Listowel Standard.

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THE PRAIRIE PATH.

Upon the brown and frozen sod
The wind's wet fingers shake the rain :
The bare shrubs shiver in the blast
Against the dripping window-pane.
Inside, strange shadows haunt the room,
The flickering fire-lights rise and fall,
And make I know not what strange shapes
Upon the pale gray parlor wall.

I feel but do not see these things—
My soul stands under other skies ;
There is a wondrous radiance comes
Between my eyelids and my eyes.
I seem to pull down on my feet
God's gentian flowers, as on I pass
Through a green prairie still and sweet
With blowing vines and blowing grass.

And then—ah ! whence can he have come ?—
I feel a small hand touching mine ;
ur voices first are like the breath
That sways the grass and scented vine.
But clearer grow the childish words,
Of Egypt and of Hindostan ;
And Archie's telling me again
Where he will go when he's a man.

The smell of pine is strangely blent
With sandle-wood and broken spice
And cores of calamus ; the flowers
Grow into gems of wondrous price.
We sit down in the grass and dream ;
His face grows strangely bright and fair ;
I think it is the amber gleam
Of sunset in his pale gold hair.

But while I look I see a path
Across the prairie to the light ;
And Archie with his small bare feet
Has almost passed beyond my sight.
Upon my heart there falls a smile,
Upon my ears a soft adieu ;
I see the glory in his face,
And know *his* dreams have all come true.

Some day I shall go hence and home—
We shall hence, I mean to say.
And as we pass the shoals of Time,
"My brother," I shall, pleading, say.
"There was upon the prairie wide
A spot so dear to thee and me,
I fain would see it, ere we walk
The fields of Immortality."

CONTEMPORANOUS FUN.

—Floating fun—Boat riding.

—The German Mormons now have an organ in Salt Lake City.

—'Tis easier to rush into print than into office.—*New York News.*

—Said he : "Let us be one." And she was won.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A strain of music—tightening the strings of a violin.—*N. Y. News.*

—A "squeeze in grain"—Treading on a man's corns.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—The pay school is the place of hire education.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—A hollow mockery—A mismatched stove pipe.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—"Mine, miner, minus !" This is the general upshot of speculation in mining stock.

—A square man deserves to have a large circle of acquaintance.—*N. Y. News.*

—The smallest kind of a yellow dog is a terrier to evil doers.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—Comets are wearing as long trains this season as usual.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

—Form of telegram to your shoemaker—Make me another pair exactly like my last.—*Punch.*

—Kisses sweeten a farewell. They are the cream of ta ta, as it were.—*Brooklyn Union Argus.*

—"Anty, vat makes the little baby cry so ? Do it want its mudder ?" "Yes, dear, and its fodder, too !"

—Coal is so black that it is wonderful how a dealer can make a ton so light.—*New Orleans Gazette.*

—The girl who bangs her hair often makes the wife who bangs her husband's.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—The young man who was kicked out of his girl's house very properly style d her father a free booter.

—Pressed corned beef, in a cultured family, goes a deal further than autumn leaves.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—When a Boston man invites you to dinner, and heads a postscript N. B., he means "no beans."—*New York Commercial.*

—A determination to be honest is an appropriation for the improvement of the river of life.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—Have you hunted up your ulster ?—*Boston Post.* Can't find the ticket, say nothing about the ulster.—*New Haven Register.*

—Every printer is a galley slave.—*Yonkers Gazette.* Yes, and his wife is the gal he slaves for.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—"What does a woman want to put on gloves in hot weather for ?" asks a male subscriber. Why to keep her hand in, stupid. —*Boston Post.*

—"Oh, dear ! I wish I was dead," exclaimed a neglected maiden. She had heard that mashes are made in heaven.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Never mistake prespiration for inspiration," said an old minister in his charge to a young pastor just being ordained.—*Boston Herald.*

—A printer's wife always puts the baby in "small caps."—*New York News.* Does it not depend upon the "capital ?"—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

—This paper is down on all rings.—*Ex.* What is the matter with the engagement ring ? Or the ring of the dinner bell ?—*Norristown Herald.*

—Money can't hire the Chinaman to talk through the telephone.—*Free Press.* It can't hire anybody to talk through ears, when he's wanted.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—Consoling : Poor author—"Heavens, what a pain there is in my head !" His wife —"Complaining of that ! You ought to be thankful there is anything in it."—*Andrews' Bazar.*

—An exchange contains an article headed "A Newspaper Man's Sad Fate." It is pretty sad when a newspaper man loses his railroad pass when he is 200 miles from home.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"I tell you," says a rabid free thinker, "the idea that there is a God never comes into my head." "Ah, precisely like my dog. But there is this difference—he doesn't go round howling about it."

—Somebody in New Milford has found an umbrella, and announces that the owner can have it by calling, which shows quite conclusively what sort of an umbrella it is.—*Danbury News.*

—Editors never publish false statements ; they are all proved before they are printed.—*Port Hope Guide.* True ; but they never fail to get the lye rubbed into them afterwards.—*Belleville Intelligencer.*

—Peter Quinlan, bell boy, Kirby House, Brantford, fell over a stairway railing and was revived by a glass of brandy. Peter liked the medicine so well that he now takes a tumble three times a day. Takes a tumble —then a tumbler, as it were.

—The man who died game was never known to quail.—*Boston Transcript.* No ; but he woodcock his gun at the wrong time, and now he is an angel without a shooting jacket.—*New Haven Register.*

—The fall of poets should chip in and erect a monument to the man who invented the names of the month. Where would they be if he had not put in September to rhyme with remember ?—*Norristown Herald.*

—We see by the Milwaukee Sentinel that Daniel Webster died twenty-eight years ago. The Milwaukee papers are constantly hunting up some fresh sensational item like this, and springing it upon an unprepared public.

—Said the angry judge to the lawyer : "The prisoner would steal horses, and I consider you no better !" And the lawyer said he flattered himself that he did know better, and wished he could return the compliment, with justice. And this was one of the most enjoyable incidents of the trial—for the audience.—*Boston Post.*

IS "DAMN" AN OATH.

"Damn," as a noun substantive, is an old regular word, used frequently by English writers down to the first part of the seventeenth century. We do not see why so ponderous a word has been dropped by lexicographers. In some places, as, if we speak of how original sin lies heavy on us, it seems a most appropriate word. "We inherit with Adam's nature, the damn cleaving to it !" This use of the word came down to our American grandfathers, and lasted even to the time when the "continental currency" was a dead "loss." So came the expression "not worth a continental damn," "dead loss." And for short : "Not worth a damn"—or bit of paper that was a dead loss ! It is not to the credit of our American lexicographers that they have not recognized this origin of a phasse peculiarly American, and that if "slang" at first having a basis in fact, like a countless number of other words, it has been enrolled as a factor in our accepted language—as "gerrymandering" has been. The people did better than their writers of primers, grammers and dictionaries. Damn means a loss (in American parlance, as above a worthless scrip). Damnable, for its general meaning signifies "worthy of severe censure." Only when used in a theological connection does it imply what puritans suppose. It, most certainly, is not "swearing ?" And, except by the imposition of the Puritan signification, is not crushing ! And yet we remember hearing people, using a phrase whose history they knew not say "I do not care a cuss" meaning a curse.—*Freeman's Journal.*

AROUND THE WORLD.

—It transpired in a Keokuk lawsuit that the defendant had sent his wife to the poor. house and married his father's divorced wife.

—On the tombs of the "Pretenders" at Rome they are styled respectively James III., Charles III., and Henry IX., Kings of England.

—A People's Church has been organized in Chicago by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, who was turned out of a Methodist pulpit for unorthodox preaching.

—There are at present published in Russia 417 newspapers in the Russian language, 54 in Polish, 40 in German, 10 in French, 11 in Lettish, 7 in Esthonian, 2 in Finnish, 4 in Hebrew, 7 in Armenian, 3 in Georgian, and 4 in Tartar.

—The judges at the Boston baby show, possibly mindful of the fury of a woman whose infant has been scorned, declared that they could not decide which exhibits were best, and left the prizes to be awarded by the voters of the visitors.

—The practice obtains in England of calling trains by a specific name, as "The Wild Irishman" or "The Flying Scotchman." The third class train from London to Lancashire still arrives daily at Preston, and after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century bears the name of "The Polka."

—In Russia, all the sons and daughters of princes inherit their title. They are, consequently as plentiful as sparrows. It is said that there is a village where every inhabitant is a Prince or Princess Gallitzen. The title of Prince in Russia is about equivalent to that of Esquire in England.

—The London *Telegraph* says that in consequence of the advance in value of many securities held by the Glasgow Bank, the liquidation is likely to show much better results than were at one time anticipated, and those shareholders who have met their calls in full will be handsomely remunerated.

—President Eliot has sent to the parents of Harvard undergraduates an inquiry whether their sons have been accustomed to attend prayers at home, and requesting opinions on compulsory attendance in the chapel. This is a possible preliminary to making religious worship voluntary at Harvard.

—Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, wished to test a certain railroad brake. He had one adjusted to a car, and started off for a tria' trip. The engineer soon saw what seemed c be a big rock on the track ahead, and applied the brake, stopping the train within a few feet of the obstacle, which proved to be of pasteboard.

—Seventy-five Harvard students interrupted a performance in the Boston Theater by their noise. Their leader had a little bell, which he rang as a signal for the applause to begin or end, and between the acts they sang college songs. The audience at length hissed them soundly, and they were quieted by a threat to call in the police.

—The well-known Russian millionaire, Warschawski, has been arrested by order of the Russian Government in Odessa and brought to St. Petersburg. It is stated that evidence is forthcoming to show that he defrauded the authorities to the extent of not less than 22,000,000 roubles by army contracts during she late war.

—The pretty sweetheart of a Peoria pugilist was the Goddess of Liberty in a political procession. He set out to walk on the sidewalk abreast of the car in which she rode and whip everyone who made any disrespectful comment on her. He knocked down five offenders in the course of as many blocks, and then, attempting to chastise a party of four, got a sound drubbing.

—The finest and most renowned of the arches in Rome is the arch of Titus, which that Emperor built to commemorate the capture of Jerusalem. No Jew ever passed under it except forcibly, and at the present day, when the Jews are uppermost in official influence at Rome, they are in favor of its destruction, as being a memento of cruelty and humiliation to their race.

—The recent sentence on the man Perry the London Underground Railway robber got somewhat "mixed" in its translation into the Russian papers. Instead of announcing that he had received twenty years' penal servitude and thirty strokes with the cat, the provincial journals of Russia stated that he had been sentenced to "twenty years' imprisonment with thirty cats."

—A burglar who had stolen a large sum of money from a house on the Boulevard Voltaire, Paris, was watched by the police, after the expiration of a two years' imprisonment, and 14,000f. in coin, which he had buried under the root of a tree in a public park, were recovered. He was arrested with the treasure in his hand just after he had dug it out from its place of concealment.

—Some Galveston boys were impressed by reading of the martyrdom of saints by death at the stake, and they decided to burn a pet dog in the same manner. The leader in the movement had a theory that the poor brute's sufferings would result in immortal joys, and so be a good thing for it. A post was driven into the ground the dog chained fast, and a roaring fire built. The boys sang hymns while their victim was roasting to death.

—When we read the statistics of education in Russia we get a new cause of the discontent of the people, and find another justification of the hatred of the despotic Government. A Russian journal of education shews that if all the Russian people are to be educated, there will be 1,000 new schools wanted in the St. Petersburg district, 2,900 in that of Novgorod, and, not to mention other instances, as many as 5,000 in that of Charkow.

—Apropos of woman's rights M. Ernest d'Hervilly remarks that women have never chosen the sea as a career. There were no women on board the Argo, in spite of the attractions of the golden fleece. No women accompanied Columbus, although the discovery of a new continent ought to have awakened their curiosity. On land women have shown themselves brave soldiers, from the time of the Amazons, but they do not love the sea.

—The Russians nourish a special grievance against Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. He does not speak one word of Russ, and he will not be at pains to learn it. Bulgarian he is rapidly acquiring, and already possesses a vocabulary of little phrases that touch the heart of the simple minded Bulgar. In his intercourse with the officials of state and the numerous Russian officials commanding his army he uses either French or German, or even a little English.

—The Parisians have been laughing over an "incident" at the recent sitting of the Academy of Medicine, when a violent altercation took place between MM. Jules Guerin and Pasteur. The first is 59 years old and partially paralyzed. The last is in his 80th year, but still, it appears, retains so much vivacity that he defied the ruling of the President, accused his opponent of falsehood, and had to be forcibly restrained by his friends from actual violence.

—Frank W. Richardson, aged 35, and described as an accountant and son of a veterinary surgeon, has married Charlotte Gordon, aged 45, at the Register Office, Yarmouth, England. The aforesaid Frank is the lad who figured as co-respondent in the Newman Hall divorce case, and the aforesaid Charlotte is the respondent in that case, where counsel described her as twenty years older than Frank, whom she was in the habit kissing in a "motherly sort of way."

—Justice Smith said, on opening his court at Connorsville, Tenn. : "William Henry Smith is arraigned for assaulting his father." The Magistrate had on a previous day knocked his father down with a club, and it was himself that he was now arraigning. He continued : "The evidence is conclusive, and I'm not sure but I ought to send myself to jail for ten days. But as this is my first offence, and I certainly had a good deal of provocation, I will simply impose a fine of ten dollars."

—Russia is going to imitate the good example of the Prince of Wales in sending his sons to sea. The Grand Duke Constantine has had his second son, Constantine, appointed Lieutenant of the frigate Duke of Edinburgh, now fitting out at Constadt for the Pacific. All the sons of the High Admiral of Russia have had a semi-nautical training, ranking as midshipmen in the Baltic fleet, and occasionally taking a trip to Revel or Sveaborg during the summer manœuvres.

—Mary Pyatt rejected John K. Amold's offers of marriage for a long time, at Kimberly, Pa., but he was persistent, and at length she consented. There was a great wedding, and the couple went off on a tour. After a week the bride returned to her home, declaring that she had no recollection of anything between her last refusal of Amold and her awakening to find, to her great surprise and displeasure, that she was his wife. She insists that she was out of her mind during the interval, and declines to even see her husband.

—Apropos of French military discipline we read : "A sentry placed before the powder magazine sees his colonel approaching, smoking an imported Havana cigar. He presents arms, and says firmly but respectfully, 'Pardon me, Colonel, but smoking is not allowed here.' The Colonel with a superb gesture, flings away the cigar and gives the faithful sentinel a louis d' or. As soon as he has got around the corner the faithful sentinel, with proud tears on his rugged countenance, picks up the cigar and finishes it with every manifestation of delight."

—A curious computation has been made on the rapidity of Basque *bolari* or *improvisatori* in recent contests at Vera and San Sebastian. Including pauses for rest and giving out of themes and metre, they reached from fourteen to twenty lines a minute. The highest number recited by one individual was 410 lines, out of a total of 1,610. The contests lasted about an hour and a half, and the rapidity of utterance was such that the reporters were completely distanced. The talent seems in some cases to be hereditary, as one of the competitors at San Sebastian who was unable to appear sent his son to represent him, and with full success.

—A *cause celebre* has come up at Chota Oodepoor, in the Bombay Presidency. Chandia Sing, second son of the Rajah of that little East Indian State, is accused of murdering his wife. It appears that he suspected her fidelity, and, watching her movements, caught her descending a rope ladder to meet her lover. She was seized, and, it is said, tortured in a most fearful manner for three days before she died, when it was given out that her death was caused by a snake bite. The Political Agent is holding an inquiry, and, should his report be unfaverable, the accused will probably be tried, as was the late Gaikwar of Baroda.

—Dr. Talbot was mysteriously murdered at Marysville, Mo. Some members of the family had a suspicion that his son Albert was the assassin, because he was known to have waited very impatiently to inherit the property ; but, in the absence of proof, nobody dared make an accusation. So a detective was hired. He went to live in a house close by, pretending to be a farmer, and instructed his pretty wife, whom he introduced as a sister, to gain Albert's affection. This she was quickly successful in doing, and within a month she had promised to marry him. Then she set about inculpating him, and he eventally confessed his guilt to her. His arrest followed.

—"The O'Dowd," Mr. Boucicau last production at the Adelphi, which seems to have excited a good deal of political passion in London, is an amended and enlarged edition of a drama in three acts, "Daddy O'Dowd," produced at Booth's Theater in the spring of 1873, in which Mr. Boucicault gave an exquisite companion picture to "Kerry," in the representation of an old Irish merchant, who sacrifices his hardly acquired property to protect the honor of a dissolute but subsequently repentant and reformed son. The scene is laid in Galway, and some of the hustings speeches are said to palliate, if not justify, the recent assassination there of Lord Mountmorres.

—The Rev. Dr. Cuyler says, in the *Congregationalist* that a vital question is the small attendance at religious services. "It requires but half an eye to discover the alarming fact that this attendance is steadily falling off, both in the cities and in the country, both in the East and in the West. Forty years ago it was claimed that one-half of the population of the city of New York were either wholly or partially connected with some Protestant congregation. Now only one-fourth of the population are ever seen in any Protestant place of worship." Dr. Cuyler adds that, on the first Sunday in October, the fifteen most popular churches in the city, capable of seating 20,000 persons, held only 10,500.

—George Wheeler, the San Francisco murderer of his sister-in-law, who said that she submitted willingly to being choked to death, maintains a wonderful composure. His wife visited him in prison, and he offered to kiss her, but she repelled him, exclaiming, "Oh, you villain !" He asked her what she had come for, if not to be friendly. "I want you to tell me truth," she replied : "how did you kill her ? Don't deceive me, now. Tell me just how you did it." "Do you want to know ?" he asked, carelessly. "Yes ; I want you to tell me before God just how you did it." "Oh, I'll tell you. Just hold my hat a moment, will you ?" said he to a bystander, as he stretched his left hand toward the tearful wife. She instinctively drew back. "Don't be scared," said he ; "I won't hurt you. This is how I did it ;" and he placed his left hand on her mouth and grasped her throat with his right. In a moment he released her and she asked, "Didn't she struggle ?" "Oh, yes ; of course she kicked a little ; but she had made up her mind to die."

