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CROFTS & Co
THEY KEEP
"THE RIGHT HOUSE"
AND ALWAYS SELL CHEAP.
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The Free Press.

Saturday, October 11, 1879.

Outside Show.

Bright pearls lie deep 'neath the salt sea waves,
Rich gems are hid in the darkest caves,
And the wealth untold of virgin gold
The eyes of man will never behold!
Yet look! on the wild waves shining crest
The seaweed floats in its dark green nest,
And the debris light, with the foam so white,
Mere worthless things, first meet the sight!

The violet hides in the lonesome dell,
The nightingale singeth long and well,
While the world's asleep in slumber deep,
And the other birds their vigils keep;
Yet the sparrow, lacking numbers sweet,
Will chirp and scold at your very feet;
And the meanest flower that woos the shower
Wears gold bright robes for the summer hour.

And thus we never can seem to tell
What essence of meat lies in the shell,
Or whether the tree will a bearer be
Till the nut is cracked or the fruit we see;
And thus it is with friends and foes,
For the secret heart heaven only knows,
And the friends who stay with us to-day,
To-morrow, as foes, may go their way.

And thus it is with all outside show,
The false, from the real who may know?
The sorry and sad, from the gay and glad,
Or the angel fair from the demon mad?
And yet it is better the snake to warm
Than to leave the dove to the pelting storm,
For the time may come when we shall ken
The whys and the wherefores that trouble men.

RUPERT GODWIN.

CHAPTER I.

A SAD FAREWELL.

In a charming residence, half cottage, half manor-house, embowered in the woodland scenery of Hampshire, lived a family who might have formed the model for a poet's ideal of domestic happiness. The home circle was not a large one. It consisted of only four persons—Captain Harley Westford, of the merchant service, his wife, son and daughter. The captain and his wife were both in the fairest prime of middle age. Life for them seemed at its brightest and best. Clara Westford's girlish beauty might, indeed, have vanished with the snows of departed winters, the blossoms of by-gone spring-times; but another kind of beauty had succeeded—the calm loveliness of the matron whose life has been cloudless as one long summer's day, pure as the untrodden snows of some far Alpine region.

Yes; she was very lovely still. Beauty has its Indian summer, and the glory of that later splendor is scarcely less than the early freshness of springtime. Mrs. Westford possessed even a rarer charm than mere perfection of face or figure. Every look, every movement, was instinct with that indefinable grace for which we can find no better name than good breeding. She had that winning manner which the French call graciousness. Those who were intimate with the captain and his wife, whispered that Clara Westford came of a nobler race than that of her husband. It was said that she had left the house of a wealthy father, to begin the battle of life with the frank, genial, handsome merchant sailor, and that she had thus made herself forever an outcast from the family to which she belonged.

No one knew the real story of that runaway marriage. The captain and his wife kept the secrets of the past locked in their own breasts. Mrs. Westford could very seldom be induced to speak of her marriage; but when she did speak, it was always in words that expressed the pride she felt in her husband.

"I know that his family has no place amongst Burke's landed gentry, and that his grandfather was a trader on the high seas, like himself," she would say; "but I also know that his name is honored by the few to whom it is familiar, and that in his native town, Westford and honesty are synonymous terms."

Only one shadow ever darkened that rustic dwelling among the verdent woods and fair, spreading pastures of Hampshire; and that shadow was a very terrible one.

It came when the husband and father was obliged to leave the dear ones who made his home a kind of paradise for him. Partings were very frequent in that simple household. The captain's professional duties called him often away to scenes of peril and tempest, far from that happy nook in peaceful England.

To-day the June sunshine is bright on the lawn and flower beds in the captain's garden; but the shadow comes with the sunshine, and the bright midsummer noontide is an hour of sadness for the seaman's household.

The captain and his wife are walking slowly, arm in arm, under the shelter of a long alley of hazel and filbert trees. It is a lovely day at the close of June; the roses are in their fullest splendor; the deep blue sky is unshadowed by a cloud; the hum of bees and carolling music of birds make all the air melodious with nature's simple harmonies; a thousand butterflies are fluttering above the flower-beds on the smooth lawn, before the windows of the old Grange. Every quaint diamond-paned casement and broad mullioned window winks and blinks in the warm sunlight, till the old house seems full of eyes. The yellow stone-crop on the gabled roof, the deep crimson of the brick-work, are sharply defined against an ultramarine sky, and make a picture that would gladden the eyes of a pre Raphaelite. The sunshine steeps every leaf and every flower in its warm radiance, it floods the trees with silvery light, it transforms and glorifies the commonest objects, until the earth seems unfamiliar and beautiful as fairyland.

On such a day as this it seems almost impossible to believe that sorrow or heartache can have any existence upon this glorified earth; we almost forget that hearts can break amid beauty and sunshine.

Clara Westford's noble face is pale and wan this sunny morning. Dark circles surround her eyes—earnest eyes, from whose clear depths the very soul of truth looks out. All through the past night this true hearted wife has watched and wept on her knees before Him who can alone protect the wanderer.

