

MONTHLY CATTLE FAIRS.

LAMBTON—Friday before the Guelph Fair.
JOSWORTH—Saturday before Guelph.
BRATTON—The Saturday before Guelph.
ELORA—The day before Guelph.
DOUGLAS—Monday before Elora fair.
GUELPH—First Wednesday in each month.
CLIFFORD—Thursday before the Guelph fair.
TAVOTDALE—Friday before the Guelph fair.
NEW HAMBURG—First Tuesday in each month.
BRUNEL—First Thursday in each month.
HELMIRA—Second Monday in each month.
WATERLOO—Second Tuesday in each month.
MOUNT FOREST—Third Wednesday in each month.
HANOVER—Monday before Durham.
DURHAM—Tuesday before Mount Forest.
FARGUS—Thursday following Mount Forest.
OSANOVILLE—Second Thursday in January, March, May, July, September and November.
MORO MILLS—Third Wednesday in January, April, July and October.
ERIN—First Monday in January, April, July and October.
MASONVILLE—First Tuesday in February, May, August and November.
BRAMPTON—First Thursday in each month.
LUTOWEL—First Friday in each month.
HILLBURN—Second Tuesday in January, March, May, July, Sept. and November.
MEADEFIELD—Monday before Guelph.
HAMILTON—Crystal Palace Grounds, the day after Guelph.

The Rival Clansmen

A Scottish Vendetta.

CHAPTER XV.
IAN M'KENZIE AGAIN RAFFLED—REUNITED—
A LAST COUNSEL—DEATH OF OLD
M'LEOD.

Again he staggered to his feet, and, placing his hand on the back of a chair to support himself, muttered huskily—
"Last becoming weaker. I must doff my garments and seek a little rest. I will not require it long. Ay, Angus M'Kenzie, you are removed from the strife. I shall soon join you, and our sons shall be left to take our places. But I must go and bid these friends farewell. I should have liked to have blessed my son and his bride as man and wife, but death will not be stayed. I must brace myself to speak calmly to them. Ah, my gallant clansmen, your Chief will soon be with you, and a sad tale he will have to tell you of the grief of those dear ones whom you have left behind."

Since Hector left, the tears had been several times coursing freely down his cheeks, but he now threw back his hair and wiped away all traces of them before leaving the room. Then steadying himself for a little and recovering his breath, he moved towards the door.

Suddenly he halted and listened, a strange light glistening in his eye.

"What sound was that?" he hoarsely exclaimed, turning and striding to the window.

But it was now almost dark, and he could see nothing.

"Ha!" he continued, "twas but fancy. O that it had been real!"

He turned from the window, and was again walking towards the door. But once more he halted, and strained his ears to listen. His face was becoming paler, and his bloodless lips quivered as he muttered in a hollow tone—

"My fancy cannot be tricking me so. Did not I hear the pibroch of the M'Leods? and was not that a shout of triumph which even now sounded in my ear? The spirits in the air are surely playing with me. Again!—What can it mean? Let me rush from this; my mind wanders. And yet again!—Heavens! it must be real. It is the cry of the clan. Am I awake or am I dreaming?"

"M'Leod gu brath!" were the words that he heard, followed by a long and triumphant cry, which, mingling with the plaintive wail of the bagpipes, floated on the air to his ear, borne from a far distance.

"What is this?" he cried. "A trick of fancy, or can it be a hideous stratagem of my enemies to draw my clansmen from their stronghold? my clansmen—the few that remain of them?"

"M'Leod gu brath, bas do nansaid!" is again borne to his ears, and the shouts seem to be nearer. His body begins to quiver with the wild excitement that now surges through him.

"It is—it is—either the clansmen who were out upon the hills returning, or it is the spirits of those who have perished. What can it mean? Ha! another thought flashes through my brain, but I dare not utter it. Hector—where is he? I must see him." And once more he approached the door.

Again rose the shout—nearer still. This time the words were different—

"Death to the Caterans of Ben-a-Chrui!"

"Hector!" shouted the old man, opening the door and staggering out. "Hector M'Leod, where are you?"

No one answered him, but he staggered forward.