—Another story illustrative of the eccentricities for which Russian military officers of late years have rendered themselves notorious comes from St. Petersburg. Recently a lady of rank was traveling on the Fastovo line of railway in a first-class compartment, the only other occupant of which was an elderly cavalry captain, with whom she casually entered into conversation. Arrived at the Ustinovka station, she summoned a gendarme to the window of her carriage and informed him that she missed a hundred and sixty roubles from her hand-bag, and suspected her traveling companion of having stolen them. A few minutes previously she had requested him to take her ticket out of the bag, which he had done ; and since that time she had discovered her loss. Search was forthwith instituted upon the captain's person for the missing money, and a hundred-rouble note was found thrust into one of his boots. No sooner had this evidence of his guilt been brought to light than he produced a small parcel of bank notes from his pocket, with the remark, "As you have got the hundred roubles, I may as well give you the other sixty." Directly after he had spoken these words he drew a revolver from the breast pocket of his coat, set its muzzle against his right temple, and blew his brains out. Insensible to the dishonor of theft, that of detection seemed to him so insupportable that, rather than endure it, he killed himself.

OFFICIAL CRUELTY.

I never heard of a more abominable case of cruelty than that disclosed at a recent inquest held by Mr. John Humphreys, the coroner, upon a poor woman who was found dead upon the steps of the Poplar Union. At 9 o'clock at night she first applied for admission, telling the porter that if he did not let her in she should die. He answered that without an order from the relieving officer, which she had tried in vain to procure, "she must remain out all night." Again she begged him to let her in, saying : "I cannot move further—I shall die," whereupon the porter replied : "Then you must die." At about 1 o'clock the poor creature again repeatedly importuned the Cerberus for shelter but all to no effect. Between 3 and 4 o'clock —six hours after application for admission—the poor outcast died, and was removed by the police to the mortuary. The night watchman, who did not deny the main facts of the case, admitted that he occasionally absented himself, and left an aged pauper in charge of the gate. The Coroner, of course, "animadverted in strong language," and the jury exhibited the customary "indignation ;" but this revolting case must not be allowed to end here.—*London Truth*

—The Berlin *News*, alluding to the fact that October had five Sundays, says : "The first Sunday began on the 3rd ;" but leaves its readers in a terrible state of suspense in respect to the date of the termination of the first Sunday.

—The world will come to an end in less than two months—or Mother Shipton was no better than Vennor.

PITTING CORN FODDER.

(From the American Agriculturist.)

The good result which many persons obtained last year in pitting corn fodder, leads this year to the making of many pits, or *silos*, for this purpose, all over the country. So that if there is the least question as to the utility of the process it will be soon set at rest by a thousand experimenters.

We were much interested in witnessing the filling of the pits built by the Messrs. Buckley Brothers, of Port Jervis, N. Y., whom we visited about the middle of September. It has been their habit for many years to put in a large area of sowed corn, which was cut and put up for curing in stooks, and afterwards housed or stacked near the barns. This year they have a larger area than usual, a large part of which they put down in pits for winter feeding. This matter of pitting or *ensilaging* corn fodder has been carefully investigated by them, and they have made, this year, two pits under the cow barn floor. These pits are 22 feet long, 9 feet wide, and 15½ feet deep, side by side, with a two-foot wall between them. They are walled all around and cemented water-tight. They would answer well as cisterns. These two are just built, but there is an old one, 10 feet wide, 50 feet long, and 7 feet deep, which is under the feeding floor. The cow-barn is 120 feet long, by 30 feet wide. The feeding floor is 10 feet wide, and the standing space for the cows is the same width on each side. There is room for 36 cows in this stable, up to the barn floor. The floor, the stalls and all from side to side, was taken up for the filling of the pits, but it will be relaid.

At the time we were there the work of filling was going on in full blast. A pair of powerful mules were at work in the horse power. The feed cutter stood directly behind them, and cut the stalks in half-inch pieces, at the rate of two tons an hour. It required three men to tend the cutter, taking the corn from the wagon, feeding it to the cutter, and seeing that it was properly shunted off into the pits, where one man spread it as evenly as possible, and tramped it down. At noon and evening half a dozen men got into the tanks, and tramped the fodder down as firmly as they could. One man and one team were required to haul the fodder from the field. As soon as a wagon load was brought into the bar, the team was ungeared and hitched to the empty wagon. In the field the teamster assisted in the loading. There were three men in the field cutting up the corn and loading the wagon. Thus the labor required was as follows : Two teams and one driver, four men in the barn and three in the field—eight men in all. With this force they were putting in about twenty tons a day.

The stalks were rather dry ; the juice did not squirt out of them when they went through the cutter, and the chaffings were not even moist to the touch. When packed in the pits, a strong fermentation sets in very soon. The corn that had been packed the day before was standing hot, no doubt having a temperature of 110° to 120° Fahrenheit. It had a vinous odor which was very sweet and pleasant. Mr. Charles Buckley gave us the figures of the cost of these two pits, which is as follows :

Digging, 112 days work at $1	$112 00
Masons bill	94 44
Men to assist the masons, 12 days work	12 00
Bill for lime and cement	78 10
Total outlay	$296 54

This does not include anything for stone, for the stones taken out of the pit were sufficient for the walls, and there is not to be any charge made for the superintendence, and no doubt it would be fair to fully ten per cent. for the supervision and actual labor, which at one time or another the farmer himself gave, or say $325 in all. There were 50 barrels of cement used, and about half as much lime, part of which, 8 bbls., was very good, and the rest, 50 bushels, cheap and of a low grade. The proportion of sand to cement and lime in the mortar with which the walls were laid up, was about two-thirds, but for the coating over the surface to make the whole water-tight, nearly pure cement was used. Thus the pits were filled, each one receiving its quota of ten tons, more or less, being well trodden down allowed to settle over night and again trodden down in the morning before work, all hands being engaged in the tramping. When full as possible, settled and tramped, and beginning to heat in the top layers, it is covered with six inches of long rye straw—any other straw will answer—and this, with a layer of planks, cut to fit crossways, but not so long as to bind. Stones are piled or rather laid upon the planks so that fully one hundred pounds to the square foot rests upon the fodder. Thus it is left for winter use. Filled full, one of these pits will hold sixty tons. That is, containing as they do over 3,000 cubic feet, or 2,400 bushels—at fifty pounds to the bushel, which the compressed moist, and almost solid fodder will weigh—this is equal to 120,000 lbs., or 60 tons.

As to the keeping, there can be no question if the work is properly done. A brisk fermentation comes on, as we have seen—as it does in a tub of apple pulp for making cider. If the air has very slight success it will go on to ultimate decay ; but if it is kept out, the little air at first present is driven off by the carbonic acid gas which is formed, and the mass ceases to ferment, and remains as if it were in an air tight case. There is, however, a slight ascess of air upon the surface and its action upon the juices in the straw and upper layer of fodder is just enough to maintain an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas over the mass —and in the straw which is like a rubber blanket, confined as it is beneath the planks. The stable will be replaced over the pits, and when the time comes for feeding there will be no going out in storms and "slush" and ice to haul in the fodder from out-of-door pits, but the floor will be taken up over a sufficient space, and enough feed removed from one end for two days, when it will be packed down again and covered closely. We think rubber blankets, tarpaulins, canvas, or any coarse cloth painted with boiled oil, would be excellent to pack close down upon the fodder to exclude the air. One thing strikes us as very important, and that is, to know for a certainty that there is no settling of carbonic acid gas in the pit, after a considerable opening made. A man going into a place filled with this gas —as often in deep wells—is over-powered before he knows it, falls and drowns as surely as if he were under water, and is even less likely to be resuscitated. The way to know whether a man can enter with safety, is it to lower a lantern, which, if it burns freely, it shows that there is not a dangerous proportion of gas in the air of the pit.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

The Great Historical Procession at its Dedication.

(Correspondence of the New York Herald.)

Mounted trumpeters opened the procession, clad in costumes of the thirteenth century. Then followed a standard bearer of the Empire, a city herald, a standard bearer of the city of Cologne, horsemen, burgomaster and ancient city fathers, with their insignia and attributes of office. They were followed by Cologne patricians and citizens, with their families and pretty children, and then eight goldsmith's apprentices bore a fac-simile of the golden Shrine of the Three Kings—the acquisition of which was one of the most important events of the history of Cologne. Archbishop Reinald von Dassel did especial service to King Frederick Barbarossa on one of his Italian campaigns, and as a reward the Emperor presented him with the sacred relics of the Three Kings, which he took from Milan. In 1164 the relics were brought to Cologne, where they were received with great rejoicings by the clergy and citizens and placed in the old Dom with great pomp and ceremony. The possession brought much wealth to the ancient city, in fact Cologne's wealth and power in the Middle Ages were attracted in the first place by these relics. In these days there came pilgrims from all parts of the world to worship at the shrine. The effect which its possession had upon the Church and the city was marvellous. The Three Kings were the patron saints for all the travelers and pilgrims to the Holy Land, and from these relics Cologne received the name of the Holy City. At that time the whole Christian world was seized with an irresistible desire to visit the places made sacred by the Saviour of the world. They trusted that, as the Three Kings had been led by a star to the place of the Saviour's birth so would they also be led to the Saviour's tomb. Thus the pilgrims came to Cologne in large numbers and the Cathedral Church of Hildebold was daily filled with devout worshippers at the sacred shrine to strengthen themselves for the journey and to make their offerings. Thus it was that the Holy City on the Rhine increased in wealth and splendor. People came from all parts of Europe—German Emperors, Kings of England, Portugal, Denmark, Cyprus ; Dukes of Lethringia, Burgundy, and each royal visitor, left much wealth behind him. A beautiful shrine was constructed for the relics, and a very successful copy of it that was to-day borne on the shoulders of the goldsmith's apprentices. Fifty years after the arrival of the sacred relics the present Cathedral was commenced, which was to be a worthy temple for the beautiful shrine. And after other groups of Cologne patricians came a noteworthy figure—Archbishop Konrad Von Hochsaaden, who 15th of August, 1248, laid the foundation stone of the Cathedral, the temple for the shrine, which after 600 years has at last been architecturally completed. To the right and left of the Archbishop rode the Dukes of Limburg and Brabant, followed by a crowd of vassals of the archbishopiscopal see. Then came a triumphal car drawn by four horses bearing dames and damsels and the first architect of the Dom, Gerhard von Riehl, with some of his workmen holding the plan of the building. Master Gerhard died in 1279. To him is due the plan of the Cathedral as has it been carried out to the present day. His genius is shown in the beauty of the present structure and in the fact that his successors have never deviated even in the smallest degree from the original plan of the Cathedral as he left it at his death. It was a grand ceremony at which these ancients assisted at the time. The whole space on which the Cathedral now stands was covered by a vast multitude. There were present hosts of lords, dukes, princes, who stood around the Emperor William. There was a long procession of priests and bishops headed by the Pope's special legate and the Archbishop, Conrad von Hochstaden. After solemn prayers had been offered the Archbishop received from Master Gerhard the hammer and the trowel and struck the corner stone and cast lime upon it. Then the Archbishop gave the hammer to the Emperor, who stepped forward and struck the stone three times. The Papal legate did the same. And so in like manner all the bishops, princes and dukes. The hammer was then handed back to Master Gerhard, who then began to work with his assistants, while the vast assembly sang the psalm : "She is founded upon the holy mountain. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Glorious things are spoken of thee, thou city of God." While this psalm was sung the Archbishop, followed by the bishops and clergy, the Emperor, princess and people, marched in solemn procession three times around the foundations, the Archbishop blessing and consecrating them. Such was the ceremony as performed six hundred years ago, and participated in by the originals of the knighty figures who passed before us in the grand historical procession of Saturday. The groups of this division of the procession, it should be added, were designed by the artists, Fritz and Er est Roeber, of Dussedlorf.

ORCHARD AND NURSERY.

FALL PRUNING.—Late October and early November are often very favorable to the planting of trees. The soil is still warm from the accumulated heat of summer ; it is rarely too dry, and if properly drained not too wet. If in planting we cut, as we should, every broken root back to a sound place, in a short time these roots will have overcome the bad effects of the removal, and will be ready for vigorous growth in the spring. South or 40°, in most years, planting may be done during the greater part of the year without any injury to the newly set trees.

YOUNG TREES planted this fall, or even last spring, should have earth drawn up around them, making a mound 12 to 18 inches high. This mound of earth should be free from sods and weeds, and will serve the double purpose of a support to the trees against the winds, and prevent the mice from gnawing them.

DRAINING.—Water should not be allowed to collect on the surface ; a few furrows in the right place will cary it away rapidly. Underdraining, to be the best and most economical, should be all finished up before hard freezing weather sets in.

CIONS may be cut as soon as the leaves fall, and should be packed in sawdust or sand, and kept in a cool place. Select only from thrifty trees of the best varieties. If you do not have them it is better to buy than to use second-rate stock.

LABELS upon trees should be looked to, that they do not get lost or become illegible. The old kind of pine label, marked with lead pencil while a coat of white is fresh upon it, is about the best. Zinc strips are used and preferred by some.

SEEDS OF TREES for planting in the spring are best preserved in boxes of sand, the boxes being kept in a cool and dry place, out of the reach of mice. (CARE)

STOCKS FOR ROOT GRAFTING.—The grafting of roots is done during the winter and the stocks should be in a handy place. Take up the stocks before the ground freezes, assort and tie them in bundles, afterwards put in boxes, and place them in the cellar.

RABBITS if left to themselves can do much harm. A protection of the trees may be made of lath, or tarred paper may be tied about the trunk with fine wire. Smearing the trees with blood will keep away the rabbits, as meat is very distasteful to them. A fat rabbit in November is good eating, and a small bounty will induce the boys to trap and otherwise secure many of these injurious animals.

MANURING.—The orchard needs to be fed as well as any other field when a yearly crop is removed. Circumstances will determine the kind of manure to use. That from the stable is always in order ; ground bone, ashes, green crops turned under, are all of great value, and one or more should be used.

KEEPING FRUIT.—The cellar of the house, if possible, should not be used for storing large quantities of fruit, but if used there should be ample ventilation to carry off the carbonic acid produced by the ripening fruit. A uniform temperature of about 40°, or just safely above freezing, accompanied with a dry atmosphere, is the best. Pears should be stored in drawers where they can be inspected occasionally. Apples, if properly picked and packed in barrels, ought to keep undisturbed.

MAKE ALL SNUG FOR WINTER.—Clear up all rubbish in the orchard. Pick up the refuse fruit and feed to the pigs, that the contained insects may be destroyed. Fences and gates, especially of young orchards, need to be cattle proof at all seasons.—*American Agriculturalist.*

HOW TO DRESS A TURKEY.

There is much practical wisdom among the poultry men, that does not get into the papers or books. A turkey raiser who prides himself on sending to market the handsomest lot of turkeys in his town, for the Christmas market, tells us how he dresses his birds. The turkeys are fed as usual the night before butchering, and in the morning are driven in upon the barn floor, as soon as they come from the roost, and are made secure. Their crops are empty, and they can be caught as they are wanted. Make a slip noose of strong cord for each turkey's legs into the noose, and with a small pointed knife stick the bird as near the head as possible. As soon as the bird is dead, strip off the feathers, pinfeathers and all. Cut the neck off as near the head as possible, remove the wings and draw the entrails, before taking the bird down. The turkey is hung up alive, and taken down ready for market. Lay the bird on his breast upon a clean board to cool. Turkeys should be carefully handled in dressing, to avoid breaking the skin, for it rubs off very easily when they are warm. Remove all the pinfeathers and pack the birds when sent to market, in clean straw, so that there will be no marks of blood upon them. Handsome, clean dressing will add a cent a pound, and often more, to the market price of all kinds of poultry.

—James Langmaid of Pembroke, N. H., the father of Josie Langmaid, who was murdered by the Canadian La Page, some years ago, became involved in a dispute with Robert McConnell last Saturday, and was fatally beaten and injured by him, a heavy pair of wheels being also driven over his body.

SUICIDE AND PHILOSOPHY.

A Talk with One Who Has Made Nin Attempts to Kill Himself.

[From the New York Sun.]

T. Julius Jones, who attempted to kill himself on Wednesday morning in the house of Edward Nivison, at 316 West Thirty-second street, by shooting himself in the head with a revolver, is still alive in Roosevelt Hospital. The physicians say that he may recover.

When Mr. Nivison entered Jones' room, having heard the pistol shots, he found his lodger lying on the floor, but entirely conscious. The wounded man said to him : "Nivison, you'll find copious directions among my effects in regard to the disposal of my remains. In the meantime run for a policeman and bring an ambulance with you, as I am perfectly well assured that I have again failed in my attempt to make away with myself, and I can recuperate much more rapidly in a hospital than here. The sooner I get well the sooner I'll renew my efforts at self-destruction."

After assistance had been summoned from the Thirty-seventh street police station Jones suddenly sprang from the floor as though in full bodily vigor, and, seizing an open pocket knife that was lying upon the table, made a desperate attempt to stab himself. The policemen sprang at him, and after a struggle disarmed him.

A reporter called at the Roosevelt Hospital and was admitted to the presence of the wounded man. He is a handsome man, with a straight nose, fine gray eyes and a closely clipped stylish brown beard. He said : "Well, I've failed again. It seems that fate has been against me from my birth. You will hardly credit it, but I made four attempts by revolver while living in Pennsylvania to end my life, and while in Boston I took laudanum twice and arsenic once, and yet in spite of the most determined efforts I invariably fail. I don't want to live. I am heartsick of life, and only wish to pass away. My relations with my family are not happy ; indeed they are most unhappy, and I am estranged from all my connections in consequence and am obliged to live alone. God help the man who must live in New York alone in some hired apartment, with only servants or strangers to speak to at long intervals !"

Speaking of his attempted suicide the man said : "When I awoke, about 8 o'clock, I lay on my back in bed and mused upon my condition and prospects. I checked off the advantages of life and death, and found that a great preponderance was on the side of the latter. I saw that I would have to struggle on to make my living all the rest of my life. I knew that I would never marry. I was also convinced that I could never repair the rupture with family. I decided on death. Then I arose and wrote the directions for the disposal of my remains, and, dressing myself slowly, proceeded to a pawnbroker's shop and purchased a revolver and cartridges for $3.18. I returned to my room and hung up my outer garments to prevent them from getting bloody, which I was afraid from long experience—it seems strange for a man to talk about long experience in suicide, doesn't it ?—would fly around in, to say the least, an unpleasant manner. Then I carfully loaded the weapon, and, placing the muzzle against my right temple, pulled the trigger. I admit that it required an effort to pull the trigger, and that I had a momentary chill as I did so. I felt the ball crash against my skull but knew it was not fatal. So I pulled the trigger again, but it missed fire, and I cocked it and tried again and again, but it would not go off. In the meantime the blood running from the first hole in my head had wet the revolver, and I took it down from my head and examined it, brushing the blood from my eyes with the other hand. I raised the hammer, and, looking closely at the chamber, saw that one of the cartridges was away, and fixed it with my teeth. Then the pistol went off and sent a bullet through my hand. After this I became impatient and fired twice at my head, both taking effect. Then, hearing the proprietor coming, I became a little bewildered, and, throwing the revolver into the wash basin, I fell to the floor."

