Business cards not exceeding six lines $6 per annum, $1 for every additional line.
The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.
Advertisements without specific directions will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.
Every facility for the execution of the finest description of book, plain and fancy job printing. Newest types. Fastest steam presses, moderate rates.
J. WILKINSON, Prop.

SINGLE COPIES
of the St. Thomas Times, Semi-weekly and Weekly, can be purchased at Chandler's Book store, Odd Fellows' Block; Gillin's Book Store, Masonic Block, East End; and W. H. MUSGUT, Book Store; Talbot street.

LEGAL.

FARKLEY, DOHERTY & BAIN, Barristers Attorneys, Solicitors, etc. Offices—Arkell Block, St. Thomas; Martin & Nairn Block Aylmer.
JOHN FARKLEY, W. B. DOHERTY
GEO. W. BAIN,
May 20, 1879.

T. W. CROTHERS, Barrister, &c., McLarty Block, Talbot street, St. Thomas. Money to loan on easy terms.
April 13, 1880-tf

ELLIS & ELLIS, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, Solicitors, Notaries Public, &c. Office, third door east of the Merchants Bank St. Thomas.
H. F. ELLIS. W. F. ELLIS
June 19 1877-tf

JAMES H. COYNE, barrister, Attorney at Law, etc., Kiddon Block, opposite market, Talbot street, St. Thomas.
August 17, 1880-tf

COLIN MACDOUGALL, Barrister at Law Attorney, Solicitor, etc. Office—Victoria Buildings, St. Thomas. Money loaned on real estate.
August 17, 1880-tf

EDWARD HORTON, BARRISTER AND Attorney-at-Law. Office—Corner of Manitoba and Talbot streets, East End. Money loaned on real estate. Terms reasonable. Town Lots for sale.
July 29, 1879.

MCLEAN & MILLER—Law office, Free Trade buildings, St. Thomas, Ontario. Mortgages bought and money to loan on real estate to any amount on most favorable terms.
JOHN McLEAN, ROBERT MILLER,
Barrister-at-Law. Attorney-at-Law.
September 2, 1880.

JAMES M. GLENN, Barrister, etc. Office Masonic Block, east of Main and P. S. Railway. $3,000 to loan at 8 per cent on first-class farm security.
March 2, 1880-3m

MEDICAL.

D. and C. McLARTY, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng L.R.C.P., Edin.; L.M., Eng. and Edin. late Resident Accoucheur St. Thomas Hospital, London. Office in the Hutchinson Block, St Thomas

DR. TWEEDALE, Physician, Surgeon, &c has removed to house east of Post Office Block, Talbot Street, St. Thomas.
August 29, 1878-tf

C. FITZSIMONS, L.D.S., Surgeon-Dentist by graduation of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Ontario. 2nd Office, Alonzo's new Block, opposite J. K. Smith's hardware store, East End.
June 19, 1879 2m

R. P. MILLS, M.B., M.D., M.C.P.S.O Graduate of Trinity University, Graduate of University of Toronto, and Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons Ontario; Physician, Surgeon, etc. Office—corner of Main and Stanchion Streets, Dutton.
July 3, 1879.

R. W. BRUCE SMITH, M.D., graduate of Victoria University, member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ont., Physician, Surgeon, etc., Office in Odd Fellows Block, near the Post Office, Talbot Street, St Thomas.
June 12 1879-1

R. KAINS, M.D., M.R.C.S., England &c Office, Surgery, three doors east of Post office, Talbot street, St. Thomas.

JAMES FULTON, M. D., M. R. C. S., England, L. R. C. P. and L. M. Edinburgh; L. M. and Q. C. P. Dublin. Office in Hay's Block, nearly opposite the Post Office, St. Thomas.
May 13, 1879-1y

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. S. KILPATRICK, ARCHITECT, ETC St. George Street, about North of Talbot St. Church and Domestic Architecture a specialty. Preliminary Sketches and Estimates free of charge.
July 15, 1879.