"Oh, Harley," she exclaimed, in a low, tremulous voice, while her slender fingers tightened their grasp upon the captain's arm, "it is so bitter—so bitter; almost too bitter to bear. We have parted often before to-day; and yet to-day, for the first time, the anguish of parting seems more than I can endure."

There was a look of agony in the wife's pale face, as she turned it towards her husband, that expressed even more than her passionate words. There were no tears in the large violet hued eyes; but there was a quivering motion about the compressed lips that betrayed a world of suffering.

At sea, or in any hour of peril and contest, Harley Westford possessed the courage of a lion; but the aspect of his wife's grief transformed him into the veriest coward. He strove manfully, however, to conceal his emotion, and it was in a tone of affected gaiety that he replied to Mrs. Westford:—

"My darling," he exclaimed, "this is really foolish, and quite unworthy of a seaman's wife, who should have a soul above fear. This parting ought not to be a hard one; for is not this to be my last voyage? After this one trip to China, by which I hope to make a sackful of golden guineas for you and the dear ones, I mean to settle down for the rest of my life in this dear old Grange, a regular landsman, a gentleman farmer, if you like: going in for pigs, and prize cattle, and monster turnips, and all that kind of thing, like a country squire to the manor born. Why, Clara, you ought not to shed a tear, this time."

"There are no tears in my eyes, Harley," his wife answered, in the same low, faltering voice, so terribly expressive of mental anguish; "there is something in my sorrow too deep for tears. I have shed tears always on the day of parting, and I know that my cowardly weakness has often unmanned you, Harley; but I can shed no tears to-day. There is an awful terror in my heart. My dreams for the last week have been full of trouble and foreboding. My prayers last night brought no consolation. It seemed to me as if Heaven was deaf to my cries. I feel like some unhappy wretch who wanders blindfold upon the brink of a precipice, every step may plunge me into an abyss of darkness and horror. Oh, Harley, Harley, have pity upon me! I know there is danger in this voyage—deadly, unseen peril. Do not go! Have mercy upon my anguish, Harley, and do not go!"

Again the slender hands tightened convulsively upon the sailor's arm. It seemed as if the agonized wife would have held her husband despite himself in that passionate grasp.

Captain Westford smiled sadly.

"My darling," he said, "foolish as I know your fears to be, I might perhaps indulge them if my word were not pledged to this voyage; but my word is pledged. And when did Harley Westford ever break his promise? There is not a sailor amongst my crew who does not look forward to this trip as a means of taking home comfort to his wife and little ones. They all confide in me as if I were their brother as well as their captain; and I know their plans, poor fellows, and the disappointment they would feel if anything prevented the voyage. No, darling, you must be bold and brave, like a true hearted sailor's wife as you are, the 'Lily Queen'—your ship, Clara; christened after you, the queen of all earthly lilies—the 'Lily Queen' sails from London docks at day-break to-morrow, and, if he lives, Harley Westford sails with her!"

The wife knew that all further remonstrance was useless. She knew that her husband valued his word and honor more than his life, more even than her happiness. She only breathed one long sigh, which sounded like the last murmur of a despairing heart.

"And now listen to me, my dearest one," said Harley Westford, in tones which he strove to render cheerful. 'Listen to me, my own brave, true hearted wife; for I must talk to you of serious business before the Winchester coach turns the sharp corner yonder by the village pond."

He looked at his watch as he spoke.

"Only one more half hour, Clara, and then good-bye!" he exclaimed. "Now, darling, listen. You know that, thanks to Providence, I have been enabled to save a very decent little fortune for you and yours. Close against my breast I carry a pocket book containing bank-notes to the amount of twenty thousand pounds, the entire bulk of my fortune, withdrawn from different foreign investments, by the advice of friends, who have given me warning of an approaching crisis in the money-market. There seems to be always something or other wrong in the money-market, by the way. Directly I return from China I shall invest this money, with the earnings of my present enterprise, in the best and safest manner I can. In the meantime, I shall place the money in the hands of the present head of the banking firm in which my father had the highest confidence; and in whose house he kept an account for thirty years of his life. In such hands the money will be safe until my return. And, to guard against any chance of accident, I shall send you the banker's receipt for the twenty thousand pounds, and for the title-deeds of this house and land, which I shall also lodge in his hands. You will receive these from me before I set sail; and then, as my will is in the hands of my lawyer, you and the children will be safe, come what may."

"Oh, Harley," murmured Clara Westford, "every word you say makes me more and more wretched. You talk as if you were going to certain death."

"No darling, I only talk like a prudent man, who knows the uncertainty of life. But I will say no more, Clara. With twenty thousand pounds, and the freehold of this old Grange with fifty acres of the best land in Hampshire spreading round it, you and the dear ones cannot be ill provided for. And now, dearest, nearly half my time is gone, and I must go and say good-bye to my children."

The captain stepped from the shady alley to the broad sunshine of the lawn. Opposite him were the windows of a pretty morning room sheltered by a long veranda, half hidden under honeysuckle and roses. The cages of the pet birds hung under this veranda, and a Skye terrier was lying on the silky white mat stretched before one of the long French windows, blinding his lazy eyelids in the meridian sun.

