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VOL. XXX. NO. 9. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1569.

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ADVANTAGES OF THIS PUMP.
1st. Their ease of work.
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6th. No stationary valve in the well to get out of order.
7th. A larger quantity of water drawn in proportion to the size of Cylinder than any other pump, and with less power.
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Poetry.

Specimen Poetry.

The following specimens of poetry have the stamp of originality, and as a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men, we present them unbidden to our readers. They have been lying in our drawer for several months, which accounts for their unseasonable character.

THE SPRING IS COMING.

Now is coming the spring time of year
The Winter has been both long and severe.
The Winter was so long
No money could be had,
But the snow will soon be gone
And the people are very glad.

On the 18th of October
In the evening is did snow,
The farmers looked so sober
When the Wintery winds did blow
Some people were saying, the root crops was not sound.
But the snow, it soon covered them, it left them in the ground.

Now that is all I am going to say,
I think we will have weather
Till some time in May.
This 23rd of March looks very bright
And I think the farmers' hearts are getting very light.

BEAUTIFUL GODERICH.

Thy lovely banks, the Maitland stream,
Lit by the sun's resplendent beam,
Reflect each bending tree so light
Upon thy bounding bosom bright.
Could I but live there once again
Beautiful Goderich I will never complain.

The little isles that deck thy breast
And calmly on thy bosom rest—
How often in my childhood glee,
I've played around them bright and free
Could I but live there once again
Beautiful Goderich I will never complain.

How oft I've watched the freshening showers
Bending the summer trees and flowers,
And felt my heart beating high
When I thought of my home in the bright blue sky.
Could I but live in thee once again
Beautiful Goderich I will never complain.

And shall I never see thee more,
Beautiful Goderich my much loved shore,
Must I bid a long adieu,
Dear classmates and friends to you.
Could I but live there once again
Beautiful Goderich I will never complain.

Warming a Serpent;

OR,

GRYLE DASKAM'S TREACHERY.

BY LEON LEWIS.

They stood dumfoundered. Gregory ran to the side of the yacht to look for the shark, but the creature had disappeared. The villain returned to our hero, who, dripping, stood awaiting his pleasure with a calm and unmoved countenance, and Gregory's face flamed with passion and with his evil exultation, as he exclaimed:

'So, we meet again, Mr. Heath? I thought I should have the pleasure of finding you, although I would willingly have relinquished the pleasure in favor of the shark!'

Heath made no rejoinder.

'By heaven!' cried Gregory, violently, 'it was a shame to balk that shark. Perhaps he can be found yet,' and his face looked as a demon's might in a moment of awful triumph.

'Bind him!' he cried.

The sailing-master bounded forward with ropes, several seamen, recovering from their stupefaction, came forward, and lent their aid. Our hero was presently bound and helpless.

'Where is Miss Palm? not required the villain.

Heath was still silent.

'I'll open your mouth for you presently,' said Gregory, coarsely. 'You'll yell and shriek, but all your cries won't help, young man. As to the girl, she's on the island, of course. I'll go round to the other side as soon as I am sure that the schooner has departed.'

Heath started.

'The schooner!' he ejaculated.

'You didn't see a schooner to the south-ward, eh?' said Gregory. 'Well, we saw her, and she must have made for the east side of this island. I shall send a boat around presently to see if she is gone. And then I shall resume possession of the girl! You understand, Mr. Heath?'

Saul made no reply. To do so would be but to further inflame his enemy or afford him further triumph, and he controlled himself sternly.

'I shall find her and take her back to Lagoon Island, and she will be soon glad to escape from it on my own terms,' said Gregory, roughly. 'You have played the high, heroic lover for the past few days, but your day is over.'

He waited for an answer; none came, and he resumed:

'Do you remember what I told you about hating your father? Well I hate you as much as I hated him. Curses on him and on you. You remember that I swore to kill you? I shall keep that oath. I shall kill you to-night!'