MR. J. H. JONES, Organist and Choir Director, prepared to give lessons in Piano, Organ, Violin, singing and Harmony. For terms apply at residence 49 Elgin Street or P. O. Jan 6, 1880-1y

WARK & BELL, SURVEYORS, ENGINEERS, Architects, Real Estate Agents etc. Patent Drawings procured on shortest notice. E. WARK & SON, Architects
A. J. BELL, P. L. S. Offices in the Oddfellows Block, Talbot street, St. Thomas.
January 22, 1878.

ELGIN MARBLE AND STONE WORKS Corner of Hoggard and Queen streets. All kinds of Marble and Granite for monumental purposes, of great variety. Cemetery fencing, both in Iron and Marble; samples and patterns always on hand. Building stone for every purpose. Plans and specifications, designs and prices furnished on application. Prices unequalled and satisfaction guaranteed. Shop opposite the Post-Office, Talbot street, St. Thomas.
W. T. CHIPPS. F. DOGGETT.

MEETINGS TO BE HELD.

THE regular communication of St Thomas Lodge No 44, A. F. and A. M. G. R. C. is held at their Masonic Temple on the first Thursday of each month. For special and emergent communications application may be made to
J. McKAY, W. M. AND. J. CLARK, Sec

I. O. O. F., ELGIN LODGE, No. 32, meet at their hall every FRIDAY EVENING at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
A. Bell, N. G. W. D. Leach, Sec.-pt

ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS—Court Elgin No. 8363 meet at their Hall, Moore Block, every alternate Wednesday at 8 p.m. Visiting brethren always welcome.
H. MARTIN, C. R. FRANK REVELL, Sec
St Thomas, August 17, 1880.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANCHOR LINE.
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS
Sail every Saturday.
NEW YORK TO GLASGOW.
CABINS, $60 to $80. INTERMEDIATE, $35
These Steamers do not carry Cattle, but Sheep only.
Sail every Saturday.
NEW YORK TO LONDONDERRY.
CABINS, $55 to $65; Excursion at Reduced Rates. Steerage at lowest rates.
All outfitters on this line.
Passengers booked at lowest rates to or from any Railroad Station in Ireland, Scotland or England.
Drafts at lowest rates, payable free of charge, throughout England, Scotland and Ireland.
For books of information, plans, &c., apply to
HENDERSON BROTHERS, 7 BOWLING GREEN, N. Y.
or G. T. Clark, broker, corner Richmond and St. Thomas.

IONA MILLS.
Jas. Lowther, Lessee
HAVING taken the above mills for a term of years, pronounced by a competent inspector to be in first-class order, and provided with all the modern improved apparatus, I am prepared to make a sample of flour equal to any produced in the county. Farmers grinting specially attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Come and try. Those of you who need lumber for Summer and Fall repairs and for fencing bring on your logs before hauling and they will be sawn at once. Chopped stuff and feed constantly on hand.
Iona, May 26, 1880-tf

THE TIMES
for all kinds of job printing.
Best local paper in the Lake
Shore Counties.

Look Here.
IF you want a new Boiler or an old one repaired come to Wm. JEFFERS at Norwich and Co.'s Red Foundry.

WANTED.
AN ENERGETIC HONEST MAN TO open a branch office of the new
Magnet Telephone Co.
In this and adjoining counties; small cash capital required, to such a man this is an excellent opening for money making business. Address with stamp,
G. W. FOSTER,
125 and 127 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
August 10 1880-6m

VISITORS TO THE FAIR SHOULD SEE THE
IMMENSE STOCK SILVERWARE
Knives, Forks and Spoons
AT
Chian at Hall and Silverware Bazaar
MARRIAGE LICENSES issued by the subscriber, ALEX BEATON Bismarck station Ont July
GOOD HOUSE TO RENT—A large two story brick house on William street. Apply to JOHN MCLEAN, barrister.
October 9, 1880-tf

THE TIMES.
Thursday Morning, October 14th, 1880.

