Miscellaneous.

Stein's Piano Playing.

, they say you heard Ruben-
ay when you were in New
Well, tell us all about it."
at, no! I might's as well tell
ll about the creation of the
me, now; no mock modesty.
ad."
ell, sir, he had the blamedest,
, cattycorneredest pianner you
id eyes on. Somethin' like a
ted billiard table on three legs.
I was h'isted, and mighty well
If it hadn't been, he'd a-torn
tire insides clean out, and
ed 'em to the four winds of
."
ved well, did he?"
u bet he did; but don't interrup'
When he first set down he
to keep mighty little bout play,
ll he hadn't come. He tweedle-
a little on the treble, and
e codle-oodle'd some on the bass;
oolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws
in' in his way. And I says to a
sittin' next to me, s' I, what sort
ool playin' is that? And he says,
sh! But presently his hands
erced chasin' one nother up and
the keys, like a passel of rats
rin through a garret very swift.
of it was sweet, though, and
ded one of a sugar squirrel
the wheel of a candy cage.
Now,' says I to my neighbor, 'he's
n' off.' He thinks he's a doin' of
t he isn't got no idee, no plan of
. If he'd play me up a tune of
kind or other, I'd—,'
ut my neighbor says 'Hee'sh!'
mpertinent.
was just about to git up and go
bein' tired of that foolishness,
I heard a little bird wakin' up
off in the woods, and calling,
like to his mate, and I looked up
see Reuben was beginnin' to
some interest in his business, and
down again. It was the peep o'
The light came faint from the
The breeze blowed gentle and
some more birds waked up in
chard; then some more in the
near the house, and all begun
together. People begun to stir
e gal opened the shutters. Just
he first beam of the sun fell up-
blossoms, a little more and it
the roses on the bushes, and the
thing it was broad day; the sun
blazed, the birds sang like they'd
their little throats; all the leaves
owin' and flashin' diamonds o
the whole wide world wa
d happy as a king. Seeme
e there was a breakfast i
use in the land, and not a sic
a woman anywhere. It wa
orning, and I says to my
, 'that's music, that is.'
he glar'd at me like he'd like
y throat.
ently the wind turned; it began
en up, and a kind of gray mist
er things; I got low-spirited
then a silver rain began to
I could see the drops touch the
some flashed up like long
ar-rings, and the rest rolled
ke rubies. It was pretty, but
holy. Then the pearls gathered
ves into long strands and neck-
and then they melted into thin
streams running between golden
, and then the streams joined
her at the bottom, and made a
that flowed silent except that
ld kinder see the music 'spec al-
the music went along down
ly. I could smell the flowers
meadow. But the sun didn't
r the birds sing; it was a foggy
not cold. The most curious
s the little white angel boy,
see in pictures, that ran ahead
usic brook, and led it on, away
the world, where no man ever
never was, certain; I could see
t as plain as I see you. Then
sunlight came, without any sun-
d shone on the graveyards,
some few ghosts lifted their
and went over the wall, and be-
the black sharp top trees splen-
white houses rose up, with fine
the lit-up windows, and men
ed 'em, but could never get
m, and played on guitars under
, and made me that miserable
d a-cried, because I wanted to
nobody, I don't know who,
than the men with guitars did.
the sun went down. It got
The wind moaned and wept
her child for its dead mother,
would a-got up then and there
preached a better sermon than any
listened to. There wasn't a
in the world left to live for, not
thing, and yet I didn't want
mine to stop one bit. It was
r to be miserable than to be
without being miserable. I
d understand it. I hung my
and pulled out my handkerchief,
blowed my nose loud to keep from
My eyes is weak anyway. I
t anybody to be a-gazin at
ebellin', and its nobody's business
I do with my nose. It's mine.
some several glared at me, mad as
Then, all of a-sudden old
changed his tune. He ripp'd
and he rar'd, and he tipp'd and he tar'd, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I held up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afeard of nothin'. It was a circus and a brass band, and a big ball all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he giv 'em no rest day or night; he set every liven joint in me a goin' and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumpt, sprang onto my seat, and just hollered, 'Go it, my Rube!'