Still no word from Heath.

'The little incident of a few minutes since has given me an idea,' said the villain, with a diabolical leer. 'I—but, first of all, let two or three stage to the north of the mountain here and see if the schooner has anchored on the east side.'

Two rowers descended to the boat and hurried away upon their errand.

Gregory waited until they had gained some distance, and then, still with that diabolical look on his face, he commanded a sailor to bring some pieces of salt pork.

The order was obeyed.

'We'll see if we can't attract the shark back again,' said Gregory. 'Fling the pork in small pieces overboard!'

One of the seamen did as directed.

Gregory leaned against the railing, and watched the sea with blazing eyes.

'He'll be here presently,' he exclaimed. 'There's a ripple—there he is—no that's not the shark! But he's coming! Put a rope round Heath's waist. When the shark comes we'll heave our prisoner overboard, and give the monster a feast! I told you I'd have a glorious revenge on your father and on you.—I'll have it to-night, Saul Heath. You shall be eaten by sharks. Watch there you fellows. When the shark comes, here's his supper ready for him.'

And with the hatred and revengefulness of years glowing in his eyes, the villain waited for the re-appearance of the shark!

CHAPTER XXXI.

GREGORY'S DECISION.

Gregory waited impatiently for the re-appearance of the shark. Once or twice, as one of the pieces of salt meat disappeared suddenly with a jerking motion, from the surface of the water, he was sure that the shark was at hand, and ordered Heath to be dragged to the side of the vessel in readiness to be pitched overboard as soon as the monster should plainly show himself. But as the shark was not seen, he watched and waited, his countenance glowing with demoniacal triumph.

That he was appallingly in earnest in his horrible project of dooming Heath to a frightful death, every soul on board knew. The seamen whispered among themselves, and watched the prisoner and looked for the shark, but no one, not even Burk, the sailing master, dared—if he had wished—to intercede for the object of his fury.

Heath was pale, but calm. What he thought or felt in that awful peril, no one ever knew, no one could even guess from his demeanor. But there was no trace of cowardice in his stern blue eyes, no quivering of the firmly-set lips, no weakness or flinching in the noble, heroic face. He uttered no prayers for mercy, he paid no heed whatever to his enemy, but, as he leaned helplessly against the rail, his eyes turned upwards with a steady gaze which seemed as if it might penetrate to heaven itself.

And yet calm as he was, with a heroism such as has made warriors of ancient times immortal, he was not insensible. The awful death awaiting him was of such a nature as to cause every nerve in his body to quiver with horror and anguish, yet in that supreme hour he thought more of others than of himself.

He thought of his father, whose idol he had been, and whom he had loved with more than filial devotion. He had hoped to relieve his father of the cares of his plantations, to be the staff of his declining years, his friend and companion, as well as son, and now that father, whom he supposed already mourning him as dead, would go down to his grave desolate.

He thought, too, of Garnet Palm, the beautiful, dark-browed girl with her sweet eyes and lovely soul, whom he had grown to love with all the ardor of his fresh and passionate young nature. To die—to leave her to the mercy of this merciless man—to leave her in the power of this terrible enemy—this gave indeed a sting to death it might otherwise have lacked, and made him recoil from his doom with in an awful agony.

Yet no sign of these thoughts or emotions found expression, as we have said, in his blonde face, which seemed so set and calm and resolute in its heroism.

Gregory glanced towards his prisoner, now and then, with a curious smile, hoping to behold some sign of weakness, or to hear words of pleading; but he was disappointed. There, with a dissatisfied expression, he turned to look out for the shark, muttering curses for its non-appearance.

'Throw over more pork' he commanded, harshly. 'Curse you, you lubbers, for not leaving him in the water when the shark was after him.'

More meat was thrown over, and Gregory and the seamen were again on the watch.

In the midst of it the boat that had been sent out to look for the schooner was seen returning rapidly.