## A PRISONER OF WAR.

Hector Macaine, R. A., murdered at Candahar, A. D. 1880.

Come gather round, and I'll tell you a story
Strange it may sound in material days.
War is the theme, and its issue is glory—
Silly old troubadours jingled such lays.
What is the name of my hero? Write plain, [Macaine!
Soldier and Scotchman, its Hector

Hector sounds well in a story of battle,
Homer had some such old hero in Troy.
Schoolboys may doubt; but the roar and the rattle,
Cannon and smoke, that's the school of the boy.
Woolwich Cadet! oh! so cruelly slain:
Why did they leave you, young Hector Macaine!

Leave you, my lad! When your "pals" all adored you.
Was there one comrade refused you his life!
War is full dear; but we could not afford you,
You who rejoiced in the drums and the fife.
Ours is the loss, but to fame is the gain:
Why did they kill you, young Hector Macaine!

Kill'd you a prisoner! Left there and lonely,
Waiting in hope for the grasp of our hand,
Straining your ears for our cheering, and only
Living to leap at the lift of your hand!
Curs'd be the murderers! Children of Cain,
Those who betray'd you, our Hector Macaine!

How our hearts beat when we thought we could save you;
We were so cheery, and you, boy, so far.
Unfurl the colors! We thought they could wave you
Hope from the lads to the far Candahar!
Strike up the pipes! for we'll at him again;
Roberts is marching to Hector Macaine!

Merciless fate! When the Highlanders started
Firm in their purpose to rescue a friend,
Off from the ambush the enemy darted,
Called the last roll, stabbed—and that was the end!
Just as we breasted the hill from the plain, [laine!
Died, like a soldier, young Hector Macaine!

Died! Why, of course, he met death like a hero,
Baring his breast while the prisoners fled.
He was the victim, his gaoler the Nero,
Piling his body on heaps of the dead.
Still, cursed you fell, and were cursed with the slain, [Macaine!
Scotland was true to you Hector

*Punch.*

## PEGGING AWAY.

There was an old shoemaker, sturdy as steel,
Of great wealth and repute in his day;
Who if questioned his secret of luck to reveal,
Would chirp like a bird on a spray.
"It isn't so much the vocation you're in,
Or you're liking for it," he would say,
"As it is that forever thro' thick and through thin,
You should keep up a pegging away."

I have found it a maxim of value, whose truth
Observation has proved in the main;
And which will hold true in a lady as well as a watch,
Word by youth:
In the labour of hand and of brain;
For even if genius and talent were cast
Into works of the strongest display,
Yet one never be sure of achievement at last
Unless you keep pegging away.

There are shoppers who might in statesmen
Politicians for handiwork made,
Scamps who better in workshops had shone
And mechanics best suited for trade;
And when once in harness, however it fit,
Buckle down to your work right and day,
Secure in the triumph of hand and of wit:
If you only keep pegging away.

There are times in all tasks when the fiend
Discontent,
Advises a pause or a change,
And, on fields far away, as the more fervent bent,
The purpose is tempted to range;
Never heed, but in sound recreation restore
Such traits as are slow to obey,
And then, more persistent and staunch than before,
Keep pegging and pegging away.

Leave fitful endeavor for such as would cast
Their spotted existence in vain.
For the secret of wealth in the present and past
Is:
And of fame and of honor is plain:
It has not changed, or in sentiment nice,
Nor in way want exploit and display,
But just in the shoemaker's homely advice
To keep pegging and pegging away.

