Listowel Standard.

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MIRACULOUS APPARITIONS IN LIMERICK.

(From the Munster News.)

Every citizen is familiar with the beautiful group of ecclesiastical buildings in our western suburbs, and the visitor to Limerick who has not seen them is a lover if he has taste for chaste architectural designs. The group comprises the church, convent and orphanage of Mount St. Vincent, being amongst the many grand religious and educational works which have been completed, besides those in progress, during the prelacy of the present Lord Bishop. We are not now going into detail of their external perfection, nor of their almost unsurpassed internal completeness and economy, and will only observe they are excelled by very few charitable institutions of the class in Ireland. Columns might be written on their beauty and the elegance of every arrangement, but much more might be penned in relating the inestimable works of religious charity and education which the Sisters of Mercy are effecting outside and hourly performing within the walls. It is delightful to see the crowd of children for whom they so unceasingly care gathered in hundreds on the grounds, or to behold those little orphans congregated in their schools or busily engaged in their work in their rooms, or actively performing their suitable tasks in the laundries, the kitchen or elsewhere, rosy with health and radiant with happiness and intelligence. Nor are we now going to enumerate all that is done for the safety of their tender charges by the nuns, even while they are secure within their convent refuge, or how after they leave it they are sent abroad into the world to provide for themselves. Our notice will be limited to some account of the awe-inspiring apparitions which have been seen within the convent grounds during the past few days, and that have caused intense excitement throughout the city. Within the past twelve months a grand wing was added to the northern side of the buildings, from designs by Mr. W. E. Corbett, C. E., in which are schoolrooms, dormitories and other apartments. On the western side of the building is a large and finely conceived figure of the Blessed Virgin, carved in each stone, and underneath is a window which gives light to an oratory of Our Blessed Lady situate in that part of the convent. The statue is thirty feet from the earth; and in front of it the playground and an open field extend to the boundary wall, the land thus enclosed being quite level and including about one acre or more in extent. To the north of the convent gardens is a belt of trees, which skirt the wall five or six hundred yards away, and which enclose the grounds in that direction. We have given these particulars that the facts we are about to relate should be better understood, and to show, too, that what was seen could not be produced by accidental nor by artificial means, such as magic lanterns or such like apparatus. It will be remembered that on Sunday, the feast of Our Blessed Lady, though the weather in this locality was magnificently fine, yet the thunder pealed with a crashing sound, and the lightning flashed with startling vividness. On the evening of that day the orphans left the convent to play in the grounds in front of the convent, and they were told not to be alarmed by the thunder but to pray to Our Lady of Succor should they be so frightened. With the whole faith of Our Lady's protection with which the little ones, like their elders, are possessed, they passed into the grounds and proceeded to their innocent amusements in the usual manner. Soon after the thunder rolled along the sky, and the children at once piously offered up their prayers for safety to the Blessed Virgin. Then they raised their voices and sang the touching hymn, "Look down, O Mother Mary," and while the beautiful music of their young fresh voices was ascending, one of the children suddenly called out, "Oh, look there!" and instantly the eyes of two hundred others, her companions, were turned toward the belt of trees to the north of the convent, and in the air above them the figure of the Blessed Virgin was beheld by all, attired in a white robe, with a blue sash around her waist. The Infant Saviour was borne on her right arm, and a rosary depended from her left. They seemed to rest on a white cloud upheld by two angels, who carried in their disengaged hands branches of some description, covered with foliage. The children were spell-bound, and involuntarily offered prayers to the Blessed Virgin. After they had gazed on the vision for about ten minutes some of them ran to the convent to acquaint the nuns, but before the good ladies had arrived at the spot the Divine apparition had gone, the Virgin disappearing in the heavens. The children were found in a pale, terrified, trembling state, but all tallied in their account of what was seen, even to the description of the rosary, which they stated was large and white, and the beads of which were far asunder from each other. More startling still was it to find that children, distant from them in another part of the premises, had also seen the vision. There was no wavering and no contradiction among them. Several were from thirteen to fourteen years of age, and it was impossible not to be convinced of their truthfulness. So much for Sunday evening; but on Monday evening the manifestation was still more decisive. While the children were again at play one of their number called out to look at the Blessed Virgin and instantly almost fainted. All eyes were directed toward the statue on the building, and above it in the air the children saw the Immaculate Mother, vested altogether in white, her hands raised as if in the attitude of invoking or exchanging a blessing or prayer, her eyes cast down and a silvery light surrounding the beatific figure. Some of the children again hastened to the convent to communicate what they saw, and one of the nuns, who arrived first on the spot, beheld the Virgin also. The children were unanimous in their descriptions of the strange apparition, and the little one who first saw the vision was absolutely rigid from the astonishment. The other members of the holy community did not see the miraculous spectacle, but they saw, as the sun set, globes of light—some white, some of beautiful azure, more of brilliant red and other hues, come floating through the air from the direction of the orb setting in the west, over and around the convent, and, in some cases, apparently passing through the window. Last night the vision of Our Blessed Lady was not seen, but the events at the convent were sufficiently wonderful to justify further record. We have already stated that the reports throughout the city as to heavenly visions led to great excitement, and last evening numbers of men and others clambered on the walls facing the new buildings, while hundreds made their way into the field by the same route and lay anxiously watching in the direction of the statue. The form of the Blessed Virgin was not beheld, but a porter in the institution while passing in front of the new building saw a flood of light rise from the direction of the entrance under the oratory, and, ascending, envelop the statue in brilliant radiance. He ran toward the men lying in the field to ask them if they had seen it, when he found them gazing toward the building, having also witnessed the ascent of the light. Impressed ourselves by the reports brought to us, we have gathered the foregoing from various sources, including several of the eye witnesses, and we fell convinced of the truthfulness of those to whom we have spoken.

FINDING THE BAND.

A man with a grip sack in his hand halted before a Jefferson avenue fruit stand yesterday and priced a choice variety of peaches. When told that they were twenty cents a dozen he whistled to himself, walked softly around, and finally asked:

"Are you a Baptist?"

"Hardly."

"Neither am I. I didn't know but that if we both belonged to the same denomination you'd throw off a little. Do you lean to the Methodists?"

"Can't say that I do."

"That's my case. I never did take much stock in the Methodists. Twenty cents a dozen is an awful price on those peaches, considering how tight money is. I expect you are a Universalist, eh?"

"No."

"Neither am I. Can't you say fifteen cents for a dozen of these?"

"Hardly."

"Aren't you an Episcopalian?"

"No, sir."

"Neither am I, but I was afraid you were. I've been sort o' looking you over, and I shouldn't wonder if you trained with the United Brethren. Come, now, own up."

"I never attend that church," was the steady reply."

"Nor I, either. Say, what are you, anyhow?"

"I'm a hard-baked old sinner."

"No! Whoop! That's my case to a dot! I'm called the wickedest man in Washenaw county! I knew there was a bond of sympathy between us if we could only find it out! Now, do you say fifteen cents a dozen?"

The fruit-dealer counted them out without a further objection.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Would-be funny critics in New York speak of the Holy Madison Square Theatre, on account of that theatre being owned by the Mallory Brothers, proprietors of *The Churchman.*

MRS. M'WILLIAMS AND THE LIGHTNING.

By Mark Twain.

Well, sir—continued Mr. McWilliams, for this was not the beginning of his talk—the fear of lightning is one of the most distressing infirmities a human being can be afflicted with. It is mostly confined to women; but now and then you find it in a little dog, and sometimes in a man. It is a particularly distressing infirmity, for the reason that it takes the sand out of a person to an extent which no other fear can, and it can't be reasoned with, and neither can it be shamed out of a person. A woman who could fancy the very devil himself—or a mouse—loses her grip and goes all to pieces in front of a flash of lightning. Her fright is something pitiful to see.

Well, as I was telling you, I woke up, with that smothered and unlocatable cry of "Mortimer! Mortimer!" wailing in my ears; and as soon as I could scrape my faculties together I reached over in the dark and then said:

"Evangeline, is that you calling? What is the matter? Where are you?"

"Shut up in the boot-closet. You ought to be ashamed to lie there and sleep so, and such an awful storm going on."

"Why, how can one be ashamed when he is asleep? It is unreasonable; a man can't be ashamed when he is asleep, Evangeline."

"You never try, Mortimer; you know very well you never try."

I caught the sound of muffled sobs.

That sound smote dead the sharp speech that was on my lips, and I changed it to—

"I'm sorry, dear—I'm truly sorry. I never meant to act so. Come back and"—

"MORTIMER!"

"Heavens! what is the matter, my love?"

"Do you mean to say you are in that bed yet?"

"Why of course."

"Come out of it instantly. I should think you would take some little care of your life, for my sake and the children's, if you will not for your own."

"But my love"—

"Don't talk to me, Mortimer. You know there is no place so dangerous as a bed in such a thunder-storm as this—all the books say that; yet there you would lie, and deliberately throw away your life—for goodness knows what, unless for the sake of arguing and arguing, and"—

"But, confound it, Evangeline, I'm not in bed now. I'm—

[Sentence interrupted by a sudden glare of lightning, followed by a terrified little scream from Mrs. McWilliams and a tremendous blast of thunder.]

"There! You see the result. Oh, Mortimer, how can you be so profligate as to swear at such a time as this?"

"I didn't swear. And that wasn't a result of it, anyway. It would have come just the same, if I hadn't said a word; and you know very well, Evangeline—at least you ought to know—that when the atmosphere is charged with electricity"—

"Oh, yes, now argue it, and argue it, and argue it! I don't see how you can act so, when you know there is not a lightning-rod on the place, and your poor wife and children are absolutely at the mercy of Providence. What are you doing?—lighting a match at such a time as this! Are you stark mad?"

"Hang it, woman, where's the harm? The place is as dark as the inside of an infidel, and—"

"Put it out! Put it out instantly! Are you determined to sacrifice us all? You know there is nothing attracts lightning like a light. (Fz!—crash! boom—bolloom-boom-boom!) Oh, just hear it! Now you see what you've done!"

"No. I don't see what I've done. A match may attract lightning for all I know, but it don't cause lightning.—I'll go odds on that. And it didn't attract it worth a cent this time; for if that shot was levelled at my match it was blessed poor marksmanship,—about an average of none out of a possible million I should say. Why, at Dollymount such marksmanship as that"—

"For shame, Mortimer! Here we are standing right in the very presence of death, and yet in so solemn a moment you are capable of using such language as that. If you have no desire to—Mortimer!"

"Well?"

"Did you say your prayers to-night?"

"I—I—meant to, but I got to trying to cipher out how much twelve times thirteen is, and"—

[Fzt!—boom-berroom-boom! bumble-umble bang-smash!]

"Oh, we are lost, beyond all help! How could you neglect such a thing at such a time as this?"

"But it wasn't such a time as this. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. How could I know there was going to be all this rumpus and pow-wow about a little slip like that! And I don't think it's just fair for you to make so much out of it, anyway, seeing it happens so seldom; I haven't missed before since I brought on that earthquake four years ago."

"Mortimer? How you talk? Have you forgotten the yellow fever?"

"My dear, you are always throwing up the yellow fever to me, and I think it is perfectly unreasonable. You can't even send a telegraphic message as far as Memphis without relays, so how is a little devotional slip of mine going to carry so far? I'll stand the earthquake, because it was in the neighborhood; but I'll be hanged if I'm going to be responsible for every blamed——"

[Fzt!—boom berroom-boom! boom!—bang!]

"Oh, dear, dear, dear! I know it struck something, Mortimer. We never shall see the light of another day; and if it will do you any good to remember when we are gone, that your dreadful language— Mortimer!"

"Well! What now?"

"Your voice sounds as if— Mortimer, are you actually standing in front of that open fire-place?"

"That is the very crime I am committing."

"Get away from it, this moment. You do seem determined to bring destruction on us all. Don't you know that there is no better conductor for lightning than an open chimney? Now where have you got to?"

"I'm here by the window."

"Oh, for pity's sake, have you lost your mind? Clear out from there, this moment. The very children in arms know it is fatal to stand near a window in a thunder-storm. Dear, dear, I know I shall never see the light of another day. Mortimer?"

"Yes?"

"What is that rustling?"

"It's me."

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to find the upper end of my pantaloons."

"Quick! throw those things away! I do believe you would deliberately put on those clothes at such a time as this; yet you know perfectly well that all authorities agree that woolen stuffs attract lightning. Oh, dear, dear, it isn't sufficient that one's life must be in peril from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, don't sing! What can you be thinking of?"

"Now, where's the harm in it?"

"Mortimer, if I have told you once, I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes vibrations in the atmosphere which interrupt the flow of the electric fluid, and—What on earth are you opening that door for?"

"Goodness gracious, woman, is there any harm in that?"

"Harm? There's death in it. Anybody that has given this subject any attention knows that to create a draught is to invite the lightning. You haven't half shut it; shut it tight,—and do hurry, or we are all destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic a such a time as this. Mortimer, what are you doing?"

"Nothing. Just turning on the water. This room is smothering hot and close. I want to bathe my face and hands."

"You have certainly parted with the remnant of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once, it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh, dear, I am sure that nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that— Mortimer, what was that?"

"It was a da— it was a picture. Knocked it down."

"Then you are close to the wall! I never heard of such imprudence! Don't you know that there's no better conductor for lightning than a wall? Come away from there! And you came as near as anything to swearing, too. Oh, how can you be so desperately wicked, and your family in such peril? Mortimer, did you order a feather bed, as I asked you to do.

"No. Forgot it."

"Forgot it! It may cost you your life. If you had a feather bed, now, and could spread it in the middle of the room and lie on it, you would be perfectly safe. Come in here,—come quick, before you have a chance to commit any more frantic indiscretions."

I tried, but the little closet would not hold us both with the door shut, unless we could be content to smother. I gasped a while, then forced my way out. My wife called out—

"Mortimer, something must be done for your preservation. Give me that German book that is on the end of the mantel-piece, and a candle; but don't light it; give me the match; I will light it in here. That book has some directions in it."

I got the book—at cost of a vase and some other brittle things; and the madam shut herself up with the candle. I had a moment's peace; then she called out:

"Mortimer, what was that?"

"Nothing but the cat."

"The cat! Oh, destruction! Catch her and shut her up in the washstand. Do be quick, love; cats are full of electricity. I just know my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils."

I heard the muffled sobbings again. But for that I should not have moved hand or foot in such a wild enterprise in the dark.

However, I went at my task—over chairs, and against all sorts of obstructions, all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges—and at last I got kitty cooped up in the commode, at an expense of over four hundred dollars in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the closet:

"It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer; and the legs of the chair must be insulated, with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers. [Fzt! boom!—bang!—smash!] Oh, hear that! Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck."

I managed to find and secure the tumblers. I got the last four—broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs, and called for further instructions.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Wahrend eines Gewitters entferne man Metalle, wie z. B., Ringe, Uhren, Schlussel, etc., von sich und halte sich auch nicht an solchen Stellen auf, wo viele Metalle bei einander liegen, oder mit andern Korpern verbunden sind, wie an Herden, Oefen, Eisengittern, u. dgl.' What does that mean, Mortimer? Does it mean that you must keep metals about you, or keep them away from you?"

"Well, I hardly know. It appears to be a little mixed. All German advice is more or less mixed. However, I think that sentence is mostly in the dative case, with a little genitive and accusative sifted in here and there, for luck; so I reckon it means that you must keep some metals about you."

"Yes, that must be it. It stands to reason that it is. They are in the nature of lightning rods, you know. Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal."

I got it and put it on,—a very heavy and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on a hot night in a close room. Even my night dress seemed to be more clothing than I strictly needed.

"Mortimer, I think your middle ought to be protected. Won't you buckle on your militia sabre, please?"

I complied.

"Now, Mortimer, you ought to have some way to protect your feet. Do please put on your spurs."

"Mortimer, it says, 'Das Gewitter lauten ist sehr gefahrlich, weil die Glocke selbst, sowie der durch das Lauten veranlasste Luftzug und die Hohe des Thurmes den Blitz anziehen konnten.' Mortimer, does that mean that it is dangerous not to ring the church bells during a thunder-storm?"

"Yes it seems to mean that—if that is the past participle of the nominative case singular, and I reckon it is. Yes, I think it means that on account of the height of the church tower and the absence of *Luftzug* it would be very dangerous (*sehr gefahrlich*) not to ring the bells in time of a storm; and, moreover, don't you see, the very wording"—

"Never mind that, Mortimer; don't waste the precious time in talk. Get the large dinner-bell; it is right there in the hall. Quick, Mortimer dear; we are almost safe. Oh, dear, I do believe we are going to be saved at last!"

Our little summer establishment stands on top of a high range of hills, overlooking a valley. Several farm houses are in our neighborhood—the nearest some three or four hundred yards away.

When I, mounted on the chair, had been clanging that dreadful bell a matter of seven or eight minutes, our shutters were suddenly torn open from without, and a brilliant bull's-eye lantern was thrust in at the window, followed by a hoarse enquiry:—

"What in the nation is the matter here?"

The window was full of men's heads and the heads were full of eyes who stared wildly at my night-dress and my warlike accoutrements.

I dropped the bell, skipped down from the chair in confusion, and said,—

"There is nothing the matter, friends—only a little discomfort on account of the thunderstorm. I was trying to keep off the lightning."

"Thunderstorm? Lightning? Why, Mr. McWilliams, have you lost your mind? It is a beautiful starlight night; there has been no storm."

I looked out, and I was so astonished I could hardly speak for a while. Then I said,—

"I do not understand this. We distinctly saw the glow of the flashes through the curtains and shutters, and heard the thunder."

One after another those people lay down on the ground to laugh—and two of them died. One of the survivors remarked—

"Pity you didn't think to open your blinds, and look over to the top of the high hill yonder. What you heard was cannon; what you saw was the flash. You see, the telegraph brought some news at midnight, Garfield's nominated—and that's what's the matter."

"Yes, Mr. Twain, as I was saying in the beginning (said Mr. McWilliams), the rules for preserving people against lightning are so excellent and so innumerable that the most incomprehensible thing in the world to me is how anybody ever manages to get struck."

So saying he gathered up his satchel and umbrella, and departed, for the train had reached his town.

TRUTH.

One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.— Bulwer.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all society.—Cassaubon.

Truth whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge, and the business of the understanding.— Locke.

He that finds truth without loving her is like a bat, which though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes that it cannot delight in the sun.—Sir Philip Sidney.

General abstract truth is the most precious of all blessings; without it a man is blind; it is the eye of reason.—Rousseau.

After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth, for all truth is beauty. True features make the beauty of the face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of harmony and music.—Shaftesbury.

Truth will be uppermost one time or other like cork, though kept down in the water.—Sir W. Temple.

Truth can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy and wily sinuosity of worldly affairs, for truth, like light, travels only in straight lines.—Colton.