A girl of about seventeen appeared in this window. As the captain stepped out upon the lawn she came running towards him.

Never, perhaps, had the June sunlight shone on a lovelier creature than this white-robed girl who came to meet the captain. Her beauty had a sunny freshness which seemed in harmony with the summer morning. Her features were small and delicately formed; the nose, forehead and chin of the purest Grecian type. Her eyes, like her mother's, were of the deepest violet hue, large, lustrous, and earnest, fringed by long auburn lashes. Her hair was of that golden tint so rare in nature, and which art has been wont to simulate, from the age of Roman Lydias and Julias down to our own enlightened era.

This was Violet Westford. They had called her Violet because of those deep-blue eyes, which were only to be matched by the hue of the modest hedgerow flower that hides its beauty under sheltering leaves. They had called her Violet; and well did the sweet, romantic name harmonize with the nature of Clara Westford's daughter, for the girl was almost as unconscious of her exquisite loveliness as the timid blossom after which she had been christened.

"Dearest father," she exclaimed, passing her little hand through the captain's arm, while Mrs. Westford sank faint and exhausted upon a garden seat on the lawn, "mamma has been very cruel to detain you so long, while poor Violet has been longing for a chance of saying good-bye. I have been counting the minutes, papa, and the coach will be at the gate almost immediately. Oh, papa, papa, it seems so hard to lose you!"

The beautiful blue eyes filled with tears as the girl clung to her father; but in Violet Westford's face there was no trace of that awful shadow which blanched the cheeks and lips of her mother to a death-like whiteness. Violet only felt a natural grief at this parting with a father whom she idolized. There was no presentiment of impending peril weighing down her heart.

"Lionel has gone to get Warrior saddled," she said; "he is going to ride by the cross-roads to Winchester. He will be there to meet you when the coach arrives, and will only part with you when the train leaves the station. How I envy him that half hour at the station! Men are always better off than women," murmured the petted beauty of seventeen, with the most bewitching moue.

"My darling, hark! There is the coach."

The guard's horn, playing a joyous polka, made itself heard among the trees as the captain spoke. At the same moment Lionel Westford rode out of an old-fashioned, ivy-covered archway, which formed the entrance to the stables. The coach stopped at the low, wide gate opening into the Grange gardens, and the guard's horn had an impatient sound in the ears of Violet Westford.

Mrs. Westford rose from the rustic bench, calm and tearless, but deadly pale. She advanced to her husband, and put her icy hands in his.

"My beloved," she murmured, "my all in all, I can only pray for you. I must ask you one question, Harley. You spoke just now of a banker; tell me his name, dearest. I have a particular reason for making this inquiry."

"My father's bankers were Godwin & Selby," answered the captain; "the present head of the firm is Rupert Godwin. My own darling, good-bye."

The horn, playing that cheerful dance-music, sounded louder and more clamorous than ever, as Harley Westford pressed one kiss upon his wife's white lips and tore himself away. So hurried, so agitated, had the captain been in that sad parting, that he had been utterly unconscious of the one low, agonized cry which broke from his wife's lips at the sound of Rupert Godwin's name.

But as the coach drove away, bearing with it the husband and father, Clara Westford tottered forward a few paces, and then fell back swooning on the grass.

Violet returned from the garden-gate to see her mother lying upon the ground, white and motionless as a corpse. The girl's terror-stricken shriek brought a couple of women servants running from the house. Mrs. Westford was no puling sentimentalist; and deeply as she had always felt the pain of her parting from the husband she so fondly loved, she had never before been known to lose consciousness. She had, indeed, been distinguished for the heroic calmness with which she had always endured her sorrow, setting a noble example to her son and daughter.

The servants, assisted by Violet, carried the unconscious wife into the house, and laid her on the sofa in the cool drawing-room, carefully darkened by the Venetian shutters.

One of the women then ran to fetch the village doctor, while Violet knelt by her mother's side, bathing the pale forehead with toilet vinegar.

Presently the dark blue eyes were slowly opened and turned towards Violet with a fixed and almost awful stare.

"Rupert Godwin! Rupert Godwin!" cried Clara Westford in tones of anguish. "Oh, not to him, Harley! Oh, no, no, no! Not to him! Rupert Godwin! I knew that there was peril, deadly peril, in store for you; but I never dreamt of that danger."

Again the eyes closed; the head fell back upon the sofa-pillows.

The doctor came; but neither he nor any other doctor upon this earth could have ministered to her, whose disease was of the mind rather than of the body.

Mrs. Westford fell from one fainting-fit into another. She was conveyed to her own room, where she was tenderly watched by her daughter, and by her son, Lionel, who returned from Winchester after having seen his father start by the London train.

The young man adored his mother, and was both grieved and alarmed by her sudden illness. He insisted upon taking up his post in a pretty little boudoir adjoining Mrs. Westford's bedroom, and he sat there hour after hour, listening to every sound in the sick chamber.

The old Grange, so gay with happy voices only a few days before, was now silent as the house of death. The doctor ordered his patient to be kept in unbroken quiet, and his orders were implicitly obeyed.