# HENRY DUNBAR:
## OR—
## THE OUTCAST.

### An Interesting Story by Miss Braddon.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

The Shorncliffe races were described in circle round that very patch of common land on which Shorncliffe fair was always held. Indeed, the fair was only a part of the races. Mr. Cadgers' equestrian troupe were in the habit of remaining idle throughout the day, while serious business was being done upon the sandy turf in the magic circle; but at night when the races were over, when the simple country-folk had stared wonderingly at the flying thoroughbreds, and had lost their half crowns and sixpences in friendly sweepstakes; when the carriages of the county families had gone homeward in a cloud of dust; when the betting men had deserted that cowshed-like edifice which was dignified by the title of the grand stand; when the glory of the race was over—then the fair began in good earnest. The gongs sounded, the drums beat, and opposition pandeas pipes squeaked shrill and clamor; blazing cresets of naphtha flared out upon the blackness of the night; performing dogs yelped in their professional ardour; learned pigs grunted hoarse imprecations to distinguish themselves; eager horses neighed and curveted amidst the sawdust of the ring, and Mr. Cadgers company appeared in all their splendor.

They were not quite idle in the daytime, though; for during the intervals between the races, Herr Von Tolterheder swallowed swords, and spun a washing-basin upon the top of a walking-stick, and otherwise delighted the spectators in the shadowy depths of the canvas booth. Mr. Samuel Boiter performed wonderful feats of strength with unnatural-looking wooden chairs, and flung himself into attitudes utterly opposed to the harmonious laws of nature, and made himself uncomfortable to look at, for the gratification of a very limited audience. Mrs. Cadgers, better known as Mademoiselle l'Amour, exhibited herself on these occasions in a Highland dress and took the money at the doors with the dignity of Mrs. Bob Roy Macgregor herself.

This inly was in the habit of appearing in short petticoats, and always spoke of upon the point of executing some Terpsichorean achievement, but never yet had been seen by mortal eye to carry out this intention.

Mrs. Cadgers was very good at promenading arm-in-arm with a Spanish nobleman, with corked eyebrows and impossible calves. She was good, too, at taking the money, and had a sharp eye for spurious copper coin; but beyond this her accomplishments were of a purely legendary character.

"When first I saw my girl, Nance," Mr. Cadgers would say, when the liver and bacon, or sausages, or the pig's fry had been done to a turn, and the jupiter of the caravan was in a good humor with his Juno "when first I set eyes upon Mrs. Cadgers, which it were at the Falcon Tavern, Whitechapel, she was a dancin' the 'Ighland fling in such quick time as it would have made your air a'most stand on head to look at her. But what with the wear and tear of married life, and what with the price of provisions, I don't think as you could get that 'Ighland fling out of Mrs. Cadgers now, not if you was to lay down golden sovereigns for her to dance upon."

Philip Dudley Palgrave Jocelyn, *alias* Jocelyn Gilbert, *Alias* Mr. Jarvis, lay upon a bundle of hay in a corner of the canvas booth, which was curtained off from the circus, and which served as a living-room for Mr. Cadgers and his company. They were all busy except the artist, and he was alone. He had allowed little Gregory to be dressed in some fantastic costume, and to show himself upon the platform in the ring with Mr. Cadgers' two olive-branches, much to the boy's delight. He himself had worked hard enough to earn the right to be idle, for once in a while, brooding over his strange fate, in the dusky shelter of the curtained booth; while innocent country-folks were laughing loud at the hackneyed old jests upon the other side of the curtain.

He lay stretched at full length upon the truss of hay, with a short pipe in his mouth thinking over his strange fortunes, while Herr Von Volterchoker, in a voice which would have scared mirthful thoughts away from the mind of a sensitive person, demanded from his audience when it was that a door was not a door, and other conundrums of equal freshness and originality. Philip Dudley Palgrave Jocelyn lay and brooded over his lot in life.

He was the nephew of the late Lord Haughton; he was the cousin of the present earl; and he was dependent upon the patronage of Mr. Cadgers for a meal for himself and his only child. His father had been a thoughtless, reckless spendthrift, who had quarreled with the late earl, and had, in vulgar parlance, gone to the dogs, leaving his son penniless to fight the hard battle of life, with nothing but contumely to expect from his grand relations.