—The maddest man in seven counties is the one who has just learned that the census-taker was not a reporter who had come to interview him previous to publishing a sketch of him as an available candidate for the legislature.—*Boston Post.*

AROUND THE WORLD.

—Lord Lytton brought home from India a fine cream-colored Arab horse and three buffalo cows.

—There is religious excitement at Sheldahl, Iowa, because a Methodist pastor drank lager beer at a public bar.

—Peter Kendrick committed suicide at Boston because he had dreamed that Christ accused him of murdering two men.

—James P. Voorhees, a son of Senator Voorhees, has been received into the Roman Catholic Church at Terre Haute.

—The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recommends that all kittens that cannot be provided for be killed at birth.

—A return issued by the German Postmaster-General shows the number of post cards used in Europe in the year 1878 to have been 342,000,000.

—A hut on Mount Grammoat, in the valley of the Aosta, 2,700 feet above the sea level, built at the instance of the Italian Alpine Club, has been formally opened.

—A little girl was arrested at Holyoke, Mass., for cutting the cushions of a fine carriage. She explained that she wanted to get hair to stuff her doll anew.

—The London medical journals report the case of the daughter of the Mayor of Grambke, near Bremen, who has slept almost uninterruptedly for six months.

—Prince Bismarck, at Kissingen, following the advice of his physicians, indulges in afternoon naps. The Prince is a great eater and worker, though a poor sleeper.

—A Commercial Travelers' Car Company will be organized in Detroit to build cars with restaurant and sleeping accommodations, and spacious compartments for the display of samples.

—The congregation of the Rev. John Jasper at Richmond, has grown so large that a division is to be amicably made. Brother Jasper is the reasoner who maintains that "the sun do move."

—The Emperor of Germany has returned to Babelsburg, his former residence, near Potsdam, much the better for his visits to Ems and Gastein. He will remain there till the autumn manœuvres.

—James O'Neill, an actor, has been photographed in San Francisco in the character of *Our Saviour*, which he assumed in the "Passion Play." Both actor and photographer are severely censured by the clergy of that city.

—Within a circle drawn with a radius of sixteen miles, with the public buildings of Philadelphia as a centre, there are over a million inhabitants. A similar treatment of New York would show a population of two millions.

—The Rev. Mr. Allester of the Litchfield (Conn.) Congregational church, recently spoke in the pulpit of the grand old pines of Maine as reaching up so high toward heaven that the angels were in the habit of making nests in the branches.

—A Newport woman at a prayer meeting turned to her husband and whispered: "Father is very sick, and we must go home." Though they had left him well, it was only by the most active exertions that he was kept from dying of cholera morbus.

—The Isle of Jersey people have been started by the appearance of a notification that Mr. LeBreton, the late Dean, "will not be responsible for any debt incurred in his name without a written order from himself." This comes of trouble with his wife.

—Several steamers have been lately built at Rostrock for a Russian commercial firm, destined specially for service on the Caspian Sea. They will be worked with two screws, and the heating apparatus has been so designed as to allow the use of Russian petroleum.

—In the Municipal Council of St. Etienne, in France, one Councillor publicly accused another of having extorted $30 from a recruit to get him exempted from service, alleging that the money was necessary to stand treat to his colleagues. The bribe taker was arrested.

—When Gambetta delivers a speech he pronounces two hundred and thirty to two hundred and forty words a minute. An ordinary speaker pronounces only about one hundred and eighty words in the same time. Lord Macaulay used to pronounce three hundred and thirty words a minute.

—At the Orleans railroad station in Paris the other day, 8,000 pilgrims were gathered for a trip to Lourdes. A large number were cripples and bedridden. The station was blocked up with stretchers and mattresses upon which emaciated and helpless forms were reclining. Babies abounded, and their wan and scared faces were pitiable. The incapable numbered one-fourth of the entire band.

—Knipple and Morris, London engineers, have been appointed to build a railroad in Newfoundland for the purpose of developing the mineral and agricultural resources of the Island. The road is to be 300 miles in length. It will commence at St. John's and terminate at Green's Bay, to the north of the island, and in the vicinity of the principal mining districts and will pass also on its route through good agricultural land for settlements.

—The Russian military tribunal at Kieff has given justice in the case of the twenty-one prisoners. Popoff, a priest's son, called General in the association, and Ivanoff, an ex-student, arrested after armed resistance, an explosive machine being found in his possession, were sentenced to be hanged. Four were sent to the mines for twenty years, and seven to simple banishment to Siberia.

—An Astrologist of Kingston, Jamaica, will find in a hurricane at that place a conformation of his theories. About a year ago he made a direful prophecy of earthquakes, hurricanes, famines, plagues, and wars, that were to begin in 1880 and last seven years. Even this prophet, however, has some good in store for us. Those who survive 1887 are to live "twice as long as they ever did."

—A long bridge over the Volga, in Russia, has recently been completed. The width of the river is nearly a mile, and as it is liable to heavy spring floods, the piers, of which there are fourteen, had to be built 100 feet above mean water level, the depth of the river being more than 50 feet. The girders, 364 feet long and twenty wide, were riveted together on the right bank of the river, and then floated to their position.

—The Crown Princess is said to be the most popular lady in Germany. She would have gained the good will of the Berlin population twenty years ago had she not held to the idea of an English establishment at Potsdam. She wished to retain her servants and to introduce the English style of household management. Only a few English sailors, with an officer, who form the crew of the miniature man-of-war on the Havel, are now left to represent English service.

—A balloon ascent was made at Cherbourg on the occasion of the *fete* given by the municipality to Grevy. The general direction of the wind being from the land to the sea, a Government steamer was sent out to secure the safety of the aeronauts. After having travelled for more than an hour in the direction of Portsmouth, the aeronauts opened the valves and returned safely to shore. More than 1,000 spectators witnessed the experiment.

—At a performance in Basle by a gymnastic society, a woman was killed by falling from a tight rope stretched sixty-five feet in the air. She was passing over the rope on a velocipede, from which a trapeze was suspended, on which a man performed. Rendered careless by repetition, the rider on the velocipede bent down to adjust a strap, lost her balance, and the machine turned over. The velocipede was itself secured to the rope, and thus the man on the trapeze escaped.

—Tell's Chapel by the Lake of the Four Cantons, in Switzerland, has been rebuilt, and the restoration of the mural paintings is now in progress by Ernst Stuckelberg. On the wall looking toward Brunnen will be depicted the "Apfelschuss"—Tell shooting the apple on his son's head; on that looking toward Fluelen, the "Rutlischwur"—the oath of the three Switzers in the Rutli meadow. The middle wall will contain two scenes—the "Tellensprung," Tell leaping from Gesler's boat on to the Platte, and "Meisterschuss," the shooting of the Austrian Vogt in the "hollow lane."

—Sentences certainly differ in England, says the London *Truth*, in a remarkably unsatisfactory manner. At the Bristol Assizes a lad pleaded guilty to stealing a letter containing $13, and although he bore an excellent reputation, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude; but at the Central Criminal Court a man convicted of a similar offence got only eighteen months' hard labor, and on the same day at Bristol a Justice sentenced a man who pleaded guilty to stealing a check, and was besides convicted of forgery, to twelve months' hard labor. The luckless Post Office boy seems to be hardly dealt with.

—The green color given to preserved vegetables is generally obtained by means of the salts of copper, the presence of which is dangerous. Lecourt, a preserve manufacturer of Paris, and Prof. Guillemare of the Lycée of Rheims, have devised a new process for such coloration. It consists in adding to the vegetables a surcharge of chlorophyll, so that after the inevitable loss caused by boiling they will retain sufficient to present the green of fresh vegetables. Lecourt and Guillemare obtained the green thus utilized from table vegetables, especially spinach, which contains a great quantity that is easily extracted.

—Alvarez Oliva and his mistress were convicted of murder at Madrid, and sentenced, the former to death by the garrote, the latter to ten years' imprisonment. They craved permission to be united in matrimony, and the jail chaplain pronounced the blessing of the Church upon their union on the morning of the day appointed for Alvarez's execution. Having duly exchanged rings and pronounced vows of mutual fidelity "till death should part them," they took an eternal and affecting leave of one another, after which the bride was removed to the scene of her future punishment and the bridegroom was conducted to the scaffold.

—The pilots and sailors of Havre were enjoying the excellent weather, when an immense cloud of long black flies descended upon them, driving everybody before them in panic. Those who could not take refuge in the cabins of their ships were forced to flee ashore, and so terrible was the rush of the insects that their flight is described as being like that of a great drift of black snow. At length the storm passed by, and it was then found that the sails of the ships were simply hidden under the masses of flies which had crowded upon them, and that masses of dead insects remained behind to toll of the devastating body that had gone on.

—A Hungarian newspaper reports that the ibis has settled down in great numbers on the thickly wooded shores of the Plattensee (Lake Balaton) to the surprise and delight of the sportsmen of the neighborhood, most of whom had never before seen their novel visitor. The bird has a long beak, bright steel-colored feathers, and resembles the snipe in its habits. Its flesh is savory. They build their nests of dry twigs, or of peat and reeds, setting them in long rows close to one another, and in a line as straight as if it had been laid down by an engineer. Toward evening they flock together, like wild ducks, in great numbers, and they are generally shot by the sportsmen as they alight. The eggs are nearly as large as duck eggs, and of a bright sky-blue color.

—Yung Kwai, a Chinaman, became a convert to Christianity while at school at Springfield, Mass. He wrote home about it to his father, who is one of the highest of the Chinese nobles. The father wrote a very indignant letter to the son, who was ordered to return home at once. As he was determined to be true to his new faith at all hazards, he looked upon his return to China as going to almost certain death. He started quietly with two other boys for Boston, whence they were to sail for home, by way of Europe, but stepped from the train, and that is the last that has been seen of him. Where he is nobody seems to know. He is 20 years old, and he is evidently hoping to keep hidden for a year, until he becomes of age and can become a citizen of the United States.

—Mr. Joseph Jefferson will begin the new dramatic season on Sept. 13, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, acting *Bob Acres* in "The Rivals." Ada Cavendish began a week ago in Buffalo, in "The New Magdalen" and a new play called "Wife for Wife." Agnes Robertson (Mrs. Boucicault) will appear in Philadelphia, Sept. 13, acting *Jessie Brown.* Lester Wallack and his dramatic company also appear in Philadelphia on the same date. Mrs. Wallack has made a new version of "Guy Mannering," and she will act in it this season. A new Yankee play by John Habberton is being performed this week in Baltimore. An offer has been made to Charles Warner for him to come to America and star in the new version of "Edwin Drood." The adaptation of new plays is vaguely promised by Lotta, Lawrence Barrett, Clara Morris, John T. Raymond and Mary Anderson.

—Among the mansions advertised for sale in London is Harcourt House, Cavendish square, the residence of the late eccentric Duke of Portland. It covers, with the stables and outbuildings, upwards of an acre, and besides a noble entrance hall and the usual regulation apartments of a large house, "a suite of seven handsome reception rooms of the Queen Anne period on the garden front." The house was built originally by Fox, Lord Bingley, after whom it was called Bingley House. It was afterward purchased by Earl Harcourt, who made it his town residence. In the *New Critical Review*, early in the present century, it is spoken of as "one of the most singular pieces of architecture about the town, and rather like a convent than the residence of a man of quality;" and it is remarked in Cassell's "Old and New London" that "of late its seclusion has been increased by three high walls which have been raised behind the house, the chief object of which appears to be to screen the Duke's stables and horses from sight.

—Baron Prochazka, of high standing in the army and in society at Vienna, has been tried on a charge of obtaining $25,000 from four Paris speculators by means of a forged concession for a casino gaming table from the San Marino republic. Prochazka made the acquaintance at Rome of Palamede Malpeli, the Chief of the San Marino Militia and Police, and agreed to obtain a concession for a gaming house. San Marino was a party to the European convention for the gradual closing of the old and the prohibition of the new gambling tables, and Prochazka had at first simply a concession signed by Malpeli, which was worthless. Last October, however, he submitted to the four Parisian financiers a concession purporting to be signed by the two Secretaries of State, Belluzzi and Fattori, whose signatures were certified by the Italian Consul. They gave him the $25,000 on account. On being interrogated, he maintained that Malpeli, who has absconded from San Marino to escape a prosecution, imposed upon him. He was acquitted.

—The Massachusetts Board of Health reports that adulterations of staple groceries are not as common as the public have been led to suppose. For the purpose of test, the expert of the Board took samples of flour, sugar, bread, soda, cream of tartar, and baking powders, obtained in stores in forty cities and towns. The flour was found in all instances to be wholly free from all substances, and with the exception of one or two coarse varieties of brown sugar, no adulteration was perceptible in that article; and in these isolated cases there was reason for thinking that the defects were due to imperfections in the process of manufacture. The soda examined, although sold under a variety of names, such as saleratus, bicarbonate, supercarbonate, and cooking soda, was all found to be much the same article, and nearly all of it good. The poor soda was that which had not been properly purified of the crude soda ash, but this sulphate is not injurious to health. Baking powders were found to be pure in twenty-four instances out of thirty-three. The adulteration consisted in an excess of flour or starch over that needed for mixing the soda and cream of tartar. There was also some alum found. In cream of tartar a considerable amount of adulteration was detected.

—At 4 o'clock one recent morning three young Italians, with two guides and two porters, set out for Mattmark, in the Alps, by the Weisthier Pass. Near the Findelen glacier a storm of sleet gave them fair warning of what was in store for them, but they recklessly pushed on. Then the clouds descended, and two hours later they were wrapped in a dense mist, battling with a fierce wind and blinded by a furious snow storm. They lost their way, and after a long and exhausting struggle found themselves on the edge of the frightful abyss between the Weisther and the Jagi. Then they resolved to return—if they could; for six inches of snow had fallen, and all trace of the track was lost. The position was frightful. All knew that they must either fight their way back or perish where they stood. Nearly every ordinary sign by which men find their way in Alpine solitudes was invisible, and the guides were little more than blind leaders of the blind. Trusting more to their instincts than to their reason, walking with painful slowness, and using every precaution known to their experience, they reached the Grossergratt, then the Befel, and lastly Zermatt. One man fell into a crevasse and was not extricated without great difficulty. The condition of the party on their arrival at Zermatt was pitiable. They were literally embossed with snow, their faces were raw and bleeding, and two of the three Italians and both the guides were blind, nor was their sight completely restored until several hours after their return.

—Gould has no eyebrows, and a correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* professes to tell why. He had his all staked on Union Pacific, and the stock had been worked up from 9 to about 66. The lower court had decided in his favor in a vital lawsuit, and it was with feverish anxiety that the result of the appeal was awaited. The rumor got about in Wall street that the decision of the court above would be adverse to Gould, and, in spite of private assurances that it would be against the Government, the adverse rumors so unstrung Gould that it was hard for him to keep on his feet. A private telegraph wire was hired, with one terminus in Mr. Gould's office and the other in the room adjoining the Supreme Court chamber in Washington. The operators sent all the decisions as they were read. Great nervousness was caused by the long, tedious opinions telegraphed in which Gould had no interest. This was kept up for hours. Gould was almost prostrated. At length the operator announced that the reading of the opinion in the Union Pacific Railway case had been commenced. The first of the opinion began to come over the wire, and it was a mere history of the case. "Oh, shut him off," cried Mr. Gould. "and ask him whether the decision of the lower court is affirmed." The answer was awaited with breathless anxiety. Gould sank in his chair, as pale as a dead man, and those about him were much concerned for fear that if the decision was adverse he might be killed by it. The operator at length gave the news that the decision of the lower court had been affirmed. Mr. Gould was prostrated, though the decision gave him millions. He was carried to his home in Fifth avenue, and a long sickness followed. All his hair came out, including his eyebrows, and those nature never restored.

THE HIDEOUS FACE OF WAR.

In the excitement of battle the fall of a comrade is scarcely heeded, and half a company might be wiped out and the other half fight on without the knowledge of it. It is only after the loud-mouthed cannon and the murderous musketry have ceased their work that the hideous face of war shows itself to make men shudder and turn away. Soldiers who have not gone over a battle-field or been one of a burial party have missed half the grim sense and awfulness of war.

After Gettysburg, one of the Union burial parties buried eighty Federal soldiers in one trench. They were all from a New York regiment, and all seemingly fell dead at one volley. They were almost in line, taking up but little more room than live men. All were shot above the hips, and not one of them had lived ten minutes after being hit. Here lay what was then a full company of men, wiped out by one single volley as they advanced to the charge. Some had their muskets so tightly grasped that it took the full strength of a man to wrest them away. Others died with arms outstretched, and others yet had their hands clasped over their heads, and a never-to-be forgotten expression on their white faces.

At Fair Oaks, the Third Michigan had its first real baptism of fire. The boys had been held back on other occasions, and now when given opportunity they went for the enemy posted in the edge of the woods on the double-quick, and with yells and cheers. A part of the regiment had to swing across a glade, and while so doing lost fifty or sixty men in the space of sixty seconds. One company lost twenty men who went down together in one spot and scarcely moved a limb after falling. Details of five men were made from each company to advance as sharp-shooters, and of these fifty men who plunged into the woods as a skirmish line only six came out alive, and every one of these was wounded from one to three times.

At Cold Harbor a shell exploded in an Ohio regiment advancing against a battery, and sixteen men were wiped out in an instant. Of these nine were blown to fragments and the others horribly mutilated. The battery was firing thirty or forty shells per minute, and this was the work of a single one. One discharge of grape in this same fight killed fourteen men in a Michigan regiment, and a New York regiment which went in with 703 men in line came out with only 300. On one acre of ground the burial party found over 700 dead men. In a bit of woods where the battle lines had clashed more than 2,000 dead were found in a space no wider than a square in a city and no more than three times as long.

At the battle of Savage Station, during McClellan's change of base, a solid shot fired from a Federal field-piece into the head of an infantry column marching by fours, killed twenty-one men and a horse before its progress was checked. The first ten men were reduced to bloody pulp, and the others crushed and bruised to death. At this same battle a rebel shell exploded under a Federal gun and killed four artillerymen, dismounted the gun, wounded two men, and the butt of it flew off at a tangent and killed a second lieutenant of infantry who was eighty rods away.

At Fredericksburg, as the Union infantry marched in solid masses up the valley beyond the town, the Confederates opened fire from behind a stone wall. The fighting along this line was over in ten minutes, and 5,000 Federals lay dead within reach of each other. A shell from a gun on the hill exploded in the midst of some New Hampshire troops and killed a sergeant, a corporal and twelve privates and wounded six others. Before the Union troops crossed the river, and while shelling the town, a shell struck a house and

Perhaps the most destructive work made by a shell among troops occurred a few miles below Vicksburg. A Federal gunboat was fired upon by light artillery from the bank, posted in plain view. There were two six-pounders working close together, and each had fired a shot when the gunboat opened with a sixty-four-pounder.