JUPITER.

[The following is the editorial of the New York *Sun* on the late election.]

Have you noticed the wonderful brilliancy and beauty of Jupiter ?

To the naked eye, and without the aid of a telescope, it looks like a torch in the sky.

A few evenings since a party of people in the country espied the planet just as it was making its appearance above the eastern horizon, and, thinking it must be a large meteoric light of some kind, dispatched two of their number in its direction, through the woods, to ascertain what it could be. Then it was thought to be an illuminated ascending balloon.

The reason Jupiter has shone with such remarkable brilliancy of late is because it has been nearing the point when it appears largest to observers on our planet—a point it will not reach again until about twenty years hence, which will be quite as soon as the

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1880.

THE GREAT BOAT RACE.

HANLAN ONCE MORE THE VICTOR.

Champion of the World.

Trickett Badly Beaten—The Heaviest Betting Boat Race ever known turns out a Mere Procession in which the Canadian Plays with his Opponent.

The great boat race between Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, and Edward Trickett, of Australia, for £400 a side and the *Sportsman* challenge cup, came off on Monday last over the Thames championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, distance four and a half miles, and was witnessed by thousands of spectators. The result of the race cannot be otherwise than most satisfactory to all Canadians, saving, perhaps, the few who were foolish enough to be enticed by the chance of large odds to risk their funds on Hanlan's opponent. Hanlan's easy victory over Trickett establishes his preeminence as a sculler and proves his title to the championship of the world. We are indebted to the enterprise of the *Mail* for the following graphic account of

THE RACE.

At the moment when the struggle commenced there was an easily observable contrast in the demeanor of the men. Trickett had evidently braced himself up. Some moments before he dipped his sculls into the water for his initial stroke, his legs were firmly set, and there was a brave look of determination about him. His face was careworn, as he had appeared when preparing for the contest. The lines in his countenance were now much more prominent, and he seemed positively haggard. Hanlan, on the contrary, maintained a cheerful, almost rollicking demeanour, the air of bravado with which he had gambolled to the stake-boat had not deserted him, and he did not look as though embarking on a race concerning which so many interests were at issue. At the very moment when he got under way he was apparently engaged in criticising his rival, and it was not until the contending boats were well on the move that he turned his eyes toward the stern of his skiff and devoted the whole of his energies to the business in hand. Then sliding well forward, slashing his sculls through the water with his old dash and vigour, tearing them again from the river

WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE QUICKNESS,

recovering smartly and artistically, he indulged in about a score of strokes which sufficied to give him a decided lead. He then took matters more easily. During the first minute he rowed only thirty-five strokes to Trickett's forty-one. Trickett was buckling down to his work in rare style. Sliding short but reaching out to his utmost extent, he wrenched his broad bladed sculls through the water with enormous power, and there was little fault to find with his execution, though it was not nearly so taking to the eye as Hanlan's. At the bottom of the concrete wall Hanlan was rowing 36 to Trickett's 38. The onlookers now had a fair exhibition of

THE GRAND PACE

that Hanlan can assume when he chooses. The Toronto-built craft flew along, and before the race could well be realized it had shot quite three lengths ahead. Harry Kelley grew a bit uneasy, and called upon his man for an extra effort, to which Trickett responded with all his might. He maintained his spurt to Walden's wharf, where he had drawn up to within a length of his rival. Then he eased slightly, and Hanlan easily forged ahead. At the mile post the time was not taken, as the press boat was too far behind to allow an accurate calculation. Hanlan was cutting out the work with about a couple of lengths to the good, and this advantage he did not seem to care to increase. At the Crab Tree, time 5 min. 4 sec., about the same distance separated the boats, and immediately afterward Trickett seemed to have gained an accession of liveliness. He not only held his own, but had the best of the pace up to the soap works, at which point, time 7 min. 46 sec., he was about a length and a half in the rear. Here the vast crowd cheered vociferously. Hanlan seemed

DELIGHTED WITH THE RECEPTION,

and nodded affably to the applauding multitude, and devoted so much attention to them that he steered right out of his course, veering over for the northern shore, but a single rigorous stroke with his left put the boat straight again, and he now demonstrated that he considered he had a comparatively easy task before him, for he sculled in a literally lazy style. However, he braced up again as the Suspension bridge, with throngs of excited onlookers, was neared, and treated the assemblage to an exhibition of his marvellous skill. In a short spurt he ran rapidly to the fore, and passed beneath the structure with a couple of lengths in hand. His time to this point was 9 min. and 11 sec., and Trickett's 9 and 34 sec. A loud cheer was raised as the Canadian was seen to be positively running away from the Australian, and he kept on at his smart pace until off Biffen's boat house, where he treated the on-lookers to a dose of remarkable manœuvres, which created such intense astonishment among the multitude who saw him row with Hawdon on the Tyne. Ceasing to row for a minute, he leaned back in his boat, and indulged in a leisurely survey of the scenery, and when he once more got to work, it was in a half-hearted way, as though he would prefer to linger did not circumstances compel his progressing. Before he had gone thirty yards, however, he stopped again, and having thoroughly got his hand at this game, he continually repeated it. Trickett was

A RATHER SORROWFUL SPECTACLE

from the start. He had kept his eyes on his Mentor Kelley, and no one can accuse him of neglecting his task for a single instant, but there was a painful lack of power about his manipulation of the sculls, and it was evident before Hammersmith was reached that the exertions he had made had told upon him very seriously. His face had assumed a leaden hue, and it grew well nigh livid as he approached the Doves. With fast decreasing energy he kept on, and the wild expression of his countenance marvellously contrasted with the demeanour of his opponent. About the oil mills, a large flotilla of small craft encumbered the river, but they kept fairly out of the way, though Hanlan seemed to entertain suspicions that he might come into collision with one of them, and he constantly looked around. Having apparently satisfied himself that all was right, he dashed in half a dozen vigorous strokes and was quickly

FOUR LENGTHS AHEAD.

He was now attempting a piece of Harlequinade the like of which was never before witnessed in a race. Dropping his sculls clumsily into the water, he fell right forward upon his face, and lay there for a second or two. So long did he remain in a recumbent position that a kind of groan burst from the spectators, who imagined something terrible had befallen him. But before they could find their voices to shout and inquire what was the matter, he had sprung up, suddenly resumed the sculls, and was at work again, laughing merrily. A roar of laughter greeted this feat, and it was some minutes before the intense excitement occasioned had abated. Trickett had meanwhile approached to within two lengths, but he had no power left to draw nearer, and Hanlan, apparently as fresh as at the moment he started, went away again with consummate ease. He had a spell of rowing with alternate sculls, stopped repeatedly, looked anywhere than at his pilot, dawdled in every conceivable style, and generally was

AS FULL OF ANTICS AS A CLOWN.

His time to Chiswick church was 15 min., 34 sec. Trickett was three lengths behind. A little further on Elliott was observed ahead, pulling in the direction of the Barnes. Hanlan pulled toward him, and the pair went on in company, mantaining an animated conversation. All along the Duke of Devonshire's meadows this farce was kept up, Hanlan and Elliott rowing lieurely side by side talking, and Trickett with blanched face and labored breathing toiled in the rear. As the Bull's Head at Barnes was neared, Hanlan bore away from the Middlesex shore. Once more some of the inspired ones in the press boat now burst into prophesy. They observed that Hanlan had threatened to beat Tricket out of sight, and they imagined he was about to commence that effort. Really there seemed some ground for the proposition, for the Canadian had squared his shoulders and was skimming along at a rapid pace. This newly developed energy was evanescent. In a second or so, he dropped his sculls, dipped his right hand in the river, and scooped up the water. Nodding genially in the direction of the approaching steamers, he pretended to drink, then smoothed his hair, passed his palm across his brow, and once more resumed work in a languid fashion. By this time Elliott was once more alongside, and the political or social discussion was resumed. In the vicinity of Hanlan's training quarters, the Bull's Head,

AN IMMENSE CONCOURSE

had assembled, and they applauded lustily as he was seen with a commanding lead and progressing at his ease. He ceased to do work, and drawing forth a white handkerchief waved it gracefully in the direction of his admirers, while pleas of laughter and rounds of cheers greeted him time after time. He passed beneath Barnes bridge in 21 min. 40 sec. from the start. Trickett, utterly jaded and worn-out, passed under nine seconds later. Thenceforth the pair plodded on speedily, Hanlan gazing about him with supreme indifference. A connon-shot announced the arrival of Hanlan at the winning post in 26 minutes 12 seconds. Trickett's time was 26 minutes 19 secs. Trickett stopped exactly opposite the flagstaff, and apparently was not sorry that the journey was over. Mr. Moore, the assistant judge, gave the verdict that the race was won by three lengths.

CONGRATULATORY TELEGRAMS.

Hanlan is much gratified at the reception of numerous telegrams from America and Canada, including one from the Marquis of Lorne.

DISAPPOINTMENT IN AUSTRALIA.

The people of Adelaide, Sydney and Melbourne sat up until the result of the race reached Australia, which was midnight. The Antipodeans were much disappointed, and lost heavily as they thought Trickett certain to win.

COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

A TERRIBLE DISASTER IN THE ALBION COAL MINE, NOVA SCOTIA.

Fifty Lives Lost and upwards of One Hundred and Fifty Widows and Orphans left Destitute.

New Glasgow, N. S., Nov. 12.—At 6.30 o'clock this morning a terrific explosion occurred in the Foord pit, Albion mines, Stellarton. Gas had collected in one of the bords, and it is supposed to have been ignited by a defective lamp. A full force of men, about one hundred and sixty, were in the pit at the time of the explosion. Those on the north side escaped, most of them uninjured. About forty six men are still missing, and little hope is entertained of getting any of them out alive. About 10 o'clock this morning Mr. Hudson, the manager, with his son Jos. Hudson, Messrs Poole, Greener and Moore, ot the Acadia and Vale collieries, and Mr. Tupper went down to explore the pit. They could only get about a quarter of a mile from the mouth. They found all the stoppings blown off on the south side, indicating that it had originated in some bord in that part of the workings. They discovered two dead bodies, but were unable to bring them to the mouth of the pit on account of the fire damp. The horses in the stables were all found to be dead. Nothing further could be learned of the missing men. It was thought to be certain death for the explorers to venture further, owing to the dense accumulation of gas. They succeeded in stopping up the passages so as to change the course of the air. It takes about four hours to effect this change, and till that time it will be impossible to tell whether the explosion has resulted in setting fire to the mine or not. The exploring party returned to the surface at half-past twelve, and are awaiting the result. There is little or no doubt that the missing men are all dead. It is the same pit that was flooded by water about a month ago, at which time six men lost their lives.

The Foord pit is the most important and extensive mine in the great coal basin of East River. It is divided into the north and south slopes—the north slope extends for about a mile and three-quarters from the mouth of the pit, the south over a mile. It was in the same workings in pit now abandoned that the great fire occurred in 1861. At that time it was found necessary to let in the water of the East River to extinguish the fires. This is the first serious explosion that has taken place in the Foord pit since it has been managed by the Halifax Mining Company. They obtained the property in 1872. About two months ago the workings of one of the old pits were tapped, and the water burst through destroying a large amount of property, but no life.

Just one month ago to day on the 12th of October, the water broke through again in a different quarter, and swept down the slope like a torrent, carrying cars, and horses, and men before it. On this occasion six men lost their lives, and so great an amount of *debris* had accumulated in the bottom of the pit that nearly a week elapsed before all the bodies were recovered.

LATER.—The men and boys on the north side have been got up safely, though some few of them were badly affected by the after-damp, but all are likely to recover. There were over forty men and boys on the south side when the explosion occurred, and of these only two men and four boys have been rescued alive. The boys were found lying together near the pit bottom. These will probably all recover. Five horses were found dead on the north side, four on the south side, and five in the stable, all killed by the after-damp. The exploring party succeeded in restoring the ventilation on the north side, and went in on the north side. By putting up stopings and brattice they succeeded in regulating the current of air to enable them to proceed some distance, as far as it was possible to venture, owing to the after-damp and the obstructions of broken timber and *debris* of all kinds caused by the force of the explosion. On their way in they found the bodies of two men, one of whom was badly burnt, and the other appeared, to have been killed by the after-damp. Finding they could go no further the party returned to the surface to await the result of the course of the air which they had effected. As no change has taken place, the party have gone down again to make another attempt to get into the workings where the missing men are. There is no appearance on the surface of any damage from the explosion. The hoisting shaft is all right, and still in working order. The cover was blown off the ventilating fan, but was again restored, and the fan is now in good condition and freeing the pit of damp. As the boxes containing the tools of the men had not gone into the workings at the time of the explosion, it is believed that the men and boys will be found together on the main level about half way in, where they were accustomed to wait until their tools came in before separating to their different working places. It is not yet known exactly where the explosion occurred, or what the immediate cause was. The workings on the north side have not been damaged to any extent, and work there could be resumed without delay, but until the south side workings are thoroughly explored the extent of the damage done cannot be judged. Fears were entertained during the day that a second explosion might occur, and considerable anxiety was felt during the two hours the explorers were in the pit. Men will hesitate to work in the pit until the ventilation is thoroughly established. All the other collieries are idle, and work may not be resumed until the recovery of the bodies.

Messrs. Hudson, Greener, Simpson, Poole, with other volunteers, have been down the pit at Stellarton in which the explosion occurred this morning and have come up again. They found it impossible to explore the south for any distance on account of fire-damp, there being no air through that side, as all the doors had been blown down by the blast. They found some bodies but could not identify them. All the horses in the pit—twenty-nine—are dead. The following are injured so badly that very little hopes are entertained of their recovery:—Matthew McPherson, Wm. Dumbar, Sr., George Burden, W. McCly, and Reuben Dunbar. The number still in the pit is said to be forty-four. It is feared that another explosion will occur this evening when the pit gathers gas again. Work is totally suspended at all the collieries in the county, and miners have come to the scene of the accident in great numbers, but are altogether powerless to render any assistance on account of the precarious condition of the pit. It is not known how the fire originated, as none from the side where the accident occurred are alive to tell the tale.

Another exploring party went down this (Saturday) morning. The party were able to go further into the galleries than the previous night, as the choke damp is clearing away. Near a brick wall closing an unused passage a dense

BLACK SMOKE WAS COMING OUT

with a roar like escaping steam. As all were now in the greatest danger the party hastened to the surface. After consultation between the masters and several old miners, it was determined to flood that portion of the mine where the fire seems to proceed from, as if prompt means be not taken further explosions were not unlikely at any moment with consequences which might be serious on the surface. In the carpenter shop coffins have been made by scores. The total number lost may be as high as fifty. The dangerous state of the mine renders the recovery of the bodies impossible for many days, perhaps weeks. An old man to-day identified the body which was not recognized before as that of his son-in-law, Job Skinner. The legs were charred, hand roasted, face burnt black and the top of the head crushed to a jelly. The body of McGillivray was but little disfigured; his death evidently was caused by choke damp. Wm. Dunbar is semi-unconscious. He is the only rescued man seriously injured. He was a lamp cleaner and had a cabin at the bottom of the pit. It appears he was in his cabin at the time of the explosion. The fire burst in the back door and he rushed out and fell on his face. His oil-soaked clothing caught fire, and when his son found him he extinguished the flames and with assistance got him to the surface; the old man was badly burnt. His recovery is doubtful. He is seventy years old. One of his sons was lost. All the other rescued men are out of danger. All told the same tale. They were

SUDDENLY STRUCK DOWN

and knew nothing of the cause. There are several theories of the accident, but none reliable. Some of the escapes were very narrow. Three little boys working near the entrance to the south side were jammed in a heap against an arch by a coal box, and found there insensible, while a horse close by was killed and completely roasted. The body of the horse and a coal box kept the force of the explosion and the flames from the lads. The flames, which were but momentary, seem in some inexplicable manner to have jumped from several yards inside of the south entrance right across the pit bottom and struck, killing and roasting a number of horses, several yards inside the north gallery; yet there are no marks of fire in the interval between these two points. There is great mourning among the cottages. Several widows have large families of young children. If assistance is not extended their sufferings this winter will be great.

Two bodies were recovered from the Foord pit on Saturday, and there is scarcely a hope that any more will be recovered. On Saturday night another explosion occurred, fortunately not injuring any one, and two more blasts followed yesterday morning. A good many people were around the pit at the time, but they all escaped without injury. A great quantity of water was poured into the mine, and finally the mouth of the pit was closed up so as to confine the fire to it.

It is now estimated that fifty men are killed and 150 widows and orphans are left destitute. By the flooding of the pit work will be stopped about a month, throwing 300 men out of employment for that period.

MARYBOROUGH.

COUNCIL.—A special meeting of the Council, at the call of the Reeve, was held on the 22nd Oct., at 2p.m., in the Queen's Hotel, Moorefield. All the members present. John Robinson moved, seconded by William Long, that the Reeve and Treasurer be empowered to borrow from John Beattie Esq., of Fergus, the sum of three hundred dollars for township purposes; the note given for said amount to be payable one month after date—carried. Wm. Long moved, seconded by John Paterson, that Mr. Ogden having purchased lot 66 in the village of Maryborough, at the County Treasurer's sale of land for arrears of taxes, for the sum of $3.25, and as the lot is worth more than the purchase money, the Reeve has given the township the benefit of re-selling the said land; it is resolved that Mr. William H. Lowe's offer of $20 for the same be accepted—carried. John Robinson moved, seconded by John Corbett, that an order be drawn on the Treasurer in favor of Thomas Mannell for the sum of $55, for collecting the rates for the southern division of this township for the year 1879; and $30 for collecting the school rates for the school sections lying within the said division; and $5 for postage and stationery, $90 in all—carried. John Corbett moved, seconded by John Robinson, that an order be drawn in favor of Richard Fotheringham, for collecting the rates for the northern division of this township for the year 1879, for the sum of $45; also the sum of $22.50 for collecting the local school rates within the said division, and the sum of $5 for postage and stationery, amounting in all to the sum of $72.50—carried. John Robinson moved, seconded by William Long that an order be drawn on the Treasurer in favor of Samuel Dixon for $1.50 for repairing culvert on sideroadd between lots 3 and 4 in the sixth concession—carried. William Long moved, seconded by John Robinson, that the following amounts be paid: Hugh Wright $6.50 for half cost of culvert on townline between Maryborough and Mornington; William Armstrong $4 for half cost of planking bridge on townline between Maryborough and Mornington; Noah Blough, $6 for culvert on 3rd concession; Noah Blough $3 from unexpended grant made by this Council for digging ditch at school house in school section number one—carried. Council adjourned.