"Every blamed man, woman and child in the house stared at me and shouted, 'Put him out! put him out!' 'Put your great-grandmother's grizzly, gray, greenish cat into the middle of next month!' I says. 'Tetch me if you dare! I paid my money, and you just come a-nigh me.'

"With that some several policemen rnn up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a-fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die. He had changed his tune agin. He hopt, like ladies, and tip-toed fine from eend to eend of the key board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles in heaven were lit one by one; I saw the stars rise; the great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. Then the music changed to water and began to drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, clear and sweet like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that, it was as sweet as a sweethearts weetnin'sweetness with white sugar, mixt with powdered silver and sweet diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you theaudience cheered. Reuben he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, 'Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrupt me.'

"He stopped a minute or two to fetch breath. Then he got mad; he run his fingers through his hair, shoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, and sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapped his face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, he scratched her cheeks till she fairly yelled. He knocked her down and he stamped on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder rollin' [illegible] he balanced to pards; he chassade right—left, back to places; promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double and twisted and tied down, and turned and tacked and tangled into forty leven thousand mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetcht up his right wing; he fetcht up his left wing; he fetcht up his centre; he fetcht up his reserves. He fired by files, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiment and by brigades. He opened his cannon siege guns down thar—Napoleons here, twelve-pounder yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, grapnels, grape, cannister, mortars, mines and magazines, every liven battery and bomb a-goin at the same time. The house trembled, the light danced, the walls shuk, the floor came up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt, heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepence, glory, tenperny nails, my Mary Ann, hallelujah, Samson in a Simmon tree, Jeroosal'm, Tramp Thompson in a tumblecart roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle-uddle-uddle-uddle-uddle-uddle-raddle-addle-addle-addle-addle-riddle-iddle-idle-teetle-eetle-eetle-eetle-eetle—p-r-r-r-lang! p-r-r-r-r-lang! per lang! per lang! p-r-r-r-r-r-r-r lang! BANG!

With that *bang!* he lifted himself bodily into the air, and he came down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows and his nose, striking every solitary peg in that pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty seven, five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quavers, and i knowed no mo'.

Woman's Trials.

Do men ever think how much work they make a woman by going into a house with muddy boots? It would take but a moment for them to use the scraper, and leave outside the dirt which they track over the floor, oil-cloth and carpet, or which they leave at the stove, hearth or fender—all of which must be mopped, cleaned, wiped and polished off. If your wife, mother or sister fail to clean up the mess you—great big boy or man—have made, what a howl you raise because things "about the house look disorderly." And when you go home at noon or night, do you ever notice how you act? Of course not or you would not do such tricks. You enter the door with a slam—it closes halt and some woman must close it after you. Your overcoat is thrown on a chair in one corner of the room; your hat sails away into another corner to light upon a stand or under it; gloves are thrown on a table; neck wrapper hung on the first handy chair, and down you sit in the centre of the room where everyone must navigate around you.

After you have been two hours in the house, the place resembles the ground for a cat fight. Hat, boots, coat, newspapers, overcoat, gloves, cane, pen-knife, hair-brush and all articles you may have in your hands, are scattered as though a hurricane had swept into the rooms. Books, papers, magazines, almanac and memorandum are routed from their place—and when you have to leave, what a time is there! No one knows where your things are. You cry, "Where is my hat? Where is my overcoat? Who had my gloves?"

Every one in the house is pue in the witness-box, and it is more trouble to get you started for town than to launch a steamer or to start a new stage-coach. Then, after you are gone, the woman must spend a quater of a day, more or less, to pick up the things you have scattered. The trouble is you don't think. It would take you but a moment to hang up your coat and hat, and put your gloves in your coat pocket, todraw your neck-wrapper through the sleeve of your overcoat, and to cultivate your bump of order. It takes but a moment to put everything in its place, and then it can always be found readily.