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1880

SOMEBODY is cruel enough to impute Donold A. Smith's defeat in Selkirk to the fact that Jamie Trow took the stump for him.

IT is officially announced by cable that Sir. John Macdonald has concluded a contract for constructing and operating the Canada Pacific Railway with capitalists of Londen, Paris and America, subject to the approval of the Dominion Parliament.

SELKIRK election resulted in the return of Capt. Scott, the Conservative candidate, by 131 majority, which is the best answer that the most ardent supporte[illegible] the Domininion Government [illegible] to be given to the howl [illegible] eard in Grit quarters about [illegible] land policy of the North-West, and which, we were told, was causing wholesale defection from the Tory ranks in that part of the Dominion. Alas! for the re-action which looms up as each successive constitutency affords it a battle-field, and vanishes like an annihilated foe before the smoke of election day is cleared away!

THE Toronto Industrial Exhibition is attracting much larger crowds this week than last. The number of visitors on Wednesday is said to have been about 40,000. Yesterday and to-day will also most likely swell the gate proceeds largely. The Oddfellows demonstration which takes place to-day will no doubt draw great numbers to the city. The Exhibition, while not up to that of last year in many respects, is still a very fine show, and will well repay a visit. We notice that the stock raisers from the neighboring County of Wellington have succeeded in carrying off a very large proportion of the premiums in the animal classes.

The Provincial Synod of the Anglican church has passed a resolution which declares that the Synod "recognizes with gratitude the marked success of the Church of England Temperance Society in England, and while rejoicing at the increase of total abstinence societies in connection with the church in that country, commends the movement to the cordial support of the clergy and laity throughout the Province." The synod also adopted as a distinctive title for the Church, "The Church of England in Canada;" and also protested against being denominated as non-Catholics in the census returns, "Catholic" being "the common and honored title claimed by branches of the universal Church of Christ which have both evangelic truth and Apostolic order," and the House of Bishops was requested to bring the matter before the Dominion Government.

A HOLIDAY trip and having one's expenses paid is a luxury which ordinary people do not look for, and if they did we are afraid they would be allowed to look a very long while before being gratified. Not so with such important functionaries as Listowel Councillors, at least one would infer as much from a little bill which has been presented to the Council for settlement. We refer to the account handed in at last meeting of the Council by Dr. Nichol for the sum of $17.29, the item being for "expenses to Detroit." The ratepayers of Listowel will doubtless be pleased to learn when Dr. Nichol was sent to Detroit by authority of the Town Council, now that they are called upon to pay his "expenses." It certainly could not have been at the time that a match delegation went thither. The records of the Council proceedings upon the occasion of the appointment of the delegation to Detroit are conclusive evidence to the contrary. These records show that an attempt was made to add Dr. Nichol's name to the delegation, but the resolution to that effect was voted down. They show further that Dr. Nichol voted 'nay' to this resolution himself. No doubt the honest ratepayers of the town will find some difficulty in comprehending the Dr's course in this matter. Perhaps we can impart a glimmer of light upon it. We understand that Dr. Nichol was waited upon by some members of the Council after the meeting referred to, and persuaded that if he should accompany the delegation to Detroit his expenses would be paid, the resolution of Council to the contrary notwithstanding. The Dr. did accompany the delegation to Detroit, and the town is now asked to foot the bill. The account has gone as far as the Finance Committee. Whether it will be passed or thrown out remains to be seen. We are of opinion that fear for their seats will alone restrain members of the Listowel Council from adding this to other equally questionable transactions of that body.

Contrary to the general expectation, the Republicans have suffered a signal defeat in Maine. The election of Plaisted, the "Fusion" candidate for the governorship, by a majority estimated at from 1,000 to 5,000 is conceded. The returns are not all in yet, but the Republican press admit that their cause has suffered a heavy blow. The Democrats are apparently as much surprised as their opponents. The Republicans have been making strenuous efforts to carry Maine, and it was anticipated that they would sweep the State by about as large a majority as they had in 1876, namely, 15,444. It is true that some inroads have since been made in their ranks by the Greenback movement, and they have been beaten in the interval by the fusion of the Democrats and the Greenbackers, but it was expected that under the pressure of a national contest many of the former members of the Republican body would return to their first love, especially since the failure of the Fusion efforts to capture the State last fall and General Weaver's recent refutation of the Fusion policy. Senator Blaine, who has been regarded as the political owner of the State, threw himself with his usual energy into the canvass, a "big pu[illegible] made by the Republicans, and [illegible] deal of money and political eloquence was expended. The moral influence of the Vermont election told in their favour also, and everything looked auspicious for a Republican triumph, nevertheless the verdict is against them. The election will undoubtedly have a powerful effect throughout the Union in aid of the Democratic Presidential ticket.

The manœuvres of Reform journals regarding the Pacific Railway negotiations are highly amusing. The organs are absolutely at sea as to what course to adopt. They feel that as Opposition papers they are bound to be against the Government, but they have no idea as to the proposed arrangement, and have not patience to wait for an official announcement. The wriggling performed by the Kingston *Whig* fairly illustrates that of its colleagues. When the Ministers left for England the *Whig* denounced and ridiculed the scheme. When news of probable success was received it declared that every Canadian must be gratified. But fear was almost immediately manifested lest it had gone too far, and might be found in the Ministerial paddock. So a few days afterwards it regards with great apprehension and misgiving the proposed wholesale transfer of land. At the same time the conductors of that journal feel that almost the only remaining plank of the Opposition platform would be knocked away if it conceded that the task was a difficult one, if an arrangement were arrived at. Accordingly preparation is made to lead the public to believe that a triumph could have been scored by any Ministry. We are told by the *Whig*: "There are piles of idle capital in England awaiting investment, and it will be strange if a good bargain be not made by our negotiations under these favorable circumstances." Still, it thinks there is a change that the negotiations will fail, and a good opportunity be offered for abusing the Government; and the last conclusion arrived at is "not to indulge in premature gush upon the one hand or blind strictures on the other." Having done both it now magnanimously decides that it is folly to adopt either course. Such is Reform.

THE S. & H. RAILWAY.

Last week we were shown over section 25 of the Stratford & Huron Railway, by Mr. John Irwin, the contractor, and were very much surprised at the progress of the work and superior manner in which it has been done—the section being ready for track laying. We doubt if there is a local line of railway in Canada, to-day, which is more substantially built than the northern portion of this road, and if the whole line is to be judged by the sections from Allenford to this village it cannot but be satisfactory alike to the company and contractors and people interested.

We were also shown a portion of the work done on section[illegible] 23 and 22 by James Allen, Esq., th[illegible]ractor, and, like section 25, the [illegible]f the work is a credit to the c[illegible] With the exception of a cut or two ne[illegible] Park Head and Allenford, and a few rods near the county line, these sections are completed, ready for the iron.

Mr. Irwin's last section (25) extends from within a quarter of a mile from the North Diagonal to the water's edge in this village, and Mr. Allen's from near Allenford to section 25.

In a few weeks the whole line from Listowel to Wiarton will be graded, and, with the exception of the bridges, ready for the rails. Between Listowel and Palmerston, tracklaying is now in progress to connect with the Georgian Bay & Wellington Railroad from the latter point to Durham. We undertand as soon as the grading is completed, work will close until next spring, when we trust we shall be able to announce that the line has received the Government subsidy, and the early completion of the road become an established fact.

The Ontario Government holds the destiny of this section of the country in its own hands. To withhold a subsidy to this railway means ruination to hundreds of its inhabitants; but on the other hand, if aid is granted, a splendid future is now in store for this much neglected portion of the Province.—*Wiarton Echo.*

EATEN BY A BEAR.

Terrible Death of a Boy in Greenock Township.

Walkerton, Sept. 15.—Last evening, near Riverdale, in the township of Greenock, twelve miles from here, two women and their children, who had gone into the woods to pick acorns, were attacked by a bear. The women took up the younger children in their arms and got away, but a boy about five years of age, son of a farmer named Charles Symons, was seized by the ferocious brute. Assistance arrived in about half an hour, the cries of the child calling for his father guiding the neighbors to the spot. The brute made off on their approach, and the child was found still alive, but dreadfully mangled. His entrails were torn out, the ribs were broken from the back, and the flesh eaten off in large quantities. The poor little fellow died shortly after.

A RIVAL TO TANNER.

The Remarkable Achievements of a Meaford Girl.

There is within a mile of Meaford a young woman whose achievements—not undertaken for the sake of notoriety or profit—are more astonishing than the forty days' water diet of Dr. Tanner. The young woman is now under Dr. Maclean's care, and from him the profession may learn more of the case by-and-bye. About a year ago last February this young woman gave up eating, not on account of ill health, but simply because she took no desire for food, and for the next six months thereafter she took absolutely nothing but a cup or two of buttermilk once or twice a week with an occasional drink of water. At the end of six months she began eating, and ate regularly and heartily for about six months, when she again repeated her fast of half a year under like circumstances. A little over three weeks ago—not having yet broken her second fast—she was placed under Dr. Maclean's professional care, and for nineteen days thereafter, though offered food frequently, but at the same time being carefully watched, nothing passed her lips but a cup or two of cold water daily. During this time she lost weight at almost exactly half a pound per day. On Saturday last she was persuaded to eat very little of a water melon, and for the next three days her loss was only half a pound in all. The girl is under the medium height, but when eating like other people is usually fat; she now weighs 89 lbs., but is in a good condition as most girls of her size, looks and is cheerful, walks about the house a little weakly, but without assistance, and does some light work.—*Meaford Monitor.*

NIHILISM IN ENGLAND.

Attempt to Blow up a Train with a Russian Prince on Board.—Miraculous Escape of the Passengers.

London, Sept. 13.—A most diabolical attempt was made to-day to wreck the down express on the North Western railway. This train, which comes from Edinburgh and Glasgow, it appears, was supposed to carry among its passengers the Russian Grand Duke Constantine, Admiral Popoff, of the Russian navy, and some other Russian officials who had been visiting Greenock for the purpose of examining certain new vessels now in course of construction there. The Nihilist refugees in England it is believed, had concocted the plan of blowing up the train and destroying these officials, as well as the other passengers, for the purpose of demonstating that even in England the life of a Russian Prince and his aides were not safe from their vengeance. By a most providential interposition, this well laid plot failed of accomplishment, although the escape was a very narrow one. Near the station of Busby, a village not far from London, some plate-layers working on the track discovered, at a spot over two hundred yards from the village, some fish-plates which had been tampered with. The foreman of the plate-layers made an examination, which resulted in the discovery that 4 lbs. of dynamite had been placed under the plates. The plates which joined two of the rails had been removed and the dynemite placed underneath. The dynamite was connected to an india-rubber tube containing gunpowder. The locomotive in its passage cut this tube in half, but at a point where, by an almost miraculous accident, the percussion caps which were intended to fire the dynamite had been misplaced. They failed to explode, and the train passed in safety over what was designed to blow it and its passengers into eternity. This train had passed only a few minutes when the discovery was made. Intelligence of the affair was at once sent to London, and the most skilled detectives of the Scotland Yard with their foreign auxiliaries are now seeking to discover those who devised and tried to execute this horrible plot. Happily the chances of their detection are good. A careful record is kept of all refugees from Russia, and suspicion already attaches to a lady and gentleman who have been often seen near Busby, and to some companions of theirs who frequently met them at a house near that place.

THE CROSSHILL MYSTERY.

Freaks of Nature in the Home of a Waterloo County Farmer.

A Pest of Window-breaking, and of Rain out of a Rock Elm Wall.—Wholesale Demolition of Glass by an unseen power.—A Woman's Narrative of the Phenomena.

(Correspondence of the Globe.)

Crosshill is a quiet hamlet up among the hills of Wellesley township, sixteen miles from Berlin. Just now it is enjoying the sensation of a nine days' wonder, about which everybody, young and old, is talking, but the secret of which the wisest among them cannot unfold. The "smart" village schoolmaster and the "long-headed" village minister are alike puzzled over it, and both are constrained to say that there are things in heaven and in earth not dreamt of even in their philosophy. The girls talk over it, and the boys, and the old men, and the women; it comes up as regular as the daily meal times, and it is always as fresh as hunger. They'll talk about it all through the long winter, and perhaps for many winters and summers to come; for there is nothing more remarkable in country life than the way people will go on talking a subject to death, and talking over it long after your city folks would have it dead, buried and forgotten. Why it is I don't know, but I guess it must be because they haven't a daily newspaper to give their intellects a fresh start in life each morning at the breakfast table. I know something about it, too, for I was born in the woods. But to

THE MATTER OF THE WONDER.

About a mile south of the village, on the west side of the section line road, there lives a well-to-do farmer, named George Manser, with his wife and seven children. He is an Englishman, but came to this country nearly forty years ago, when fourteen years of age, and lived for a time in Whitchurch, east of Toronto. He married there and immediately moved to this place, living with his brother a few weeks until his own house was finished. This was 25 years ago, and they have lived in the same house ever since. It is a good-sized building, of squared rock elm logs, and is well plastered inside and out, but some of the logs are partially decayed, and the house has sunk a little in consequence. Nevertheless it is in a good state of preservation, and there are many homes in the country far from being so comfortable. The mystery concerns this house, but I must give the story of it as it was told me this morning by Mrs. Manser. Her husband, she said, was away getting lumber and stuff to build a new house and wouldn't be home till late in the evening.

HAVE WE BEEN HERE LONG, SIR?

O yes, sir, it's twenty-five years gone last June we were married, and we came here right off. The house wasn't quite finished then, but it was a few weeks after, and we've lived in it ever since. We never did no evil to anybody, and every one as knows us will tell you the same. George was Treasurer of the township two years,, but he's out now. He tried to do what was right, and I guess he did too. If I just could find out the real reason that was the cause of this trouble I would give a good deal. I says to George, people are making a talk and saying a great deal about it. Why, sir, some on 'em says its witchcraft or something of that sort, and they even say it's me that is the cause of the trouble, but it's nothing of the sort. I don't believe there's any such thing as witches. I says to George, "Get up around the house and see what's the cause of the windows breaking and this water coming in;" and he says, "Well, what can I see? There's nothing." And there isn't, either.

WHAT ABOUT THE WATER, DID YOU SAY?

Well, it don't come in through the roof, that's one thing I know; at least not much of it. The roof was fixed last fall, and it hasn't leaked much since. The water comes in through the wall perhaps a day and perhaps three or four days after a rain, and it was so bad that we had to move all the beds out of the house. You see the little hole there in the plaster? Well the other day there was a big pour came out of that hole, and it hadn't rained any for about a week. All the beds are moved out to the barn excep'n a bed for me and my husband and some of the little ones what we fixed up in the woodshed, as I've got to be handy to get the meals. I'm afraid of nothing as long as the old cabin don't fall down on us, and I guess there's not much fear about it; but I was getting tired of drying the bed-clothes one day after another. The children and the hired men find it comfortable enough out in the barn, and so there's no use of complainin'. We'll be better fixed, I hope, when we get the new kitchen up. Where the water comes from is more'n I can tell, but I guess it is from the house settling. It didn't trouble us till a few weeks ago.

NOW ABOUT THE BREAKING OF THE GLASS,

you see the house is settling a good deal of late. About six weeks ago the windows began to break. One glass after another would burst out, sometimes breaking into long, narrow flinders, and falling out; and sometimes bursting out like the crack of a pistol, and the pieces flying as much as twenty feet off. Some people thought it was the heat and the water in the wall—but I don't know. There are six windows in the house, and in four of them new glass was put in four times, and in two of them twice, and they were all broken to pieces, so't we at last took out the sash and boarded up all the windows just as you see 'em. I'm sure't as much as a hundred panes of glass was broke. One evening new glass was put in the two end windows at tea time, and the men went out to work. In less than twenty minutes there wasn't a pane in either sash. We thought at first it was the old sash was the cause of it, and we got two new ones made, but the glass in these broke every bit as bad as the others. It wasn't that the sash was tight in the frame either, for it was loose, and would raise up and down easy enough only when it was swelled with very wet weather. The boys were asking me

IF I DIDN'T BREAK THEM MYSELF?

and some people even thought I was the cause of it, but I'm sure I don't know anything about it, and would give most anything to know. My eldest son is teaching school, and he thought perhaps it was the gas formed by the water in the logs. I'm a great hand to keep doors and windows open for I like fresh air myself, but the glass cracked all the same whether they were open or shut. My son wanted me to keep all the windows and doors closed, and see if it'd make any difference, but it didn't; before he came in there were plenty of air. My second son was chaffing me one Saturday about breaking the glass myself, and I said to him, "Well you just stay in and see how it'll be yourself?" He put the glass in the whole of the windows and before noon they were all out, broke to smash. One day the children were out pickin' blackberries down there by the fence, and when they came back they heard a noise and said, "There, I'm sure that's more of our windows." My husband was sitting there where you are, and one of the little girls come in and says she, "I'm sure I heard more of the glass breaking in Richard's bedroom—Richard is one of our big boys—and I says, "Taw! no child." But I went down and looked, and there was every glass out of the new sash but the four upper ones.

WAS IT WELL FASTENED, DID YOU ASK?

Why yes, we tried it every way. Sometimes it was put in with putty, sometimes with tacks, and one time they made a groove in the sash and tried it that way. But it didn't make no difference; they'd all burst and go. They tried the sash turned inside out, and then the glass'd break and go clean across the room. John B. Campbell, our neighbor across the road there—he died and was buried last Monday—he was sitting in that room one day near the wall, and the glass burst in, almost striking where he sat, ten feet off or more.

IS THERE MUCH TALK ABOUT IT?

Talk! Well, I guess there is, and some there's no sense to. Some say that the new stone cellar wall caved in, and that the masons they threwed up the job; but taint so. There isn't a word of truth in that, anyway. There are dozens and dozens coming here to see it, and I suppose there'll be dozens more, too. I am sure, though, it's nothing but the house is settling. I tell you nothing but the truth and I don't care if forty thousand know it. Some say 'I'd be afraid to stop there,' and some say the house is bewitched, but I don't believe it any more'n than I believe the moon is made of green cheese; it's all imagination, that's all. You can just see as much as I can what there is about it, excep'n the glass isn't breaking just now, and the water isn't coming in. Mr. Boyd up here, the Presbyterian minister, a pretty long-headed man he is, too, he thinks its owing to stagnant water in the logs making gas and breakout the glass, and others think it's the house settlin', and I guess that's it, but I'm sure I don't know. I don't believe

THERE'S ANY WITCHCRAFT ABOUT IT

anyway, 'cause there's no witches about here, and I don't believe in 'em anyhow. In that lean-to there (the kitchen) the glass has never broken, nor [illegible] in the up stairs part. It didn't [illegible] a pin's difference, and that [illegible] whether the windows were open or shut; they broke all the same. It was always about noon or evening, when the sun was strongest, that the glass'd break; never at midnight or early in the morning, and that's what made me think it was the heat that caused it.