The Council met, pursuant to adjournment, in the Commercial Hotel, Moorefield, at the hour of ten o'clock forenoon, on November 1st, 1880; all the members present. Minutes of last meeting read and adopted. William Cowan Esq., owner of lot 13 in the 9th concession, appeared before the Council requesting that a by-law be passed to cause the removal of fence from the original allowance of road opposite his farm, said fence causing great inconvenience by preventing his cattle from having free access to the river. It was resolved that such a by-law be passed. John Robinson moved, seconded by William Long, that this Council cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing their regret that the Great Western Railway Company should so frequently desecrate the Sabbath day, by running trains along the railway running through this municipality, greatly to the annoyance of the Sabbath-observing people; and that the Clerk enclose a copy of this motion to the Superintendent, Mr. Broughton, requesting him (if possible) to discontinue the running of trains on the Sabbath day through this municipality—carried. The Clerk read a communication from John Watson Esq., township clerk, Mornington, regarding a grant of $60 made by the Mornington Council, for gravelling on town line west of Tyrone, provided that the Maryborough Council grant an equal amount for the said purpose. John Robinson moved, seconded by William Long, that owing to the lateness of the season, this Council do not feel it would be prudent to supplement the grant of $60, made by the township Council of Mornington, and that the communication of Mr. Watson be laid over for future consideration—carried. The by-law to appoint the place where the nomination of township officers will be held; also the polling places, and deputy-returning officers in the several electoral sub-divisions, was introduced, read the requisite number of times, and passed, and numbered 227. A by-law to open up the original road allowance between lot number thirteen in the 8th concession, and lot number 13 in the 9th concession of this municipality, was introduced and received its first and second readings. John Robinson moved, seconded by William Long, that the Clerk notify William Cowan and Joseph Graham to attend the next meeting of this Council, in order to give the said William Cowan and Joseph Graham an opportunity to offer any statements they, or either of them, may think necessary before the by-law to open up the original road allowance between lot number 13, in the 8th concession, and lot number 13 in the 9th concession of this township, receive its third reading—carried. J. Paterson moved, seconded by John Corbett, that the Clerk engross on the minute book the communication received from the Crown Land Department, in reference to the number of acres of land in the township of Maryborough—carried. J. Patersen moved, seconded by John Corbett, that the Clerk be instructed to draw out a petition to be presented to the County Council at its next session, requesting the Council to appoint commissioners to arbitrate on the matters in dispute regarding the repair of part of the townline between the townships of Peel and Maryborough, the Council of the township of Peel having failed to meet the conditional appropriations made by this municipality; and also in making an equitable appropriation of statute labor on said townline—carried. William Long moved, seconded by John Robinson, and resolved, that the following amounts be paid, and that, the Reeve grant orders on the Treasurer for the same: To Samuel Hill, for making road through the river at Grahm's bridge, $2; Michael Welch, for 112 yards of gravel, $5.60; Richard Walker, for 226 yards of gravel, $11.30; John Bishop, for 85 yards of gravel, $4.25; Stephen Veilie, for gravel from McDowell, $2.25; Dr. Wright, for gravel to Robert Hill, $2.32, and for gravel to Stephen Veilie, $1; James F. Kerr, part payment for repairing bridge at Fairley's, on centre side road, $3; James Campbell, for ditching on 8th concession, $1; John Holt, for repairing culvert in the village of Moorefield, $1; Robert Meldrum, for ditching and small culvert on 6th concession, $3; J. Kidney, for repairing road scrapers, $2.25. John Robinson moved, seconded by William Long, that this Council do now adjourn, to meet in the British Hotel, at the hour of ten o'clock, forenoon, on Monday the 20th day of December next, and that all parties having claims for work done by contracts, or by the order of the commissioners, be requested to present their accounts for settlement at the said meeting—carried.

EDWARD DYNES, Tp. Clerk.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Sir John A. Macdonald has been suffering from a severe cold, but is better.

Dr. Tupper, Minister of Railways and Canals, has returned from the North-west, whither he met with a most cordial reception on all sides.

The Government have commenced work of putting steel rails on the short railroad between Fort William and Prince Arthur's Landing. It would therefore appear that the latter place has been delinitely adopted as the terminus.

The Mayor of Winnipeg has been authorized to offer the C. P. R. Syndicate a site of thirty acres at Point Douglas, and also exemption from taxation for twenty years, on condition that they locate the main workshops of the C. P. R. on such site.

A freight train came to grief at Dundas early Friday morning, forty cars being thrown from the track by the breaking down of a wheel. The train's freight consisted in great part of cattle, a number of which were killed, and the line strewn for a considerable distance with the splintered remains of seven cars and their contents.

A ST. MARY'S MAN KILLED.—A dispatch from Leadville, Col., says:—Mr. Alexander McIlfardy, formerly of West Nissouri, was killed here on the 9th. The body will be forwarded to St. Mary's for interment. This is the second son of the same family that has been killed out west, one being killed about three years ago by the kick of a mule.

The brief era of leniency inaugurated in Russia by the Princess Dolgorouki has come to a sudden end. Five of the Nihilists on trial for plotting against the life of the Czar have been condemned to death, eleven to hard labour in the mines for terms that are tantamount to life sentence, and three women to fifteen years' penal servitude.

Two or three starch factories are in successful operation in Prince Edward Island. One is being projected in Kent county, and a number of Shediac business men have one in view in that place. The soil in the vicinity of Shediac is unrivalled for the growth of a large dry tuber, and hence it would seem to be a very desirable location for one.

A FENIAN MEETING IN NEW YORK.—New York, Nov. 14.—Upwards of 300 friends of John Stephens, a well known Fenian, met in Academy Hall to-day, under the auspices of the Irish Land League, with Stephen J. Meany in the chair, to recognize the claims of Mr. Stephens on the Irish people, and to raise a subscription for him to return to Paris and work for the good of Ireland and watch the actions of England. Addresses were made by O'Donovan Rossa, Thomas Clark Luby, Col. Cavanagh and others, in reference to the work Stephens had performed for his country. Committees were appointed to collect subscriptions, and $129 were collected on the spot.

Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Forster, and Lord Cowper are said to be in almost daily receipt of threatening letters in connection with the Irish agitation. Dissensions appear to exist in the British Cabinet as to the best means of grappling with the formidable land question and the repression of disturbances, both Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlin being understood to have expressed their determination to resist to the utmost any measures savouring of coercion. A slight change of feeling on this subject begins to manifest itself in England, and in many quarters the suggestion is made that the Government should solve the difficulty by making extensive purchases of land in Ireland, to be distributed on fair terms to the tenants.

SMALL BEGINNINGS AND GREAT ENDINGS.

It is a trite remark that it is better to begin in a small way, and enlarge in a steady and healthy manner, than to attempt too much and fail. But trite as the remark is, it bears the impress of truth. No matter how small the beginning, if there is real worth at bottom, the results will be all that can be hoped for. Let the history of Holloway's celebrated Pills and Ointment illustrate this point. In an obscure street in London he commenced the manufacture of his Pills. He mixed the ingredients and rolled the Pills with his own hands. Their sale at first was small, but as their efficacy became known it increased, at first slowly, then more rapidly, until now the demand for them has become so great that the iron muscles of the steam engine are called into requisition to grind up and mix enough to supply the increasing calls for them—calls which come from all parts of the world. This success which has rendered Holloway famous is well deserved, as thousands of grateful hearts in every nook and corner of the globe will heartily attest.

In no part, however, are they more justly appreciated than in South and Central America, where their comprehensiveness, as well as the strength of their remedial properties, have been most severely tried. When winter sits enthroned among the Andes, where torrid summer evokes disease and death from the marshes near the coast, and where eternal spring beautifies the table lands, they have been administered with equal and invariable success to all classes, colours, and conditions.

To the superficial thinker it seems inexplicable that the same medicine should cure diseases which bear no similarity to each other. We believe, however, that a sound philosophical reason has been given for the phenomenon. Symptoms differ, but they are the *effects* of disease, not its cause. The cause, it is argued, is a morbid and poisonous principle in the blood, which may be of greater or less intensity, but is always the same in its nature, and therefore always controllable by the same means. The great difficulty was to discover and prepare the true remedy—a difficulty which Holloway has surmounted. If this is not the *rationale* of the cures accomplished by his Pills and Ointment, let the faculty give us a better. We are indifferent as to what theory may be adopted in explanation, so long as the facts themselves remain unshaken.—*Brooklyn Emancipator.*

An unusual number of deaths have occurred in St. Mary's within the past few weeks.

Croup, that dire disease, has lost its terrors to those who keep Yellow Oil at hand. Yellow Oil also cures Sore Throat, Quinsey, Congestion and inflammation of the Lungs. Now is the season to guard against sudden attacks of diseases. Ask your druggist for Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

Minto ratepayers will be asked to vote a bonus of $6,000 to aid the T. G. & B. Railway in widening the gauge.

No medicine is more justly popular than Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It is a positive specific for all diseases of the throat and lungs leading to Consumption. It loosens the tough phlegm or mucous, soothes irritation, allays troublesome coughing and heals diseased lungs. Sold by all dealers at 25 cts. per bottle.

The Wingham by-law for a bonus of $12,500 in aid of the Toronto, Grey, and Bruce railway extension was carried by a majority of 116.

Yellow Oil is the great pain panacea, magical in its power over pain and inflammation. It cures Rheumatism and Neuralgia, Lame Back and Spinal Affections, Contraction of Cords and Muscles. Used externally and internally. For sale by all dealers.

Louisa Jacobs and Annie Schram, from Poole, were caught in the act of shoplifting in Stratford, and were sent to gaol for two months.

Burdock Blood Bitters is the best Blood Purifier, Liver and Kidney Regulator, and Restorative Tonic in the world. It acts upon the Liver, the Kidneys and the Bowels, curing all manner of Billious complaints, Kidney Compliants, and diseases of the Blood. Ask your druggist for Burdock Blood Bitters. Sample bottles 10 cents, regular size $1.00.

An informal meeting was held in Toronto on Monday for the purpose of taking preliminary measures to extend a public welcome and reception to Hanlan on his return from England.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is the most safe, pleasant and perfect remedy known for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and Pectoral Complaints, in the most ready manner. A few doses will relieve the most troublesome coughs in children and adults. For sale by all dealers at 25 cents per bottle.

It has just been learned that another lake schooner, the Morning Star, engaged in the Chicago trade, has been lost with all hands. The disaster occurred on Wednesday last, off Long Point.

Free the system of impurities, excite the secretions to the healthy action, cleanse the blood, and tone up the weakened nerves, with that matchless medicine Burdock Blood Bitters. It cure Scrofula, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervous and General Debility, and all Female Complaints. Every dealer in medicine can supply you with Burdock Blood Bitters. Sample Bottle 10 cents, regular size $1.00.

In the Ninnesota State insane asylum at St. Peter's on Monday night a great fire occurred, as a consequence of which from twenty to thirty of the inmates were either burned to death or perished in the cold, and some $200,000 worth of property was destroyed.

How To Get Rich.

The great secret of obtaining riches, is first to practice economy, and as good old "Deacon Snyder" says, "I used to worry the life out of my poor wife about buying Burdock Blood Bitters. It cure Scrofula, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervous and General Debility, and all Female Complaints. Every dealer in medicine can supply you with Burdock Blood Bitters. Sample Bottle 10 cents, regular size $1.00.

Astonishing the World.

For a perfect renovation of exhausted and enfeebled constitutions, female weakness and general debility, nothing so astonishes or speedily produces a permanent cure as does Electric Bitters. Their wonderful cures are astonishing the world. For all Kidney and Urinary Complaints they are a perfect specific. Do not give up in dispair, for Electric Bitters will positively cure and that where everything else fails. Sold by J. H. Michener at forty cents a bottle.

A cheese and butter manufacturing company has been formed in the township of Blandshard.

On the Verge of the Grave.

Such was the Condition of Moses A. Walker, of Derry N. H., with congestion of the Lungs and Chronic Catarrh. Two bottles of the Constitutional Catarrh Remedy entirely restored him to health, and, to use his own words, "built up my whole system." The Remedy is for sale by all druggists.

ANOTHER LANDLORD SHOT.—Limerick advices state that it is rumored that a landlord owning an extensive estate in county Cork has been shot.

A Long Time to Suffer.

Twenty-five years of endurance with Catarrh is a long period of annoyance and misery. Mrs. E. J. Flanders, of Manchester, N. H. after going through with it all, writes: "The Constitutional Catarrh Remedy has rescued me from intense suffering, and almost the grave." This medicine is for sale by all druggists.

The work on the Pacific railway between Fort William and Winnipeg is being pushed with great vigour, and it is confidently expected that trains will be running between these two points by July 1st, 1882.

The Greatest Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it. See other column.

The residence of the late Isaac Clemens, in Waterloo township, was entered one day lately during the temporary absence of the family, and robbed of money to the amount of nearly $200.

Doctors Gave Him Up.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a-day! If that is so, I will go this minute and get some for my poor George. I know hops are good.

Bocklen's Arnica Slave.

The BEST SAVE in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions. The Save is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. H. Michener.

Thorley's food increases the flow of milk in cows. Try it; at J. A. Hacking's.

The law requires the use of the Imperial Measure. Every size onhand at J. H. SMITH'S

Bob Ingersoll, the infidel, met Ben Butler the day after election. Butler was feeling bad, "It was you and Beecher who did the business," growled Butler. "Well," retorted the doughty colonel, "how could you expect to win with the Lord and the devil both against you?"

PAINTS, OILS AND COLORS.—For the largest stock, best material and lowest prices, go to HACKING'S Drug Store.—21.

GLASS, GLASS.—I have just received large stock of window glass, all sizes, which will be offered at very low prices. Call and see

J. A. HACKING.—21

Enterprising Druggist.

Dr. J. H. Michener the live Druggist of the town, is always up to the times and ready to meet the demands of his many customers. He has just received a supply of that wonderful remedy that is astonishing the world by its marvelous cures, DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Phthisic, Croup, Whooping Cough, Tickling in the Throat, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. This remedy positively cures, as thousands can testify. If you do not believe it call at J. H. Michener's Drug Store and get a trial bottle *free of cost* or a regular size bottle for one dollar. As you value your life, give it a trial and be convinced, as thousands already have been.

A special committee of the County Council of Peel has reported in favour of biennial sessions of the Local Legislature. This is a subject well worth the attention of County Councils. Biennial sessions would not only save $125,000 a year, but put a stop in some degree to that perpetual tinkering of the law which creates so much confusion.

Holloway's Pills.—All our Faculties.—Almost all disorders of the human body are distinctly to be traced to impure blood. The purification of that fluid is the first step towards health. Holloway's Pills recommend themselves to the attention of all sufferers; no injurious consequences can result from their use, no mistake can be made in their administration. In indigestion, confirmed dyspepsia, and chronic constipation the most beneficial effects have been, and always must be, obtained from the wholesome power exerted by these purifying pills over the digestion. Persons whose lives have been restored to ease, strength, and perfect health by Holloway's Pills, after fruitless trial of the whole pharmacopœia of Physic, attest this fact.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Utica, N. Y., Nov. 15.—6 500 boxes of cheese were sold to-day at 11¼ to 13c, the ruling price being 12¼. 2,000 commissioned.

Little Falls, N. Y., Nov. 15.—Cheese firm and active; sales, 9,000 boxes factory, at 12 to 13; in bulk, 12¼. 600 boxes farm dairy, at 9½ to 12¼.

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

November 17, 1880.

Wheat, fall, per bush.	0 96 to 1 00
Spring Wheat, "	0 98 1 05
Barley, "	0 50 0 60
Peas, "	0 58 0 60
Oats, "	0 26 0 30
Flour, per brrl.,	5 00
Oatmeal, "	2 75 3 00
Cornmeal, "	1 75 2 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 17 0 20
Eggs, per dozen,	0 0 0 15
Potatoes, per bag,	0 35 0 45
Hay, per ton,	6 50 8 00
Wood, long,	2 00 2 25
Wood, short,	1 00 1 10
Hides, per cwt.,	8 00 9 00
Wool, per lb.,	0 00 0 00

TORONTO.

PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS.

November 19, 1880.

Wheat, fall, per bush.,	1 03 to 1 12
Wheat, spring, "	1 10 1 17
Barley, "	0 80 0 94
Peas, "	0 63 0 68
Oats, "	0 33 0 35
Rye, "	0 90 0 91
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.,	6 50 7 00
Beef, hind "	5 00 6 50
Mutton, by carcase "	5 50 6 50
Butter, per lb.,	0 23 0 25
Butter, large rolls,	0 00 0 00
Butter, tub, dairy,	0 18 0 21
Eggs, fresh, per dozen,	0 19 0 20
Potatoes, per bbl,	0 30 0 35
Hay, per ton,	10 00 14 00
Wool,	0 00 0 00

STRATFORD.

November 19, 1880.

Wheat, fall, per bush.,	$1 02 to 1 03
Wheat, spring, "	1 05 1 12
Barley, "	0 45 0 50
Oats, "	0 27 0 29
Peas, "	0 63 0.66
Flour, per brl	5 00 5 50
Potatoes, per bag,	0 45 0 50
Butter, lb. rolls,	0 18 0 20
Eggs, per dozen,	0 18 0 20
Hides, per cwt.,	8 00 9 00
Hay, per ton,	7 00 8 00
Wool, per cord.,	2 75 3 25
Wool per lb.,	0 00 0 00

PALMERSTON.

November 19, 1880.

Fall Wheat, per bush.	$0 95 1 02
Spring Wheat, "	0 95 1 02
Barley, per bush.	0 25 2 45
Barley, per bush.	0 45 0.65
Peas, "	0 50 0 62
Oats, "	0 22 0 25
Hay, per ton,	6 00 7 00
Potatoes, per bag,	0 30 0 45
Butter, per lb.	0 19 0 21
Eggs, per doz.	0 12 0 15
Pork, per cwt.	6 00 7 00
Cordwood, per cord,	2 00 2 25
Wool, per lb.,	0 20 0 24

GUELPH.