"Hector—Hector M'Leod!" he again cried; but the wail about from without of "Death to the Caterans of Ben-a-Chrui" was again raised, and the sound mingled with his words.

He had almost reached the door of the apartment where he had left Gordon, his sister, and the others, when it was suddenly opened, and Hector rushed out, followed by the Lowlander. Upon the face of the former was a look of wondering amazement.

"Did you cry, father?"

"I did, my son. But did you hear—?"

He did not require to put the question. Once more the strange shout was raised—nearer still. Hector started.

"It is—it is. No, no—that cannot be. Great powers, what can this mean?"

He turned, and was about to rush down the stair, with Neil Gordon at his heels, but he was stayed by the voice of his father, who cried out—

"Hector, and you, Gordon, carry me with you; it will be the last service I shall require of you. Or let me lean on you; I may be able to walk myself."

The young men turned, and the M'Leod seized their arms. Slowly they descended the stair and emerged from the Castle. Out across the court, and as they emerged from the gate the triumphant cry, mingled with the thrilling martial strain, was again borne to their ears from but a little distance.

"M'Leod gu brath! Death to the Caterans of Ben-a-Chrui!"

Casting their eyes forward, our friends saw a motley crowd just turning to enter the gateway to the Castle—men and women shouting and dancing.

Soon one figure detached itself from the rest, and sped forward rapidly. It was a man.

As he came nearer M'Leod bent eagerly forward; then appearing to recognize the figure, gave a wild bound, and a cry of joy escaped his lips as he cried out—

"Thank God for this sight. I can now die in peace. Again I thank God."

The words were uttered with intense earnestness, and when he had uttered them he leaned heavily forward, and his head drooped down.

"Father," said Hector, raising him up. There was no reply.

In much alarm, the two young men gazed into his face. The eyes were glassy and fixed, the features were stiffening there was a slight froth at the mouth, a rattle in the throat—then all was over.

The brave chieftain of the M'Leods had found that rest for which his spirit, so much yearned. He was dead.

GREAT MAMMOTH SALE

GEORGE JEFFREY, WYNDHAM STREET, GUELPH,

Offers the Balance of his Stock of

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods at an Immense Reduction!

Previous to Stock-taking. Everything must be Cleared Out before the 1st of March.

Remnants of Table Linens, Remnants of Prints, Remnants of Sheetings,
Remnants of Towellings, Remnants of White Cottons,

TO BE RUSHED OFF AT ANY PRICE!

FURS This is the last chance for Cheap Furs, as the balance must be disposed of regardless of cost.—A few of those Cheap Dress Goods still on hand, but going fast. Remember this is the Great Remnant Sale of the Season. Parties looking for bargains should call at once.

GUELPH, JAN. 17th, 1874

GEORGE JEFFREY, GUELPH

ALTERATION OF PREMISES

GOODS SELLING

REGARDLESS OF COST.

RICHARD CLAYTON

IN ORDER TO CLEAR OUT THE BALANCE OF HIS IMMENSE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS

"HAS RESOLVED"

On and after Saturday, the 3rd of January, 1874,

TO OFFER FOR ONE MONTH HIS ENTIRE STOCK

REGARDLESS OF COST

THE GOODS HAVE ALL BEEN BOUGHT AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES, AND IT WILL WELL REPAY ANY ONE TO

SEE OUR GOODS BEFORE PURCHASING.

NOTE THE FOLLOWING LINES:

- Good Factory Cotton for 9 cents;
Good Bleached Cotton for 8 cents;
Horrockses Cotton for 10 cents. See them
Scarlet Flannel for 23 cents.
White Flannel for 25 cents.
Shirting Flannels, good patterns, for 26 cents a yard, well worth 45 cents.
Winceys for 9c, rare value.

Dress Goods in Endless Variety at any price.

MANTLES AND SHAWLS WILL BE SOLD TO SUIT EVERY ONE.

- BLANKETS, SHEETINGS, QUILTS,
LACE CURTAINS, WINDOW HOLLANDS, CLOUDS,
BREAKFAST SHAWLS, CROSSOVERS, &c. &c. &c.