AND SO THE INTERVIEW ENDED.

Mrs. Manser, who is a bright, sharp, active little woman, never rested a moment, but went on with her work from beginning to end, as if her very life was at stake. She is apparently one of a very few people who can talk and work too. But the mystery of the breaking glass is as much a mystery as ever. The heat and the settling of the house won't solve it, and the cause, whether natural or supernatural, remains to be discovered. The water, I haven't much doubt, is driven into the crevices of the wall during heavy rains, and slowly works its way inward through the partially decayed timber.

I had a talk with the Campbell family, who spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Manser as an intelligent and industrious man. They have no theory wherewith to account for the strange freaks which annoy their neighbor; but the old lady, who is from the land of brown heather, witches, elves, and faries, knowingly intimated that she "could an' if she would."

In 1871, Mr. Smith had 300 majority in Selkirk; in 1872, 250; in 1874, 110; in 1878, 9; and now he is defeated by 131. The reaction in his case was like the mills of the gods.

The date of holding the Peel and Maryborough agricultural and Drayton horticultural combined shows has been changed from October 5th and 6th to September 22nd and 23rd.

The Central Exhibition at Guelph takes place on Tuesday and Wednesday next, Sept. 21 and 22. Tickets will be issued by the G. W. R. Co. at single fare for the round trip.

The Mount Forest horticultural exhibition opened on Tuesday, and is a grand success, although there is not quite so large a display of farm produce as in former years, which is owing in a great measure to the lateness of the harvest in that section. There is a large display of flowers and flower ornaments, also some fine exhibits of ladies' fancy work and fine arts. The society have purchased new grounds, and are about to erect very extensive buildings, which, when completed, will afford the exhibitors every convenience, and add greatly to the success of future exhibitions.

On Monday the village of Elmira was again the scene of horse racing. No accidents occurred to mar the pleasures of the day. The first was a trotting race, 3 in 5, to harness, in which there were three entries, "Blind Tom," "Jenny Vincent" and "Happy Harry." "Blind Tom" won the purse in 3 straight heats. The second on the programme was a running race, mile dash, best 2 in 3, three entries, "Ella Walker," "Priscilla" and "Uric." In this race "Ella Walker" had it all her own way, winning in two heats. The day's sport concluded with a match race, half mile dash, for a $25 purse between "Priscilla" and "Uric." "Priscilla" took the lead from the start and came in the winner by several lengths.

LOGAN.

The date of the Logan fall show has been changed from the 1st to the 2nd October, in consequence of Listowel show being held on the 1st.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A most destructive fire occurred in this township on Wednesday last, nearly ruining one of our most honest and hard-working settlers. Mr. Robt. Rowe is the sufferer. He lost the whole season's crop besides his buildings. There were over 200 bushels of fall wheat, which had just been threshed; 60 bushels of peas; two stacks of hay and a large stack of straw. There was not a cent of insurance on any of the property. The fire occurred just about dusk, and is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.—*Times.*

WALLACE.

On Thursday last a young man named Jos. Anker lost his arm while feeding a threshing machine on the farm of Mr. Robert Faucett, on the town line between Wallace and Minto. Drs. Stewart and Ogden of Palmerston amputated his arm above the elbow.

COUNCIL.—The Municipal Council of the Township of Wallace met pursuant to adjournment, at Gowanstown, 4th September, 1880; all the members present; the Reeve in the chair. It was moved by J. Robinson, seconded by W. Ferguson, that the Reeve issue his order for $12 in favor of the Treasurer of Listowel High School Board, being our indebtedness to said Board for 1879—carried. It was moved by J. Robinson, seconded by W. Ferguson, that the Wallace and Palmerston Horticultural Society receive a similar grant to that given to the Wallace and Elma Society, viz., twenty-five dollars—carried. By-law No. 211, appointing James Simpson collector, was read three times and passed. It was moved by J. Robinson, seconded by W. Ferguson, that the Clerk collect statistics of the amounts the various municipalities comprising the Listowel High School District have paid for the maintenance of the school up to the 1st January, 1880, both municipal and county grants; and also shewing the number of pupils which have attended from each municipality during each year—carried. By-law No. 212, imposing a rate for County, Township, and Railway purposes, was read three times and passed. County rate three and one-tenth mills in the dollar, Township rate seven-tenths mills in the dollar; Railway rate one and two-tenths mills in the dollar; total, five mills in the dollar. It was moved by J. Robinson, seconded by A. Kennedy, that Jas. Tudhope call three fence-viewers to examine the water course coming from lot 12 in the 3rd con., and report what proportion this municipality should bear in opening up a drain to give him an outlet for surplus water on his farm; and A. Kennedy Esq. is authorized to let any work ordered by award—carried. By-law No. 213, levying school rates, was read three times and passed. It was moved by J. Robinson, seconded by W. King, that A. Kennedy be Inspector of Eveleigh's bridge, and have it built according to plan and specification—carried. It was moved by J. Robinson, seconded by W. Ferguson, that the Reeve and W. King examine sideroad between lots 36 and 37 in the 4th concession, and report what will be the probable cost of opening the said road and placing a bridge over the Maitland—carried. Council adjourned to meet on the last Thursday in October (30th prox.)

R. G. ROBERTS, Clerk.

A special meeting of the Wallace Council will be held at Gowanstown on Saturday, 18th inst., to receive tenders for the erection of a single truss bridge over the Maitland river between lots 36 and 37 in the 4th concession.

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

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

MORNINGTON.

CIVIC HOLIDAY.—Tuesday next, 21st inst., will be civic holiday in Milverton and Millbank. The Grand Trunk Railway will run a cheap excursion to London by special train, leaving Milverton at 8 a. m. Returning will leave London at 5.15 p. m. The fare to London and return will be 50c., children 25c. A trip down the Thames to Springbank is also in the programme. A holiday has been granted to all the public schools in the township and it is quite likely that the excursion will be very extensively patronized.

MARYBOROUGH.

COUNCIL.—A special meeting at the call of the Reeve was held in the Queen's hotel, Moorefield, August 19th, 1880; all the members present. Mr. John Robinson was granted leave to introduce a By-law to repeal By-law No. 222. By-law was read and passed, and numbered 223. Mr. Corbett was granted leave to introduce a By-law to issue debentures for the sum of nine hundred dollars, for school purposes, in school section No 1. By-law was read and passed, and numbered 224. The Reeve and Mr. Paterson were appointed a Committee to rebuild a part of Graham's bridge. Council adjourned.

September 6th, 1880.

Council met pursuant to adjournment in the British hotel, Moorefield; present all the members. Minutes of last regular meeting and special meeting read and adopted. The Clerk read a communication from James Cole, wherein complaint was made that the fence on lot 13, con. 16, is built on the road allowance. It was moved by John Paterson, seconded by John Corbett, that the Clerk notify Mr. Joseph Green, the occupant of lot No. 13, in 16th con., to remove the fence from off the road allowance—carried. The Clerk was empowered to obtain from the Crown Lands Department a certified map of the township of Maryborough, for township purposes. On motion Council went into Committee of the whole on By-law to levy and collect the rates for the current year, Mr. Paterson in the chair. Committee rose and reported blanks filled in, as follows: County rate 3 87-100 mills in the dollar; township rate 2 91-100 do.; railway rate 1 28-100 do.; mile rate ½ do.; general school rate 44-100 do. Moved by John Robinson, seconded by William Long, that By-law to levy and collect the rates for the current year be read the third time and passed, and numbered 225—carried. Moved by John Robinson, seconded by John Paterson, that Mr. Long be granted leave to introduce a By-law to assess the school sections within the municipality of Maryborough in the sums requested by the several Boards of school trustees in said township—carried. By-law introduced and read a first and second time. On motion, Council went into Committee of the whole for the purpose of filling in blanks, Mr. Paterson in the chair. The Committee on By-law to levy and collect the Public School rates for the current year, upon the requisition of the trustees of the following school sections, reported the rates in the several sections to be as shown in the schedule below:—S. S. No. 1, for ordinary current expenditure, 4 12-100 mills in the dollar; for sinking fund on debenture debt 2 55-100 do.; S. S. No 2, for ordinary current expenditure 4 2-100 do.; S. S. No. 3, for do., 7 95-100 do.; S. S. No. 4, for do., 5 45-100 do.; S. S. No. 5, for do., 4 5-100 do.; S. S. No. 6, for do., 4 825-1000 do.; S. S. No. 7, for do., 4 2-1000 do.; S. S. No. 8, for do., 9 57-100 do.; S. S. No. 9, for do., 4 25-100 do.; S. S. No. 10, for do., 4 77-100 do.; S. S. No. 11, for do., 8 27-100 do.; S. S. No. 13, for do., 7½ do.; S. S. No. 14 for do., 4 1-10 do.; S. S. No. 15, for do., 10 do.; S. S. No. 17, for do., 3 53-100 do; S. S. No. 18, for do., 5 43-100 do.; S. S. No. 19, for do., 4 68-100 do. Moved by John Robinson and seconded by William Long, that the By-law to levy and collect the Public School rates for the current year, be read the third time and passed, and numbered 226—carried. It was moved by John Paterson, seconded by William Long, that the Clerk notify the township Collectors, that all unpaid taxes on rolls of 1879, be forthwith collected, and the rolls returned to the Treasurer on or before the 30th day of September current; and that the Clerk notify the township Treasurer that he, the treasurer, insert in the bonds to be taken from the Collectors, a clause to the effect that the rolls for 1880 be returned to the said Treasurer on or before the 26th day of December next—carried *nem. con.* It was moved by Mr. Paterson, seconded by John Corbett, that the Clerk be instructed to examine the list of lands in the township of Maryborough, advertized to be sold by the County Treasurer, and notify the County Treasurer to withdraw any lands on which he, the Clerk, finds the taxes to be paid—carried. It was moved by William Long, seconded by John Robinson, that this Council grant twenty dollars to cut a drain on Hendrie street, in the village of Moorefield; thirty dollars to gravel a portion of third concession, opposite lot number nine; twenty dollars to be expended in the north of the township, and fifteen dollars to grade sideroad between lots 12 and 13 in the sixth concession—carried. On motion, the following accounts were ordered to be paid: The Clerk, for registration of township documents, express on parcels, stationery, &c., $7.95; Postage to date, $6; Jacob Bolander, for culvert on sideroad between lots 6 and 7 in first concession, $3.50; Michael Dougherty, for culvert on third concession $5; Joseph Snelling, for repairing culvert on 3rd concession $3.50; Daniel Vaughan, for repairs to culvert on townline between Maryborough and Mornington $1. Council adjourned to meet in Rolls' Hotel, Moorefield, at the hour of 10 o'clock forenoon, on the first Monday in November.

EDWARD DYNES, Clerk.

FALL SHOWS.

Tuckersmith, at Seaforth, Sept. 16 and 17.
East Huron, at Wroxeter, Oct. 5 and 6.
East Wawanosh branch, at Belgrave, Oct. 6.
Morris branch, at Blyth, Oct. 12 and 13.
Provincial, at Hamilton, Sept. 20 to Oct. 2.
Western, at London, Oct. 4 to 8.
Grey branch, at Brussels, Oct. 7 and 8.
Elma and Wallace, at Listowel, Sept. 29 and 30, and Oct. 1st.
South Huron at Exeter, Sept. 20 and 21.
West Huron at Goderich Sept 23 and 24.
North Perth at Stratford Sept 23 and 24.
Turnberry at Wingham Sept 23 and 24.
Mitchell at Mitchell Sept 27 and 28.
Elma at Newry Sept 29.
West Wellington at Clifford Sept 28 and 29.
Minto at Harriston Sept 29 to Oct 1.
Peel, Maryborough and Drayton, at Drayton September 22nd and 23rd.
Western at London Oct 4 to 8.
South Perth at St. Marys Oct 12 and 13.
Blanshard at Kirkton Oct 14 and 15.
Woolwich at Elmira Oct 19.
Dominion Exhibition, at Montreal, commencing Sept 14.
Central Exhibition, Guelph, Sept. 21 and 22.
North Waterloo, Berlin, first week in Oct.
Northern, Walkerton, Oct. 5, 6 and 7.
Howick, at Fordwich, Sept. 27th.

Bulgaria intends to proclaim her independence next month.

Travellers and tourists should always be provided with Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the best remedy in the world for curing suffering brought on from eating unripe or sour fruits, bad milk, impure water, change of water and climate. The great remedy for all summer complaints.

A steam hay press of considerable capacity is to be started in Wingham.

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.

Such an amount of ague as prevails at Berlin at present has never before been known.

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.

Brome is the next battle-field; but the Reform press has lost confidence in the reaction.

GLASS, GLASS.—I have just received spring stock of window glass, all sizes, which will be offered at very low prices. Call and see
J. A. HACKING.—21.

Thousands of little ones are lost annually from cholera infantum, diarrhœa and the summer complaints, whose lives might be preserved by the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the greatest and most reliable specific ever known for all summer ailments. For sale at all drug stores. See advertisement in another column.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise will sail from Liverpool for Canada on the 9th of November.

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.

W. P. Brown, solicitor, of Kincardine, a prominent citizen and an ex-Mayor, died suddenly on Sunday morning.

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.

A company of capitalists are about to proceed with the erection of a $20,000 brewery at St. Mary's. One gentleman has invested $10,000 of the amount.

The remedy that has had the most remarkable success in the cure of diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus, and, indeed, every kind of summer complaint, brought on by eating improper food, such as raw vegetables, unripe or sour fruits, bad milk, impure water, etc.,—the remedy that is the most pleasant, rapid, reliable, and effectual, is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is the finest remedy for summer complaints known. For sale by all dealers.

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

Shoddy peddlars are selling their wares through the country. Farmers should give them a wide berth. The best value can be purchased from merchants.

Chicago Ahead.

All the word now looks up to Chicago as the great western metropo is of America, being far ahead of a competing cities; but none the less so, in its ine, is Electric Bitters. From their rea intrinsic vaue they have advanced to the front, and are now far ahead of a o ther remedies, positivey curing where everything else fais. To try them is to be convinced. For sale by J. H. Michener, at fifty cents per bottle.

Building business is booming in Milverton. A stave factory, a large tailor shop, and four brick dwelling houses are in course of erection.

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.

Mr. D. McMaster, M. P. P., Glengarry, was married on Wednesday to Miss Macdonald, niece of the late Hon. J. Sandfield Macdonald.

Thousands of children are lost annually from cholera infantum, diarrhœa, and the summer complaints, whose lives might be preserved by using Extract of Wild Strawberry. Physicians commend and use it constantly. It is a remedy well known, and more highly valued the longer known. It is for sale at all drug stores, and is within reach of every one. See advertisements in another column.

The Hastings Land Purchasing Association has taken up 33,600 acres of land on the line of the Manitoba and South-Western railroad, 155 miles from Winnipeg.

The most pleasant, rapid, reliable and effectual remedy yet discovered for diarrhœa, dysentry, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, and all summer complaints, is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is unsurpassed as a reliable specific in the above diseases, is well known as a great remedial agent, and is more highly valued the longer it is known. Travellers and tourists should carry a supply in their haversack. For sale by all Dealers in Medicines.

A case of manslaughter is reported from Lunenburg county, N. S., not far from Annapolis, an old pensioner having shot a young man whom he found in his orchard, and whom he accused of stealing apples.

By the timely use of the Extract of Wild Strawberry you may avert all disagreeable summer complaints, diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus, &c., nothing is so pleasant in its cure, so rapid, reliable, and effectual, as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. And the value of this medicine as an antidote in sour stomach, colic, cramps, seasickness, vomiting, and other irritations of the stomach and bowels is incalculable. It is safe and sure, and should be carried in the haversack of every traveller and tourist.

A little girl, aged nearly ten years, daughter of Mr. Nesbitt, Mitchell, took to bleeding at the nose the other day in school, and it was found difficult to stop the flow of blood. She became so weak that she died on Wednesday.

Envied Beauty.

What is more handsome than a nice bright, clear complexion, showing the beauties of perfect health? All can enjoy these advantages by using Electric Bitters. Impure blood, and all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs are speedily cured. For nervousness and all attendant ailments, they are a never failing remedy, and positively cure where all others fail. Try the Electsic Bitters and be convinced of their wonderful merits. For sale by J. H. Michener at fifty cents a bottle.

An instance of what small beginnings may lead to. Extensive bush fires are raging in the vicinity of Battersea, Ont., destroying a quantity of farm property. The flames were started by a party of boys, who tried to burn out a wasp's nest, and succeeded admirably in burning out half a dozen farmers.

Free of Cost.

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., is given away in trial bottles *free of cost* to the afflicted. If you have a severe cough, cold, difficulty of breathing, hoarseness or any affection of the throat or lungs by all means give this wonderful remedy a trial. As you value your existence you cannot afford to let this opportunity pass. We could not afford, and would not give this remedy away unless we knew it would accomplish what we claim for it. Thousands of hopeless cases have already been completely cured by it. There is no medicine in the world that will cure one-half the cases that DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY *will cure*. For sale by J. H. Michener, Listowel.

Mr. R. Patterson's special train from Paris, with three hundred passengers, arrived at St. Boniface, Manitoba, Friday morning at eleven o'clock, being only two days and seven hours from Province to Province. They were in Winnipeg twenty-three hours after leaving St. Paul. The trip was accomplished several hours faster than any that has before been made.

Put it to Proof.

At a time when the community is flooded with so many unworthy devices and concoctions, it is refreshing to find one that is beneficial and pure. So conscious are the proprietors of DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY for Consumption, of the worth of their remedy, that they offer all who desire a trial bottle *free of charge*. This certainly would be disastrous to them did not the remedy possess the remarkable curative qualities claimed. DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY for Consumption will positively cure Asthma, Bronchitis, Stubborn Coughs, Colds, Phthisic, Quinsy, Hoarseness, Croop or any affection of the throat and lungs. As you value your existence give this wonderful remedy a trial by calling on J. H. Michener Druggist and obtaining a trial bottle *free of cost*, or a regular size bottle for $1.00.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

CATTLE MARKET.

Elmira, Ont., Sept 13.—The September monthly fair was held here to-day. It was largely attended by buyers. One hundred cattle were offered with only a small number actually sold. Only a few choice fattened cattle were here. Two three-year old steers were sold for $120 for the pair, and two oxen sold for $65 each. Fattened cows brought 3½ cents live weight. The poorer grades brought from $17 to $30. Small pigs are offering freely.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Utica, N. Y., Sept. 13:—There were 9,000 boxes of cheese sold at 12c to 12½c; 4,000 boxes at 12½c; 1,500 boxes commissioned.

Little Falls, N. Y., Sept., 13—The market was more active. Sales—750 boxes of factory cheese at 12c to 12½c; bulk. at 12¼; 542 boxes dairy cheese at 11 to 12c.