'No hope of the shark now, muttered Gregory, savagely. 'The boat will scare it off, even if it should now be near.'

The boat came on steadily, propelled by the strong arms of the rowers, and was soon alongside.

'What news?' asked Gregory

'The schooner put in on the east side of the island, it seems,' said one of the men, 'but she has put to sea again, and is disappearing in a southeasterly direction.'

'Good,' said Gregory, in a tone of satisfaction. 'Come on board, boys.—We'll round the island presently. Did you see anything of a village around on the eastern side of the mountain?'

'No, sir, but we did not go far. We went only to the north of the island.'

The men were sent to bring in the small boat in which our hero had escaped with Garnet from Lagoon Island, and which still rocked on the water, heeding with the current.

They brought it in after some delay, and the iron boats were raised to the davits, and the yacht was again got in readiness for movement.

The shark had not appeared, and Gregory had no desire to wait longer for him. From revenge to love was a swift transition. He believed Garnet to be on the east side of the island, and he was impatient to have her again in his keeping.

'We'll let this shark bait wait a little longer,' he remarked, grimly. 'I've gained an idea to-night from this business that I shall work out at my pleasure. There are plenty of sharks in these seas—oh, I can wait. Mr. Heath, the climax of my revenge is to be deferred a little longer, and your waiting is likely to be scarcely less unpleasant, since you know what is surely coming. In a day or two I hope to accommodate you with a grand termination to your existence. Now, boys, take him below to one of the state rooms and leave him there.'

The seamen, quick to obey their employer, whom they found a liberal paymaster, hustled Heath down into a cabin room opening off the cabin, and left him there, bound as he was, and in darkness.

The yacht then crept out from the shadow of the mountain, and moved up the coast, and slowly rounded the northern side of the island. The look-out could find no trace of the schooner, which had passed beyond the line of vision.

All was excitement on board the yacht. Gregory walked the deck full of sinister delight. He planned what he should say to Garnet; how he should adopt a different policy with her henceforward, strike terror to her soul at the very outset from the moment of her recapture. He fancied that he had been too lenient with her and now he determined to show her that she was wholly in his power; that her very life depended upon him. It seemed that he could not win her to him by gentleness; it was necessary then to coerce her; to compel her to accept him through fear of him, and he resolved to show himself terrible to her.

'After this episode with young Heath,' he thought, 'with a handsome young lover, she will be less inclined than ever to listen favorably to my wooing. She will never yield to my persuasions. Harsher measures along will be of any avail. And I shall try them. She has seen the glove of velvet; now she shall feel the hand of iron.'

The yacht made her way around to the east side of the island, and presently the lookout discovered the little cluster of palm-thatched huts high up on the mountain ledge, and then all eyes were fixed upon it.

The islanders appeared to have gone to bed. No lights gleamed from their habitations, and not even the sentinel could be seen.

The yacht ran in very near to the point outlying the little harbor, and a boat was lowered, and half a dozen men, including Gregory and Burk went ashore in her.

Now the islanders were not all abed and asleep although they were so silent. The women and children were in the huts, but the men had been searching everywhere, upon the mountain-top and in the matted jungles at its base, for Saul Heath. A portion of them had taken to the woods, it being believed that Heath had seen the approach of the schooner and taken refuge in flight.

The boat from the Meteor had scarcely landed on the beach when the black chief and two of his followers, armed with clubs, and having a formidable appearance, came crashing through the bushes, and bounded into their very path.

The chief had seen the approach of the yacht, and had hurried toward the little harbor, arriving just in time.

He stood a few paces in front of his followers, burly and sinister of aspect, with a look of distrust in his small eyes, as he fixed his gaze upon Gregory, who stepped forward to address him.

'We are Englishmen,' began the villain.

'*No sabe*,' answered the black, with an expression of relief, for he had feared that they were Spanish.

'Ah, said Gregory, in the Spanish language, 'you speak Spanish, eh? You are Cubans?'