The earl and his brother, George Augustus Davenport Jocelyn, had hated each other, as brothers do sometimes hate each other, even in this enlightened age. George had married a farmer's daughter secretly, and had been turned out of doors by his indignant father. Only one child, was born from this marriage, and that was Philip Dudley Palgrave Jocelyn. The mother died within a year, and the orphan, friendless and helpless, was left to the care of Mr. and Mrs. Melwood, who were farmers upon the Haughton estate.

The disinherited young father left his boy in Margery Melwood's care until Philip was nearly ten years old. During all that time the two boys, Humphrey Melwood and Philip Dudley Palgrave Jocelyn, had lived together as brothers, sharing the same rustic pleasures, rifling birds' nests in the bright spring weather, blackberry gathering in the sheltered country lanes, hunting for hazel-nuts in the woods round Jocelyn's Rock, while my lord, the young Viscount Palgrave the earl's only son, played cricket with his aristocratic companions in the meadows of Eton.

This boy, Viscount Palgrave, only stood between Humphrey Melwood's foster brother and a fortune.

By and-by George Augustus Jocelyn took his son to London, and the boy grew up in the West-end lodging-house, where his father lived a gay bachelor life. The lad picked up his education how he might; and this education was by no means good or a wise one; for George Augustus Davenport Jocelyn's friends were bad, dissipated men, who had wasted their fortunes, and taken to living by their wits; and it was from those men that Philip picked up his notions of right and wrong.

It may be imagined, therefore, that those notions of good and evil were by no means the clearest of the kind. Philip was clever, brave, proud, sometimes generous; but he had the selfishness of the Jocelyn race—that one dark stain which had sullied the character of every Jocelyn, since the first Earl of Haughton had deserted the cause of Lancaster and attached himself to the usurping house of York for his own advancement. Philip Jocelyn was selfish. His own his pleasure, his own ease were always most dear to him. He married an ignorant, superficial girl, for the love of her pretty face; and was angry with her when he found her a dull companion, a fretful, complaining fellow-traveler upon the dreary road of life.

Perhaps had Philip been a better man, Agatha Jocelyn might never have fallen to the depth of degradation to which she had sunk when her husband lost patience with the miseries of his life, and deserted the woman who had become a horrible and loathsome burden to him. He lay upon the truss of hay in Mr. Cadger's canvas habitation, thinking of the past, thinking of those early days in which he had wandered in Jocelyn Park with Humphrey Melwood, utterly ignorant that the young viscount, who rode past the latticed windows of the lodge upon his valuable pony, was the first cousin to the little ragamuffin who watched him admiringly from behind the lattice.

"The world has been a pleasant place for Sydney Jocelyn, Earl of Haughton," the strolling scene painter muttered to himself, bitterly; "everything has prospered, his estate, and a high-born bride. The child who is to be born at Jocelyn's Rock will have a different fate to my poor little one, whose best friend was Nancy Cadgers, the showman's wife."

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"This is the place, Philip; this is the place which Lord Haughton says is the most dangerous. I will stop here, if you please."

Philip Jocelyn looked round. The glass carriage, with a magnificent pair of horses, had drawn up within a few paces of the wooden barrier. The Haughton arms were emblazoned upon the panels; the Haughton great glistened upon the harness; and a woman with a beautiful aristocratic face, was looking out of the open window.

This woman was Rosalind, Countess Haughton.

A girl, a few years younger than the countess, simply dressed, and looking like a humble companion, was seated in the carriage opposite Lady Haughton.

The countess looked with sad, anxious eyes, at the double fence, the still water in the broad, yawning ditch.

"Oh Mary," she said, in a low, tremulous voice, which was audible to Jocelyn, she stood close to the carriage, "Oh, Mary, what a dangerous place—what a horrible place! I am convinced that something will happen."

The girl smiled reassuringly.