London, Sept. 13—The total offerings at the cheese market on Saturday were 4,225 boxes. The cable reports from Liverpool were unchanged since last week, and a few sales were effected at the following figures:—75 boxes at 12c., 1,425 at 12½c., 500 at 12½c, 500 at 13c. Total sales, 2,500 boxes.

Ingersoll, Sept. 13.—Five factories registered 3,250 boxes; 16 other factories were represented but did not register, having sold the August make, and the September make is not ready to ship. There were no sales, buyers and sellers attending Mr. J. Grant's sale preparatory to his leaving for England.

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

September 16, 1880.

Wheat, fall, per bush.,	0 90 to	0 95
Spring Wheat, "	0 90	0 95
Barley, "	0 45	0 55
Peas, "	0 50	0 55
Oats, "	0 30	0 33
Flour, per brrl.,	5 50	
Oatmeal, "	2 75	3 00
Cornmeal, "	1 75	2 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 20	0 20
Eggs, per dozen,	0 0	0 12
Potatoes, per bag,	0 40	0 50
Hay, per ton,	6 00	7 00
Wood, long,	1 50	1 75
Wood, short,	1 00	1 00
Hides, per cwt.,	8 00	9 00
Wool, per lb.,	0 00	0 00

TORONTO.

PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS.

September 9, 1880.

Wheat, fall, per bush.,	0 92 to	1 00
Wheat, spring, "	0 95	1 05
Barley, "	0 56	0 70
Peas, "	0 62	0 65
Oats, "	0 35	0 37
Rye. "	0 68	0 70
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.,	0 00	0 00
Beef, hind "	0 00	0 00
Mutton, by carcase "	0 00	00 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 22	0 25
Butter, large rolls,	0 00	0 00
Butter, tub, dairy,	0 20	0 21
Eggs, fresh, per dozen,	0 14	0 15
Potatoes, per bbl,	0 40	0 50
Hay, per ton,	9 00	11 00
Wool,	0 00	0 00

STRATFORD.

September 16, 1880.

Wheat, fall, per bush.,	$0 90 to	0 94
Wheat, spring, "	1 03	1 06
Barley, "	0 40	0 48
Oats, "	0 28	0 30
Peas, "	0 50	0 55
Flour, per brl	5 00	5 50
Potatoes, per bag,	0 40	0 45
Butter, lb. rolls,	0 20	0 20
Eggs, per dozen,	0 10	0 12
Hides, per cwt.,	6 00	8 00
Hay, per ton,	8 00	9 00
Wood, per cord,,	2 75	3 00
Wool per lb.,	0 00	0 00

PALMERSTON.

September 16, 1880.

Fall Wheat, per bush	$0 90	0 95
Spring Wheat, "	0 90	0 95
Flour, per cwt,	2 50	2 75
Barley, per bush,	0 45	0 50
Peas, "	0 50	0 55
Oats, "	0 25	0 27
Hay, per ton,	6 00	7 00
Potatoes, per bag,	0 30	0 45
Butter, per lb.	0 18	0 21
Eggs, per doz.	0 12	0 13
Pork, per cwt.	6 00	7 00
Cordwood, per cord,	2 00	2 25
Wool, per lb.,	0 26	0 28

GUELPH.

September 16, 1880.

White wheat	$ 0 90 to	0 95
Treadwell	0 90 to	0 96
Spring wheat (Glasgow)	0 90 to	0 99
Red chaff	0 00 to	0 00
Oats	0 32 to	0 35
Peas	0 50 to	0 60
Barley	0 55 to	0 60
Eggs, per dozen	0 09 to	0 10
Butter, dairy packed	0 18 to	0 20
Butter, rolls	0 18 to	0 20
Potatoes, per bag,	0 30 to	0 40
Wood, per load	3 00 to	4 00
Hay, per ton	6 00 to	8 00
Wool, per lb	0 00 to	0 00

THE

LISTOWEL STANDARD

is published every Friday morning by

A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS,

Office,—entrance next door to Scott's Bank, Wallace St., Listowel.

Subscription $1.50 per annum in advance; $2.00 if not so paid.

ADVERTISING.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of 8 cts. per line first insertion, 2 cts. each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount will be allowed on contract advertisements for an extended period. Business notices inserted as reading matter at the rate of 10 cts. per line first insertion, 5 cts. each subsequent insertion. All advertisements and notices measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil—12 lines to the inch, and charged accordingly. Casual advertisements and notices, cash; contract accounts rendered quarterly.

JOB PRINTING.

Having purchased one of the latest Improved NEW YORK GORDONS—*the best Jobbing Press manufactured*—and an entirely new outfit of Printing material, we are in a position to execute all descriptions of Job Work, from the finest Visiting Card to the largest Poster, in a manner unsurpassed in Western Canada, and at very moderate prices.

LOCAL NEWS.—We shall be glad at all times, to receive items of Local News, accidents or any incident which may be interesting, either in the locality in which it occurs, or in the county generally. Matter of this kind may be sent as "Printer's Copy," at the rate of one cent per ounce, if so marked and not sealed.

Address all communications to the STANDARD Office, Listowel, Ont.

Remittances by mail should be forwarded by registered letter or Post Office Order.

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.

HOPE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

See what Physicians and the People say about SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPITES, as a remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, and Wasting Affections:

October 20, 1878.

Messrs. Scott & Bowne:

Gentlemen—I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, etc., in my practice, and used it in my family. I am greatly pleased with it because of its palatableness and the good results that follow its use. I have found it very serviceable in scrofulous diseases and pulmonary affections.

Respectfully yours,
IRA M. LANG, M. D.,
279 East Broadway N. Y.

Louisville, Ky., January 3, 1878.

Gentlemen—For the last fifteen months I have used your Cod Liver Oil Emulsion, both in hospital and in private practice, and have been greatly pleased with its effects. It is better borne and can be taken for a longer time than any other preparation of Cod Liver Oil. In Consumption and children's diseases I have found it valuable.

JOHN A. OCTERLONY, M. D.,
Vis. Physician,
Louisville City Hospital.

Messrs. Scott & Bowne:

I have used Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil in various instances, and I have found it to be easily taken, readily assimilated, and rapidly improves the nutrition and flesh. I consider it the best Emulsion I have used.

R. E. HAUGHTON, M. D.,
Indianapolis, Ind

Messrs. Scott & Bowne:

I have given your remedy of Cod Liver Oil &c. a fair trial, and am glad that I can say I think it is THE remedy for weak lungs and bad coughs. I can highly recommend it. When the doctors had given me up, I commenced using your medicine, and I am gaining health and strength very fast, and think I shall soon be well.

Yours truly,
G. A. BRIDERSTADT,
Galveston, Ind.

Scott & Bowne:

I felt it my duty to let you know the benefit I have derived from the use of your Emulsion. I had a very bad cough for years, and on consulting Dr. J. E. Gorsuch of this city, he informed me that my left lung was diseased, and perscribed Scott's Emulsion with Hypophosphites. After taking two bottles, I began to improve very rapidly, and continued using it until I had taken ten bottles, and am now as healthy a man as there is in the city of Baltimore. When I began using it I weighed 145 pounds, and I now weigh 189 pounds.

Yours.
D. P. FARQUHAR,
Baltimore, Md.

Oct 3, 1879.

Canandaigua. September 15, 1877.

Scott & Bowne:

Gents—I thought I would write to you, as I saw a notice upon your bottles of late upon its long continued use. This has proved true in my case. I was given up to die last March with consumption; the best medical aid made no use of any treatment. My husband applied for your Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil; he has bought twenty-six bottles and it is restoring me to health beyond the expectations of hundreds expecting to hear of my death every day. I should like to take it for a year, when, I think, I will be perfectly cured.

Yours with respect,
MRS. ELDRIDGE.

For sale by Druggists at $1.00 per bottle. 16y.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine ranks among the leading necessities of Life.

The famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the World.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

Gout, Rheumatism,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at

533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of medicines throughout the civilized world; with directions for use in almost every language.

The trade marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any one through out the British Possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

Purchases should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious. 13F

MONEY TO LOAN!

PRIVATE FUNDS to lend in sums to suit borrowers, at very reasonable interest. Apply to

FENNELL & DINGMAN,
Barristers, &c., Listowel.

Dated 8th March, 1880. 7.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

4 Houses on Dodd Street. (Formerly owned by W. Hagon.) As the owner is going to Muskoka he will sell cheap. Great bargains may therefore be had. Title good. Terms to suit purchaser, or parties renting. Apply to

SMITH & GEARING,
34. Barristers, Listowel.

JOHN GABEL,
WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER
AND ENGRAVER,
Wallace Street, Listowel.

WATCHES AND CLOCKS
ELECTRO-PLATED WARE,
FANCY GOODS, GOLD RINGS, ETC

Repairing Promptly Attended to. 15.

FRESH MEATS AT ALL SEASONS.

WM. McKEEVER,
BUTCHER,

Keeps his stall on Wallace street, constantly supplied with the

Choicest Meats of the Season

When you want a

CHOICE ROAST OR SOME NICE STEAK

leave your order at Wm. McKeever's.

Deliveries promptly made to any par of the town,

WM. McKEEVER
22. Wallace St. Listowel

CATARRH!

Catarrh of 25 years' standing cured by Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

Droppings in the throat almost to choking, Headache, Pains in the Shoulders, Back, and Kidneys, and entire Breaking Down of the system cured by Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

A cough of twenty-five years' standing cured by Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

Catarrh, with Droppings in the throat, causing feelings of Strangling, Dizziness, Pains in the side and weakness of Kidneys, immediately relieved. System seemingly made new by one bottle of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

A man cured of Catarrh of forty years' standing by use of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy. So bad it had impaired his eyesight. Made him almost deaf.

Troubles with Droppings in the Throat, Strangling, Buzzing in the Head and Fetid Breath cured by Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

Catarrh, with all its peculiar symptoms for ten years, fast verging on consumption, cured by less than four bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

Bones of the nose eaten out, memory gone, mind impaired, cured by Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

Catarrh with all its loathsome attendants, cured by four bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

For Sale by John Livingstone, jr, Dr. Michener and all Druggists. 16-y.

REMOVAL!

J. P. NEWMAN,
Has
Removed to His New Store!

On the Old Site, West of Campbell's Block, Main Street, where he has Opened out

AN EXTENSIVE STOCK —OF—

BOOTS & SHOES

Comprising all the Newest Styles in Ladies', Men's and Children's wear, and which he will sell at

BOTTOM PRICES!

First-Class Workmen Employed.

Repairing Promptly Attended To,

Remember the Stand,

Mechanic's Block, Main St., South Side.

J. P. NEWMAN.
Listowel, Sept. 12, 1879. 33.

NEW FOUNDRY

Is now in operation and is prepared to do all Jobbing and Repairing promptly. Farmers having Mowers, Reapers or other implements needing repairs will find it to their advantage to give us a call.

First-Class Reapers, Mowers, Hay Rakes and Plows on hand for sale,

PRICES LOW.

AUSTIN & CO.

MILNE'S
New Door and Sash Factory
now in
FULL BLAST!

The undersigned having compeleted the new building is now prepared to offer inducements to builders and contractors, in

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
MOULDINGS, ETC., ETC.

Custom Planing Done.

Contracts for all kinds of Buildings taken.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LUMBER.

A Lumber Yard in connection with the Factory, where a full assortment of

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Etc.,

Will be kept.

ORDERS SOLICITED

FACTORY—Elma street, near Climie's Mills.

E. B. SUTHERLAND, Manager. WM. MILNE, Proprietor.

Listowel, Sept. 5th, 1879. 32.

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, SEPTEMBER 17, 1880.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

School books, reduced prices, at Brisbin's.

MR. KERR, of the Brussels *Post* was in town this week.

Try Brisbin for wall papers and window shades.

Groceries, pure and fresh, and prices low, at Roy & McDonald's.

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

MR. VANSTONE is veneering his residence on Wallace street with brick.

The cheapest and best Dye Stuffs in town at Livingstone's Drug Store.—33b.

MR. MCPHERSON and family, of Listowel, left for the Northwest on Tuesday.

Pipes, purses, combs, brushes, all kinds of fancy goods, cheap for cash at Brisbin's.

ST. MARY'S *Journal*: Listowel has the smallest, meanest lot of councilloric noodles in the county.

Electric Bitters—Any quantity of these Bitters at 40 cents per bottle at Livingstone's Drug Store.—33b.

KNOX CHURCH is being re-painted and otherwise improved, which will enhance its appearance considerably.

25 rolls wall paper for $1.00; 40 cents will buy 5 quires note paper and 5 packages envelopes, at Brisbin's.

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

MR. JOHN HAMILTON, Mitchell gravel road, lost a valuable cow a few days ago from inflammation.

Money saved by buying your Drugs and Patent Medicines at Livingstone's Drug Store.—33b.

Butter Wanted.—20 cents per pound for butter and 13 cents per dozen for eggs at Roy & McDonald's.—28.

Misses' and Children's Genuine French kid button boots, very best quality, at JOHN RIGGS, successor to Roy & Riggs.

MR. GEORGE DRAPER, of the Ontario House, makes a fresh announcement in this issue, which the public may be benefitted by perusing.

Fly Traps.—No need to be troubled any longer with house flies, as S. Bricker & Co. have a large stock of the best fly traps on hand, very cheap.—28.

Ladies' Fall and Winter Mantles—A large and well assorted stock, which will be sold at a small advance on cost—all new goods, at Roy & McDonald's.

MR. JAS. ARMSTRONG, we understand, has purchased the brick cottage on Bay street, formerly belonging to the Hagon property, from Mr. D. D. Hay.

Roy & McDonald's new Fall and Winter goods have been arriving daily. Their stock is tasty, well selected and fashionable, and prices to suit everybody.

Note, and all descriptions of writing papers, envelopes, wrapping paper, paper bags and twine, sold at bottom prices at Dr. Michener's Book and Drug Store.—33

"Snow time" will soon be here, and parties wishing to advertise their wares by means of attractive dodgers should leave their orders at the STANDARD office.

THE paint brush is being freely manipulated just now, to the decided improvement of a number of the store fronts on Main and Wallace streets.

Boots and Shoes—A large stock of Boots and Shoes, in every line; prices low. Call and see stock. Roy & McDonald.

Chalk Crayons a specialty, at Dr. Michener's. Schools supplied in quantities at lower prices than ever before sold.—33.

THE Provincial Exhibition will open in Hamilton on Monday next. It will remain open for two weeks. His Excellency the Governor General is expected to visit the Exhibition.

Misses' and Children's Genuine French kid button boots, very nice, but a little expensive, at JOHN RIGGS, successor to Roy & Riggs.—11.

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.

For Shoulder Braces, Trusses, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Paints and Oils, Drugs and Dyes, go to Livingstone's Drug Store.—33b.

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

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.

HOSIERY. — Women's, Misses' and Pretty Children's Hosiery. A nice lot of new goods in this line. Come and see them, at JOHN RIGGS, successor to Roy & Riggs.—11.

Tweeds! Tweeds!—A large stock of Fall and Winter Tweeds and Worsteds to choose from. Suits made to order, fit guaranteed, and very cheap, at Roy & McDonald's.

HOSIERY. — Women's, Misses' and Pretty Children's Hosiery. A nice lot of new goods in this line. Come and see them, at JOHN RIGGS, successor to Roy & Riggs.—11.

THE *Huron Signal* comes to hand very much improved under its new management— the Messrs. McGillicuddy Bros., late of Brussels. The *Signal* is now a live local journal, and we wish our confrere success.

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.

A FACT.—Dr. Michener sells School Books as cheap as the cheapest—will not be undersold. A large stock of High and Public School text books and all school supplies on hand, and orders promptly filled.—33.

MR. JOHN GRANT, of Woodstock, was in town this week, making arrangements for purchasing hides and tanbark on the Listowel market. We understand that Mr. Owen Wilson, grain buyer, will purchase for the Woodstock tannery.

A GENTLEMAN from Brampton thinks of establishing a greenhouse and nursery in Listowel. This town should be a good point for such a business, as at present this section is dependent upon outside for greenhouse and nursery products.

Parents, save 15 per cent. by sending your children to Brisbin's for school books, &c.

A cow belonging to Mr. Wm. Smith, north of the town, was killed by the G. W. R. train last week. The fence is said to have been removed by the track layers on the S. & H. road, which accounts for the cow being on the property of the G. W. R.

LACROSSE. — A lacrosse match was played in the Agricultural park on Friday afternoon between the Listowel Stars and the Lornes of Stratford. The Listowel youths succeeded in defeating their opponents in three straight games. Time, 6, 35 and 45 minutes respectively.

Bohemian Vases, and all kinds of China goods, large stock and low prices, at Brisbin's.

Dr. Michiner's book and drug store is the place to procure Wall Papers—sole agent in town for English Wall Papers, which are over 3 inches wider than the American Wall Papers, being *a saving of one roll in every eight.* Not "at and below cost," but cheaper than any other dealer in the town or county. Call and you will be convinced that you can get better value for your money than elsewhere.—33.

Highest price for butter and eggs in exchange for goods, at Brisbin's.

LISTOWEL cricketers made a rather poor show at Stratford on Saturday in their encounter with the Grand Trunk club. The latter were victorious by 9 wickets and 13 runs. We would suggest fewer matches and more home practice for a season.

REV. H. BARTLETT, incumbent of Christ Church, Listowel, left here on Wednesday morning to take part in harvest festival at Bervie. The Rev. gentlemen intended to deliver his lecture on "The Arts and Sciences of the Crystal Palace," in Bervie on Wednesday evening.

"ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS."—True this song was once thought cheery, now 'tis wasted, worn and weary; tiresome it is deemed and dreary, let it now be laid to rest; drop it, for 'tis worn and tattered; sink it, ne'er was any song so battered; cheese it, it is old and shattered; stop it, it is best.

CHRIST CHURCH will be closed for the next three or four Sundays, while the improvements are being made. In the meantime, we believe it is the intention of the choir and perhaps part of the congregation to attend service at Shipley, where Rev. Mr. Bartlett preaches every afternoon at three o'clock.

Ready-made Clothing—Suits from $8.00 upwards, at Roy & McDonald's.

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.

REMOVING.—S. Bricker & Co. have leased the fine brick store in the Masonic block, and purpose removing their hardware store into the premises in the course of a few days. The first floor of this building will be occupied by Messrs. Bricker for their stoves and tinware department; it is now being fitted up for that purpose.

A LARGE number of our citizens are in Toronto this week visiting the Industrial Exhibition. About a hundred persons, including a number of the Listowel Oddfellows, left here yesterday morning. The reception of the Sovereign Grand Lodge to-day promises to be the grandest affair which has yet taken place in the annals of Oddfellowship in Canada.