'Perhaps,' suggested Gregory, who was very keen witted, 'you are runaway slaves from Cuba? Ah, that touches you! I was right, then! You are run away slaves from Cuba!'

The black glared at him with a defiant fury. Then a glance at the yacht and the men on her deck assured him that his struggles would be useless, and he dropped his shaggy head on his breast. 'I could take you back to Cuba and get a reward for delivering you up said Gregory, delighting to torture the poor wretch. 'Or, as I have an Island of my own, I might take you away with me and make you my slaves, you and your families, eh? Being loose property, you belong to the finder, of course!'

The black's eyes emitted a red spark; he breathed hard. His comrades behind him began to show signs of terror.

'But I don't intend to harm you,' said Gregory, having played with the islanders as a cat plays with a mouse. 'I shall go away and leave you presently, and never come again nor betray your secret.'

The chief raised his head with reviving hope.

'I am come on an errand,' continued Gregory. 'I am in search of a girl who came here in a small boat with a woman and a young man. This girl is on your island. Bring her to me.'

'It is impossible!' cried the chief.—She is not here!'

'Not here?'

'A ship—a schooner—came this very night and took her away,' cried the chief, excitedly.

Gregory fairly reeled in his amazement.

'The schooner took her!' he ejaculated.

'Yes, senor. A young man came on shore and carried her away. He was English, too. He came in search of her from Jamaica.'

Gregory uttered a volley of oaths in his native language, his knowledge of Spanish not being equal to the emergency.

'Gone to Jamaica!' ejaculated Burk. 'Here's a go, governor. That planter, Heath, has got wind of your little game and sent a vessel in search of the girl. By George, Gregory, you're fairly beat.'

Gregory turned on his aid like a tiger. 'Shut your cursed mouth, will you!' he exclaimed. The girl gone! Carried away by that schooner! I'd like to kill somebody!'

Burk did not doubt the truth of this, after one glimpse of Gregory's face, and deemed it prudent to retreat a few paces.

The black, seeing the impression he had made, was not slow to follow it up. 'Young man said he went to find young lady,' he remarked. 'She not want to go with him, oh, no! Woman want too, but could not find young man. He missing. We searched over island for him. Expect to find him in woods or marsh to-morrow.'

'Why didn't the schooner wait for him?' asked Gregory. 'If it was sent from Jamaica to find the girl, she must have told the captain or person in charge that she had a friend here.'

'She did tell him, I know,' said the chief, 'for the young man he ask me about her friend, oh, yes. He know him and hate him!'

'He knew that the young man here was Saul Heath and he went away without trying to find him?' ejaculated Gregory, in amazement.

'He know his name,' asserted the black. 'That's certain. For he said he'd come again in three days and he do awful things to me, unless I kill the young man and have him lying dead in one of the huts waiting for him.'

Gregory was fairly staggered by this announcement. The schooner had been undoubtedly sent by Mr. Heath in quest of Miss Palm. Who could be the young man in charge of the expedition who took away the young lady and desired the death of Saul Heath?

The truth came upon him in a flash. The young man must be Gryle Daskam!

It was Gryle Daskam who, according to young Heath's story, had flung the latter overboard in the hurricane. And Daskam in that attempted murder displayed a ferocity and long-cherished hatred which he had masked for years under a guise of friendship.

'Yes, the young man in charge of the schooner must be Daskam!'

His discovery held Gregory silent for some minutes.

'That young fellow is a keen one!' he said to himself finally. 'If Heath dies he will be next heir to old Heath. Very good. I'm willing. But the girl and her fortune must and shall be mine. I'll give him Heath for the girl! I'll take her fortune; he can take that of Heath. That's fair!'

He walked up and down the narrow strip of beach several times, very thoughtful, his head bent, his mind busy. It seemed to him that he could make a bargain with Daskam. He would exchange prisoners with him. He resolved to see him.