Ladies, the above Goods can all be seen by calling at

THE CASH STORE,

Upper Wyndham Street.

No goods advertised but can be seen. Give us a call.

RICHARD CLAYTON,

UPPER WYNDHAM STREET.

NEW TEAS, NEW TEAS

J. E. McELDERRY

2 DAY'S BLOCK,

Has now on hand the finest stock of

NEW CROP TEAS, GUELPH

- Extra Choice Young Hyson at 75c per lb. (extra value).
Fine Young Hyson at 50c per lb. (very strong).
Extra Fine English Breakfast Tea, black at 75c per lb.
Choice Black Tea, strong and fine flavor, at 50c per lb.
A fresh lot of our Famous Mixed Tea at 50c per lb.

The usual liberal reduction allowed to parties buying by the box. All goods warranted to please or the money refunded.

2 DAY'S BLOCK.

THE NOTED TEA HOUSE.

GUELPH COAL DEPOT

C. Kloepper

Returns thanks for the liberal orders received since he opened his Coal yard, and begs to state that he will always keep on hand

HARD and SOFT COAL

OF THE BEST QUALITY

At the Lowest Prices.

Coal delivered in any part of the Town.

Yard next to Bell's Organ Factory

Orders left at Mr. Horseman's Store will receive prompt attention.

C. KLOEPFER, d3m

Guelph, Nov. 16, 1873.

Wyndham Street, Guelph.

Being about to leave Guelph to seek a home in the Far West, would cordially thank his many kind friends for their continued patronage for the past fifteen years, and as he is likely to be but a short time longer in their midst, his stock will consequently be sold off at such low prices as will ensure a speedy sale. Merchants will find it to their advantage to sort up, as many of the goods will be sold 15 to 20 per cent. below Toronto or Montreal Wholesale prices. All goods will be marked in plain figures, and sold at cost. No second price will be made. A special discount will be allowed on purchases over \$25. This sale is genuine, the proprietor having to give up possession of his store on the 1st of May next.

MR. G. B. FRASER.

G. B. FRASER,

FIRST PRIZE BISCUITS

JAMES MASSIE,

Manufacturer of

CHOICE CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

Alma Block, Guelph,

Invites the attention of the Trade to the Superior Quality of Goods now produced at his Manufactory. Having introduced many new improvements, and employing only first-class workmen, and possessing every facility, he is prepared to supply the trade with a class of goods unsurpassed by any manufacturer in

- OZENGES, all flavors;
DROPS, assorted flavors and shapes;
GUM and LICORICE DROPS;
CONVERSATION LOZENGES,
MOULDED SWEETS, new patterns;
SODA, SWEET and FRUIT BISCUITS,
FRUIT BISCUITS,
GINGER NUSS,
CHEWING GUM,
ROCK CANDY,
LICORICE.

A Large Stock of Choice and Favorite Brand Cigars.

His Biscuits took the first prize over all others at the London Western his was the only place where they were entered for competition. All Goods carefully packed and shipped with despatch.

Co-Operative Store.

The Twenty-sixth Quarterly Dividend of 3 per cent. for the quarter will be paid on presenting Pass-Books.

Dividends are paid every January, April, July and October.

We present Pass Books to any that want them.

J. C. MACKLIN & Co.

GUELPH, Jan. 2, 1874.

GUELPH CLOTH HALL

Fine Brown and Blue Beaver and Melton

OVERCOATINGS

MADE TO ORDER.

Also on hand, Readymade

HUDSON'S BAY OVERCOATS

IN SEVERAL STYLES.

SHAW & MURTON,

MERCHANT TAILORS

Guelph Dec. 1, 1873

Wyndham St., Guelph.

C. E. PEIRCE & CO.

Elephant Clothing Store.

OVERCOATS

In all Shades and Prices!

Undercoats, Pants and Vests.

Our Stock of Men's and Boys' Underwear excels anything yet seen.

ALL STYLES IN HATS AND CAPS.

Low Prices. Come and See Us.

C. E. PEIRCE & CO.,

Hepburn's Old Stand, Wyndham-st., Guelph.

Guelph, December 17, 1873.