TRACK LAYING.—The track-layers on the S. & H. R. are pushing forward vigorously. Rails are now laid within about three miles of Palmerston, and it is expected that that place will be reached by Saturday night. We understand that the road will not be used for passenger traffic until the Durham line is completed, which will probably take about a month yet.

Beautiful room papers only 10 cents per roll, worth 15c., at Brisbin's.

A TEAM of baseballists, claiming to be the amateur champions of New York State, passed through here on Wednesday *en route* to Harriston, where they were defeated by the Harriston Browns by a large score. The Actives of Woodstock, amateur champions of Canada, also gave the Americans a couple of severe drubbings. The Republic should not allow its children to venture so far away from home before they are able to hold their own with the boys of Canada.

THE "hum" has evidently struck the Listowel post office, that antiquated institution having donned a new chimney and suffered some minor improvements in its "internal economy." That the "hum" may ere long strike this ancient landmark with sufficient force to knock it into smithereens—or kindlingwood—and grant us an office that will be in keeping with our progressive town, is no doubt the devout prayer of more than one of Listowel's citizens.

Brisbin is selling satin-finish wall paper for 15 cents per roll.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES will be held in the Primitive Methodist Church of this town on Sunday the 26th inst. Rev. W. Huggins will conduct the service in the morning; in the afternoon, at 2.30, and in the evening, at 6.30, Rev. J. Markham, of Wingham, will officiate. On Monday evening following an anniversary teameeting will be held in the church. Tea will be served from 6 to 8 o'clock. Addresses, interspersed with music, will be delivered by ministers of the town and others. All are invited.

THE Palmerston Horticultural Society is putting forth laudable efforts to make their show a success. We notice that the Wallace Council made the society a reasonable grant, and with an active set of officers who are deserving of the united support and co-operation of the citizens of Palmerston, the efforts to make the show a success will no doubt be rewarded. The annual supper in connection with the society will take place at on Monday evening, Oct. 4th. The Secretary, G. S. Davidson, Esq., has our thanks for complimentary invitation.

A DOG poisoning mania seems to have taken possession of some person or persons in town, quite a number of canines having been laid out "stark and stiff" during the past month or two. While it may be well enough to rid the town of a lot of useless curs, at the same time it is decidedly reprehensible for anyone to make a practice of indiscriminate dog poisoning. Several of the dogs poisoned lately have been valuable animals, and their owners have consequently suffered quite a loss. Should the guilty party be found out, he need not expect much leniency.

BAZAAR.—The ladies of Christ Church are making great preparations for the Bazaar which they purpose holding during the days of the Elma & Wallace Fall Show. A large amount of both useful and ornamental needlework, etc., will be exposed for sale. The chief attraction of the Bazaar will be an exquisitely wrought Cleopatra chair, which we understand will be disposed of by ticket. The chair is a magificent piece of workmanship, and will be a valuable treasure for the person who is lucky enough to secure it. The ladies purpose having refreshment tables in connection with the Bazaar, where hot coffee, sandwiches, etc., will be procurable at all hours.

ADVERTISING PAYS.—It is sometimes questioned by merchants whether advertising pays. The question will hardly bear discussion in the light of the following facts, rates for transient advertisements being figured. "The Chicago *Tribune*, it is said for a column a year, receives $26,000. The New York *Herald* receives for its lowest priced column $39,727, and for its highest $348,000. The New York *Tribune*, for its lowest, $29,764, and its highest $85,648, and these papers are never at a loss for advertisements to fill their columns. Their patronage comes not from any desire to assist the respective papers; but from business men who find it profitable to "advertise."

CARELESS.—The habit which many farmers have of leaving their horses untied in front of stores while they are doing their shopping is a very bad one, and is liable at any time to bring those who make a practice of it into trouble. However quiet an animal may be, it is not safe to leave it unfastened and alone on a public street where people are constantly moving about, and which is generally more or less occupied with vehicles. Only a day or two ago, we witnessed a team that had been left untied, start off, the hub of the wagon to which it was attached encountering a lighter vehicle, smashing one of the wheels of the latter, besides otherwise wrecking it. We believe that it is an infraction of the law to leave horses untied in the streets, and that there is a heavy penalty attached to the offence. There appears to be plenty of posts and rings for fastening horses to along our thoroughfares, and the constable should see to it that life and property are not put in jeopardy by people being too careless to make use of them.

PALMERSTON *Telegraph*: The Listowel Town Council, which is composed chiefly of Reformers, has just given the world a genuine sample of Grit morality. A large job of printing was to be done for the town, and tenders for the work were asked for. A Guelph firm offered to do the work for $70 and the Conservative local printer tendered for $85, but the Reform did not put in a tender. Now, mark the result. Under the plea of economy, fresh tenders were asked for, and the proprietors of the Reform paper, who must have known of the previous tender of the Conservative printer, offered to do the job for $75, and although this was $5 more than the Guelph firm asked, the contract was awarded by the economical Council to the Listowel Grit paper. And they call themselves Reformers! Heaven save the mark!

THE grain market is now fairly opened, the farmers in this vicinity having got pretty well through with their fall sowing and consequently have time to turn their attention to marketing their produce. As Listowel is not lacking in active buyers, we may look forward with assurance that the coming fall and winter will witness a lively stir on our market. Last season, notwithstanding the comparatively short crop and absence of sleighing, the amount of grain handled by the Listowel buyers was very considerable. With fully as many buyers this season, and an unusually prolific harvest having been secured, it is reasonable to conclude that there will be a proportionate increase in the amount of business done this year. At present fair prices are obtaining for all descriptions of farm produce, and as it is questionable whether there will be any appreciable increase in prices during the season, farmers will be on the safe side in converting their surplus products into cash without too long waiting for a possible rise.

GARDEN PARTY.—The garden party and Conversazione held at the residence of Mr. John Campbell on Monday evening last eventuated very successfully, notwithstanding the weather, which was rather cool and damp for outdoor enjoyment, the very attractive programme rendered during the evening making up for any "onpleasantness" occasioned by the elements. The Conversazione was very ably presided over by Mr. Rothwell, who made a few happy introductory remarks. The musical part of the programme was very efficiently sustained by Mrs. and Misses Bell, Miss Gerbers, Rev. Mr. Bartlett, and the Church choir; while the elocutionary renditions of Mr. D. B. Dingman, Mr. B. Rothwell, Rev. Mr. Bartlett and Mr. A. B. McCallum, B. A., were of such an order as to merit the warm appreciation of all present. During the intermission in the programme, cakes and fruit were passed round by the young gentlemen. The gathering being unusually large for an entertainment, perhaps a slight degree of crowding may have been experienced; but all appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly. The grounds were very tastefully illuminated during the evening with Chinese lanterns. We understand that the proceeds amounted to the very handsome sum of $25, which will be applied towards the purchase of a new organ for Christ Church.

RUNAWAY ACCIDENTS.—On Saturday night last as Mr. Dinkel, editor of the *Perth Volksfreund*, accompanied by his wife and a young friend named Anthony Kipper, from Wingham, was driving over the hills in the vicinity of Glenallen, the horses ran away, overturning the vehicle and throwing its occupants out. Mr. Kipper was considerably injured; the others fortunately escaped with some slight bruises. Another runaway accident occurred on Monday last, the "unfortunates" being Messrs. H. Goddard and J. A. Hacking of this town. These gentlemen drove out into Elma, partly on business and partly for the purpose of having some sport with their guns. When returning home, in the vicinity of R. Clelland's, Esq., their horses took fright and started off at a break-neck speed. Mr. Hacking jumped out, and was uninjured; but Mr. Goddard did not fare so well. He remained in the vehicle endeavoring to control the runaway animals until approaching a bridge, when he also jumped. Unfortunately he fell with his back across a log, bruising himself badly, and for a time it was thought that he was seriously injured. He had to be conveyed home, when medical aid was procured. We are pleased to be able to state that under the care of Dr. Philp he is recovering much faster than was at first thought possible. The vehicle, a brand new democrat, was considerably damaged; we understand that Mr. Hacking's gun also came in for serious fractures.

DONEGAL.

Our streets will not be lighted by gas this fall.

He was a tramp. He walked into the creek—sat down—and got wet.

Messrs. Harvey, Roe, and McClennen have returned to St. Catharines Collegiate Institute.

A prominent Grit grocer in Listowel has been making some of the simple minded believe that the N. P. has doubled the price of preserve jars, thereby giving the N. P. a heavy blow and losing some good customers for himself, as people are not so soft, however Gritty they may be.—COM.

STRATFORD.

There is some talk of Stratford having a daily paper.

A number of cases of typhod fever are reported in Stratford.

Steel horse-collars are making their appearance in our streets.

Mr. John Read was chosen school trustee for Avon Ward, in room of Mr. S. Beattie.

The North Perth Agricultural fair will be held here on Thursday and Friday of next week (24th and 25th.)

A son of Mr. Usher, Stratford, playing with a toy pistol last week, loaded it with a revolver cartridge and discharged it. The ball passed through the cheek of the lad's younger brother and lodged in his mouth.

Mr. Drysdale, of Stratford, has been appointed to the position of Engineer of the Royal Military College, at Kingston. Mr. Drysdale has been for many years employed in the Grand Trunk shops at Stratford, and is a first-class mechanic.

Mr. Moore, of Gadshill, went shooting partridge a few days ago, when he came across a bear, which the dog treed. Mr. Moore thought he would try conclusions with his bearship. Aiming the gun at him, he let drive, and down came Bruin at his feet dead. One good load of powder and shot settled him.

ON THE WAR PATH.—For the past two Saturday nights License Inspector Climie, of Listowel, has been on the war path in Stratford. The licensed hotel keepers were not found violating the law, but two unlicensed vendors were caught, and as it was their second offence were sent to jail for two months each.

BIRTHS.

KENNEDY.—Sept. 15, on con. 8, Wallace, the wife of John Kennedy, of a son.

AYERS—In Newry, on 13th inst., the wife of Mr. Thos. Ayers, of a son.

HEMPHILL.—In Listowel, on 10th inst., the wife of Mr. Robt. Hemphill, of a son.

ORR—In Mornington, on the 4th inst., the wife of Mr. Wm. Orr, jr., of a daughter.

DEATHS.

REDDICLIFFE—In Stratford, on 13th inst., Roger Cole Reddiclife, aged 75 years.

HAMILTON—In Elma, on 12th inst., Richard Hamilton, aged 10 months and 18 days.

MCRUMB—In Elma, on the 15th inst., Jane, relict of the late John McRumb, aged 68 years.

DIXON—In Maryborough, on the 16th inst., Mr. William Dixon, aged 49 years.

The Funeral will take place from his late residence, lot 1, 1st con. Maryborough, on Saturday, 18th, at 10 o'clock a. m. Friends will please accept this invitation.

AUCTION SALES.

September 21—Sale of farm stock, etc., for Mrs. Andrew Moore, lot 16, 6th con. Wallace. R. L. Alexander, Auctioneer.

September 23—Sale of cabinet furniture for Jas. Irwin, Newry Station. R. L. Alexander, Auctioneer.

MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS, terms easy, better than any Company.
SMITH & GEARING.
16. Barristers, Listowel.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE! ON *MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS.*
Terms to suit buyers.
10 GEORGE DRAPER.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

House and lot on Inkerman street. Dwelling new and comfortable. Pleasantly situated. Apply to
J. S. GEE.
Listowel, 1880. 33.

MONEY TO LEND.

FOR FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES, also private funds at 7 per cent. Conveyancing done &c.
ADAM HUNT, Commissioner
Teviotdale P. O.
Residence, con. 12, Wallace.

FARM TO RENT OR SELL.

The undersigned offers to rent or sell his farm, being lot No. 9, con. 11, Wallace; within 1½ miles of the town of Palmerston. This farm is of first-class quality, nearly 60 acres cleared, well fenced, with good buildings; the balance chiefly hardwood timber. Terms reasonable. For further particulars apply personally or by letter to
WILLIAM L. KELLS,
32. Listowel, Ont.

THE CANADIAN
NORTH-WEST!
A monthly journal devoted to the **Settlement and Development of Manitoba and the North-West.**
Published by
JAMES WEIDMAN,
Selkirk, Manitoba, Canada.

Each number of the Canadian North-West will contain thirty-two pages of very desirable matter, and will be issued at the low subscription price of **One Dollar** a year in advance.
Sample copies will be sent on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps.
Address— JAMES WEIDMAN,
Selkirk, Manitoba, Canada.

WANTED!

1,000 CORDS
HEMLOCK BARK
for which the
Highest Price in Cash
on delivery will be paid.
TOWNER & CAMPBELL.
Listowel, Ont. 8.

WESTERN FAIR.
$12,000 OFFERED IN PRIZES.
WILL BE HELD IN THE
CITY OF LONDON,
4th, 5th, 6th, 7th & 8th Oct.

Prize Lists and entry papers may be had on application to Secretary. All entries are requested to be made on or before 25th Sept. Railway arrangements have been made for One Fare to London and return.
Steam Motive Power furnished. Size of turning shafting, 2 13-32 inches; revolutions per minute, 300; Exhibitors to provide their own pulleys.
WM. McBRIDE,
Secretary.
Western Fair Office, London, 1st Sept. 1880. 33c.

DOMINION EXHIBITION,
TO BE HELD IN THE
TOWN OF LISTOWEL
—ON—
Sept. 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st.
OVER $900.00 IN PRIZES.

The Directors urgently request that all articles for exhibition in the Hall be entered in the Secretary's books and arranged in the Hall not later than six o'clock on Wednesday evening, and give notice that no entry or article, for exhibition in the Hall, will be taken after 10 o'clock a. m., on Thursday, Sept. 29th.
Articles not shown in the Hall, such as Implements, Carriages, Live Stock, Poultry, &c., for exhibition on the third day, should be entered on or before Thursday, Sept. 30th, and no such entry will be taken later than ten o'clock a. m., on Friday, October 1st.
W. G HAY, R. FERGUSON,
PRESIDENT. SECRETARY.
Listowel, Sept. 17, 1880. 34-2.

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.
$-15

TORONTO TEA STORE!
—:o:—
D. W. PALMER,
—DEALER IN—
Groceries, Wines & Liquors,
Crockery, Glassware, Flour and Feed, &c:
—:o:—
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.

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.

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.

GROCERIES
Cheaper than Ever.
HAVING concluded to do a cash business, or as near cash as possible, I will offer you SUGARS at the following very low prices:

11 lbs. Raw Sugar	for	$1 00
10 lbs. " "	for	1 00
10 lbs. Light Refined Sugar	for	1 00
8½ lbs. Granulated Sugar	for	1 00
8 lbs. Raisins	for	25
3 lbs. Currants (new)	for	25
3 lbs. Soda Biscuits	for	25
6 Bars Soap	for	25
Dried Apples, No. 1, per bush.	for	1 85
" " No. 2, " "	for	1 75
Apples, per barrel	for	2 25

TEAS at Old PRICES.
CROCKERY & GLASSWARE,
Large Stock at Lowest Prices.
J. J. MOORE,
WALLACE STREET, LISTOWEL.

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.

REMOVAL!
C. J. GUNDRY,
has removed his
Watch Clock & Jewellery Store,
TO
J. P. NEWMAN'S New Building, Main St., West of Campbell's Block, Listowel.
C. J. G. will be pleased to see all his old friends and customers in his new store, where he is prepared to give Splendid Bargains in WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELLERY.
My stock is complete in every line of goods generally kept in a
First-Class Jewellery Store!
all of which will be sold cheaper than any other house in town.
Give me a call and examine my goods and be convinced that Gundry's is the best spot to buy
WATCHES, CLOCKS, BROACHES, EAR RINGS, CHAINS, FINGER RINGS, ELECTRO-PLATED WARE, Spectacles, Etc.
Special Attention Given to Repairing.
C. J. GUNDRY.
Listowel, 1880. 50.

LIVERY, HACK & BUS BUSINESS.
R. & W. WOODS,
having purchased the Livery and Hack business from Jas. Pelton, wish to inform the public that they are prepared to supply
Rigs of Every Kind on Shortest Notice, and at Reasonable Rates.
They will also run
A BUS AND HACK,
to and from all trains. Good rigs and gentle horses at all hours.
STABLES—Mill street, opposite Town Hall Listowel. 3.

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 ADAM
Importer and Dealer in
Shelf and Heavy Hardware!
Tinware and Stoves,
respectively solicits a call from intending purchasers before buying elsewhere. 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 Hess 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; ½ acre of orchard. Will be sold cheap. Apply to ROBERT ROSS on the premises, or to
R. MARTIN.
$1,700 will purchase 100 acres in Wallace, 2½ 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 20x36; 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 7½ 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

DR. FOWLER'S
EXTRACT OF WILD
STRAWBERRY.
CURES DIARRHŒA AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.

Mrs. FREEMAN'S WORM POWDER is a safe, sure and effectual destroyer of worm in children or adults. Price 25 cents, or 5 for $1.00.
Mrs. FREEMANS NEW DOMESTIC DYES are perfect in every color. For brightness and duability they have no equal. Price 15 cents per package.

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 LOWER PRICES.

1880. ONTARIO HOUSE. 1880.
—:o:—
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.
—o—
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.
—o—
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.

GRAND DISPLAY!
—AT—
R. McMILLAN & CO'S.
—:o:—
As the season is now fairly open, we beg to remind our customers and the public generally that our stock is very complete in all departments, comprising large lines of
STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,
HATS AND CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES, &C.
Our stock of TWEEDS is large and will be found excellent value. Ordered clothing got up in the very best style and on shortest notice.
OUR READY-MADE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT!
is well assorted, and we are prepared to furnish suits as cheap as the cheapest.
—:o:—
In the Ladies Department will be found a great variety of fancy goods, such as Parasols, Ribbons, Laces, Gloves, &c., also splendid value in Silks, Velveteens, Cashmeres Lustres, Fancy Dress Goods, Prints, &c., &c.
In HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, and FAMILY GROCERIES we keep large and well selected stocks, and are prepared to give our customers as good bargains as any house in the trade.
R. McMILLAN & Co.
Campbell's Block—East Store, Main Street, Listowel.
Listowel, 1880. 15.

THE BEST
ORGANS
IN THE WORLD!
—AT—
THE LOWEST PRICES.
—:o:—
B. B. SARVIS
Having entered into the musical instrument business on a much more extensive scale than formerly, is now prepared to furnish the public with the very best manufactured.
THE CELEBRATED
BELL ORGAN
always on hand, and especially recommended.
—:o:—
Mr. Sarvis also sells PIANOS from the best makers.
All Instruments Warranted for 5 Years.
ORGANS PROMPTLY REPAIRED.
ALSO ORGANS TO RENT AT MODERATE RATES.
—:o:—
B. B. SARVIS is also a
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE COUNTY OF PERTH.
Sales of farms and farm stocks can be arranged for at the most reasonable rates
—:o:—
AUCTION ROOMS and MUSIC EMPORIUM
Two doors west of the Bank of Hamilton, Main street, where Auction Sales will be conducted every Saturday. Household effects and articles of all descriptions may be left at the Auction Rooms to be sold.
B. B. SARVIS,
LISTOWEL ONT. 4.