November 19, 1880.

White wheat	$ 0 90 to 1 00
Treadwell	0 90 to 1 00
Spring wheat (Glasgow)	0 95 to 1 00
Red chaff	0 00 to 0 00
Oats	0 28 to 0 30
Peas	0 50 to 0 57
Barley	0 55 to 0 68
Eggs, per dozen	0 16 to 0 22
Butter, dairy packed	0 16 to 0 20
Butter, rolls	0 18 to

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1880.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

MILLINERY.—All the latest styles in Millinery at Mrs. Goodfellow's.—43c.

Mitchell has carried the waterworks improvement by-law by a majority of twenty-one.

THE new covered skating and curling rink is being erected. It will probably be open within a month.

Go to Roy & McDonald's for your boots and shoes.—41.

The Stanley by-law granting a bonus to the proposed Clinton and Bayfield railway was defeated by a majority of 104.

BUSINESS circulars got up in first-class style at the STANDARD office.

MR. ROLLS has his weigh scales placed in position at the Grand Central Hotel, and they are now at the service of the public.

QUERY.—As the municipal elections are again coming round, is it not time that Mr. W. G. Hay was bringing up the market question once more?

Dresses and Mantles cut and fit on short notice at Mrs. Goodfellow's.—43c.

CHRIST CHURCH.—Rev. H. Bartlett has instituted Friday evening services in this church. The first service will be held this evening at seven o'clock.

TROWBRIDGE.—A shooting match for a large number of turkeys and geese is to to come off at Mr. John Haskett's, Trowbridge, on Tuesday next, 23rd inst.

ADAM HUNT has purchased an 80 acre farm, 2½ miles from Clifford, in the township of Howick. He is not going to dispose of the farm that he owns in Wallace.

3 lbs. tobacco for one dollar ($1.00) at Roy & McDonald's.—41.

JAMES W. GRAHAM, formerly a Stratford printer, has been elected to the State Assembly of Pennsylvania. Mr. Graham used to work side by side with "Harry Butler," which no doubt accounts for it.

Bazar Patterns, giving all the latest styles, constantly on hand, at Mrs. Goodfellow's.—43c.

HANLAN.—Much interest was taken in Listowel in the Hanlan-Trickett boat race, and when the news was received here on Monday morning that "Ned" had got away with the big Australian it caused general rejoicing.

AUCTION sale bills printed neatly, cheaply and on short notice at this office. Parties favoring us with their orders will receive a *free* notice of sale in the STANDARD.

THE BIDDULPH PRISONERS.—It is announced that the trial of the six prisoners under indictment for the alleged murder of the Donnelly family in February last, has been fixed by Attorney-General Mowat for the 24th of January, 1881.

Machine Oil.—A large quantity on hand, and selling at bottom prices, at S. Bricker & Co's hardware emporium.—28.

THE Toronto *Mail* is fast gaining popularity in this neighborhood. Reformers as well as Tories read it in preference to the *Globe*, which is a hopeful sign for those politicians who have been nurtured in Gritism, and speaks volumes for the enterprising journal.

AN OLD SAYING.—It is cheaper to pay the shoemaker than the doctor. Keep the feet dry and warm, especially at this season of the year. The best place to get a supply of good substantial Boots and Shoes is at John Riggs' store, No. 3, Main st., Listowel.—42.

MERCHANTS and others requiring printed account heads will do well to leave their orders at the STANDARD office, as we are prepared to do work both neat and cheap.

MOSES OATES and Vennor should go out of the weather predicting business. According to these worthies we were to have Indian summer about this time. Six or eight inches of snow can scarcely be said to indicate Indian summer. However, no one is likely to demur at the appearance of the "fleecy," as it has made fair sleighing, and consequently improved business.

For ladies' fur sets, caps, muffs and boas; also gents' fur caps, gloves, etc., go to Roy & McDonald's.—41.

THE gas works are expected to be in readiness about the 1st December. Branches are being layed from the mains to connect with several of the hotels, a considerable number of the stores and other places of business, and also with a number of the private residences of the town. The Co. no doubt are very willing to add to the number of prospective gas consumers.

Butter wanted in large quantities, for trade and cash, at Roy & McDonald's.—41.

PLANTATION MELODIES.—Rev. Elder Hawkins and his troupe of colored singers are announced to give two concerts in the town Hall next week, on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The entertainments given by the Elder and his troupe are highly spoken of, and our citizens will doubtless find them well worthy their patronage. Elder Hawkins will preach in the Primitive Methodist Church on Sunday next, both morning and evening.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—If you want to look nice, and be well dressed, at the smallest possible expense, go the popular Clothing House, No. 3, Main st., Listowel. JOHN RIGGS, Proprietor.—42.

THE "hum" continues with unabated activity at the Listowel flouring mills. Both mills are running night and day, and turn out about one thousand barrels of flour each per week. We understand that Mr. Gibbs has recently purchased 40,000 bushels of wheat, which will keep his hoppers lively for a short time, at least. As there has not been nearly sufficient wheat coming into the Listowel market to keep the mills going, our millers have been under the necessity of purchasing largely from abroad. They have generally been able to purchase cheaper away from home, which is an evidence that farmers usually get better prices for their grain here than are obtaining elsewhere.

Millinery, mantles and dressmaking, in all the latest styles. Garments cut and fitted while parties are waiting, by Mrs. Leslie and Miss Reid, over Roy & McDonald's store.—41.

WEEK OF PRAYER.—In conformity with the custom of the Young Men's Christian Associations, the present week is being observed as a "week of prayer," both in this town and abroad. Special services are being held each evening in the M. E. Church, which are conducted by the clergy of the town, with the assistance of Rev. E. G. W. Hall, evangelist. The topics chosen are prepared with a special view to elicit the attention of young men. The meetings so far have been well attended. This (Friday) evening Rev. J. W. Bell will conduct the service, taking for his subject, "Crisis in Daniel's life."

Any quantity of Machine Belting in stock at S. Bricker & Co's. Parties in need will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.—28.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOARD.—A special meeting of the Board was held on the 11th inst, Present, Messrs. Bradley, Hay, Terhune and Newman. Moved by W. G. Hay, seconded by J. P. Newman, that Miss Smith be re-engaged, at a salary of $300 for 1881, 2nd Department; Miss Hyslop, $275, 3rd department; Miss Britton, $250, 4th department; Miss De Belle, $235, 5th department; Miss Allan, $225, 6th department; Mrs. De Belle $265, 7th department—carried. Moved by J. E. Terhune, seconded by W. G. Hay, that the Secy.-Treasurer be instructed to advertise for tenders for 75 cords green wood, 4 feet, beech and maple, body wood, to be delivered by the 15th February next, tenders to be in by the 15th December—carried. Board adjourned.

MR. MARLING, inspector, paid an official visit to the Listowel High School on Thursday. We understand that he was very favorably impressed with the present management of the school. The Board are about securing the services of two assistant teachers, and as they have thus far been fortunate in selecting teachers, we trust that they will be equally so in this instance. With efficient assistants to aid Mr. McCallum, head master, the school will undoubtedly make rapid progress and its success will be assured.

WINTER.—There is every indication at present that winter is upon us. Snow has fallen more or less during the early part of the week, and on Wednesday night and Thursday morning the "fleecy" element fell to the depth of six or more inches. The temperature is also low, and this, with the sound of sleigh bells, which the snow has called into use, is conclusive evidence that winter is again here. Whether it is likely to remain is a question which the weeatherwise might guess at with about as much likelihood of being correct as were Messrs. Oates and Vennor in their predictions about Indian summer. A marked improvement in business has set in simultaneously with the advent of winter, and although it is rather early, no doubt all who are affected by the state of the roads will be pleased to see the snow remain.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The meeting of the North Perth Teachers' Association at Stratford last week was well attended, and was altogether very successful. Mr. G. W. Ross, M. P., was present, and took a prominent part in the proceedings. The following resolutions on the Superannuation Fund were, after discussion, carried: (1) That in the opinion of this Association, twenty-five years' experience should entitle a teacher to participate in the benefits of the fund. (2) That nothing be refunded to those teachers who leave the profession before having taught ten years. That the Secretary forward these resolutions to the Minister of Education. A vote of thanks was also tendered Mr. Rothwell, retiring President, for his able services in the chair during the past two years. It was decided to hold the next meeting in Listowel some time in February.

TEMPERANCE AND LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT.—On Monday evening last a meeting was held in the Town Hall by our Temperance friends, being the first of a series of meetings likely to be carried on during the winter under the united auspices of the temperance society and the *literati* of the town. The chair was well and ably filled on the occasion by T. G. Fennell, Esq. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. G. S. Clinie, B. Rothwell and D. D. Campbell. The Rev. H. Bartlett, read—by request—that beautiful piece by Longfellow, "King Robert of Sicily." There were several choice songs by Misses Bell, Henderson, and the choir of the Lodge, after which a discussion ensued as to the best way of carrying out this united effort to please and profit the public. We believe it was thought best for the temperance lodge to take the management of the matter, and they no doubt will be ably assisted by the clergy and other literary gentlemen of the town.

LISTOWEL PUBLIC SCHOOL.—The following is the result of examinations in Grammar, Arithmetic and Geography in the Second Department of the Public School—Maximum, 300.

	Gr.	Ar.	Geog.	Total.
Jean McIlwraith	100	100	91	291
James Kay	86	95	76	257
Mary Jackson	91	90	70	251
Edmund Brook	92	80	68	240
A. McMillan	87	80	70	237
Robert Downey	92	70	65	227
Charles Green	100	50	75	225
Albert Nichol	97	60	68	225
Campbell Tilt	81	70	71	222
Selina Little	83	100	78	221
Jennie Bogue	57	95	63	215
Wm Johnston	85	70	57	212
Ellen Wood	70	80	54	204
Clara Walker	87	75	72	204
Minnie Clayton	89	75	55	199
Maggie McMillan	79	60	53	192
Lilian Burdox	85	55	41	181
Wm Arnold	68	55	55	178
Grant Anderson	85	30	58	173
Nettie McConnell	59	70	41	170
Albert Peardon	55	75	39	169
Alfons Gerber	—	100	65	165
Wm Jamieson	51	55	57	157
Albert Large	70	45	35	150
Robert Kells	83	—	68	151
A Pennell	72	35	36	143
L Hardman	38	50	47	135
Addison Mitchell	73	30	29	132
Robert Young	35	40	54	129
Lorne Campbell	69	50	—	119
M. Riggs	65	—	57	122
Ida Downey	57	15	32	114
Richard Gilmore	40	80	—	120
J Winters	59	—	49	108
Addie Watson	83	—	25	108
Bertha McMillan	50	50	91	101
Minnie McMillan	—	35	59	94
James Gray	66	—	22	88
Selina Hess	40	50	—	90
Robert Swan	62	5	22	89
Annie McColl	—	75	16	91
H Henderson	25	—	28	53
Duncan Hay	31	—	27	58
Wm Swanton	75	—	—	75
Sandford Walton	—	—	—	—

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The *Atlantic Monthly* occupies one of the foremest, if not the first, positions among American magazines. Its contributors include nearly all the eminent *literateurs* of the Republic, among whom are Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Hale, Whipple, Howells, Aldrich, Stedman, Mark Twain, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Phelps, Mrs. Cooke, Miss Woolson, Mrs. Thaxter and many others. The prospectus for 1881 promises the readers of the *Atlantic* a feast of rare literary excellence, including serial stories, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "The Gates Ajar," etc.; Geo. P. Lathrop, author of "A Study of Hawthorne;" W. H. Bishop, author of "Detmold;" W. D. Howells, author of "The Lady of the Aroostook," and "The Undiscovered Country;" and Henry James, jr., author of "The Americans," etc. Short stories and sketches by Harriet Beecher Stowe, T. B. Aldrich, Sarah O. Jewett, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Mark Twain, Rose Terry Cooke, Ellen W. Olney. Essays on biographical, historical and social subjects, by Goldwin Smith; Edward Everett Hale, on the social, political, and religious life of the world in the time of Christ; Wm. M. Rossett, on "The wives of the Poets;" John Fiske, on the "Early Culture, Myths, and Folk-Lore of our Aryan Ancestors;" Joseph Lugdale, on "The Relation of Society to Crime." Travel sketches in Norway, by H. H., and by excellent writers on other picturesque lands and interesting people. Discussions of living questions in politics, education, industry, and religion, by persons specially qualified to treat them thoroughly and in an unpartisan spirit. The price of the *Atlantic* is $4 a year; 35 cts. a number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

Editor STANDARD—*Sir*:—I notice that your confrere in his issue of this week has an article headed "Municipal Elections;" and as this is unmistakably put forth as a *lealer* of the public pulse, permit a disinterested individual to make a few comments through the medium of the STANDARD on the ideas expressed therein. As the editor of the *Banner* says, the time is fast approaching when the ratepayers of Listowel will rise in judgment and acquit or condemn their representatives in Council, and pronounce verdict of approval or censure on their conduct, it is well now to ask, what have the Council, during their term of office, done for Listowel? A good many hundreds of dollars have been expended; the rates have been consumed, and now what have we to show for the money? The ratepayers will shortly be called upon again to exercise their judgement in calling into existence a new Council. It behoves them to consider what useless nonentities and self-serving politicians had better be culled out of the Council, and more fitting representatives placed therein—men who, with the spirit of the age, will push Listowel along and not suffer her to be a laggard in the race of life, and elipsed by other towns near us. I think, as the *Banner* says, an infusion of new blood into the Council would be for the interest of Listowel. I go further, Mr. Editor, and say, that no "infusion" or "transfusion" of new blood will do any good. The present Council is hopelessly useless. It is a mass of selfishness from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, and nothing but a complete excision of the whole lot can benefit us. The *Banner* says, as a general rule the fittest men are elected to office. The contrary is oftener the case. Honorable men shrink, and these are the best qualified from the little meannesses and private peccadillos so characteristic of our Council. It is intimated that a majority of the present Council, if it is the peoples wish, would have no objection to re-election. I dare say this is true enough; but when we consider how the finances and contracts of the town have been manipulated to benefit parties in the Council it is worth while to consider twice before voting for their re-election. It is also in timated—and if this is not meant for a feeler of the public pulse, we are much mistaken—that the Mayor would rather decline re-election, but if the public wish it he might be induced to stand again. Well, while I personally have not the slightest objection to the Mayor, I think that three years of civic honors ought to be sufficient for any one, and that he ought not to monopolise civic honors entirely to himself. There are many other gentlemen in Listowel to whom the civic chair would be a compliment, but their modesty will not let them enter the arena of municipal office; and it would be well for our present Mayor to decline re-election, and try, as the *Banner* says, that new blood might bring in some new ideas in the next Council. The same remarks, Mr. editor, are equally applicable both to the Reeve and Deputy-Reeve. It is high time for them to retire, shall I say, "full of civic honors." For one, I shall be glad to hear the ratepayers, if they seek re-election, say: "Thank you, we have had you long enough; we had better change the policy and try some one else to move us along; we are fearful that pure patriotism does not fill your breasts; we are jealous of the loaves and fishes, and prefer a fresh Reeve and Deputy-Reeve." I shall dismiss my remarks on the present Council by saying that the "nonentities" may safely be left to the discretion of the ratepayers at next election to pass their judgment, and if I may assume for a moment the role of a phophet, I may safely predict that not every one of them will be re-elected. Assuming, Mr. editor, that I am occupying too much space in your columns, I decline saying anything more at present, but propose to keep the matter before the ratepayers by future communications, so as to rouse them up to a due consideration of their rights and privileges at next election.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Listowel, Nov. 13, 1880.

Cheap Stoves.—S. Bricker & Co. are running off their present stock of cooking, hall and parlor stoves at wholesale prices, in order to make room for their fall purchases. Great bargains given. Call early.—28.

Special at Roy & McDonald's—Ladies' mantles, ulsters and dolmans, ready-made and made to order, in first-class style, excellent fit guaranteed, by Mrs. Leslie and Miss Reid. Goods sold in the house cut and fitted free of charge.—41.

IMPLEMENTS.—The Listowel Foundry has now in stock ready for use one large Pitts Power; also Straw cutters for power and hand working, Root cutters, 4 ho. Pitt's powers, etc. A large stock of the famous Listowel I. X. L. general purpose, and Yankee broad furrow plows, with hard steel boards, preparing for spring.—42c.

SOMETHING NEW AND OLD.—New goods for the winter wear, consisting of dress goods, shawls, mantles, overcoats, boots, hosiery, furs, robes, ladies', gents', misses' and children's fur caps, clouds, mufflers, and a thousand and one other things, all of which will be sold at a small advance on cost, at the old reliable store, No. 3, Main st., Listowel.

JOHN RIGGS, Proprietor.—42.

ANOTHER "LIVE" DRUGGIST.—Mr. Hacking wishes us to state that he has been supplying his customers during the past two years with King's Discovery and Golden Compound, and that he is selling the Electric Bitters at 40 cents per bottle. He asks us also to state that he has full lines of all the new remedies, at the lowest prices.—33.

SALE REGISTER.

Friday, 19th Nov.—Auction sale of milch cows, heifers and steers for John McIlroy, lot 25, 3rd con. Wallace. T. E. Hay, Auctioneer.

Friday, 19th Nov.—Sale of farm stock, implements, etc., for Emanuel Pearson, west half lot 1, 2nd con. Elma. B. B. Sarvis, Auctioneer.

Wednesday, Dec. 1.—Sale of farm, 50 acres, east half of lot 2, in the 8th con. of Elma. Geo. Vaughn, Proprietor; B. B. Sarvis, Auctioneer.

Thursday, Dec. 2.—Sale of farm stock, implements, etc., for Wm. Williams, lot 24, 8th con. Wallace. T. E. Hay, Auctioneer.

BIRTHS.

GRAY—In Elma, on the 15th inst., the wife of Mr. Jas Gray, of a son.

FORMAN—In Mornington, on 13th inst., the wife of Mr. Jabez Forman, of twins, son and daughter.

LIVINGSTONE—In Listowel, on 13th inst., the wife of Mr. J. Livingstone, of a son.

MCALLISTER—In Elma, on 13th inst., the wife of Mr. S. McAllister, of a son.

ISRAEL—In Listowel, on 17th inst., the wife of Mr. J. Israel, of a daughter.