How the Soil Formed.

What we call the earth, or the soil, and designate by the name of "field," "garden," and so on, is nothing more than disintegrated or crumbled up masses of rock, mixed with the remains of decayed plants and different kinds of salts, brought up from the depths of the earth by springs. The particles that enter into the growing vegetation in the shape of silicic acid, together with the fine pebbles and grains of sand yearly strewn over the earth, are so numerous that no eye can look over them, nor number approximately express them. But science lies concealed, and at the last stations on the rivers which bear these little grains down to the sea institutes an investigation to number them as they take leave of the light of day to be plunged into the dark depths of the ocean, there to remain for thousand of years, till they become rock again, and are again lifted up in the ethereal light of the air on earth. All streams are engaged in carrying these little passengers. The Rhine, the Elbe, and the kindred German streams, are every moment conveying the immigrating earth.

The Danube rolls away with them to the Black Sea. The Vistula brings down the little, journeying, immigrating grains from the Carpathian mountains, together with many of its companions from Russia, and lands them away down in the depths of the Baltic Sea. The quantity these rivers despatch down amounts to only about a cubic foot in a second. But year after year they have collected, till then quantity laid down is so vast that it would require millions of ships more than are now in the world to carry them. But the Nile in Egypt, the Mississippi in America, and the Ganges in India, are driving a heavy business in conveying these immigrants from the light of day to the deep abysses of the ocean. The Nile carries yearly 200,000,000 cubic feet, the Mississippi 4,400,000,000, and the Ganges 6,000,000,000. This is a vast quantity—enough to cover the City of Berlin in one year, and to form a mountain, on the top of which one would have to dig to reach the highest church spires. And this hascontinued not one year, not one hundred years, but many thousands of years, whose number no one knows, and whose effect no one is able to tell. But many will ask—"Will not this destroy the equilibrium of the earth's surface?" It seems that this would certainly happen. But the work goes on so slowly and insensibly, and the life of man is so short on this earth,—comparatively a night's lodging at a hotel—that he would know nothing of it if the mind of science did not step in and let a few rays of light through the openings to enlighten us on the subject.

Touching Story of a Beggar Girl.

A touching begging story with a good moral is told by *The Pittsburgh Telegraph*. A yeng man who had been on a three days' debauch wandered into the reading room of a hotel, where he was well known, sat down and stared moodily into the street. Presently a little girl of about ten years came in and looked timidly around the room. She was dressed in rags, but she had a sweet intelligent face that could scarcely fail to excite sympathy. There were five persons in the room, and she went to each begging. One gentleman gave her a fivecent piece, and she went to the gentleman spoken of and asked him for a penny, adding, "I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day." The gentleman was out of humor, and said crossly: "Don't bother me; go away! I haven't had anything to eat for three days." The child opened her eyes in shy wonder and stared at him for a moment, and then walked slowly toward the door. She turned the knob, and then after hesitating for a few seconds walked up to him, and gently laying the five cents she had received on his knee, said with a tone of true girlish pity in her voice "If you haven't had anything to eat for three days, you take this and go and buy some bread. Perhaps I can get some more somewhere." The young fellow blushed to the roots of his hair, and lifting the sister of charity in his arms kissed her two or three times in delight Then he took her to the persons in the room, and to those in the corridors and the office and told the story and asked contributions, giving himself all the money he had with him. He succeeded in raising over $40 and sent the little one on her way rejoicing.

Oatmeal Diet.