QUEENIE HETHERTON.

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

"I dare say she did pick berries for almost every girl born in Merrivale does so at some period of her life."

"Then she was born here, and you have seen her, and there is no mistake, and these people they are—they are my grandmother?"

This was the second time Reinette had put her questions in this form, and this time Mr. Beresford laughed heartily, as he replied:

"Yes, they are your grandmother decidedly; but," he added, more quietly, "it is strange your father never told you."

"Not strange at all if you knew him," Reinette said, resolved that no blame should attach to her father. "But tell me," she went on, "tell me all about it—the marriage, I mean, and who are the Fergusons?—nice people, of course, or my mother would not have been one. Who are they, Mr. Beresford?"

The lawyer could not look that proud, high-bred girl in the face and tell her of Peggy Ferguson's beer shop under the elms, of the Martins, prize-fighters of the town, or of the wonder and surprise when Fred Hetherton made Margaret Ferguson his wife. But he dwelt upon the honesty and respectability of John F[illegible]on, and the great beauty of his dau[illegible]ret, whose loveliness had at-[illegible] of the Hethertons.

[illegible]e was evading her questions, [illegible]patient stamp of her little high-heeled slipper she said:

"Mr. Beresford, you are keeping things from me, and I will not bear it. If there is anything wrong about the Fergusons I wish to know it. Not that I shall turn against them," she said, with a flash in her eyes which made her visitor wince. "They are mother's people, and if they are thieves and robbers then I am a thief and robber, too. I see by your face that there is something—that you don't fancy these people of mine, but I tell you I do. If they are mine they are mine, and I won't hear a word against them!"

What a strange, contradictory creature she was, one moment insisting that he must tell her something, if there was anything to tell, and the next warning him that she would not listen to a word. What could he do but stare wonderingly at her, as, dropping the napkin into the bowl of water, she leaned back in her chair and holding him with her bright eyes, said, imperiously:

"I am waiting, go on; father made a *mesalliance*, I suppose."

"Yes, that's about the fact of the case," Mr. Beresford replied, feeling compelled to speak out. "Your mother's family did not stand as high socially as your father's. They were poor, while Mr. Hetherton, your grandfather, was rich, and that makes a difference, you know."

"No, I didn't," she replied. "I thought nothing made a difference in America, if you behaved yourself. But go on. How poor were they? Did they work? What did they do?"

The look in her eyes brought the answer promptly:

"Your grandfather built chimneys and laid cellar walls."

"Well, that's dirty, sticky, nasty work, but no disgrace—people must have chimneys and cellar walls, and I've no doubt he built them well. What did she do—grandmother, I mean? Was she a bar-maid?"

She had almost hit it, but not quite, and Mr. Beresford replied:

"She sold gingerbread and beer; kept a kind of baker shop."

Reinette drew a quick, gasping breath, put the wet napkin again on her head without wringing it at all, and said:

"Yes, I see—I understand. They were unfortunate enough to be born poor; they did what they could to get their living; but that is nothing against them; that's no reason why you should despise them. They are mine, and I won't have it, I say."

"My dear Miss Hetherton," Mr. Beresford began, puzzled to know how to treat this capricious creature, "what can you mean? I do not despise them."

"Yes, you do," she answered; "I see it in your face. I saw it there yesterday when they claimed me. But I won't have it; they are mine. Who was that young man with them? Why don't you tell me about him, and not of them all the time? He is not a Ferguson, sure?"

No, Phil was not a Ferguson, and Mr. Beresford launched at once into praise of Phil, and the Rossiters generally, dwelling at length upon the handsome house and ground at the Knoll, the high position they held in both town and country, the accomplishments of the young ladies, Ethel and Grace, the sweetness and dignity of Mrs. Rossiter, and, lastly, Phil himself, the best-hearted, most popular fellow in the world, with the most exquisite taste in everything, as was shown in what he had done to make Hetherton Place attractive.

It was strange how Reinette's whole attitude and expression changed as she listened. The Rossiters were more to her liking than the Fergusons, and she became as soft and gentle as a purring kitten, forgetting in her interest to wipe the drops of water from her face as the napkin made frequent journeys to the bowl and back.

Mr. Beresford felt that he deserved a great deal of credit for thus extolling Phil, feeling, as he did, a horrible pang of jealousy when he saw the bright eager face flush, and the dark eyes light up with pleasure and expectancy.

"And this young man, this Cousin Philip, will call on me soon to-day, I hope. I am so anxious to see him. It is so nice to have a real flesh and blood cousin, to whom I can talk more freely even than to you. Tell him, please, how I want to see him," she said; and again a pang like the cut of a knife thrilled Mr. Beresford's nerves, as he felt that his kingdom was slipping away.

Reinette was growing tired, and as there was no necessity to prolong the interview longer than was necessary for her pleasure, she gave a little wave of her hand toward the door, and said:

"Thank you, Mr. Beresford; that is all I care to ask you now. You will, of course, continue to look after me as you did after papa until I am of age, and then I shall look after myself. Until then I wish you to see to everything, only stipulating that you let me have all the money I want, and I give you warning that I shall ask for a great deal. I mean to make this place the loveliest spot in the world. You accept, of course? You will be my agent, or guardian, or whatever you choose to call it, but you must let me do exactly as I please, or you will find me troublesome."

She smiled up at him very brightly, while he bowed his acceptance, thinking to himself that he might sometimes find it hard to deal with this spoiled girl who warned him so prettily, and yet so determinedly, that she must have her way.

"I will serve you to the best of my ability," he said; "and if I am to look after your interests it is necessary that I fully understand how much your father died possessed of, and where it is invested. I know, of course, about affairs in this country, but he must have had money, and perhaps lands, abroad. Do you know? Did he have any box where he kept his papers; and will you let me have that box as soon as possible; not to-day, of course, but soon?"

For an instant Reinette looked at him fixedly, while the remembrance of her father's words came back to her: "If letters come to me from abroad, or anywhere, burn them unopened. Promise, Reinette."

She promised, and she would keep her word, and with the instincts of a woman who scents danger from afar, there flashed into h[illegible]ght that if there were let-[illegible]ad, there might be papers w[illegible] must see. She would look the[illegible]t before intrusting them to the care of any[illegible], and if there were a secret in her father's past life, only she, his child, would know it.

"Yes," she said at last, "there are papers—many of them—in a tin box, and when you come again I will give them to you. Father had houses in Paris, and Avignon, too, I think. Pierre knows more of that than I do. Ask him anything you please. But hush! Isn't that a carriage driving up to the door? It may be cousin Philip. I hope so. I'm quite sure of it; and now go, please, and send Mrs. Jerry or Susan to me. I must do something with all this hair, or he'll think me a guy;" and gathering her long, heavy hair in a mass she twisted in into a large flat coil, which she fastened at the back of her head with a gold arrow taken from her morning jacket.

It was not very complimentary to Mr. Beresford to know that while she was willing to receive him *en dishabille*, as if he had been a block, the moment Phil came she was at once alive to all properties of her personal appearance. Nor was it very gratifying to be thus summarily dismissed to make way for another and that other the fascinating, good-for-nothing Phil whom every woman worshipped; but there was no help for it, and bidding good-morning to the little lady who was standing before the mirror with her back to him, fixing her hair, he went out into the hall to meet—not Phil, but Grandma Ferguson and Anna, with the long scarf and wide-awake hat. They had entered without ringing, and as Mr. Beresford opened the door of the library grandma caught sight of Reinette, and entered, unannounced into her presence.

CHAPTER XIII.

THESE PEOPLE.

With a little start of surprise and disappointment, Reinette recognized her visitors, and for an instant her annoyance showed itself upon her face, and then she recovered herself, and went forward to meet them with far more cordiality in her manner than she had evinced toward them the previous day.

"Good-morning, Rennet!" grandma began. "I meant to have come earlier, so as to have a good long visit before noon, for I sha'n't stay to dinner to-day. We are going to have green peas from my own garden, and they'd spile if kept till to-morrow. Oh, my sakes, how hot I am!" and settling herself in the chair Reinette had vacated, the good lady untied her bonnet-strings, took off her purple gloves, and fanned herself rapidly with the huge palm-leaf she carried; "I'll open one of them blinds," she continued; "it's darker than a pocket here, and I want to see Margaret's girl by daylight."

Reinette complied with her request, and then for the first time Mrs. Ferguson noticed the bowl of water, and the dark rings about Reinette's eyes.

"Why, what's the matter?" she asked. "Got the headache? Oh, I'm so sorry. You take it from your mother. She never could go nowhere, to camp-meetin', nor picnics, nor cattle-show, nor dances of any kind, without comin' vomitin' home with sick headache. 'Twas her bile that was out of kilter, though she was as fair as a lily. But you look bilious. Better take some blue mass, or else sulphur and molasses, and drink horehound tea. That'll cleanse your blood."

As she listened, Reinette began to grow rebellious again, or, as she afterwards confessed to Phil, her evil spirit took possession of her, and she could have screamed with disgust at what she knew was well meant, but what seemed to her the height of vulgarity. Sinking into a chair, with her back to the window, and her visitors in it out where she could see them distinctly, she scanned them closely. Grandma in her sprigged muslin" and "lammy shawl," with lavender ribbons in her bonnet, which made her look redder and coarser than had the crape worn on the previous day, and Anna, with her yellow plume and banged hair, sitting stiff and straight, with her hands folded on her lap. She had heard that this was the proper manner for a well-bred lady to assume when sitting, and was surprised to see Reinette lean wearily back in her chair, and cross her little feet upon a footstool, while one hand hung listlessly at her side, and the other supported her head.

"She evidently cares nothing for us," Anna thought, and she was beginning to feel angry and resentful, when Mrs. Jerry looked in, and seeing Mrs. Ferguson, exclaimed:

"Just the one I wanted. I'm making some currant jam, and wish you'd come to the kitchen a minute."

Mrs. Ferguson went out at once, and, left to themselves, the two girls began to talk, Reinette asking numberless questions by way of drawing her cousin out and judging what she was. It did not take long for her to learn that Anna had been for three quarters to a young ladies' seminary in Worcester, after graduating at the High School in Merrivale; that she had studied algebra, geometry, astronomy, chemistry, philosophy, physiology, botany, rhetoric, zoology, English literature, German and French; she had dabbled a little in water colors, had taken lessons on the piano, and sometimes played the melodeon in Sunday school.

"Dear me," said Reinette, drawing a long breath, and changing the position of her feet, "how learned you must be. I have never studied half those things. I hate mathematics, and rhetoric, and geology, and literature, and you are posted in them all. But tell me, now you are through school, what do you do? How do you pass your time? Merrivale is a small place; there cannot be much to occupy one outside. What do you do all day, when it rains, for instance, and you can't go out, and when you first came from school, time must have hung heavily then?"

Reinette had no particular object in asking so many questions; she only wished to make talk, and she had no suspicion of the effect her words had upon Anna, who turned scarlet, and hesitated a moment, then thinking to herself, "It don't matter; I may as well spit it out," she said:

"Reinette, you will know some time how I live, and so I'll tell you myself, and let you judge whether my life is a happy one. You know of course that we are poor. I don't mean that we have not enough to eat and wear, and a roof to shelter us, but we work for our living, and that in republican America makes quite as much difference as it does in monarchical Europe. Father keeps a small grocery, and mother is a dressmaker, with a sign in her window, and, talk as you please of the nobility of labor, and that 'a man's a man for a' that,' the man must have money, and the woman, too; and there are lots of girls in town no better than I am, with not half as good an education, and if you'll excuse me for saying it, not half as good-looking, or half as stylish, who look down upon me because my mother makes their dresses, and I help, and sometimes carry them home, for I have done that; but you don't catch me now carrying parcels through the street like a common drudge. I wouldn't take one to the queen. You ask what I did when I first came from school, I'll tell you. Mother was very busy, for there was a grand wedding in progress to which I was not bidden, but I had to work on the dresses, and take some of them home, and when I rang the front door bell at Sue Granger's, I was told by an impudent house-maid to step round to the side door, as her lady had visitors in the parlor, and it was no place to receive parcels. I tell you I was mad, and I've never carried a budget since, and never will; and I shall be so glad if we ever get out of the business, for I hate it, and I am just as good as Sue Granger, whose mother they say once worked in a cotton mill. Thank goodness I am not as low as that. There's good blood in my veins, too, if I am poor. The Rices (mother was a Rice) are highly connected with some of the best families in the State. Governor Rice is a distant relative of mine, and the Fergusons are well enough."

Here Anna paused to take breath, and Reinette, who had listened to her wonderingly said:

"And do your cousins, Ethel and Grace, share your opinions?"

"Of course not. Why should they? Aren't they big bugs, Colonel Rossiter's daughters? Don't they go to Saratoga, and Newport, and Florida, and the sea-side, and have a maid, and drive their carriage, and live in a big house? Such people can never understand why girls like me feel as I do. Ethel and Grace argue with me by the hour, and say I am just as good as they are, and so I am, though the world don't think so. Their mother, my Aunt Mary, used to close shoes for the shop when a girl, and sell gingerbread across the counter sometimes, just as your mother did. You know, perhaps, that Grandma Ferguson kept a kind of baker's shop."

Reinette flushed to the roots of her hair as she replied:

"Yes, I know, but I supposed—I thought one's respectability depended upon himself—his conduct, I mean, rather than what he does for a living—if the business is honest and justifiable."

"There's where you are grandly mistaken," said Anna. "One's position depends upon how much money he has, or how many influential friends. Is my Aunt Mary any better than when she closed shoes and sold gingerbread? Of course not. She's John Ferguson's daughter just the same; but she's rich now. She is Mrs. Colonel Rossiter, and looked up to, and admired, and run after by the whole town, while ma and I are just tolerated because of our relationship to her. 'Who is that stylish-looking girl?' I heard a stranger say once to Sue Granger, who replied: 'That's Anna Ferguson; her mother is a dressmaker,' and that settled it. The stranger—a stuck-up piece from Boston—wanted nothing of a girl whose mother made dresses for a living. Sometimes I get so mad I hate everything and everybody."

Here Anna stopped a moment, and Reinette, to whom she had twice spoken of her style and good looks, scanned her very closely from her head to her feet, deciding, mentally, that in spite of her banged hair and flashy dress she was good-looking, and had about her a certain style which strangers would naturally remark, even though it was rather fast than refined. But she was not a lady, either by nature or education, and Reinette, who, in some things, was far-seeing for her years, saw readily the difficulty under which her cousin labored. She was not naturally refined, but, on the contrary, vulgar and suspicious, and jealous of those who occupied a position above her, and while she took pains with her person, and affected a certain haughtiness of manner, her language was decidedly second-class, and frequently interlaid with slang and harsh denunciations of the very people whose favor she wished to gain.

While Reinette was thinking all this Anna began again:

"If mother would sell out and take that odious sign from our front window, we can live without dressmaking, but I've given it up. She had a chance a few weeks ago. A French woman from Martha's Vineyard wrote, asking her terms, which she put so high that Miss La Rue declined, and so that fell through."

"What did you call the woman—Miss who?" Reinette asked, rousing up suddenly from her reclining posture and looking earnestly at Anna, who replied:

"Miss La Rue—Margery La Rue, from Martha's Vineyard. She has done some work, I believe, for my cousins, who think highly of her, and suggested her buying out ma's business. Why, how excited you seem! Do you know her?" she asked, as Reinette sprang up quickly, her cheeks flushing, her eyes sparkling, and her whole appearance indicative of pleasurable surprise.

"Margaret La Rue," she repeated. "The name is the name, and she's French, too, you say, but it cannot be my Margery, for the last I heard from her she was in Nice, and talked of going to Rome, but it is singular that there should be two dressmakers of the same name. What do you know of her! Is she old or young?"

"I knew nothing except the name," Anna replied, astonished at her cousin's interest in and evident liking for a mere dressmaker. "Is your Miss La Rue young, and was she your friend?" she asked, and Reinette replied;

"Yes, she was my friend—the dearest I ever had—and the only one I may say, except papa; and she is beautiful, too; she has the lovliest face I ever saw—sweet and spirituelle as one of Murillo's Madonnas, with lustrous blue eyes and sunny hair. Why, Anna," she added, as if impressed with a sudden idea, "her hair is just the color of yours, and she has your complexion, too."

Anna colored, pleased with the compliment to her complexion and her hair, the latter of which she affected to dislike, although it was the then fashionable color.

"Maybe she has some Ferguson blood in her," she said, laughingly. "As Phil says, we all have skim-milk faces, and raw or yellow hair, but how came you so intimate with Miss La Rue, and she only a dressmaker?"

"It is too long a story to tell you now," Reinette replied. "I've known her since I was a child. I never thought anything about her being a dressmaker. She is educated and refined, and good, and true, with not a single low instinct in her nature, and that, I think, is what constitutes a lady rather than money or what one does for a living."

Anna shrugged her shoulders incredulously. In her own estimation she was refined and educated, and yet she was not recognized as a lady by those to whose notice she aspired; but she made no reply, and Reinette continued:

"I shall take steps at once to ascertain if this Mrs. La Rue you speak of is my Margery, and if she is, and it is merely a matter of money which keeps her from accepting your mother's offer, I think I can make two people happy; you first, if taking that sign from your window will do it, and myself, by bringing her here where I can see her every day, if I wish to."

Before Anna could reply, Grandma Ferguson came in, puffing with exercise, and apologizing for her long absence.

"I didn't mean to be gone more'n a minit," she said, "but Mrs. Jerry offered to show me all over the house, and I kinder wanted to see it, as it's my fust chance. The last, and I may say the only time I was ever here, I was turned out o' door afore I could look about me."

"Turned out of doors! For what, and by whom?" Reinette asked, in astonishment, and grandma replied:

"Turned out by your Granther Hetherton, because I came over to tell him his son Fred had run off with your mother. Why, Rennet, child, what's the matter? You are white as a sheet," she continued, as with a long gasp for breath Reinette clasped both hands to her forehead and leaned helplessly back in her chair.

"It's nothing," she said, faintly, "only the pain which was gone has come back again. What you told me was so dreadful—my mother ran off with my father! What for? Why? Were they not married at home? Was there any reason?"

"Reason? No," grandma returned. "There was a nice, big, best room back of the shop, and if it was good enough for Paul Rossiter to be married in, and for your father to spark your mother in, as he did many a time, it was good enough for him to be married in. But now, he was afeard, mabby, that he should have to notice some of us, who he thought no more on than so much dirt, and so he run off with her to New York and got married, and then started for Europe, and I've never seen her sence. But surely, Rennet, you must have known something about it, though Anny here, and Phil too—that's Miss Rossiter's son—will have it that you never heard of us till yesterday, and so never knew who your mother was. Is that so?"