"Pray, do not think that my lady," she said, "I meant anything wrong, or even again, that there was no real danger with such a horse as Devilshoof. But, indeed, my lady, it was very wrong of you to be so nervous. I don't know what my lord would say if he knew that you were here."

"I could not stop away," the countess answered; "I could not endure the suspense, Mary. Think what agonies I must have suffered had I remained at Jocelyn's Rock, perhaps for hours, the victim of my fancies. Mrs. Cadgers, better known as Mademoiselle l'Amour, exhibited herself on these occasions in a Highland dress and took the money at the doors with the dignity of Mrs. Bob Roy Macgregor herself.

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"Oh Mary," she said, in a low, tremulous voice, which was audible to Jocelyn, she stood close to the carriage, "Oh, Mary, what a dangerous place—what a horrible place! I am convinced that something will happen."

The girl smiled reassuringly.

"Pray, do not think that my lady," she said, "I meant anything wrong, or even again, that there was no real danger with such a horse as Devilshoof. But, indeed, my lady, it was very wrong of you to be so nervous. I don't know what my lord would say if he knew that you were here."

"I could not stop away," the countess answered; "I could not endure the suspense, Mary. Think what agonies I must have suffered had I remained at Jocelyn's Rock, perhaps for hours, the victim of my fancies.

"But if his lordship should see you?" remonstrated the companion.

"He will not know it. He will not think of me in the excitement of the race."

At this moment another bell rang, and a shout from the crowd upon the grand stand told that the signal had been flashed.

Philip Jocelyn could not withdraw his eye from the face of the countess. The look of agony in that pale, anxious countenance had a strange fascination for him.

He heard the dull thud of the rushing hoofs upon the turf. He turned, and the two first riders passed him, almost abreast. One of these foremost riders was Lord Haughton. He was a handsome young man, not unlike Philip Jocelyn. He held his head high, and his scarlet satin jacket, yellow belt, and scarlet cap blazed in the sunshine.

The two riders flew triumphantly over the fence, the horses' hoofs seemed scarcely to touch the ground in the space between the first and second fence. The third rider was not quite so fortunate; he cleared the two fences, but his horse came down with a loud splash into the water, and the gentleman-jockey was very nearly out of the saddle. He recovered himself wonderfully and flew after the foremost riders, amid the cheers of the bystanders.

The Countess of Haughton gave a faint, gasping cry as her husband cleared the obstacles in his way.

"Thank Heaven," she murmured, "thank heaven for this bounteous mercy!"

Was one of the lookers-on said to his companion:

"They go round again, don't they?"

"Yes, they're to ride twice round the course."

There was a pause. With straining eyes the eager watchers of the race looked for the return of the riders. The interval was brief enough, but it seemed long to many of those impatient witnesses who had staked all their money upon the issue of the race.

The dare devil earl's horse, Devilshoof, was the favorite.

"Lord Haughton's safe to win," muttered one of the men near to Jocelyn: "Devilshoof is a good name for his horse, for I think he's got pluck enough to ride old Nick himself.

Again the rush of hoofs sounded upon the turf, and the three riders came thundering down the hill.

This time the lord Haughton was half of a quarter of a mile ahead of his antagonists.

A great shout arose from all the lookers-on; a hoarse, triumphant cry; the thunder of a thousand voices.

"Devilshoof—Devilshoof wins! Ten to one on Devilshoof! Twenty to one on Devilshoof!"

The young lord rode his horse to the fence. He cleared the first; his horse flew like a cat at the second, caught his hind hoofs in the light hurdle at the top of the fence, went plunging down head foremost into the water, and shot his rider off half a dozen yards ahead upon the turf.

The handsome young lord in the scarlet satin jacket fell like a log, and lay like a log.

A long, hideous shriek rang through the summer air. There was a moment's breathless pause. And then a sturdy farmer broke from the crowd, jumped across the barrier, and dragged the figure in the scarlet jacket off the course as the two horses came tearing over the fences.