But though Mr. Sanderson, the village surgeon, was a man of considerable experience, he found his patient's illness of a nature to baffle his best care, his highest skill.

"The mind is ailing, Miss Westford," he said, in answer to Violet's anxious questions; "the parting of to-day has affected your mother very keenly, and hers is an illness that time alone can heal. In the meanwhile I can only recommend perfect repose. The mind has been over-excited by painful emotions, and we must allow time for recovery. A night's rest may restore the brain to its normal state. To-morrow all may be well."

To be continued.

THE TOOLEY SLANDER.

Mr. Tooley's Character Completely Vindicated.

It will be remembered that during the election contest in the East Riding of Middlesex in June last the opponents of Mr. Tooley, M.P.P., knowing that he could not be defeated by fair means, were very zealous in spreading a gross scandal in reference to his character. Every effort was made to trace the calumny to its source, but for some time without avail. At length, however, one Adam H. Secord, of Dorchester, made use of the slander in conversation with Mr. William Barr, of the same township, and Mr. Tooley, thus finding the author, at once instructed his solicitors, Messrs. Macmillan & Taylor, to bring an action against Secord, which was done. The action was entered for trial at the present assizes, and as the day approached Mr. Secord became frightened and signed the apology given below, agreeing to pay all Mr. Tooley's costs, and has as security therefor deposited $150 in the office of the Clerk of the Court. As the intention of Mr. Tooley in prosecuting was simply to vindicate his character, and not to make money out of Secord, he consented to the settlement on these terms. Messrs. Macmillan & Taylor acted for Mr. Tooley, and David Glass, Q. C., and Messrs. Rock & Macbeth for Secord.

It is hoped that the example made in this case will be a warning to others, not to let their political spite get the better of their judgment.

Tooley vs. Secord.

APOLOGY.

A conversation having taken place between Wm. Barr and myself in the month of May now last past, during which there was discussed the matter of a rumor affecting the honor and integrity of Mr. Richard Tooley in connection with an alleged criminal act towards one Anna Patterson, it appears that Mr. Barr left with this understanding of my remarks, that I had stated that Mr. Tooley had taken a girl to a medical man to try to procure an abortion, and then threatened her that if she ever opened her head about it, it would send her to the Penitentiary for life.

I wish publicly to declare that if I left that impression on him, I did not intend to do so, but if I conveyed such impression to Mr. Barr I hereby declare that it was not so intended by me, as the words used by me did not refer to Mr. Richard Tooley, and I had not, nor have I, any ground for making such a charge against him. And I agree to pay taxed costs.

Dated at London, this ninth day of October, A. D. 1879.

(Signed.) ADAM H. SECORD.

Free Press Correspondence

The New Gas Co., and Their Employes.

LETTER FROM MR. WM. DUFFIELD.

To the Editor of the Free Press.

DEAR SIR,—In reading a report of the proceedings of London East Council at their last meeting, I noticed that Mr. I. Waterman made the assertion that the new gas company would not give employment to a resident of London East. This is false, and I take this opportunity of giving such assertion an unqualified denial. Hoping you will give this an insertion in your valuable paper, I remain, &c.,

WILLIAM DUFFIELD,
President London Gas Light Co.

London, October 10, 1879.

The High School Difficulty.

LETTER FROM MR. WM. O'CONNOR.

To the Editor of the Free Press.

SIR,—It must be admitted that no personal feelings should be permitted to cause injury to the educational interests of our city. I feel assured that my influence as a teacher has been lessened by the contemptuous manner in which my name has sometimes appeared in your columns. May I ask you to prevent the publication of such expressions as "O'Connor's Contankerousness," "A Disappointed Aspirant," etc., in your journal? For the same reason I regret that Rev. Mr. Checkley has thought proper to criticise my conduct in such an unfavorable manner in a public place.

I have been asked by many citizens to explain the supposed want of harmony or the alleged negligence; but I have been quite as much surprised at Mr. Checkley's statements as were any of the Trustees. Every teacher and pupil in the Institute can testify that I have endeavored to harmonize my views of my duty with his wishes.

For the present, I will merely state, for the information of parents and others interested, that my pupils were as successful at the recent examination as they were in preceding years, especially when we take into consideration the difficulty of the papers, and the average success of other High Schools. At the last intermediate examination I passed in mathematics 21 pupils exactly the same number that I passed on these subjects on July, 1878. Five of these 21 pupils were rejected in other subjects, leaving 16 who passed in all branches.

The numbers of passed pupils at the several intermediate examinations in all subjects in this city were:—

	Pupils.
July, 1876	4
December, 1876	7
July, 1877	8
December, 1877	8
July, 1878	18
December, 1878	15
July, 1879	16

I may add that my pupils have regularly taken honors in mathematics at Toronto University every year for the past three years. This year five matriculated, one taking first-class honors in mathematics. Another pupil obtained second place at the entrance examination for Kingston Military College.