JOHNSTON—In Elma, on the 7th inst., the wife of Mr. Jas. Johnston, of a son.

CHAMP—In Listowel, on the 7th inst., the wife of Mr. Richard Champ, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

PLUM.—In Listowel, on the 7th inst., Mrs. Catharine Plum, relict of the late Ebenezer Plum, Haysville, aged 47 years.

MCALLISTER—In Elma, on the 16th inst., Jane Allen, wife of Mr. Samuel McAllister, aged 20 years.

FEMALE TEACHER WANTED!

Holding a third-class certificate, for section No. 12, Wallace. Application to be made to

ADAM HUNT, Teviotdale, P.O.

Wallace, Nov. 16th, 1880. 43.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS!

The undersigned wishes to notify all parties indebted to him in his late Boot and Shoe business that all accounts due to him must be settled not later than the 1st of January next, or they will be put in court for collection. Parties will find me at my residence or tannery in Listowel.

PETER KNAPP.

Listowel, Nov. 16, 1880. 43-g.

HAGYARDS PECTORAL BALSAM

Has no equal for the permanent cure of **Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and all Lung Diseases.**

☞ Every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction.

T. MILBURN & CO. Proprietors Toronto.

FARM FOR SALE!

South half of lot 51, 1st con. Grey township, containing 50 acres; 40 acres cleared. Frame house and other suitable buildings. Three-quarters of a mile from Molesworth, 7 miles from Listowel. Terms and other particulars made known on application to

JOHN BROATCH,

Molesworth, P. O. 41f.

DR. SKIRVING,

Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, and Licentiate in Midwifery Glasgow, Scotland. Three years student under Professor Place, Berlin, Prussia.

Late Resident Physician, Glasgow Royal Infirmary.

Late Surgeon Lock Hospital.

Late Physiological Demonstrator for Dr. Eben Watson.

Late Surgeon Allan Line Ocean Steamers.

Late Lecturer on Materia Medica Glasgow College. May be consulted at the

AMERICAN HOTEL,

WALLACE STREET, LISTOWEL,

until further notice. 37.

WM. WATKINS,

CONVEYANCER, &c.,

GLENALLEN, - - - ONT.

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, &c., &c., drawn at reasonable rates. 41.

STORE AND DWELLING TO RENT, or store separate. Situated 10 miles from Listowel, and 4 from Newry. Terms moderate. For particulars apply to

MRS. A. BRILEY,

41A. Donegal, Ont.

NEW INDUSTRY IN LISTOWEL.

The undersigned take this opportunity of informing the public that they have recently started a

FURNITURE

and MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MANUFACTORY in Listowel, and are now prepared to supply

ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE

AT LOWEST PRICES!

Superior Hand-Made urniture

A SPECIALTY!

CARVING,

and all descriptions of ornamentation in wood executed to order.

PICTURE FRAMING.

All kinds of mouldings kept in stock, and pictures framed in first-class style and at cheapest figures.

We have just received a large stock of

CHROMOS, LITHOGRAPHS,

&c., which will be sold very cheap.

As we are about to commence the manufacture of

ORGANS AND PIANOS,

and having had many years experience in some of the best manufactories of the Old World, we invite the public to reserve their orders until they have had an opportunity of examining our instruments, feeling assured that we can compete with any instrument manufactory on this continent, in style of finish, quality of tone, durability and cheapness.

DULCIMERS of our own manufacture can be had at all times.

WAREROOMS—Crystal Hall, nearly opposite the Commercial Hotel, Main St., Listowel.

A call is respectfully invited.

PATERSON, WOODS & Co.

Listowel, November, 1880. 42.

LISTOWEL HIGH SCHOOL.

ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.

The Entrance Examination to the Listowel High School will be held in the High School, on

Tuesday and Wednesday, 21st and 22nd days of December,

at the hour of nine in the morning of each day. Candidates must notify A. McCallum, Esq., B. A., Head Master of the High School, on or before the First day of December of their intention to be present at this examination.

DAVID P. CLAPP, B. A.,

School Inspector.

Listowel, 2nd Nov., 1880. 41A.

MONEY TO LEND.

FOR FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES, also private funds at 6 per cent. Conveyancing done &c.

ADAM HUNT, Commissioner

Teviotdale P. O.

Residence, con. 12, Wallace.

FARM FOR SALE.

Being west half of lot 22, 4th con. Elma, containing 50 acres; 40 acres cleared and in good cultivation; good house; frame stable and granary; log barn; young orchard of about 40 trees; well watered, small creek running across it. School house quarter mile from property; three miles and a half from Listowel. Will be sold at a reasonable figure. Terms, half cash and balance to suit purchaser. For further particulars apply to.

NATHANIEL HARRIS.

Listowel, P. O., Oct. 20, 1880. 39.

BBB Burdock BLOOD Bitters

Burdock Healing Ointment should be used in connection with Burdock Blood Bitters for curing Ulcers, Abscesses, Fevers, Sores, &c. Price 25 cents per box.

T. MILBURN & CO.

SOLE AGENTS, TORONTO.

FRIEND W. BLACK,

The famous, favored, fortunate fellow, furnisher of four Ferrotypes for fifty cents, having taken possession of the

PHOTO GALLERY

One door west of J. Armstrong's grocery, and having thoroughly refitted and refurnished the same, putting in the best instruments, back-grounds and accessories that can be procured, is now prepared to supply the public with **First-class Photos** at the **lowest possible prices.**

From an extensive experience in some of the best galleries in Ontario, he feels confident of being able to give entire satisfaction to the public.

AMBROTYPES.

Having the latest and most improved instruments for making this popular style of picture, I defy competition, as I give

Four Large Ambrotypes for 50 CENTS.

Just as large as you get anywhere else for 25c. each.

All work guaranted first-class or no charge.

W. BLACK.

39. Photographer.

IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.

DONALD BROWN

Having purchased the entire stock of the

Mammoth China Hall & Grocery,

Will continue the business in the old stand, next door to Livingstone's Drug store, Wallace street. The whole stock was purchased at

A GREAT BARGAIN!

consequently he is prepared to give the most liberal inducements to **CASH** purchasers. The stock comprises

GROCERIES,

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, &C.,

And those in need of anything in his line will save money by dealing with him.

Don't Forget the Stand and Call Early.

Goods delivered to all parts of the town.

The highest price paid for Farm Produce.

DONALD BROWN.

Listowel, Aug. 1880. 30.

LILLICO'S BANKING HOUSE

Corner Main and Wellington St's.,

DRAYTON, ONT.

A general banking business done; negotiate loans on short or long dates on approved notes or collateral security.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

A liberal rate of interest will be allowed on deposit money; can be withdrawn at any time with interest to date of withdrawal.

Money remitted by draft, payable in Canada or the United States.

Collections of Notes and Accounts attended to promptly on reasonable terms.

Farmers requiring advances are invited to call.

REFERENCES—Merchants Bank of Canada, Stratford.

Office Hours from 9 a.m., to 3 p.m.

C. H. SMITH, Manager. P. LILLICO, Proprietor.

3-15

TORONTO TEA STORE!

:0:

D. W. PALMER,

DEALER IN

Groceries, Wines & Liquors,

Crockery, Glassware, Flour and Feed, &c.

:0:

Now is the time for

BARGAINS IN SUGARS!

As we are offering special inducements while the preserving season lasts. Try our **50 Cent TEA, splendid value.** Farmers and others doing their trading in Listowel will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. ☞ Goods delivered to any part of the town.

N. B.—Butter and Eggs wanted. Highest CASH price will be paid for No. 1 Butter.

D. W. PALMER.

Listowel, August, 1880. 31.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE!

ON *MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS.*

Terms to suit buyers.

10 GEORGE DRAPER.

UNION FLOURING MILLS, LISTOWEL.

A. MOYER & CO.

Having put their mill in first-class order by the introduction of the best and latest improved milling machinery, are now prepared to do Gristing, Chopping and all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

on short notice, and to the best satisfaction

Family Flour sold and delivered to any part of the town.

All Kinds of Chopped Feed Sold.

A. MOYER & CO.

Inkerman Street, Listowel. 16c.

WILLIAM LITTLE,

Successor to LITTLE BROS., & Co.,

WALLACE STREET LISTOWEL,

MANUFACTURER OF

First-Class Carriages, Wagons

made from the best material, sold

On Most Reasonable Terms.

ALSO

HORSE-SHOEING & REPAIRING

☞ **Promptly Attended To.** ☜

Listowel, 1880. 17.

GEORGE ZILLIAX,

GROCER & GRAIN MERCHANT,

Wallace Street, Listowel,

Invites the attention of the public to his new and fresh stock of

Groceries Crockery, &c.,

which he is selling at bottom prices.

He deals extensively in Flour, Feed, Grain, Pork and Vegetables.

Prime Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Cracked Wheat, Pot Barley, &c., always on hand.

Oats, Seed Grain, Horse-tooth Corn, and Seeds supplied in any quantity.

Potatoes, Field Roots and Garden Vegetables, and all descriptions of Farm Produce, bought and sold.

Land Salt & Shingles For Sale.

Blacksmith's Coal Always on Hand.

The highest market price paid for all kinds of Grain, Hides and skins.

☞ Remember the stand—two doors south of the Royal Hotel. Wallace street Listowel.

TRUTHS.

Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters ever made.

They are compounded from **Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,**—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest **Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator,** and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, **without intoxicating.**

No matter what your feelings or symtoms are what the disease or ailment is use, Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable use the Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. ☞ **$500** ☜ will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

Do not suffer yourself or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine every made; the **"Invalid's Friend and Hope,"** and no person or family should be without them. **Try the Bitters to-day.**

Try Hop Cough Cure and Pain Relief.

For sale by all druggists.

SELLING OFF!

C. J. GUNDRY,

Will sell up to the 1st of December, *any article out of his stock at*

WHOLESALE PRICES FOR CASH!

Call early and secure some of the bargains in

Electro-Plated Ware,

all of which will be sold withou reserve at

Manufacturers' Wholesale Prices.

Jewellery of all kinds also to be sold very cheap!

Shirt Studs at Half Price.

Cuff Buttons at Half Price.

Also a very large stock of fine Gold Setts, which will be sold regardless of cost, at half price.

Call and see for yourself and get a bargain.

C. J. GUNDRY,

Main Street Listowel. 38

MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS, terms easy, better than any Company.

SMITH & GEARING.

16. Barristers, Listowel.

FARM FOR SALE.

The North-east 50 acres in the 7th con. of Wallace. The land is in a good state of cultivation; all cleared but 8 acres, and fit for a reaper to run on it. A good frame barn 36x52; frame house 18x26, well finished; barn and house new; good well and pump at door, and a never failing spring creek on the place. Terms, $700 down; the balance can run for a term of years at 7 per cent. Also 60 acres will be rented along with the 50 for a term of ten years. The land is first-class; within 3 miles of the town of Palmerston. For particulars apply to the proprietor,

JAMES LITTLE,

13. Rothsay, Ont.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE!

The subscribers would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Listowel and vicinity, that they have purchased the Boot and Shoe business of Mr. Peter Knapp on Wallace street, where they will always keep a well selected stock of

BOOTS & SHOES,

—FOR—

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN!

and will sell as cheap as any house in town.

☞ Custom Work will receive special attention, and repairing promptly attended to.

Remember the place—Peter Knapp's old stand on Wallace street, Listowel.

KARGES BROS.

Listowel, Sept. 3rd, 1880. 33.

GEORGE ADAM

Importer and Dealer in

Shelf and Heavy Hardware!

Tinware and Stoves,

respectively solicits a call from intending purchasers before buying elseware. All goods

AT LOWEST FIGURES.

WANTED!

10 tons of any kind rags. 500 DOZEN OF EGGS, in exchange for Goods at

ADAM'S HARDWARE,

Opposite Ress Bros. Factory, Main Street.

LISTOWEL.

Listowel, 1880. 49.

R. MARTIN,

REAL ESTATE AND

INSURANCE AGENT.

Buys and sells Lands, loans money and does a general Insurance business.

$1,800 Will purchase lot number 37 in the 2nd concession of the township of Minto, containing 100 acres, 35 cleared balance rolling land. There is 6 acres of fall wheat on the lot, 2 acres of orchard bearing, good well and pump, hewn log house. Terms of payment $700 cash, balance to remain on interest for 11 years at 8 per cent. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

East half lot number 3, in the fourth con. Elma, containing 50 acres, frame barn, 50x34; stable frame, 20x30; frame house well furnished, 18x24, kitchen frame, 14x18; all nearly new, with 46 acres cleared and free of stumps, good soil; ¼ acre of orchard. Will be sold cheap. Apply to ROBERT ROSE on the premises, or to

R. MARTIN.

$1,700 Will purchase 100 acres in Wallace, 3½ miles from Listowel, 30 acres cleared, balance mostly hardwood. Terms, $500 cash, balance in 4 years at 8 per cent. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

$3,400 Will purchase lot 28, in the 8th con. of the Township of Elma in County of Perth—containing 100 acres. $1,500 cash, balance on time for 3 years at 8 per cent. 75 acres cleared with a bank barn and stone stable, inside 56x36; frame barn 26x36; dwelling house with good frame kitchen. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS to Lend, in sums from $200 to $2,000 at 7 per cent. Interest payable yearly, with the privilege given to the borrower of paying off the whole loan or any part, at any time. On such payments of Principal, Interest shall cease. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

INSURANCE.

The best Companies represented, such as the WESTERN, LANCASHIRE &C.

Apply to

R. MARTIN

Office on Main St.,

LISTOWEL,

Opposite the Grand Central Hotel. 51

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

National Pills, superior to all other purgatives in strength and virtue, in safety and mildness of action.

West End Grocery.

ALEX. MORROW asks every one requiring Good TEAS to inspect his stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere, as he is giving bargains that cannot be beaten. SALT sold by the barrel or load, at the lowest price.

SEWING MACHINES of different kinds, and of the best make, sold below Grange prices for cash. Sewing machine needles of all kinds sold wholesale and retail. Best sperm oil for sewing machines kept on hand, and sewing machines repaired.

ALEX. MORROW,

Main Street West.

VICTORIA BUCHU & UVA URSI

THE GREAT SPECIFIC

For all Diseases of the KIDNEYS and URINARY ORGANS.

CORDWOOD.

I am now prepared to contract for

GREEN and DRY CORDWOOD

to be delivered this winter. As I require only a limited quantity, will bargain for CASH with those who come first.

FRANK E. GIBBS,

Empress Mills.

Listowel, Nov. 4, 1880. 41c.

Paints, Oil & Varnishes CHEAP AND GOOD!

HARDWARE

We have in stock a large assortment of building and other Hardware which we are offering

☞ AT HARD PAN PRICES! ☜

TRY US.—Bird Cages in Endless Variety, at Low Prices.

GARDEN AND FIELD SEEDS.

It surprises even the Grangers when they hear our price on CLOVER SEED.

—TRY US AND DON'T FORGET THE PLACE—

S. BRICKER & CO.

Stoves and Tinware! AT FORMER PRICES.

1880. ONTARIO HOUSE. 1880.

:0:

I have much pleasure in announcing that my stock of

AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS!

In British, Foreign and Canadian, are now arriving, and in many lines will be found unusually attractive, and AT LOWER PRICES than have been offered in previous seasons.

:0:

SPECIAL ATTENTION

will be devoted to the

Millinery and Mantle Department,

which for style and quality will surpass anything ever offered in town.

A FIRST-CLASS CITY MILLINER ALWAYS EMPLOYED.

Purchasers from town and country are cordially invited to examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

:0:

LIQUORS—WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

At Reduced Prices. Sole Agent for the Celebrated "Invalid Wine," Recommended by the Medical Profession in Town.

GEORGE DRAPER,

LISTOWEL, 1880. 36

R. McMILLAN & CO.,

—STILL TO THE FORE—

With the choicest stock of

SEASONABLE GOODS!

:0:

A SPLENDID RANGE OF

S-C-O-T-C-H — T-W-E-E-D-S!

SUITS got up in first-class style, and splendid value.

:0:

Large stock of **MEN'S OVERCOATS** and all kinds of

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

At prices to suit everybody.

:0:

LADIES MANTLES—A large variety and very cheap.

:0:

☞ FULL LINES OF DRESS GOODS, HOUSE FURNISHINGS, &c. ☜

:0:

HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, GROCERIES, &C.

:0:

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK.

R. McMILLAN & Co.

Campbell's Block—East Store, Main Street, Listowel.

Listowel, 1880.

THE BEST

ORGANS

IN THE WORLD!

—AT—

THE LOWEST PRICES.

:0:

QUEENIE HETHERTON.

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Ethelyn's Mistake," "Forrest House," etc.

Years ago Margery had seen Queenie in what she called her "moods," when her evil spirit had the ascendant, and she fought and struck at anything within her reach, but of late these fits had been of rare occurrence, and so she was astonished, on her return to the room with Mr. Beresford, to see the girl standing erect in the middle of the floor, her nostrils dilated and her eyes blazing as she had never seen them blaze before, as they flashed upon Mr. Beresford, whose heart was full of sorrow for his loss, and who went toward her to offer his sympathy. But Queenie repelled him with a fierce gesture of both hands, striking out upon the air as if she would have struck him had he been within her reach.

"Don't speak to me, Arthur Beresford," she cried, and there was something awful in the tone of her voice. "Don't come near me, or I may do you harm. I'm not myself to-day, I'm that other one you have never seen. I know what are here for without your telling me. You have come to talk to me of Phil, to say you are sorry for me, sorry he is dead, but I will not hear it. You, of all men, shall not speak his name to me, guilty as you are of his death. I sent him away. I murdered him, but you were the first cause; you suggested to me the cruel words I said to him, and which no man could hear and not go away. You talked of Sardanapalus, and effeminacy, and weakness, and lack of occupation, and every word was a sneer, because, coward that you were, you thought to raise yourself by lowering him, and foolthat I was, when he came to me and told me of a love such as you are incapable of feeling, I spurned him and cast your words in his teeth and made him loathe and despise himself and made him go away, to seek the occupation, to build up the manhood you said he lacked; and now he is dead, drowned in far off eastern waters, my Phil, my love, my darling. I am not ashamed to say it now. There is nothing unmaidenly in the confession that I love him, love him as few men ever have been loved, and I wish that I had him so that night upon the rocks; wish I had trampled down that scruple of cousinship which looks to me now so small. But I did not, I broke his heart, and saw it breaking, too; knew it by the awful look upon his face, not a look of disappointment only; he could have borne that, could have borne my rejection of him; few men, if any, die of love alone; but there was on his face a look of unutterable shame and humiliation as if all the manliness of his nature had been insulted by my taunts of his womanish habits and ways. Oh, Phil, my love; if he could know how my heart is aching for him and will ache on for ever until I find him again somewhere in the other world! Don't speak to me," she continued, as Mr. Beresford tried to say something to her. "I tell you I am dangerous in these moods, and the sight of you who are the first cause of my anguish, makes me beside myself. You talked some nonsense once about probation, you called it, waiting for my love. I told you then it could not be. I tell it to you now a thousand times more strongly. I would rather be Phil's wife for one second than to be yours through all eternity. Oh, Phil, my love, my love, if I could die and join him; but life is strong within me and I am young and must live on and on for years and years with that death-cry always sounding in my ears as it sounded that awful night when he went down beneath the waters with my name upon his lips. Where was I that I did not hear it and know that he was dying? If I had heard and joined him on his journey through the shades of death. But there was no signal; I did not hear him call, and laughed on as I shall never laugh again, for how can I be happy with Phil dead in the sea?"