*To be continued.*

## AGRICULTURAL.

Horses—Three year old mare or gelding, carriage—H & G Wilcox 1st, H Caughell, 2nd. Three year old, general purpose—H Knight 1st, A Baker & Son 2nd. 2-yr-old colt—H Caughell 1st, J. L. Wise 2nd, H McGregor 3rd. One year colt—Dawson & McGregor 1st, J Thayer 2nd, Jacob Ostrander 3rd. Brood mare and foal—J Marshall 1st, J Skedding 2nd, H Caughell 3rd. Special awarded—H & G Wilcox. Span general purpose horses—H Fulton 1st, J Thayer 2nd, W Parker 3rd. Span carriage horses, Skedding 1st. Span Roadsters—Jas Ferrand 2nd, C Begg 3rd. Saddle horse—D Luton 1st, J Thayer 2nd, N Small 3rd. Span roadsters—S Fulton 1st, Mr. Gordon 2nd, P Odell 3rd. Single buggy horse—P. Odell 1st, Ben Marlatt 2nd, John Marlatt 3rd. Single roadster—G A Lawton 1st, Mr. Gordon 2nd, H Jones 3rd. Running race for whip given by W Newcombe—H Caughell. Trotting for whip given by W H Brown, Esq.—P Odell. Special given by G Reid; pair Ballers for best span carriage horses, open to all—G & H Wilcox.

DURHAM CATTLE.—Aged bull—Daniel Marlatt 1st, J Lewis 2nd. Two year old bull—G A Lawton 1st, W Hayden 2nd. Bull calf—Mathew Gilbert 1st, G A Lawton 2nd and 3rd. Milk cow—J & D Ferguson 1st, M Gilbert 2nd, W Hayden 3rd. Three year old heifer—M Gilbert 1st. Two year old heifer—G A Lawton 1st and 2nd, D W Newcombe 3rd. One year old heifer—M Gilbert 1st. Heifer calf—M Gilbert 1st.

GRADE CATTLE.—Milk cows—G A Lawton 1st, W Martin 2nd, J H Westlake 3rd. Three year old heifer—D Newcombe 1st, W Small 2nd and 3rd. Two year old heifer—J Lewis 1st, T Baker 2nd, W E Leonard 3rd. One year old heifer—W E Leonard 1st, J & D Ferguson 2nd, Joshua Lewis 3rd. Heifer calf—W & J Martin 1st, D Marlatt 2nd, J and D Ferguson 3rd. Fat animal—J Lewis 1st, W Martin 2d. Three year old steers—J Lewis 1st and 2nd. Pair 2 year old steers—T Baker 1st and 2nd, W J Locke 3rd. Pair 1 year old steers—J Lewis 1st, T Baker 2nd, W E Leonard 3rd. One year old heifer—W E Leonard 1st, J & D Ferguson 2nd, Joshua Lewis 3rd. Heifer calf—W & J Martin 1st, D Marlatt 2nd, J and D Ferguson 3rd. Fat animal—J Lewis 1st, W Martin 2d. Three year old steers—J Lewis 1st and 2nd. Pair 2 year old steers—T Baker 1st and 2nd, W J Locke 3rd. Pair 1 year old steers—J Lewis 1st, W J Locke 2nd, W Martin 3rd.

SHEEP.—Aged ram—W Wadham 1st, J Marshall 2nd, J Thayer 3rd. Shearing ram—W Wadham 1st, J Gloin 2nd, D W Newcombe 3rd. Ram lamb—W Wadham 1st and 2nd, W Hayden 3rd. Aged ewes, —W Wadham 1st and 2nd. Shearling ewes—W Wadham 1st and 2nd. Ewe lambs—J Gloin 1st, W Hayden 2nd, J Marshall 3rd. Fat sheep—W Wadham 1st, W Hayden 2nd.

HOGS, LARGE BREED.—Aged boar, R P Lane 1st, J Thayer 2nd. Aged sow—J Marshall 1st, W Marlatt 2nd, R Lewis 3rd. Sow under 1 year—D W Newcombe 1st.