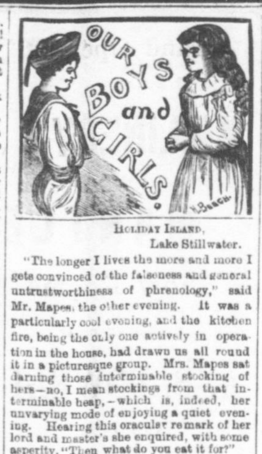
In Rev. Mr. Checkley's report, presented last Tuesday evening, these very facts were stated as proofs that the progress of the school was satisfactory. It is astonishing to learn that at a later hour, at the very same meeting, he charged me with negligent teaching, although he had included the result of my work in his flattering report.

I am not covetous of credit, and I would not have claimed my share of the praise if I had not been compelled to do so in self-defence. I am greatly mistaken in my estimate of the people of this city if they approve of such reckless treatment of my hard-won reputation. I am, sir, yours respectfully,

WM. O'CONNOR.

..The condition of the St. John's fire department reminds a reader of the *News* of the following lines, familiar twenty five years ago and which are not confined in their application to that particular section:—

When fire is cried and danger nigh,
"God and the firemen" is the people's cry;
But when 'tis out, and all things righted,
God is forgotten and the firemen slighted.



HOLIDAY ISLAND,
Lake Stillwater.

"The longer I lives the more and more I gets convinced of the falseness and general untrustworthiness of phrenology," said Mr. Mapes, the other evening. It was a particularly cool evening, and the kitchen fire, being the only one actively in operation in the house, had drawn us all round it in a picturesque group. Mrs. Mapes sat darning those interminable stocking of hers—no, I mean stockings from that interminable heap,—which is, indeed, her unvarying mode of enjoying a quiet evening. Hearing this oracular remark of her lord and master's she enquired, with some asperity, "Then what do you eat it for?"

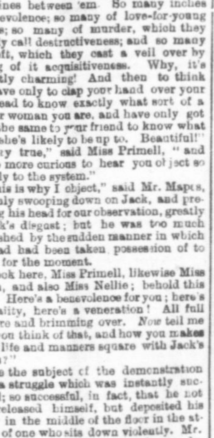
"Eat what?" in his turn, asked Jack, amazedly.

"Why, that ferrinology you're talkin' about," answered Martha.

"Ah, I see," said Mr. Mapes, placidly. "Your head's not made for them words, Martha, my dear. That one means a science well beknown to all the others here assembled; a science dealing with bumps. And I says again, Miss Primell, my belief in it is growing every day gradually smaller and beautifully lesser."

"Why so?" said Miss Primell, always ready for information.

"Because the books and the casts says one thing, and the heads of them I lives among says another. Just think of them casts, mapped out regular with all the virtues and vices in pretty little divisions, with



neat lines between 'em. So many inches of benevolence; so many of love-for-young infants; so many of murder, which they politely call destructiveness; and so many of theft, which they cast a veil over by calling of it acquisitiveness. Why, it's perfectly charming! And then to think you have only to clap your hand over your own head to know exactly what sort of a man or woman you are, and have only got to do the same to your friend to know what he or she's likely to be up to. Beautiful!"

"Very true," said Miss Primell, "and all the more curious to hear you object so strongly to the system."

"This is why I object," said Mr. Mapes, suddenly swooping down on Jack, and presenting his head for our observation, greatly to Jack's disgust; but he was too much astonished by the sudden manner in which his head had been taken possession of to resist, for the moment.

"Look here, Miss Primell, likewise Miss Mabyn, and also Miss Nellie; behold this brow. Here's a benevolence for you; here's a ideality, here's a veneration! All full measure and brimming over. *Now* tell me what you think of that, and how you makes Jack's life and manners square with Jack's bumps?"

Here the subject of the demonstration made a struggle which was instantly successful; so successful, in fact, that he not only released himself, but deposited his captor in the middle of the floor in the attitude of one who sits down violently. Mr. Mapes, far from being annoyed, was delighted, and made no attempt to rise.

"There," he cried, pointing to Jack; "there! What did I say? *Him* with a full-sized veneration! Him with a knob of benevolence as would do credit to a Peabody! Believe in it, with me chucked down on the floor before your very eyes, believe in it if you can!" We did not.

FRED.

Ever so many times I have been asked by *dearest* Nell to write a few lines for this best of all corners in the best of all newspapers, but never finding I had anything particular to say, why, I never attempted to say it till now. And I don't know that I should have broken silence even now, if it had not been for Nell's remarks last week about Miss Esther Primell. I declare it was shabby, downright real *shabby* (Nell will see this, of course, so I repeat the word purposely) to let all the world know that symptoms of a tender nature were beginning to develop themselves in Miss Esther's heart. And we are not at all sure, either, that such is really the case, because if walking alone in the garden these splendid nights, if gazing long and rapturously on the moon, or listening to a bird's song, is to be translated that way only, why, what would any of us be? Where would Nell be? Where would *I* be? O, good gracious, what am I saying? I know where I *ought* to be; its past eleven o'clock, and Nell has been asleep an hour or more.

MABYN.

OUR BUDGET—NO. 5.

(Selected.)

HIDDEN CITIES AND RIVERS.