She was beginning to soften; the mood was passing off; and though her face was pale as ashes, the glitter was gone from her eyes, which turned at last toward Margery, who had looked on in utter astonishment, wondering to see her friend so strangely affected.

"Oh, Margie, Margie, help me. I don't know what I have been saying. I think I must be crazy," she said, as she stretched her arms toward Margery, who went to her at once, and leading her to the couch made her lie down while she soothed and quieted her until a faint color came back to her face, and her heat beats were not so rapid and loud.

Across the room by the window Mr. Beresford was still standing, with a troubled look upon his face, and seeing him Queenie called him to her, and putting her icy hand in his, said to him very gently:

"Forgive me if I have wounded you. I am not myself when these moods are upon me. I don't know what I said, only this I know, you must never think of me again any more than if you had never seen me, for my heart is with Phil and Phil is in the sea. Now go away, please, and leave me alone with Margery."

Mr. Beresford bowed, and pressing the hand he held, said, in a choking voice:

"God bless you, Queenie, and comfort you and forgive me if anything I said was instrumental in sending Phil away. He was the dearest friend I ever had, the one I liked the best and enjoyed the most, and I never shall forget him or cease to mourn for him. Good-by, Queenie, good-afternoon, Miss La Rue."

He bowed himself from the room, and was soon riding slowly homeward, with sad thoughts in his heart of the friend he had lost and who seemed to be so near him that more than once he started and looked around as if expecting to meet Phil's pleasant face and hear his well-remembered laugh. Mr. Beresford belonged to that class of men, who, without exactly saying there is no God and no hereafter, still doubt it in their hearts, and by trying to explain everything on scientific principles throw a vail over the religion they were taught to hold so sacred in their childhood. But death had never touched him very closely, or borne away that for which he mourned with a very keen or lasting sense of loss and pain. His father had died before he could remember him, and though his mother lived till he was a well-grown youth, she had not attached him very strongly to her. He had been very proud of her as an elegant, fashionable woman, who sometimes came in her lovely party dress to look at him before going out to some place of amusement, but he had never known what it was to be petted and caressed, and when his mother died and her place in the household was filled by a maiden aunt who ministered to all his physical wants better than the mother had done, his sorrow was neither deep nor lasting, and in his maturer manhood, when the seeds of skepticism were taking root, he could think without a fancy that possibly there was beyond this life no place where loved ones meet again and friendships are renewed; nothing but oblivion—a long, dreamless sleep.

But now that Phil was dead—Phil, who had been so much to him—Phil, whom he loved far better than the cold, unsympathetic elder brother who had died years ago, he felt a bitter sense of loss and pain and loneliness and as he rode slowly home in the gathering twilight of that wintry afternoon, and thought of that bright young life and active mind so suddenly blotted out of existence, if this theory was true, he suddenly cried aloud:

"It cannot be; Phil is not gone from me forever. Somewhere we must meet again. Death could only stupefy, not quench, all that vitality. There is something beyond; there is a rallying point, a world where we shall meet those whom we have loved and lost. And Phil is there, and some day I shall find him. Thank God for that hope—thank God there is a hereafter.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MOURNING FOR PHIL.

It was very, very bitter and deep, and all the more so because the blow had fallen so suddenly, without a note of warning. At the knoll there was a small and select dinner party the evening the letter came. Some friends from Boston were visiting in the house, and Mrs. Rossiter had invited a few of the villagers to meet them, and in her evening dress of claret velvet, with diamonds in her ears and at her throat, looked as lovely and almost as young as in her early girlhood when she won the heart of the grave and silent Paul Rossiter. Dinner had been over some little time, and she was standing with her guests in the drawing-room, when the fatal letter was brought to her. She saw it was from Madras, and the handwriting a stranger's; and though it was directed to her husband, who immediately after dinner had wandered off to his conservatories, where he spent most of his time, she opened it unhesitatingly, feeling sure that it contained tidings of her son, and feeling, too, with that subtle and unexplainable intuition which so often precedes dreadful news that the tidings were not good. But she was not prepared for the reality—not prepared to hear that Phil was dead; and when she read that it was so—that he would never return to her again, she gave one long, agonized shriek which curdled the blood of those who heard it, and who gathered swiftly around her as she dropped upon the floor in a faint so nearly resembling death that for a little time they feared she was really dead. Fortunately the family physician was among the guests, and so relief was immediate, or she might never have returned to consciousness, so terrible was the shock to her nervous system. For hours she passed from one fainting fit into another, and when these were over lay in a kind of semi-stupor, moaning sadly at intervals:

"Oh, my boy! my boy! my Phil, my darling—drowned—dead—gone away from me forever—my boy, my boy!"

If Mrs. Rossiter had a weakness it was her almost idolatrous love for her son. Phil had been her idol, and if her husband and both her daughters had lain dead at her feet and Phil had been spared to her, she would not have felt half so badly as she did now when she still had husband and daughters, but Phil was not. Nothing availed to soothe or quiet her, and the house which had heretofore been so bright and cheerful, and full of gayety, became a house of sorrow and gloom. The servants trod softly through the silent halls, and spoke only in whispers to each other, while Ethel and Grace, with traces of weeping upon their fair, sweet faces sat from morning till night with folded hands, looking hopelessly at each other as if paralyzed by the awful calamity which had fallen upon them. They were of no use to their mother, who lay in her darkened room, refusing to see any one except her husband, whom she kept constantly with her, and who gave no sign of what he thought or felt. Quiet, patient, all enduring, he sat by his wife's bedside and listened to her moans, and did what she bade him do; left her when she said so; returned to her when she sent for him, and if he felt pain or grief himself uttered no word, and never mentioned Phil's name.

Of Mr. Rossiter, or Colonel Rossiter as he was frequently called, we have said comparatively nothing, as he has but little to do with the story, except as the father of Phil. He was a very peculiar man. Silent, unsocial, undemonstrative, and, save his love and admiration for his wife, of whom he was very proud and fond, apparently indifferent to everything except his conservatories, of which he had four, and what they contained. Had he been poor and obliged to earn his own living he would unquestionably have been a gardener, so fond was he of flowers and plants of every kind. He had walked miles through the tangled glades of Florida, hunting for some new specimens of ferns or pitcher plants, and his greenhouses were full of rare exotics, from every clime. Here, and in the room adjoining, where he kept his catalogues and books of pressed leaves and flowers, he spent most of his time, and if beguiled away from his favorites for a few moments he was, as he expressed it, "in a dused hurry to get back to them." With nothing to do he was always in a "dused hurry," and this saying of his had passed into a proverb in Merrivale and wherever he was known. It was in one of his conservatories that the news of his son's death reached him. After dinner was over he had asked his gentlemen guests to go with him and see a new kind of fern, gathered the previous autumn in some of the neighboring swamps, and he was talking most eloquently of its nature and habits when his wife's shriek reached him, and the next moment a servant rushed in, exclaiming:

"Oh, sir, come quick, Mrs Rossiter has fainted, and Mr. Philip is drowned."

"Drowned! My son drowned! Did you say Philip was dead? It will go hard with his poor mother," he said very calmly, as he put the pot of ferns carefully back in its place.

But the hands which held the pot trembled and the palms were wet with great drops of sweat, as he went slowly to the room where his wife lay in a swoon. He was a small man, and weak, too, it would seem, but it was he who lifted the fainting woman up and bore her to her chamber and loosened her dress, and took the diamonds from her throat and ears, and the flowers from her hair, as quickly and skilfully as her daughters could have done. There was a good deal of Phil in his nature, and he showed it in his womanly and quiet manner at the sick bed.

"Poor Mary, I am so sorry for you," he said once, and pressed his lips to the forehead of his wife, who sobbed convulsively, and clung to him as a child in pain clings to its mother. But there were no tears in his eyes,—no change in his manner, as he went about his usual avocations and watered his ferns and tended his orchids and picked off the dead leaves from the roses and carnations, and smoked the lilies and roses on which insects were gathering.

"Where have you been so long?" his wife asked him once, when he came to her after an absence of more than an hour.

"Been watering my ferns," was his reply, and with a half reproachful sob his wife continued:

"Oh, Paul, how can you care for such things with Philip dead?"

"I don't know, Mary," he answered apologetically. "I am so sorry if I have done anything out of character; the little things seem so glad for the water, and if I was to let every dusted fern, and orchid, and pitcher plant die, it would not bring Philip back."

Had he than no feeling, no sorrow for his son? Mrs. Rossiter almost thought so; but that night, waking suddenly from a quiet sleep, she missed him from her side, and raising herself in bed, saw him across the room by the window, where the moonlight was streaming in, kneeling upon the floor with his face buried in a pillow he had lain upon a chair, the better to smother the sobs which seemed almost to send his soul from his body, they were so deep and pitiful.

"Phil, Phil, my boy, how can I live without him? I was so proud of him and loved him so much. Oh, Phil, they think me cold and callous, because I cannot talk and moan as others do, but God knows my bitter pain. God help me and Mary too. Poor Mary, who was his mother, and loved him, maybe, more than I did. God comfort her and help her to bear, no matter what I suffer."

This was what Mrs. Rossiter heard, and in a moment she was beside the prostrate man,—her arms were around his neck, and his bowed head was laid against her bosom while she kissed his quivering lips again and again, as she said to him:

"Forgive me Paul, if I have been so selfish in my own grief as not to see how you, too, have suffered, Philip was our boy, Paul; we loved him together, we will mourn for him together, and comfort each other, and love each other better beause we have lost him."

Then Paul Rossiter broke down and cried as few men ever cry, and sobbed until it seemed as if his heart would break, while his wife, now the stronger and calmer of the two, supported him in her arms and strove to comfort him. There was perfect accord and confidence between the husband and wife after that, and Mrs. Rossiter roused herself to something like cheerfulness and interest in the world about her for the sake of the man who, except to her, never mentioned Philip's name, but who grew old and grey and bent so fast and sometimes even forgot to water his ferns and let them dry and wither in their pots where they might have died but for his wife, who took charge of them herself, and gave them the care they needed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRENCH AND AMERICAN LIQUORS.

The whiskey trade of the United States received a great impetus, about twenty-five years ago, by the wide publication of the fact that a large proportion of the French brandy imported into this country consisted of American pure spirits, exported to France, doctored with oil of cognac, and returned to us in French packages. Prior to this discovery brandy, in one form or another, was the fashionable drink in most of our eastern cities, but the publication referred to caused a stampede, so to speak, from brandy to whiskey, and the latter acquired and has maintained the supremacy. Since the ravages of the phylloxera have greatly reduced the production of French wines, complaints of the adulteration of wines in France have become frequent. It has recently come to light that the process known as *platrage*, which consists of sprinkling the grapes with plaster of paris, as successive baskets of them are thrown into the crushing machine or the fermenting vats, is now a general practice in France. The effect of the plaster is to decompose the tartrates of potash existing in grape juice, forming calcium tartrate, an insoluble salt, which is a drastic and dangerous purgative. This process is said to give wines a fictitious ageing effect, and it is resorted to by wine producers to get their wines sooner to market, and economize in cooperage and interest. The French Government has taken measures to restrain the practice, but it is doubtful if they will be effective. Doubtless many people in the United States are in the habit of enjoying this drugged wine, while they turn with affected loathing from our pure native wines, which the French are now glad to buy.—*Bradstreet's.*

—Good for "touching up the leaders"—Editors. The place for squash pi(e)—In a printing office. An easy way to get rich—Marry a poor girl of that name. Cobblers! When the fiddles sound start your pegs, right and left and awl hands round. One of the one-ders of the deep—The sea-serpent. The name for a ferry-boat—Shakes-pier. For what particular State should the members of all parties keep a sharp look out?—The state of their health.—*Boston Traveler.*

—The Port Hope *Times* man says a mule is out of place at a prayer meeting. And he never attends one.

CRUSOEING.

A Life on a Deserted Island—Some Instances of Where it has not Been so Pleasant as it Used Down in Romance.

The delights of solitude have been fervidly extolled by writers who took good care to keep themselves within hail of the busy hum of men; but its fancied charms have soon palled upon unfortunates condemned to a silent fate, either by their own whim, the tyranny of others, or circumstances over which nobody had any control.

Alexander Selkirk tried the experiment of living in solitary independence of his own option and under very favorable conditions. The island whereon he elected to abide was one of the fairest spots upon earth, blessed with a delicious climate and grateful soil. He was well provided with clothes to cover him, arms to protect him, books and tobacco to solace him. His larder was well supplied kid flesh, fish, seal and sea-lion meat, which he could season to his liking with pimento-pepper; while cabbages, turnips, radishes, parsnips, parslain, parsley and water-cress were at his command. Still it took eight months to reconcile Selkirk to his self elected lot, and after enduring it for four years, he gladly bade adieu to his Eveless paradise.

A YOUTHFUL CRUSOE.

Three weeks experience of crusoeing sufficed to bring an unwilling solitarian to death's door, but he was a mere lad, wanting three years to be out of his teens, when letting separated from his messmates, while seeking wood and water on one of the Gallipagos Islands, he lost himself in the forest. After passing an uncomfortable night there, daylight saw Lord roving in quest of what he might devour, and finding nothing save a big snake, unavailable for staying his appetite; and when night came round again, he was still wandering in a maze of trees, weary with walking, and faint for lack of food; fearing to sleep on the ground lest he should intrude upon the privacy of some deadly serpent. This difficulty he surmounted by climbing a tall tree, and roosting in its branches, unaware that he had a fellow-lodger in a big owl, until, on leaving his airy chamber in the morning, he knocked the bird down, and turned the accident to account by breakfasting upon the owl, without any further preparation than stripping it of its feathers.

That night Lord was out of the wood, but was not much better off, for, sleeping at the foot of a mountain, he was drenched with rain, and when morning broke was in anything but a condition for climbing. Climb the mountain, however, he did; from the summit beholding the bay in which his whaler had been, but was not. He saw a brig there, but she was making her way out. Madly he dashed down the mountain side, to gain the beach all to late, and become oblivious of his disappointment by going off in a dead faint. When he recovered his senses hunger got the better of despair, its pangs being none the less bitter from the knowledge that there was abundance of food in the waters washing his prison, and that he had neither hook to bait or bait to hook, and must, perforce, live as best he might upon berries and seal-flesh.

So the dismal days dragged on, the only event breaking their monotonous misery being Lord's nearly coming to grief altogether in grappling with a great seal, rolling into the sea with it, and scrambling out alone as quickly as his weakness allowed. After this bout he contrived to crawl up the mountain again, and to his joy descried a large ship making for the island. The sight gave him new strength, and he managed to get down to the beach just as the entered the harbor. Soon a boat was lowered, and he knew no more, until he opened his eyes upon a little crowd of friendly faces. He cried out for water, and drank till he swooned again, when kindly arms carried him to the boat, and he was soon safe in the care of the famous explorer of the seas, Capt. Cook.

THE AMERICAN SAILOR.

In 1818, an American sailor was taken off a desolate rock in the South Seas by a boat's crew belonging to her H. M. S. Queen Charlotte, whose attention had been drawn to the spot by the smoke of a seaweed fire. He had, three years before, been left there with three companions, all of whom had quickly succumbed, while he had lived on, sustaining life by feeding upon the flesh of birds, and drinking their blood.

THE FLEMISH CRUSOE.

The find of the Queen Charlotte's men was not so surprising as that of the Flemish seaman Pickman, when in 1616, his ship grounded near a small island-rock between Scotland and Ireland. Some of his men going in search of eggs, come upon a black hairy creature, who by signs entreated them to come to close acquaintance; and finding the strange object to be really a man, they took him on board with them to tell the skipper his story. It was a melancholy one. He and two others, occupants of the passage boat between England and Ireland, had been captured, and afterwards cast off, by a French privateer. Having nothing eatable, save a little sugar, with them, one of the three soon died of starvation, the others lived to be driven on the island, where they built a hut out of what was left of the boat, and for six weeks lived upon sea-mews, sea-dogs, eggs and water. Then the partners in misfortune parted company, one of them disappearing, leaving his forlorn friend in utter ignorance of his fate; he could only surmise that he had fallen into the sea while searching for eggs. Months passed, and the poor fellow lost all hope of deliverance. Winter came, and found him clotheless. Compelled to keep within the hut for days together, he only kept starvation at bay by catching sea-mews, as hungry as himself, by sticks thrust through the opening in the hovel's walls. So he kept himself alive, until the accidental advent of the London-bound Flemish timber-ship released him from his dreary durance.

THE STORY OF JORGENSON.

Less happy was the ending of a wonderful adventure that befel Hans Jorgenson, a Swedish whaler belonging to the White Wave, a California schooner employed in seal and other fishing in the North Pacific. On September 18, 1879, the schooner being within sight of the Aleutian Islands, a boat was sent on shore for water, the crew consisting of Hans Jorgenson and two other seamen. Hans, having his rifle with him, had no sooner landed than he went off in search of game, and, as he took no heed of the signal of recall, his mates returned to the ship without him. A furious gale sprang up, and for four days it was impossible for the White Wave to come anywhere near the island. At the end of that time a landing was effected, and Jorgenson was found to be alive certainly, but most strangely altered in appearance. The spare Swede of five feet seven, with a bald pate, and a thin straw-colored moustache, was transformed into a man apparently six feet high, so stout that his clothes would scarcely contain him, with his head and face covered with a crop of fluffy hair, and seemingly ten years older than the Jorgenson who had been left behind but four days before.