'I can make the run to Lagoon Island and get what I want,' he thought, 'and be back again in time to meet Daskam here three days hence. I'll try it.'

He questioned the black more at length, and went up to the plateau and saw the hut Garnet had occupied, and then descended again to the beach.

During his visit to the plateau he had made arrangements with the chief, whom he had inspired with a lively fear of him. He promised to bring the islanders certain supplies of cloth and tools from Lagoon Island, their gardening implements being of the most primitive description. And he also agreed to bring them some Jamaica rum.

Confident that he had thus attached the chief to his interests, he took his leave and rowed back to the yacht.

'Lucky the shark didn't come after Heath, after all,' he mused, as he walked his deck, while the vessel was being got under weigh. 'Now I have got him to use in making terms with Daskam. I shall not be balked of my revenge on Heath, but that revenge shall buy me back the girl. That is killing two birds with one stone.'

It occurred to him that he might remain upon or about the island until Daskam's return in the schooner, but three days' sojourn at the island would not be at all agreeable. He dared not run upon the sea; he had reason for returning to Lagoon Island; and the interval of time was sufficient for his purpose. The order was therefore given, and the yacht, her sails swelling, bounded away on her new course before the wind.

Gregory continued to watch the coast, his sense of mastership of the situation growing stronger and stronger with every moment.

'It is hard to be cheated out of the girl for a single day,' he mused, 'but Daskam will have to yield her up at my demand, and she'll be back at Lagoon Island before the week is out. It's only a little delay that's all. I hold the whip-hand; Daskam will discover that for himself, I fancy. And now I'll go down and see to Heath!'

He descended the companion-way and entered the cabin.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DASKAM'S RETURN.

It was night again—a lovely September night—and the summer sea was flooded with calm yet glorious beauty. The golden stars were all aglow, the breeze was blowing with delightful freshness, the waves were tossing their white caps in the air, and Mountain Island stood outlined against the sky, grim and dark, rising abruptly from the sea, as might have done some lonely tower of the sea gods.

At about ten o'clock of the evening, when all the islanders were on the watch, the schooner John Darrell stood in towards the island.

Three days had passed since her first visit to the spot, and she was now returning that Daskam might fulfil his devilish errand there, and make sure of Saul Heath's death before setting sail for Jamaica.

The Darrell sailed in quite near the point of land protecting the small harbor, the water being deep, and came to anchor. Her small boat was lowered, and Daskam and Garley and several seamen rowed ashore. Jock went with them.

Garnet Palm and old Phebe were on the deck, and two stout seamen had been deputed to watch them, and see that they made no attempt at escape. Captain Lang leaned over the rail and watched the small boat moodily.

'They will find Saul,' Garnet said, softly, her brunette face flushing hotly, 'and they will bring him on board this vessel. I shall see him again,' and her heart thrilled with a great joy. 'And the mystery of the two Saul Heaths will be explained at last.'

'I hope so, Miss Netta, said old Phebe. 'I have been sore perplexed between them. The good one has no proofs; the bad one has plenty of proofs. It's all a muddle anyhow. I wish we were safe in Jamaica, and the older Mr. Heath had both the young men before him. Maybe he could see daylight.'

'I never doubted Saul, never,' said Garnet. 'He is the true Saul Heath, not this other There! They are landing. The islanders are on the beach. Is Saul among them? Give me the glass, Phebe.'

The attendant handed Daskam's marine glass to her young mistress, and the latter surveyed the shore through it, and then gave utterance to a long-drawn sigh.

'I do not see him!' she said. 'Oh, Phebe, where can he be? He is not there?'

Her face grew white in its quick anxiety.

'He found the small boat and came back to the island,' said old Phebe, 'and discovering that you had been taken away, he has made his escape and is on his way alone in the little boat for Jamaica.'

The girl tried to believe this explanation; it certainly seemed plausible; but, nevertheless, a strange gloom and foreboding came upon her which she could not shake off.