In each of the following sentences find a city and the river on which it is situated:—

1. The sabre slaughters in a mode really fearful.
2. In order to destroy the owls we shot them, and they fell with soft thuds on the ground.
3. From Erie to Cincinnati, Bertha travelled by rail.
4. "O, Ma! Has Jane told you?" The cream is sour; I cannot drink it.
5. Papa tries occasionally to look at these ineffectual attempts.
6. Show some pluck, now, or the whole gang escapes!
7. He asked me to row him to the pirate's polacca. I rose and refused, and then I left the place.

EASY SQUARE WORD.

1. A young human being. 2. What dull people seldom have. 3. A plant that grows in water. 4. Young human beings.

ARTICLES OF ATTIRE ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A band and a border. 2. Part of a gun and two-thirds of obtain. 3. A command for silence and a tool. 4. A dish, a member and to go wrong. 5. An animal, a covering and to plunder. 6. A luminary, a French nurse and a beverage. 7. A fluid and trial. 8. A parent, a beam and the name of a musical note. 9. A vegetable, a boy's name and two-thirds of damp. 10. A consonant and a stream. 11. To straighten up and hired out. 12. A foundling, a knot and a place for herding sheep. 13. A member, a dog and the principal. 14. Pipes. 15. Be careful and to fetter. 16. To give a smart blow and the noise made by a contented pet. 17. An extremity and to fondle. 18. A headland. 19. Skaters. 20. Three-fifths of a sweet substance, and the same amount of a harmless fluid.

TWO EASY WORD SQUARES.

I.—1. A fixed period of time, from which dates are computed. 2. The title of a Turkish governor. 3. The water-willow. 4. At a low price. 5. A fabulous winged monster.

II.—1. An uncultivated tract. 2. To permit. 3. A gentle hill. 4. A person of confirmed drinking habits. 5. Large pitchers.

EASY ENIGMA.

My first is in cat, but not in dog;
My next is in vapor, and also in fog;
My third is in long, but not in short;
My fourth is in stronghold, not in fort;
My fifth is in visage, not in face,
And my whole may be found by a fire-place.

DIAMOND.

1, a vowel; 2, cunning; 3, beauty of form; 4, capable of extension; 5, a fastening; 6, part of the face; 7, a consonant.

M. P.

SOLUTIONS OF NO. 1.

ENIGMA 1—Wind.
CHARADE—A woodman.
METAGRAM—Clover—lover—clove—love.
ENIGMA 2—A clock.

EASY DIAMOND.

M
L E G
M E R I T
F I T
T

PUZZLE VERSE — Missing words:—Ideal alone; real; known.

SOLUTIONS OF NO. 2.

A QUERY—His sister.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC—Love—Hate.
HIDDEN PROVERB—"A miss is as good as a mile."
TRANSPOSITION—Park, Bark, Mark, Sark.
ENIGMA—The vowels "a, e, i, o, u."
PUZZLE—The town is Bevel, in Upper Garcone; curtailing and beheading it gives us Eve the mother of us all.
CONCEALMENTS—1, Venus; 2, Dido; 3, Helen; 4, Marat; 5, Peel; 6, Solomon.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

Athalie, Paris.
Horace, Sarnia.
Isabel, London.
Jeannie, Blenheim.
Lizzie, Woodstock.
Culloden, London, (too late for insertion this week. Will appear in No. 6.)
Mary and Kate, Chatham.
Flo and Elsie, London.
F. E. A., Ingersoll, (next week.)
Eva B., London.
H. A., Strathroy.
Fred and Lena, Stratford.
Topsy, Watford.
Crystal H., Exeter, (next week.)

Address all letters "Boys and Girls' Department "Free Press, London, Ont."

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AN ANCASTER ROMANCE

Two Young People are About to Be Married When they Discover that they are Half-Brother and Sister.

One of those strange and startling events in real life which often eclipse the wildest productions of the novelist occurred recently in a certain pleasant little village in the county of Wentworth (Ancaster, if report speaks truly.) It seems that about a year ago a brusque, but well-meaning young man of the above-named place commenced paying attention to a respectable young lady, also of the same hamlet. Matters progressed so favorably that in due course the gossips set a rumor afloat to the effect that the two young persons in question were on the verge of forming a matrimonial alliance, and even ventured so far as to name the day on which the ceremony was to be performed. About this time, however, a lady of nameless age appeared in the neighborhood, and, receiving an inkling of transpiring events, armed herself with a pocket ful of documents, paid a hasty visit to the young woman, her niece, and in the course of a private interview made known to the horrified girl the mortifying fact that the young man to whom she had pledged herself in marriage was her own half-brother, and the indisputable proof of the truth of the statement was laid before her. Of course, there followed a scene resulting in the sudden collapse of the marriage engagement, and the presence in the place of a rather sheepish young man, the observed of all observers.

