
down from fiery red to soft amber, and
ere long from amber to a cold frosty gray. Yet
still the winds blew, and roared among the
great pines above upon the hill. Down in
its wild ravine, Brathrig Beck sent its
hurling waters crashing from eastward
and linn, making, with the creaking and
groaning of the trees, a gloomy confused
music as of *Dis*. Through it all,
the old man sat silent, introspec-
tive, self-absorbed. He was heedless
of the rush of wind and waters. There was
a fierce stormy beauty in the scene around
him, but his eye marked it not. Nature
may deliver her message to the pensive-souled,
the love-lorn, the calm thinker of deep
things, but her still small voice cannot
reach the heart that is torn by compunction
and remorse. For so this old man's heart
seemed to be. He, with his weak melan-
choly eyes, and sad introspective vision,
heard another voice within him than that
of Nature, and the half-unconscious gaze be-
neath his drooping eyelids showed that his
heart was like his eyes, and these were far
away.

"Ah!" said he, as if speaking within him-
self, "he there so fleet o' foot, the ven-
geance o' God is faster."

And then, suddenly roused by the sound
of his own voice, he looked up, and, con-
scious that the twilight was visibly deepening
around him, started to his feet with a
quick nervous motion, and once more con-
tinued his ascent.

The narrow hill-road led zigzag fashion
along the ridge towards the higher ground,
and was in some parts smooth and easy,
in others rugged and uneven. For long he
toiled wearily on, making little headway
against the masterful gale, and with more
and more frequent pauses for rest. Now
and again, as some gust more fierce than
its predecessors caught him, he was fain to
cling to the grassy bank on his right, like a
man on shipboard, when the vessel
heels suddenly to the wind, grasps eagerly
whatever support is within reach. Away
down on the left, the shimmering lake was
coming more fully into sight, but the
opalescent brightness of the sunset was no
longer upon it, and its aspect, cold and
lead

To Breathe, or Not To Breathe.

Whether our readers are opposed to corset wearing, or not, they will be amused at his excellent parody on the famous Soliloquy, which recently appeared in the *Woman's Tribune*.—Ed.

To breathe, or not to breathe, that is the question.
Whether it is nobler for our sex to suffer the pain and torture of a steel-girt corset. Or to take up arms against Dame Fashion's tyrannies.
And by opposing, end them. To unlace, to breathe.
Once more, and with full breath to say we end the sideache, and the thousand unnatural ills we make flesh heir to.—Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. To unlace, to breathe. To make, perchance, the waist too large—ay, there's the rub!
For in that life of peace what form may come.
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, And at ease there lies the respect.
That makes tight lacing of so long a life!
For who would wear the sneers and scoffs of men.
The moist tight, the dress's burling weight, The pangs of tortured flesh, the lunge disease, The fluttering breath, and all the plights That patient Nature to the unworthy makes.
When we might rest our feet in comfort, take In a loose bodice, Who would corsets wear, To groan and ache under their weary pressure.
But then the fear of Madam Grundy's voice, That dread oracle from whose decrees few women waver— Holds us slaves, and makes us rather bear the life we have Than seek for ease that she would frown upon.
Thus Fashion does make cripples of us all, And thus the natural form of womankind Is changed—transformed, till none would recognize it.
And figures by nature of fine mold and movement, For this we are coerced in garments tight, And lose their power of action.

THE EYES OF THE WOLVES.

How a Woman's Whim Cost Her a Brave Man's Love.

Two men and a woman; a great, baronial room, furnished half in the English, half in the Oriental style; a wide, low divan, covered with rich brocade and heaped with many cushions; deer-skins everywhere—on the floor, the furniture, the low, easy-chairs; a buffet crowded with massive silver; a huge stove of tiles and Dutch faience; beside it a square table, covered with a cloth, upon which stands always the inevitable samovar, surrounded by transparent cups and crystal glasses in holders of metal filigree; the walls hung with draperies of dark-red velvet, faded patterns and photographs, and a fox-hunt in oil.