Daskam, on landing on the narrow strip of beach, was met by the islanders, as Garnet had seen. The chief was in very good humor, and wore certain fresh articles of clothing which his present visitors were not astute enough to notice.

In truth, the yacht had called at the little harbor that afternoon, and was at that very moment lying at anchor under the shelter of the mountain on its western side, like a spider in its lair.

Daskam greeted the chief pleasantly, interpreting his good humor as a token of his success. The villain believed his evil work accomplished, and that Saul Heath lay dead in a hut up on the plateau. Eager as he was to gaze upon the dead body of the man he had hated and attempted to murder, he desired not to go thither immediately lest his companions should suspect that he had some extraordinary motive in returning to the island, and set themselves to work to discover it.

'We must find the man Gregory,' he observed to Garley, with a fine assumption of magisterial dignity. 'I hope he is on the island. I mean to take him away in chains to Jamaica.'

Now Gregory was upon the island, although Daskam had not the faintest suspicion of the fact, nor the faintest desire to meet him. The man he wanted to see, and whom he called by the name of Gregory in order to blind his followers, was his cousin Saul Heath, whose name and heritage he had usurped, and whose continued existence rendered his future most precarious, menacing him with exposure and punishment.

There was a fine irony, it will therefore be observed, in the fact that the presence of Gregory upon the island, which he so much pretended to desire, was an actual fact.

The boat was drawn up out of water half its length, and Garley distributed a few trifles to the women and children.

Daskam drew the chief aside.

'Did the young man come back that night?' he asked, in Spanish.

'Yes, senor, that very night,' replied the black, glibly.

'Where was he when the schooner put in here and took away the girl?'

'In the woods, senor,' answered the chief, still glibly. 'He saw the vessel come in, and he fled to the woods to hide.'

'So he was in the woods, was he?' he questioned. 'When did he show himself?'

'About midnight, senor. We were up by the huts, tired with looking for him, when he sneaked back to the girl's cabin, and then we caught him.'

'Yes,' said Daskam, eagerly, 'what then?'

'We seized him,' said the chief, 'and dragged him before us. He was frightened, but he kept up his courage. Then we asked him where he had been and he told us. Then we told him that the young lady was gone.'

'What did he say to that?'

'He struck his forehead and made a great cry. He tried to escape, but we were too many for him. We bound him hand and foot, and laid him in the young lady's hut.'

'We could not rush upon him and put him to death without cause before the women and children. We left him in the hut, but after the women and children had gone to sleep, I and two others went into his cabin and we stabbed him to death with our knives.'

Daskam's joy and excitement were so great that he did not notice that the fellow was telling the story after a parrot-like fashion, precisely as if he had learned it beforehand.

'Then the man is dead?' he exclaimed. 'Actually dead?'

'Yes, senor, he has been dead these three days. His body lies still in the hut on the plateau, waiting for you.'

Daskam's face gleamed with his exultation. Saul Heath dead—lying dead in a hut up on the plateau in all his young beauty, despite his strength and intellect, his pride and manliness—dead!

Daskam moved towards the beach. The distribution of trifles was over, and Garley and the seamen were regarding him curiously.

'The chief has been telling me some very singular news,' he said. 'The man Gregory, who was staying here on the Island with the girl, was hiding in the woods when we rescued Miss Palm. The most singular part of the story is that Gregory, discovering that Miss Palm had been taken away by us, kicked up a row, and lay about him right and left, and in the midst of the melee Gregory was killed!'

'Killed!' echoed Garley and the seamen.

'Yes, he's dead as J. Cæsar!' declared Daskam. 'Dead and buried! My friend, the chief here, represents that as he has had such a rough time with Gregory, I ought to make him a sort of recompense. So, you fellows, go out to the yacht and bring back a barrel of Jamaica rum. And, Garley, be so good as to go with them, and see that they don't make it brandy!'

Garley and the seamen entered the boat, and rowed back to the yacht.

Daskam was alone of all his party on the island.