His explanation of the mystery did not make the matter more intelligible. Having started some wild animals, he followed the chase, all unsuccessfully, for miles before thinking of returning to the boat. When he did think of it, he began to look about him, and was mightily surprised with his surroundings. The country was bleak and barren, nothing but volcanic rocks, without a single tree or shrub. Here and there were rents in the earth, at the dark bottom of which small but rapid streamlets sped tortuously along through masses of lichen, while heavy volumes of steam, impregnating the air with sulphurous odor, rose from other ravins; giving the Swede the impression that he was looking upon a piece of the earth as it must have been before ever a living creature put foot thereon.

Finding that his shipmates had departed without him, Jorgenson camped out for the night. In the morning he sought for something to breakfast upon; a fruitless quest taking him to the top of a hill, when falling backwards, he rolled down a gulch on the land side, the stock of his rifle striking against and breaking one of a number of pebble-like objects, which examination showed to be a thin shell of lime or sulphur or something he could not tell exactly what, covering a quantity of jelly of a light rose-color, composed of an infinity of minute cells, through which stretched, a number of flossy ligaments. Taking a small quantity on his finger, he applied his tongue to it and swallowed some, but was so disgusted with the taste that he pitched the shell away, and went back to his post, to watch for the White Wave. After watching for some hours the hungry fellow fell into a deep sleep from which he was awakened by a sensation similar to that he had experienced years before when pulled, half drowned, out of one of his native fjords; but his hunger had gone, he felt refreshed, and found he could walk without fatigue, and naturally gave the nauseous jelly the credit of it.

Next day he visited the gulch again, and took another taste of the jelly; again came a deep sleep, from which he awoke, as before, free from hunger or weariness; but to his astonishment his clothes had become so tight that he could hardly move in them, his seaboots seemed a few sizes too small, and the sleeves of his knitted jacket were almost up to his elbows. Stooping to pick up his rifle, he found that too had shrunk, or rather that he himself had stretched and grown under the influence of the wonderful food, and that his physical powers had increased with his bulk. While testing the latter by flinging pieces of rock into the sea, Jorgenson beheld the White Wave bearing down the coast, signaling with the small brass piece she carried. He replied with his rifle, and after filling his pockets with the mysterious pebbles, made for the beach, and soon was welcomed by his puzzled messmates.

Should our readers discredit this strange tale, which reads like a forcastle yarn it must be confessed, here is the sad end of it, "literally transcribed," says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, from the log of the White Wave: "October 3, 1879.—Lat. 57.47 N., Long. 144.10 W. Jorgenson is dead, and I don't know what to make of it. Ever since he came aboard from the island his health has been good, but the remarkable swelling has gone on until yesterday we were obliged to bring him up on deck as he grow'd so that I was afeared we should not be able to get through the companion-way. I was sitting beside him when he died, and had just ask him how do you feel now. He said all over pins and needles like. I said no pains besides? He said no, but I feel like as if everything was a stretching and growing inside of me. Guess I'm poisoned. I said I guess so, too. Just then I heard a crack inside of him, then another and another, three in all. He clasped his hands to his heart, his chest, his stumick, gave one groan and died."

THE INHUMAN CAPTAIN.

Involuntary Crusoes have mostly become so from pure accident, but there are some instances to the contrary. Seaman Jeffrey, of H. M. S. Recruit, venturing to help himself to the captain's spruce beer, was punished by being set on shore on the uninhabited Island of Sombrero. Doubtless Capt. Lake repented the deed, when, on his return to the same latitude some two months afterwards the boat sent to bring the offender on board again returned with the report that he was nowhere to be found. At any rate the captain had good cause to repent it a little later on, for, upon the matter coming to the knowledge of the Admiral on the West Indian Station, Lake was tried by court-martial and dismissed from the service. At home Sir Frances Burdett brought the case before Parliament, and a search was instituted for the missing man, resulting in his being brought to England, in October, 1809. He had lived on the Rock of Sombrero for nine days, subsisting upon limpets and birds' eggs, when luckily for all concerned, he was taken off by an American schooner and landed at Marblehead, Mass.

ADVENTURE OF A BOAT'S CREW.

Capt. Barnard, a victim of ungrateful mistrust, found companionship in misery more troublesome than comforting. He commanded an American ship in 1813, and happened to be at New Island, in the Falklands, when an English ship was wrecked there; the crew and passengers, numbering thirty, getting safely to land. Capt. Barnard took them aboard board, intending to leave them at a Brazilian port, and to obtain sufficient supplies, went on shore with four men on hunting excursion. While he was so engaged, the English sailors, fearful of being carried to America prisoners of war, cut the cable, and made off with the ship. The astonished skipper took the matter philosophically. He set his men to work at once to build a house of stone, strong enough to withstand the storms of winter. A small plantation of potatoes, supplied the party with a fair substitute for bread; and by storing up albatross eggs, and catching a pig now and then, they contrived to live tolerably well, all things considered.

His companions, however, soon showed symptoms of insubordination, and at length, tired of the life they led, departed in the boat. Alone in his glory, the captain spent his time preparing clothes from the skins of seals and collecting fuel for the winter, never omitting to ascend a hill once or twice a day on the chance of descrying a ship. After dwelling thus in solitude for some months Bernard was rejoined by the runaways, who had found they could not get on without him. Their return was not an unmitigated blessing. One of them planned his murder, for which the captain had him conveyed to a small island in Quaker Harbor, and left there, until three months of his own society brought him to express penitence for his purposed crime. After this things went smoothly, until an English whaler took the party off, and ended their two years' trial of Crusoeing on New Island.—*All the Year Around.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(Truth.)

AN ANECDOTAL PARAGRAPH.

"Consider how great he is," said Mr. Bright of the Heir Apparent; "not Cæsar, not the crowned Macedonian reigned over so wide an empire as that which he will one day be called to rule." This is a fact which must not be lost sight of in estimating the character of the Prince, any more than the fact that he has a pedigree of some fifteen centuries in length, and descends (beyond all cavil) from such heroes as Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror. Hence it is not strange that a leading feature of the Prince's character (which immediately strikes any one brought into contact with his Royal Highness) should be a strong sense of his own personal dignity.

THE PRINCE'S GOOD NATURE.

Perhaps the most striking instance of his good nature that I know of consisted in the circumstance that he one day bore a good deal of chaff with admirable composure. For some reason or other his equipage did not seem quite up to the mark to the daughters of a certain wealthy Duke, who proceeded openly to twit his Royal Highness with the deficiencies thereof. The Prince did not seem particularly amused, but he contrived to smile, and never for a moment lost his temper. This could hardly be expected from "Royalty." He is very popular amongst his personal friends, and he has shown in numerous instances that he is not inclined to give them up readily. His enmities, if strong, are of short duration, and he would never have obtained Dr. Johnson's approbation as a good hater.

HIS POLITICAL VIEWS.

The Prince is a Tory in politics, and a sort of Broad High Churchman in religion. Some time ago he presented a couple of beautiful altar candlesticks to the Church at Sandringham. But the friends of Dean Stanley would not be likely to go too far in this direction. His Toryism, too is of that kind which is open (on certain questions) to conviction. Thus the only vote he ever gave in the House of Lords was in favor of the Bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. His brother of Edinburgh voted with him, the Duke of Cambridge being in the majority which threw out the bill. Generally speaking, however, the Prince is good humoredly Conservative on political questions. *Console* Gladstone, he would laughingly express his doubts as to whether he should ever ascend the throne; now he takes a more hopeful view of the future. He was always, however, on excellent terms with Mr. Gladstone; while Lord Granville is almost a personal friend of his. Apropos of this subject, I remember hearing the Prince address a somewhat tart little speech to a gentleman whose opinion he had asked on some question of the day. The gentleman replied that he was wholly ignorant of political matters. "Yes," said the Prince, "but not ignorant, I hope, of your duty as a loyal subject of the Queen." I think the question was one relating to a "Royal" annuity. On another occasion he jokingly asked a Radical M. P., who was airing certain extreme opinions, whether he really thought that a member of the Royal family ought to drawn his children when they come into the world, like young puppy dogs? The Prince, it should be mentioned, is an excellent father, and very desirous that his sons should receive a substantial education, "and be taught to do something with their hands," as he puts it. He is also a good son, and sets the example of treating the Queen's slightest wish as a command. It is out of deference to her will that he never attends horse races on Sundays whilst traveling abroad. He once begged by letter that this rule should be relaxed so as to enable him to accept Marshal MacMahon's invitation to see the "Grand Prix" run; but a negative answer was returned by telegraph, and the Prince did not go to the race.

HIS TASTES AND AMUSEMENTS.

Mincra canamus. The Prince is a *bon vivant*, and very few Englishmen know so much about philosophy of dining as their future king. He has, indeed, very great taste in this most important matter, and has labored with some success to reduce the inordinate length of modern menus. He has all the First Napoleon's horror of interminable banquets.

Of the Prince's literary tastes there is not so much to be said. Like most modern princes he is, by mere force of circumstances, a good linguist, speaking French and German as perfectly as English. What is more, he can make an after dinner speech in French, and he can joke in the same tongue.

He is fond of late hours, but no matter how late he may go to bed he rises early the next morning. He is a keen sportsman and a very fair shot. At whist he plays an excellent hand. And whether the occupation of the moment be whist, sport or dancing he enters into it with a hearty relish which contrasts strangely with the *blase* airs of the golden youths of the day. His constitution is an excellent one. He rarely has a day's illness, and he is a living proof that no amount of tobacco can enfeeble either mind or body. I believe he was the inventor of the now popular drink, "lemon and soda."

HOW HE WAS EDUCATED.

His education, by the wsy, was about as serious as can be the education of a man who is born to everything worth having on this earth, who becomes a Colonel at eighteen and a General at twenty one. The Queen made a brave effort to bring up her sons in Spartan simplicity. Their table was of the plainest kind; they were make to do a fair amount of work, and they were required to take out-door exercise every day in wet as in sunny weather. But once at Oxford, the Prince was virtually his own master, and he certainly distinguished himself more by a universal urbanity than by too exclusive an attention to the classic authors.

It has been often said that there is no Royal road to learning. Let any one who believes this talk half-an hour with the Prince of Wales, when he may perhaps ask himself whether this goody proverb is so very true after all. There is a Royal road to knowledge, though few have the privilege of treading it. What most of us must gain from the study of books the Prince of Wales can gain from the living conversation of the greatest men of his day, from travels under the guidance of the most delightful of cicerones, from the best places at all the most famous sights and shows, from early conversance with reason of state and questions of policy, from assisting at (and taking part in) the making of history. The Prince is admirably informed on an extraordinary number of questions. Of late, too, he has shown a taste and capacity for work from which one augurs that he will scarcely be the *Roi fainéant* which certain persons have prophesied and hoped he would be.

HIS FOREIGN SYMPATHIES.

There is no doubt that on questions of foreign affairs he will insist on having a voice. His interest in them is, of course, of a two-fold nature. He is a thorough Englishman, and very enthusiastic about the necessity for the maintenance of our prestige; he is also a German Prince. His German sympathies, however, did not carry him so far as to enable him to approve of the spoliation of Denmark; and he then expressed himself with unwonted bitterness on the subject. But this feeling was rather personal than political. A member in his household who spo ke incautiously about the matter to the Princess, received what is vulgarly called "a rigging" for his pains. When the war of 1866 broke out, the Prince was at pains to establish special elegraphic communications between Marlborough House and the seat of war. Similar arrangements were made in 1870. Nevertheless, beyond the expression of some very decided opinions, the Prince can scarcely, as yet, be said to have taken a serious part in politics. The Royal traditions of most countries exclude the Heir Apparent from the active exercise of power. Like the last Prince of Wales, too, the present Prince has in vain demanded military employment. If he is a Field Marshall without ever having seen a skirmish, that is not his fault.

THE COUNTRY OF THE KURDS.

Among those who seem to be prepared to do their best to upset the quiet of the times the Kurds threaten to be prominent. The country they occupy is just such as had bred so many races of hardy warriors, and there are features of their military system which must always render them formidable to the inhabitants of any country in which they have become settled. The land of the Kurds is not very clearly defined. They run more or less wild over a stretch of territory, one part of which is nominally subject to Persia and the other to Turkey. Altogether it is reckoned that Kurdistan may be said to comprise about 40,000 square miles of country, the greater part, if not the whole, of which is of a mountainous character. It is broken up by ranges, among the peaks of which Mount Ararat is the most famous. The higher mountain ranges and peaks are clothed with magnificent forests of oak. Lower down equally splendid forests of walnut abound, while the valleys, wherever cultivated, yield bountiful supplies of corn, hemp, flax, tobacco, mulberries, melons, pumpkins, fruits of various other kinds, as well as a profusion of flowers, the most famous of which is a gigantic rose. All writers on Kurdistan mention one very remarkable product of the region. That is a kind of manna, or, as it is called in the language of the country, the "Divine sweetmeat." The natives go out before sunrise, lay cloths beneath the trees, and shake down the manna from the leaves. It abounds chiefly on the oak trees, but is found on some others, and also to some extent on the rocks. The Kurds do not devote much attention to the cultivation of the land, much of which seems capable of yielding such splendid results. The tending of sheep and goats seems to be more to their taste, as it falls in to some extent at least with their roving proclivities. They have splendid sheep and often own large numbers of them.

But what the Kurds pride themselves on especially is their breed of horses, of which they seem to be as fond as the Arab is reputed to be. They have oxen for beasts of burden, the roughness of the country forbidding the employment of the camel to any very great extent. The horse, however, is the pride of the Kurd and the source of much of what little wealth they can boast. Their horses are small, but are said to be wonderfully active and enduring, and have long been in great demand for the armies both of Turkey and Persia. It is the great number of horses the Kurds possess and the dashing, adventurous nature of the warfare they wage when mounted on them that render them so troublesome for neighboring people to deal with. Moreover, the Kurds themselves are so given to internal strife that they are always well practiced in the use of arms. The various tribes are under despotic chieftains, each of whom has his own fortress among the rocks, and between whom wars, on some pretext or the other, are continually being waged. They are given, too, to brigandage in many parts of the country, and this, of course, tends to develop the reckless, unscrupulous daring for which these mountain warriors are famed. At the same time they are described as hospitably disposed toward those who go among them and are fortunate enough not to arouse their curiosity or cupidity. This hospitality is due to their Mohammedanism, one form of which they profess in a certain loose, unorthodox fashion. Their women enjoy, as a rule, liberties which are altogether opposed to the teaching of the Koran. A few of the women, those of the very highest rank among them, are scrupulous to wear the veil, but the middle and lower classes do not do so. They are often extremely beautiful when young, but are apt to wither and fade in appearance very early in life. As for the men, they are among the finest fellows in Asia. They have light complexion, animated expression and dark, flashing eyes. They have, as a people, full foreheads and finely cut features, small and handsomely formed hands and feet, and their incessant activity affords them muscular development and strength, which has rendered them at all times formidable foes. Almost every man is mounted and carries a spear about four feet long, a bow nearly six feet long, together, of course, with a quiver of arrows, and very often a sling.

VARNISH ON THE CHURCH PEWS.

There was the queerest scene at one of the churches last Sunday. It seems that during the vacation the seats had been varnished, and somehow the varnish was not right, as it was terribly sticky. You know when you pull anything off sticky varnish that it cracks. Well, the audience had all got seated, when the minister got up to give out the hymn, and as the basement of his trousers let loose of the varnish on his chair there was a noise like killing a fly on the wall with a palmleaf fan. The minister looked around at the chair to see if he was all present, and that no guilty man's pants had escaped, and read the hymn. The choir rose with a sound of revelry, and after the tenor had swallowed a lozenge and the bass had couched up a piece of a frog, and the alto had hemmed, and the soprano had shook out her polonaise to see if the varnish showed on the south side, the audience began to rise.

One or two deacons got up first, with sounds like picket firing in the distance on the eve of battle, and then a few more got up, and the rattling of the unyielding varnish sounded as though the fight was becoming more animated, and then the whole audience got on its feet at once with a sound of rattling musketry. The choir sang "Hold the Fort." When the orchestra had concluded, the people sat down gingerly. The services were short, and all went home praying for the man that painted the seats.—*Peck's Fun.*

—A Brantford young lady is already disgusted with the new post-office. She says she can't get any more letters at the new place than she could at the old one.

—That telegraph pole at the corner of James and Stuart streets ought to be arrested for disorderly conduct. It is continually trying to tie itself in a knot.

—The man was drunk, or he wouldn't have said that it didn't pay Tecumseh for to see such poor a-moose-ment.

—Gough took a hough and went ough.

THE "DESAVING WIDDY."

How Peter Mulrooney Married Her.

Some twenty years subsequent to my parting with Peter Mulrooney I chanced to fall in with him again in rather an unexpected manner. Business of some importance having taken me to the city, I was traversing pretty rapidly one of its meaner streets, when I heard myself suddenly hailed by name in an accent peculiarly Irish; and, turning round, discovered Peter approaching me with his usual loping gait. He was so altered in his habiliments from the picture I vividly retained in my memory of the blundering, blarneying Irishman who took my cow to market, that if had not been for his voice I dare say I should have passed him without recognition. But the voice—that voice—it was Peter's peculiar shibboleth.

Mr. Mulrooney, whom I only remembered in a bluish-gray coat, a light, flexible hat, and thick brogans, was now dressed in a threadbard suit of black, a silk hat with the crown sunk in and well worn at the edges, and a pair of thin dress boots elaborately patched. With his coat buttoned up to the chin, and his greasy hat thrust jauntily on one side of his head, he reminded me more of one of those needy actors, whose personal appearance is so often stereotyped as of this fashion in the novels of the day. My words naturally took the color of my thoughts.

"Why, Mulrooney," said I, "is that you? What are you playing now?"

"Faix, Mr. Urbin," he replied, "it's little ye'd be afther guessin' if ye thryed ever so much. Sure it's a grate gintleman I am since I left sarvice an' set up for myself."

"A gentleman! What sort of a gentleman, Peter?"

"Misther Mulrooney, if ye plase," said he, correcting my familiarity with one of his droll looks. "Och, but it a rare country this is, anyway! Beyant the wather it was Pether here an' Pether there, till sorra a bit I know'd of any other name but Pether. But here the conversation of the ladies an' gintleman is illigant in the extreme, and the grate politishuners, in their corresponderce wid me, write the beautifullest letters, shupercribin" them, 'Misther Mulrooney, Esquire' Faix