One of the men, wearing a brown-velvet jacket and his feet in soft shoes, leans back in a deep easy-chair reading a newspaper. His hair has begun to whiten, but his brows are as black as his eyes, and his expression is one of bored weariness. The other—a young lieutenant in undress uniform, his opened coat showing beneath it a crimson-silk shirt—paces back and forth with regular and firm. He is tall and robust, with blond hair and moustache, and a frank smile on his somewhat full lips.

The lady—youthful also, and fair and delicate, her golden hair coiled in a loose knot low on her neck—reclines on the divan, lazily smoking a cigarette. She is in dark blue, her waist clasped by a silver belt studded with turquoise, her slim, white wrist circled by a narrow band of plain, gold. Her eyes, bold and laughing, dilate from time to time with those gleams and shadows peculiar to the eyes of the feline race. Indolent and languid in repose, nervous and feverishly alive at the slightest movement, she is a singular mixture of vivacity and indifference, of softness and hardness, the scarlet curve of her rose-red lips announcing clearly an indomitable will.

Out of doors it is a night of clear metallic whiteness, the hoar-frost tracing every window-pane with fantastic fancies. Within, all is warm and snug—a balmy atmosphere impregnated with tea-fumes, tobacco, and that subtle odor of tanned skins, the perfume of Russian leather.

The silence of the room for the moment is broken only by the rustle of the paper and the lieutenant's measured tread. Presently the lady yawns, rearranges her cushions and begins to sip from a frail Japanese cup the smoking amber fluid. She is awake at last. The lieutenant turns, a flame like a ray of sunlight in a dark place in his brown eyes, and throws himself at her feet. She answers the gay, caressing glance of a coquettish pout and a movement of the arm that makes the bracelet at her wrist ring like a bell.

"Prince," she says, suddenly, addressing the reader in the chair by the smoking samovar, "what are we going to do to-morrow? What are your plans for us, prince, tell us!"

"To beat the oak plantation," he answers, tossing aside his paper. "The wolves, the peasants tell me, make nightly ravages there. Two nights ago it was a horse; yesterday a cow, killed so near daylight, too, that its body was still warm when they found it by the roadside."

"We shall hunt, then?" said Mme. Novar, with sparkling eyes.

"Yes, the dogs are in good shape, the hounds well-trained, and they ask nothing better than to sharpen their teeth on the wolves' hides."

"But it will freeze by to-morrow," the young officer objects—"freeze hard, at that; the moon has a haze around it."

"And what if it does freeze?" asked the lady. "With my habit-coat, and seal gloves I can face any weather. Don't forget the champagne, prince."

"Have no fear, madame; all will be done as you desire."

Another long silence.

Mme. Novar suddenly springs from her cushions. Throwing back her head with a bird-like motion, her loosened hair lies half-uncoiled on her beautiful neck, her half-closed eyes open wide and eagerly.

"Listen—listen," says she; "I have an idea!"

"What is it?" the lieutenant demands, admiration of her beauty sending the blood to his god-natured face in an ardent glow.

"I wish, absolutely without delay, that we go to hunt now, at once, to hunt in sleighs—in a troika, quick, prince, quick! Give the order. What snow! What moonlight! What life! Everything calls us! Quick—quick, I say, prince, let the horses be harnessed while I go to dress myself."

"My dear madame," the prince responds, hesitatingly, and raising stiffly from his chair, "with the greatest pleasure, but—"

"But what? What excuse are you seeking to find to keep us in this downy nest, drinking tea, and tea, and tea? We shall turn into dried mummies. But see—see for yourself, prince," flying to the window and pulling back with feverish haste the heavy curtains, so that a wave of silvery moonlight floods the chamber, only half-lighted by the shaded lamps; "a perfect apothecosis of fiery brilliancy! How is it possible to remain at home on a night like this!"

"My dear madame," murmured the prince again, a note of coldness, if not displeasure, in his voice. "I must be frank; it is my duty to warn you that I am not sure of my team. The orders of a pretty woman are

absolute; I have passed a lifetime submitting to them, but in a case like this all depends on the training and experience

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. Derome, 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.

ANGELICAN.
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, 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. Raitt'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.

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