'Now,' he said, briskly, 'lead the way up the plateau, and show me the man's dead body.'

The chief commanded his fellow-islanders to remain on the beach, and to prevent the ascent of any person, white or black, to the plateau while Daskam should remain there.

Then he lead the way by the narrow, winding path up the steep mountain side to the broad plateau above.

The cluster of huts seemed deserted. The chief conducted Daskam to the cabin which Garnet had occupied, and paused a moment before the door.

There was something odd in his looks and manner, but Daskam did not notice it, his own excitement absorbing him wholly.

'He's in there?' he whispered, involuntarily.

'Yes,' replied the black, also in a whisper.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

History of a Picture.

Two of the most celebrated artists the world has ever known dwelt in the same city. One delighted in delineating beauty in all its graces of tint, form, and motion. His portraits were instinct with the charm of physical vigor. The graceful, half-voluptuous outline of form and feature harmonized with delicately blended tints. On his canvas, the homeliest faces had an almost irresistible charm. The other found pleasure only in depicting weird and gloomy subjects. Above all, did he excel in painting the portraits of the dying. The agonizing death-throe, the ghastly face and form, were all depicted with marvelous fidelity. There existed between these artists the most intense dislike. At length this dislike culminated. The beauty-loving artist had been engaged in painting the portrait of a beautiful woman. Connoisseurs pronounced it the most wonderful piece of art that had ever been produced. His brother artist was jealous of his fame and sought revenge. By bribing the keeper of the studio he gained access to the picture each night. At first he was content to only deaden the brilliancy of the complexion and eyes, efface the bloom from cheek and lip and paint a shadow on either cheek. Later, his strokes grew bolder and freer, and one morning the artist awoke to find the entire outline of the portrait changed. He could scarcely recognize in the emaciated form and haggard countenance the glowing conception he had embodied. The pallid face and expressionless eyes he had attributed to a lack of genuineness in his materials; but when the outlines were changed he suspected the cause, and indignantly dismissed the keeper. What the revengeful artist marred by a few rapid strokes of his skillful brush was only restored by years of patient industry. Reader, need we name the artists,—Health, who paints the flowers and 'grassy carpet' no less than the human form divine,—Disease, the dreaded artist who revels among the ruins both of nature and humanity,—and Carelessness, the keeper to whom Health often intrusts his portraits. And is it not the beauty of woman, the most admired of all the works which adorn the studio of Health, that Disease oftenest seeks to mar? The slightest stroke of his brush upon the delicate organization leaves an imprint that requires much skill and patience to efface. Restoration must be prompt. Carelessness must be dismissed. Let suffering woman heed the warning ere Disease has marred their chief beauty—Health—beyond reparation. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been used by thousands of these sufferers, and they are unanimous in their praise of its excellence. If you would be transformed from the pallid, nervous invalid into a happy, vigorous woman, try it.

MONSTER CANADIAN PINE.—A short time time ago, a car on the Grand Trunk was laden with what was, in every respect, a small mountain of pine, in one block. As the freight train stopped at the station, quite a crowd soon collected round what was shown at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, as representing what, in part, constituted the wealth of Canada. The log was four feet in length, seven feet seven inches in diameter, and the circumference about twenty-five feet two inches. The weight was 7,500 lbs., and the age of the tree, as ascertained from the various layers or rings in the wood, was 664 years. The tree grew in the Ottawa valley, and was shipped by a lumbering firm there as an exhibit to the Centennial. On the same car, and which formed a part of the exhibit of the same firm, was a pine plank such as never was seen in this part of the country before. In length it was some eighteen feet, seven feet three inches in width, and seven and a half inches in thickness. The wood was as sound and as clear as it is possible for any one to imagine. Besides the specimens of pine there were two pillars of ash, about eighteen feet in length and two feet in width. They were neatly turned, and were surmounted with turned moulded caps. Both the plank and the section of the tree were wider than the platform of the car they were on. These specimens described, no doubt, have been seen by many of our readers who visited the Centennial, as they formed a part of the collection of the Canadian timber along with the Canadian log house. The material was on its way through Guelph to Ottawa.—*Guelph Mercury.*

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AT
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NEW Tweeds & Coatings
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—AT—
CROFTS & JOHNSTON'S.