HOGS, SMALL BREED.—Aged boar—W Millman 1st. Boar under 1 year—W J Locke 1st, W Millman 2nd, W Parker 3rd. Sow, aged—Nathan Small 1st, W Parker 2nd. Sow under 1 year—W J Locke 1st, W Millman 2nd, W Parker 3rd.

POULTRY.—Pair polands—W R Millman 1st, W Parker 2nd. Pair spanish—A Brower 1st, J Chudley 2nd. Pair bramahs —J D Mann 1st, J Brower 2nd. Pair dorkings—J D Mann 1st, J Thayer 2nd. Pair hamburgs—Rogers Hortop 1st, E Lewis 2nd. Pair bantams—W Zavits 1st, R Parker 2nd. Pair game—A Brower 1st, Pair Aylesbury ducks—Tickets not returned. Pair Rouen ducks—W Millman 1st. Pair turkeys—J D Mann 1st, C F Ross 2nd. Pair pigeons—W Millman 1st, C F Ross 2nd. Collection of poultry—W Millman 1st, C F Ross 2nd. Pair bighorns—A Brower 1st and 2nd. Pair houdans—A Brower 1st, Jehiel Marlatt 2nd. Pair dominiques—Jos Marlatt 1st, A Brower 2nd.

DAIRY AND DOMESTIC.—Twenty pounds butter—Mrs. Jones 1st, N Conrad 2nd, J Marshall 3rd. Five pounds butter—John Skedding 1st, Mrs. Jones 2nd, N Conrad 3rd. Twenty pounds cheese—Asa Pound 1st, Grey & Cook 2nd. Four stilton cheeses—Asa Pound 1st. Ten pounds maple sugar—S W Zavits. Ten pounds honey—Mrs. Hawkins 1st, A N Conrad 2nd. Hop yeast bread—Jehiel Marlatt 1st, J and W Laughlin 2nd. Brown bread, variety—W Curtis 1st, J Marshall 2nd, J D Mann 3d. White oat—W Wadham 1st, E Marsh 2d, S W Zavits 3rd. Barley—W Wadham 1st, D Luton 2nd, W Parker 3d. Peas—W Millman 1st, N Parker 2nd, J Marshall 3rd. Yellow corn—Chas Curtis 1st, W Millman 2nd, D Marlatt 3rd. Yellow corn—Chas F Ross 1st, A Russ 2nd, W Wadham 3rd. White corn—W Millman 1st, W Millman 2nd, C F Ross 3rd. Timothy seed—A Brower 1st. Clover seed—D Marlatt 1st, L Knight 2nd, W Parker 3rd. Special prize: pair of home Cheddar cheese; pair of boots for best two bushels seed wheat—W Curtis.

FLOWERS AND FLOWERS.—Bouquet cut flowers—Jehiel Marlatt 1st, D W Newcombe 2nd, A W Graham 3rd. Bouquet everlasting flowers—Wm. Newcombe 1st, D W Newcombe 2nd, A W Graham 3rd. Collection of flowers, named—Wm. Newcombe. House plants—D W Newcombe 1st, Wm. Newcombe 2nd. Collection of dahlias—A W Graham.

FRUIT.—Winter apples—A Baker 1st, M Gilbert 2d, W Wadham 3rd. Fall apples—S Marlatt 1st, B Gilbert 2nd, W Martin 3rd. Variety of apples—A Baker 1st, D Newcombe 2nd, W H Brown 3rd. Peaches, —J D Mann 1st, W Marlatt 2nd, G Newcombe 3rd. Pears—Jehiel Marlatt 1st, W Hayden 2nd, Wm. Newcombe 3rd. Quince —J Doherty 1st, Wm. Newcombe 2nd. Plums—Mrs. Hawkins 1st. Six bunches grapes—N Small 1st, L Fisher 2