Undoubtely one of the most healthful and nourishing articles of diet is oatmeal. When properly cooked and eaten with sugar and cream it forms a dish which most people relish better than meat for breakfast and is very much cheaper. Liebig has chemically demonstrated that oatmeal is almost as nutritious as the very best English beef, and that is richer than wheaten bread in the elements which go to form bone and muscle. Professor Forbes, in Edinburgh, during some twenty years, measured the height and breadth, and also tested the strength of both arms and loins, of the students of the University—a very numerous class and of all nationalities, drawn to Edinburgh by the fame of his teaching. He found that in hight, breadth of chest and shoulders, and in strength of arms and loins, the Belgians are at the bottom of the list; a little above them the English; the highest of all the Scotch, and Scotch-Irish from Ulster, who, who like the natives of Scotland, are fed in their early years, at least one meal a day of good oatmeal porridge.

IN THE

TOWNSHIP OF HOWICK

Pursuant to a decree and final order made by the Court of Chancery, in a cause KAUFMAN v. BROWN, there will be sold

PUBLIC AUCTION

with the aprobation of Daniel Home Esquire, Master at Stratford, on

Thursday March 6th, 18

NEW GROCERY

—AND—

RESTAURANT.

JAMES WINTER

Has now opened out, in the stand **One door east of the Grand Central Hotel**, a well-selected stock of **General Groceries, Fruits, Confectionery, &c.**, which he has bought for cash, at very low figures, and which he will sell at a small advance for cash or produce.

Highest prices paid for Butter and Eggs, Dried Meats, Potatoes, &c.

The public is invited to call and examine goods and prices.

OYSTERS

Kept constantly on hand, in can or tub, and served up in first-class style. HOT MEALS at all hours.

JAMES WINTER.

Listowel, Feb'y 20th, 1879. 1-

LISTOWEL COOPERAGE

In returning thanks to my numerous customers for past favors, I wish to inform the public generally, that I have resumed my old business again, and will keep constantly on hand and make to order all kinds of work in my line, such as

CISTERNS, CHURNS, MEAT TUBS
Wash Tubs.

And everything in my line. Orders solicited, and all work promptly attended to. Terms low, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Shop—Dodd street, near Hay's Livery.

JACOB HEPPLER.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. TRADE MARK.

Before Taking. After Taking.

The Great English remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the back, Dimness of vision, Premature old age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a premature grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet which we desire to send free by mail to everyone.

The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists, at $1 per package, or 6 packages for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money, by addressing THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Windsor, Ont.

Sold in Listowel by all druggists, and everywhere in Canada and the United States by all wholesale and retail druggists.

MONCKTON MILLS.

TO LUMBER DEALERS, FARMERS AND OTHERS.

THE UNDERSIGNED, IN TENDERING his thanks to his customers for their liberal support in the past, would take this opportunity of informing them and the public generally that he has a very large stock of Dry Lumber for sale, consisting of inch, 1½ inch and 2 inch clear,

Flooring, Sized Boards, Barn Lumber

&c. And in order to make room for a new stock, and determined not to be undersold, he now offers at the following low rates: common Pine from $6 to $9 per M; Hemlock and Tamarac from $4 to $6 per M in boards, scantling or joisting on board cars or in his yard in Mitchell or in Monckton from $1 to $1.50 per M. less. Pine Lath from $3 to $4 per M. Hemlock Lath from $2 to $3 per M. He has also for sale a large supply of

DRESSED FLOORING, SHINGLES AND CEDAR POSTS,

at the lowest rates for cash, or would take in exchange for lumber some good cattle or sheep. He has a quantity of all kinds of long logs which he will cut into bill stuff on receipt of order, and as he is prepared to cut any length up to 40 feet he is in a position to furnish building lumber of all sizes and lengths, which cannot be obtained at any other mill in this section. A quantity of Georgian Bay lumber for sale.

N. B.—All outstanding accounts must be settled by cash or note immediately, otherwise they will be placed in Court for collection.

WM. MACHAN.

Monckton, February 1st, 1878.

1878 FALL TRADE 1878.

ADAM'S HARDWARE

DAILY RECEIVING FALL GOODS.

The following comprises some of the principal lines:—

AXES,

(From the best factories in America.)

CHAINS.