NEW BLACK LUSTRES
—AT—
CROFTS & JOHNSTON'S.

IN THE Tailoring Department
ALL HANDS BUSY
Crofts & Johnston.

Household Matters.

Dry Pickle for beef.—For 100 lbs. of beef, take four quarts of rock salt, finely pulverized; four pounds of sugar; four ounces of saltpetre, pulverized; mix the whole together without water; rub your meat with it thoroughly; pack in a dry barrel or tub; weight it down.

Mock Mince Pie.—Crackers rolled fine; one pint hot water; one cup sugar; one cup of molasses; half-cup of vinegar one cup of chopped raisins; half-cup of butter; cinnamon and cloves.

Bread Fruit Cake.—Three cups of hop bread sponge; three cups of sugar; three eggs; one cup of shortening; teaspoon of saleratus; spices and fruit. The above will make two loaves.

Soft Cake.—One cup of sugar; one of sour cream; two eggs; saleratus and seasoning.

Will some one send us the good old-fashioned way of making Indian bread with hop yeast!

Farmer's Fruit Cake.—Soak three cups of dried apples over night in warm water; in the morning chop them fine, and let them stew down in one cup of molasses two hours. Add two eggs; one cup of sugar; one cup of sour milk; two-thirds cup of butter; one and a half teaspoons saleratus; three cups of flour; spice to suit the taste.

"I do not think, madam, that any man of the least sense would approve your conduct," said an indignant husband. "Sir," retorted the better half, how can you judge what any man of the least common sense would do?"

Canadian News.

A beggar woman was run over by a train at Guelph, on Friday, and killed. She was horribly mangled.

A girl named Jane Fallon was arrested in Ottawa, on Friday morning for attempting to do away with her child.

A number of bogus five dollar bills on the Bank of British North America are said to be in circulation.

Patrick Dillon, while intoxicated, laid down on the track near Acton, on Thursday, and was killed by a passing train.

Owing to the fall in gold the Canadian 17½ per cent. tariff is now (as compared with a year ago) equal to one of 25 per cent.

Whilst crossing the Thames River at Delaware, a few days ago, John and Charles Deadman were drowned by the upsetting of their canoe.

A few days ago Donald McDougall, of Alton, fell through a bridge on the T. G. & B. railway, and was killed. The body was found two days after the accident.

Wm. Drury, of Rothsay, was found on the 6th, frozen to death between his own house and the tavern where he started from on the previous night in a state of intoxication

Wm. Tyler, aged 12, was found on the track of the G. W. R. at London last week, with his neck broken. He had fallen off a freight train, on which he was stealing a ride.

A successful operation was performed in Montreal, last week, when a young man named Stoke, of the Eastern Townships, had a tumour, weighing twelve pounds, removed from his side.

In the British Columbia Legislature last week, the Government was sustained by a vote of 15 to 8 on the clause in the reply to the Governor's Speech expressing satisfaction at the assurance of Earl Carnarvon that the railway work will commence in the spring.

Last week a man named Bennett boarding at the Albion Hotel, Toronto, attempted to commit suicide whilst deranged, by taking a large dose of morphia. He was relieved of the dose, and taken to the hospital, where he became so violent that the attendants were compelled to strap him fast to his bed.

A foot race took place at San Francisco, Cal., early last month, between James Harris, of Woodstock, Ont., known as the Cleveland Boy, and Robert Johnston, of Stockton, Cal., for $2,000 and the championship of the Pacific coast. The distance was 200 yards. Harris was the favorite before the start at $100 to $60, and won the race, the time being 21¾ seconds