It appears that these two young people had been brought up within a short distance of each other in total ignorance of the relationship existing between them, and had it not been for the timely interference of the aged relative, a brother and sister would, without doubt, ere this, have been made one in the holy bonds of wedlock, and living together as husband and wife.—*Times.*

..Richard A. Proctor is coming to America to tell all he knows and perhaps a great many things "which no fellow can find out" about the great Pyramid. He leaves us in a very appetizing state of doubt as to whether he believes that that large pile of stones, according to the theory of Piazzi Smith, is a silent prophecy that the world is to terminate in 1881 or not. This matter of the breaking up of all mundane things is sadly interfering with the general comfort of mankind. One no sooner gets into a good business and lays up enough for a first class bond and mortgage than he is told with an ominous shake of the head that long before the mortgage becomes due this whole planetary concern will be flying through space in the shape of aerolites, and that there won't be a bit of real estate in any one place big enough for a kitchen garden. He packs up his trunks for a short tour on the Continent, and, when in London, is told by Dr. Cummings that he had better start for home at once, because the world may come to an end at any moment. For ourselves, we must say that we have got ready for this long expected event so many times that we are heartily sick of an everlasting packing and unpacking. It has become our settled policy now to do a steady buisness and let the earth break up or not, just as it pleases. We can't afford to be disturbed all the time by the eloquence of some new prophet who has just discovered the exact date of the general ruin. We have never been able to fully enjoy a summer vacation and follow a trout stream for a whole day at a time lest on our return we should find that that part of the globe on which our house stands had cracked off in the universal crumbling, and was already on its mad career in the great abyss of space. We have grown calmer since then, and now, Proctor or no Proctor, Pyramid or no Pyramid, we are determined to be as honest as our temptations will allow us to be, and when the thing cracks why just be glad and thankful that it has remained whole so long. and let it crack—that is all.

..Hon. Binghampton Jones arose to a question of privilege. He said that he was daily pained and yet forced to realize the fact that the colored people of America had no national ode. The white man had the 'Star Spangled Banner," "Pinafore," and "The man from Pike" to select from on Fourths of July and Presidential ovations, but the colored man could call no song his own. He had given the subject serious consideration and he hoped that the Lime Kiln Club would at once move in the matter. It might not have a poet among its members capable of producing a great national colored song, but it could influence other poets to begin work and rest not until song or ode or chant or anthem was finished. "It may be," began the president, as he rose up to reply, "dat de collid folkses of dis kentry am forgittin' who dey ar', but I reckon not. It may be dat de hull race am ready to frow overboard all de happy songs of ole slave days an' take up wid some new-fangled music dat runs up to de high C's, but I can't believe it. Brudder Jones complains dat we hev no ode. Ask Sir Isaac Walpole, Waydown Bebee, Judge Tompkins or Elder Toots if dey eber heard de melody of 'Gwine Back Home to Die' floatin' over the ole plantashun at sunset, an' ask dem what man could make a sweeter song. For fifty long years we hev been singin' melodies that no other race of people kin sing, an' now we are axed to frow 'em aside an' begin on a whoop an' eand on a growl. We can't do it, an' we won't do it! You may pile up odes as high as dis hall, an' yit our race will turn away from dem an sing,

'Ize growin 'ole an' weary now,
I cannot work no more—'

Sit down, Brudder Jones, an' meanwhile let de triangle sound an' de meetin' be upsot for one week."—*Detroit Free Press.*

..An intelligent French woman is reported to have said:—"The Paris mob believes only in itself, and will only follow a man who is really one of the people—as wild, impressionable, ignorant, and enthusiastic as they are. You may laugh, but I firmly believe that Louise Michel, were she free, would have more power over the rabble of Paris than all the leaders of the Radical party. Louis Blanc is simply laughed at by the *canaille* of Paris, and the same may be said of Victor Hugo in a less degree. They may, perhaps, be believed in by the roughs of Bordeaux and Lyons, but they certainly are not looked upon either as leaders or prophets by the ultra-Reds of Paris. Blanqui is looked upon as a spy, and as for Clemenceau and Blanc, they have little or no real influence over the masses."

..The name given to the infant heir o the house of Norfolk, Philip Joseph Mary, cause much speculation in aristocratic circles in England. The first Duke, who died at Posworth Field, was named John, of his fourteen successors five have been Thomas, five Henry (the present Duke's name), two Charles, one Edward, and one Bernard. The present son and heir is called Philip, after St. Philip of Neri, the patron of the Oratorians near Birmingham, of which Cardinal Newman is head, and where the present Duke was educated; and Joseph and Mary, after St Joseph and the Virgin Mother to whose patronage his parents commended themselves on their marriage.

Young Lady, if you would exchange that sickly, sallow, pallid complexion of yours for the rosy bloom of health, give up tea and drink Kacka. tf

South-Western Intelligence

From Our Own Correspondent.

RIDGETOWN.

The rate for Ridgetown this year is fifteen mills on the dollar.

The man Jones, who was arrested here for starving his horse, was arraigned before the P. M. to-day, and sentenced to thirty days in the common jail.

The new culvert on Main street cost somewhere in the neighborhood of four hundred dollars.

BLENHEIM.

People are busy here preparing for the Fair, which is to be held here Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. the 15th and 16th.

Quite a number of buildings are in the course of erection here.

The Erie and Huron Railway is at a standstill. Seem to be doing nothing to it.

Numbers of duck hunters pass through here *en route* to the Eau. As I learn, they are rewarded with little success.

RIDGETOWN.