(Cattle, trace, halter and coil.)

TABLE & POCKET CUTLERY.

A large and complete assortment of

SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE.

The celebrated

CROSSCUT SAWS,

THE

IMPROVED "DIAMOND."

(Warranted to cut 30 cords hardwood without refitting.)

"LANCE" TOOTH,
"ECLIPSE" TOOTH,
AND
IMPROVED CHAMPION,
At prices which cannot be undersold.

When buying your Hardware, patronize

ADAM'S HARDWARE STORE,

OPPOSITE HESS BROS' FACTORY, MAIN ST.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

EMPRESS

FLOURING AND GRISTING

MILL,

Victoria Street, East,

LISTOWEL, ONT.

Having assumed control of the business of this Mill, and, all the interest in Books, Accounts and Notes, and other movable property belonging to the estate of JAMES R. SHIELDS, I hereby notify those indebted that I have placed the same into the hands of Messrs. Hay & Devlin for collection.

I have also appointed C. SHIELDS as my lawful agent to transact all business for me in my name and behalf.

M. SHIELDS.

Listowel, Jan. 27, 1879

STARTED AGAIN.

BELL & DAVIDSON

Wish to inform the inhabitants of Listowel that they commenced the Baking business in the Brick building lately occupied by Mack & Co.,

MAIN ST., LISTOWEL,

and will keep constantly on hand a large stock of the very best

Bread Biscuits,
BUNNS, CAKES,
Confectionery,
NUTS, &c., &c.

Wedding Cakes a Specialty

and made to order on short notice.

Tea Parties and Socials supplied on reasonable terms.

Bread delivered daily to any part of the town

BELL & DAVIDSON.

Listowel, Feb. 14th, 1878.

LISTOWEL

PORK PACKING HOUSE.

MR. F. CHAPLIN

Is now prepared to pay

The Highest Market Prices for Pork,

at his store,

Opposite the Commercial Hotel

And will keep on hand a large stock of

SUGAR-CURED HAMS,
SMOKED HAMS,
SPICED MEAT, &c.

He will also keep good fresh Pork, and the best of Sausages.

T. CHAPLIN.

Listowel, Oct. 8, 1878. 35-1

BOOTS & SHOES.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Henry Wetzel

Has just received his

FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES

The cheapest and best ever brought to Listowel.

GIVE HIM A CALL.

Produce taken in exchange.

Next door to the Royal Hotel, Wallace Street Listowel.

TO THE PUBLIC.

J. G. TREMAIN

HAS REMOVED

Into the Brick Block,

Two Doors South of Zilliax's Hotel

(lately occupied by Hess Bros.)

WALLACE STREET, Listowel

Where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of

FLOUR, OATMEAL,
CORNMEAL,
CRACKED WHEAT,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
POT BARLEY,
BEANS, OATS,
BARLEY, PEAS,
CORN,
CHOP FEED,
SALT,
(By the barrel or ton.)
POTATOES, LAND PLASTER, &c

Which he will sell cheap.

Deliveries made promptly to all parts of the town.

The highest price in cash paid for all kinds of grain and hides.

A CALL SOLICITED.

J. G. TREMAIN

Listowel, June 27, 1878.

EXCELSIOR

PLANING MILLS

—AND—

Sash, Door and Blind Factory

DUNHAM, WILSON & CO.,

Builders, Contractors, &c.,

Respectfully intimate that they are prepared to furnish all descriptions of building material on the shortest notice.

DRESSED LUMBER, DOORS, SASH, MOULDINGS, &c.,

kept constantly on hand, and sold cheap.

Contracts taken for the Erection of all Classes of Buildings.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

The subscribers, being practical men, and employing only first-class workmen, satisfaction will be guaranteed. Orders solicited.

FACTORY.—Elma Street, near Climie's Mill.

W. H. DUNHAM, H. D. WILSON,
R. J. CRAIG.

Listowel, Nov. 29, 1878.