Among other things mostly admired at the Exhibition Building on Fair day were the pencil drawings of Miss Minnie Smith, of this town. They were pronounced by the Judges to be the finest drawings ever exhibited here.

Mrs. Robb, of this town, was sent to the Lunatic Asylum, London, to-day, insane.

Quite a number of deaths are reported here from diphtheria.

BLENHEIM.

The Ladies' Aid Society will open a bazaar in Bisnett's new block, on the 15th and 16th (fair days). Proceeds to go to the erecting of a new Methodist church.

M'KAY'S CORNERS.

The Evangelical Union are holding revival meetings here. They are conducted by Revs. Henderson and Cane.

SHEDDEN.

This place stands in need of a tailor. A good opening for some one.

The new Congregational Church is nearly completed. It is one of the finest buildings in the town, and our Congregational friends are proud of it, and why should they not be?

WARDSVILLE.

A servant girl of Mr. G. Munroe, of this place, was kindling a fire in the stove, and by some means got hold of a paper containing gun powder, and put it with the kindling. As soon as the match was applied a person would have thought there was an earthquake. It blew the lids off the stove, one of them striking the girl on the forehead, inflicting a wound. The flames set fire to her clothing. She called for assistance. One of the Misses Monroe hearing her calling, ran to her assistance, seized a pail of water, dashed it upon her, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames. Her eyebrows and hair were somewhat singed, and her breast burned. Dr. McDiarmid was called in, and under his care she is recovering slowly.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

—Extensive sewing machine works are to be established at Montreal.

—Mrs. Mary Urquhart died at Elmsdale, N. S., recently, aged 100 years.

—The value of wheat harvested in Annapolis County, N. S., this season, is said to be $40,000.

—While driving from Stratford on Wednesday morning, Mr. Richard Dawson, of St. Mary's, was robbed by three unknown men.

—The lithographic stone found near Bobcaygeon has been pronounced superior to German stone, but is found in much smaller pieces.

While Miss Williams, of St. Mary's, was proceeding home on Saturday night last, a man made a daring attempt to rob her of a valuable gold chain. Stout resistance and the arrival of friends prevented him from succeeding.

—A few days ago, while Mr. Greenaway, of Cavan, was going to his dinner, from ploughing, he put his youngest little boy and girl on each of the horses; on the way to the stable, a colt ran up and frightened the horses. The little boy was thrown off, and escaped with but a scratch on the nose. His little sister, a bright little girl of about eight years, was caught on the harness, and tore a large flesh wound on her thigh, some six inches long, making a horrible gash. She then fell under the horse, and it either stepped on or kicked her, breaking her leg, and producing probably fatal internal injuries.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Thursday night of last week the wife of Mr. John Legge, jun., of the River Concession, West Nissouri, met with a very serious accident. Mr. Legge, accompanied by his wife, was returning from the Western Fair, and had arrived within a few yards of his own gate when his horses were frightened by a flash of lightning, causing them to run away. The buggy to which they were attached was overturned, precipitating the occupants violently on the road. Mrs. Legge's right collar bone was broken, her left shoulder badly bruised, and her lower jaw broken through the centre of the chin. The buggy wheel also passed over her neck, which was much bruised and considerably swollen. The wonder is how she escaped with her life. Dr. Sinclair was called in and skilfully set the broken bones, and although Mrs. Legge is in a somewhat precarious condition, he has hopes of her ultimate recovery.

CURLING.—The annual meeting of the "Lorne" Curling Club, of Wingham, was held at the "Dinsley House" on Tuesday evening, the 7th Oct., when the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—Patron, A. M. Ross, Esq., M. P.; President, John Anderson, Esq.; Vice do., W. T. Bray, Esq.; Representative Member, W. T. Bray, Esq.; Chaplain, James McAlpine, Esq.; Treasurer, John Neelands, Esq.; Secretary, John Dinsley, Esq. The following gentlemen compose the Committee:—Messrs. S. Kent, G. McKay, S. R. Talbot, W. O. Fowler, John Young, John Evans, G. McKenzie and C. Walkinshaw. The following gentlemen were elected "Honorary" members:—Crowell Willson, Esq., ex-M.P., Sheriff Gibbons, A. Green, Esq., and Dixie Watson, Esq. Skips for the Club:—Messrs. W. T. Bray, John Anderson, Geo. McKay and John Dinsley.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—The last monthly written examination of the pupils of S. S. No. 9, Biddulph, resulted as follows. Only the names of those who took over 50 per cent. of the total number of marks are given:—Third class — number of marks possible to obtain 450. Mary E. Mitchell, 412; Jane Atkinson, 263. Second class—number of marks obtainable 350. Maggie Hennessy, 309; Katie Hennessy, 302; Laura E. Neil, 296; Naomi A. Lingard, 277; Alexander Brown, 215; Janey Davis, 199. FRANK MORLEY, teacher.

..Oranges, lemons, olives, and almonds are to be cultivated in Florida soon by a large number of Italian colonists, now on their way to that State.

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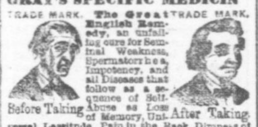

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