It was a direct question and hurt Reinette cruelly, suffering as she was both mentally and physically. The wet napkin was again applied to her throbbing temples, and then, in a voice full of anguish, and with something defiant in its tone, she said rapidly, like one who wishes to have a disagreeable task ended:

"No, I did not know who my mother was; father never told me."

"That's smart, just like him," grandma interposed; but Reinette stopped her short, and said:

"Hush, grandma! I will not hear my father blamed for anything. He may have acted hastily and foolishly when he was young, but he was the dearest and best of fathers to me. He did not talk much ever, and never of his private affairs; and since I know—that—that—he ran away with my mother, I am not surprised that he did not tell me who she was or anything about her early life. He knew it would pain me and so he let me think her an English woman, as I always did—"

"Yes, but when you started for America a body'd s'pose he would have to see us then and know," grandma said, and Reinette replied:

"Yes, and he meant to tell me when we reached New York. He had a habit of putting off things and he put that off, and when he was dying on the ship he tried to tell me so hard, I know now what he meant when he said: 'When it comes to you forgive me and love me just the same;' and I do—I will—and I'll stand by father through everything;" and Reinette's eyes, where the great tears were standing, fairly blazed as she defended her dead father; and grandma cried, too, a little, but her animosity toward the Hethertons was so great and this silence of her son-in-law seemed so like a fresh insult, that she was ready to fire up in an instant, and when Reinette said to her, "It is very painful for me to hear it, and still I wish you to tell me all I ought to know of mother and father both. Why did you say they ran away?" she began as far back as the first time her daughter Margaret handed Fred Hetherton a glass of beer across the counter, and in her own peculiar way told the story of the courtship and marriage, ending with a graphic description of her call on Gen. Hetherton, who turned her from his house, and bade her never enter it again.

"And I never have till to-day," she said, "when I wouldn't wonder if he'd stir in his coffin if he knew I was here, seein' he felt so much above me. If I'd been a man, I believe I'd horsewhipped him, for there's fight in my make-up. My two brothers, Jim and Will Martin, were the prize-fighters of the town, and could lick any two men single-handed. They are dead now, both on 'em—died in the war, fightin' for their country, and I s'pose it's better so than if they'd lived to do was."

"Yes, oh, yes," Reinette said faintly, neither knowing what she said or what she meant, knowing only that every nerve was quivering with excitement and pain, and that she felt half crazed and stunned with all she heard of the father and mother she had held so high.

Nothing had been omitted, and she knew all about the beer and the gingerbread her grandmother sold, the shoes her mother closed, the berries she had picked to help to buy the blue chintz gown—the pride of the Hethertons, and the inexcusable silence of her father with regard to her mother's death and her own existence. There was nothing more to tell, and Reinette could not have heard it if there had been. Proud and high-spirited as she was, she felt completely crushed and humiliated, and as if she could never face the world again. And yet in what she had heard there was nothing derogatory to her mother's character, or her father's either for that matter. Only it was so different from what she had believed. By and by, when she could reason more calmly she would feel differently and see it from a different standpoint, but now she felt as if she should scream outright if her visitors staid another minute, and she was glad when reminded by the twelve o'clock whistle of her green peas cooking at home, grandma rose to go. She had had no intention of wounding Reinette, but she had no sensitiveness herself, no delicacy of feeling, no refinement, and could not understand how crushed, degraded, heart-broken Reinette felt as she fled up the stairs to go to her own room, and throwing herself upon the bed sobbed and moaned in a paroxysm of grief and despair.

"And these people are mine," she said; "they belong to me, who was once so proud of my blood. Prize fighters, and brewers, and bakers, and mercy knows what, in place of the dukes and duchesses I had pictured to myself! Why did father bring me here, when he had kept the knowledge of them from me so long, or at least why did he not tell me of them. It is dreadful, dreadful, and I hope I may never see one of them again."

Just then her ear caught the sound of horse's feet galloping into the yard, and starting up from her crouching position among the pillows and pushing back her heavy hair from her forehead Reinette listened intently, feeling intuitively that she knew who the rider was, and experiencing a thrill of joy when, a few moments later, Pierre brought her a card with the name of "Phil Rossiter" engraved upon it. Taking the bit of pasteboard in her hand she examined it critically, and pronouncing it *au fait* in every respect, announced her intention of going down to meet her cousin.

"But, mademoiselle, your dress, your hair; monsieur is a gentleman," Pierre said; but Reinette cared nothing for her dress then—nothing for her hair, which had again fallen over her shoulders.

Gathering it up in masses at the back of her head, and letting a few tresses fall upon her neck, she wrapped her pink sacque a little more closely around her, and went hurriedly down to the library where Phil was waiting for her.

CHAPTER XIV.

REINETTE AND PHIL.

He was gotten up after the most approved manner of a young man of elegant leisure and taste. From his short, cut-away coat to the tip of his boots everything was faultless, and his fair, handsome face impressed you with the idea that he was fresh from a perfumed bath, as, with his soft hat under his arm, he stood leaning on the mantel and looking curiously about the room. She, in pink and white dishabille, a good deal tumbled and mussed, her hair just ready to fall down her back, her cheeks flushed and her eyes swollen and red, showed plainly the wear and tear of the last few days. And still there was a great eagerness in her face, and her eyes were very bright as she stood an instant on the threshold looking intently at Phil, as if deciding what manner of man he was. That something in the expression of his face which won all hearts to trust him won her as well, and when he stepped forward to meet her, holding out his hand, she went swiftly to him, and laying her head upon his bosom as naturally as if he had been her brother, sobbed like a child.

"Oh, Philip, oh, cousin, I'm so glad you have come at last," she said. "Why didn't you come sooner, come first of all, before—those—before my—. Oh, I am so glad to see you and find you just like my father!"

Phil did not quite know whether he felt complimented or not to be thus likened to her father, but to say that he was taken aback faintly portrays his state of mind at the novel position in which he found himself. Although warm-hearted and affectionate he was not naturally very demonstrative, or if he were, that part of his nature had never been called into action except by his grandmother. His sisters were very fond and proud of him, but they never caressed or petted him as some only brothers are petted, and only kissed him when parting with him or after a long absence. As to the other girls of his acquaintance, his lips had never touched theirs since the days of his boyhood when he played the old-time games in the school-house on the common, nor had he held a girl's hand in his except in the dance, and when assisting her to the carriage or her horse; and here was this stranger, this French girl, whom till yesterday he had never seen, sobbing in his arms, with his hands clasped in hers as her face bent over them so that he could feel the touch of her burning cheek, and the great tears as they wet his imprisoned fingers. And with that queer perversity of man's nature Phil liked it, and drew her closer to him, and felt his own eyes moisten, and his voice tremble as he said gently and pityingly, as women are wont to speak:

"Poor little Reinette, I am sorry for you for I know how you have suffered; and you have the headache, too, grandmother told me. She was here this morning, she and Anna. I hope you liked her, Reinette. She is the kindest-hearted woman in the world."

"Yes," came faintly from the neighborhood of his hands, where Reinette's face was hidden for a brief instant longer; then, freeing herself from him and stepping backward, she looked at him fixedly, until all the tears and grief left her eyes, which twinkled mischievously as she burst into a merry laugh, and said: "No, I'll be honest with you, Philip, and let you know just how bad and wicked I am. I didn't like her! Oh, I know you are horrified and hate me, and think me awful," she continued, as she sank into an easy-chair, and plunging the napkin into the bowl of water still standing there spread it upon her head. "But you can't understand how sudden it all is to me, who never knew I had a relative in America, unless it were some distant one on father's side, and who, had I been told that I was first cousin to Queen Victoria, would not have been surprised, but rather have thought her majesty honored by the connection, so proud was I of my fancied blood. And to be told all these——"

"What have you been told?" Phil asked, and she replied:

"Everything I am sure, or if there is anything more I never wish to hear it. I know about the chimneys and the cellar walls, the gingerbread and the beer, and closing shoes, though what that is I can't even guess, and the runaway match worse than all the rest unless it be those dreadful men who fought each other like beasts. What were their names? I cannot remember."

"You mean Uncle Tim and Uncle Will Martin," Phil said, calling the men uncle for the first time in his life, although there was not a drop of their blood in his veins.

But he would not tell her so, or hint that he was not as much a Martin as herself.

"You mean Uncle Tim and Uncle Will, grandmother's brothers; they were only great uncles, and had the good taste to get killed in the war. They can't hurt you."

"I know that, but something hurts me cruelly," Reinette replied, clenching her hands together. "And you don't know how much I hate it all—hate everybody—and want to fight and tear somebody's hair; that would relieve me, but it would not rid me of these dreadful people."

She looked like a little fury as she beat her hands in the air, and forgetting that they were strangers, Phil said to her:

"You surprise me, Reinette, by taking so strange a view of the matter. Can you not understand that in America, where we boast of our democracy, there is no such commodity as blood, or if there is, it is so diluted and mixed that the original element is hard to find. It does not matter so much who you are, or who your parents were, as it does what you are yourself."

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

"That used to be written for me in my copy-book at school, and I puzzled my brains over it to know what it meant, understanding at last that it was another version of that part of the church catechism which tells us to do our duty in that state of life to which God has called us."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean by talking poetry and catechism to me," Reinette said, tartly, and Phil replied:—

"I meant that you should look on the brighter side and not hate us all because we chance to be your relatives, and not rebel so hotly and want to fight and tear somebody's hair because, instead of being the granddaughter of—of a Ferguson,"

"Who calls me *Rennet*, and talks such dreadful grammar, and wears purple gloves?" interrupted Reinette, with a half-laugh in her eyes, where the great tears was shining.

Phil smiled a little, for the purple gloves, into which grandma Ferguson persisted in squeezing her coarse red hands, shocked his fastidious taste sorely, but he was bent upon defending her, and he replied;

"Yes, I know all that; grandma is peculiar and old-fashioned, but she does not hurt you, as Reinette Hetherton, one whit. She never had a chance to learn; circumstances have been against her. She had to work all her early life, and she did it well, and is one of the kindest old ladies in the world, and some day you will appreciate her and think yourself fortunate to have so good a grandmother, and you'll get used to us all."

"I never shall," Reinette replied, "never can get used to these people. You know I don't mean you, for you are not like them, although I do think it very mean in you to stand there lecturing me so, when I wanted you to come to me so badly, and thought you would comfort me and smooth the trouble away, and instead of that you've done nothing but scold me ever since you've been here, and nobody ever dared do that before but father, and you know how awfully my head is aching, and you've made it ten times worse. I'm disappointed in you, Philip Rossiter; yes, I am; and I meant to like you so much. But you don't like me, I see it in your face, and you are a Ferguson, too, and I hate you—there!"

As she talked Reinette half rose from her chair, and in her excitement upset the bowl of water, which went splashing over the floor. Then, sinking back into her seat, she began to cry piteously as Phil had never heard a girl cry before. Crossing swiftly to her side he knelt down before her, and taking her flushed, tear-stained face between both his hands, kissed her upon her forehead and lips, while he tried to comfort her, assuring her that he was not scolding her, he was only defending his friends, that he was sorry for her, and did like her, and begging to know what he could do to prove it."

"Please forgive me, Reinette," he said, "and let us be friends, for I assure you I like you."

"Then don't call me Reinette," she said. "Father always called me Queenie and so did Margery, and they are the only people I ever loved, or who ever loved me. Call me Queenie, if you love me, Philip."

"Queenie, then, it is—for by Jove, I do love you; and you must call me Phil, if you love me, and so we seal the compact," the young man said, touching again the sweet, girlish lips, which this time kissed him back without the least hesitancy or token of consciousness.

And so they made it up, these cousins who had quarreled on the occasion of their first interview; and Phil picked up the bits of broken china and the napkin, and wiped up the water with his handkerchief, and told her he could cure her headache by rubbing, just as he often cured his mother's. And Queenie, as he called her, grew as soft and gentle as a kitten, and, leaning her head upon the back of her chair, submitted to the rubbing and manipulations of her forehead until the pain actually ceased, for there was a wonderful mesmeric power in Phil's hands, and he threw his whole soul into the task, and worked like a professional, talking learnedly of negative and positive conditions, and feeling sorry when his cousin decided the pain gone, and asked him to throw open the blinds and let in the light, and then sit down where she could look at him.

There was perfect harmony between them now, and for an hour or more they talked together, and Reinette told Phil everything she could think of with regard to her past life, and asked him numberless questions concerning his own family and the Fergusons generally.

"I am ashamed of myself," she said, "and I am going to reform—going to cultivate the Fergusons, though I don't believe I can ever do much with Anna. What ails her, Phil, to be so bitter against everybody? Are they so very poor?"

"Not at all," said Phil. "Uncle Tom—that's her father—is a good, honest, hard-working man, odd as Dick's hat-band, and something of a codger, who wears leather strings in his shoes, and never says his soul is his own in the presence of his wife and daughter; but he is perfectly respectable, though he doesn't go to church much on Sundays, and always calls my mother, 'Miss Rossiter,' though she's his half-sister."

"What?" and Reinette looked up quickly. "Aren't we own cousins, and isn't your mother my own aunt?"

"No," Phil answered, reluctantly; then, thinking she would rather hear the truth from him than from any one else, he told her of his grandfather's two wives, one of whom was his grandmother and one hers.

"And so the Martins and the prize fighters are not one bit yours; they are all mine," Reinette said, the hot tears rushing to her eyes again.

"Nonsense, Queenie; that doesn't matter a bit. Remember what I told you; blood does not count in this country. Nobody will think less of you because of those fighters, or fancy you want to knock him down."

"But I feel sometimes as if I could; that must be the Martin of one," Reinette said, laughingly; and then she spoke of Anna again, who Phil said was too sensitive, and jealous, and ready to suspect a slight where none was intended.

"But once give her a chance," he added, "and she'd ride over everybody's head, and snub working people worse than she thinks she is snubbed because her mother makes dresses."

This allusion to dressmaking reminded Reinette of what Anna had said with regard to the Miss La Rue who had proposed buying her mother's business, and she questioned Phil of her, but he knew nothing, and Reinette continued:

"Oh, if it only were my Margery, I should be so happy. You don't know how I love her; she is so sweet, and good, and beautiful, with such lovely blue eyes, and hair, and complexion. Why, Phil, as I live, there is a look in your eyes like hers, and Anna reminded me of her, too. Funny, isn't it?"

"Maybe she's a Ferguson, or a Martin," Phil said, and his cousin replied:

"Oh, no, she is genuine French of the blonde type. She was born in Paris, and I've been in the very room. I've known her since we were little girls at school together. It was a private English school, where I was a boarder, and she a day scholar at half rate, because they were poor. I never saw Mrs La Rue but once or twice, and she impressed me disagreeably as quite a common woman, and not at all like Margery. She had been a hair-dresser at one time, I think. Oh, if this Miss La Rue should prove to be my friend? When will you see her? When are you going to the Vineyard?"

Phil could not tell. He had intended going at once, but since coming to Hetherton Place he had changed his mind, for there was something in this wilful, capricious, sparkling girl which attracted him more than all the gaieties of the Sea View House, and he said it was uncertain when he should go to the Vineyard—probably not for two weeks or more.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Reinette said, frankly, "for I do want to know about Margery; but then," she added, with equal frankness, "it's real nice to have you here, where I can see you every day. We must be great friends, Phil, and you must like me in all my moods; like me when I want to tear your eyes out just the same as when I would tear mine out to serve you; like me as well as you do Anna, whom you have known always. Will you promise, Phil?"

"Yes," was his reply, as he took in his the little hand she offered him, feeling strongly tempted to touch again the red, girlish lips, which pouted so prettily as she looked up at him.

One taste of those lips had intoxicated him as wine intoxicates the drunkard; but there was a womanly dignity now in Reinette's manner which kept him at a distance, while she went on to tell him of her good intentions. She was going to cultivate the Fergusons, especially her grandmother, and she should commence by calling there that very afternoon, but Phil must go with her. She would order an early dinner, at half past four, to which Phil should stay, and then they would take a gallop together into town.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN IMMENSE BRIDGE.

Description of the Structure Which Spans the Chaudiere.

OTTAWA, Aug. 31.—The importance of the railway bridge across the Chaudiere Falls at this city, as a connecting link of the Ontario and Quebec systems of railways, affording, when the Toronto and Ottawa section shall have been built, a competitive line to the Grand Trunk Railway, is universally recognized. It is eighteen months since work was commenced on the bridge, and a few weeks more will see trains passing over it. The approaches to it are extensive. On the Ontario side the distance from the bridge to the junction of the Canada Central Railway is 43,000 yards, and on the Quebec side 7,500 yards to the railway track. This entire distance has to be filled in, besides 35,000 yards of filling on Lemieux Island on which the two sections of the bridge connect. The embankments are protected from the water by "rip-rap" work. There are eleven piers and four abutments. Five are on the Ontario side of Lemieux Island, and six on the Quebec side. The piers are of solid masonry, and are 8 feet by 24 feet at the top, and varying from 23 to 33 feet in height, according to the depth of the channel. The roadway of the bridge is 10 feet above the height of the highest flood known to the river. On the Quebec side of Lemieux Island there are six spans of 158 feet each, and one of 258 feet, and on the Ontario side five spans of 158 feet each, and one of 168 feet—a total of 2,164 feet of bridgework, or about one-third of a mile, making it the second longest bridge in Canada. The superstructure is now being erected by Messrs. Clarke, Reeves & Co., of Phoenixville, Pa. Mr. Beemer had the contract for the approaches, abutments, piers, etc. The total cost of the bridge will be $360,000, Mr. Beemer's contract covering $112,000, and Messrs. Clarke, Reeves & Co.'s $200,000. This leaves a margin of $50,000 for extras. The duty on the bridge amounts to $28,000, there being some 1,500 tons of iron. The bridge is constructed by the Quebec Government for the North Shore Railway, which now has its western terminus at the city of Hull, opposite Ottawa, but which terminus will be removed to this city as soon as the bridge is constructed.

—At a recent meeting of German doctor interested in the treatment of insane persons, a paper was read by the Director of the Brunswick State Lunatic Asylum, in which he maintained that much of the increase of insanity in Germany is attributable to the excessive amount of work imposed upon the pupils in the national schools.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Cover the bottom of cask with common salt; gather the cucumbers every other day, early in the morning or late in the evening, as it does not injure the vines so much then as in the heat of the day; cut the cucumbers with a short piece of stem on, carefully laying them in a basket or pail so as not to bruise; pour cold water over and rinse, being careful not to rub off the little black briers, or in any way to bruise them, as that is the secret of keeping them perfectly sound and good for any length of time. Lay them in the cask three or four inches deep, cover with salt, and repeat the operation until all are in; pour in some water with the first layer—after this the salt will make sufficient brine. Now spread a cloth over them, then a board with a stone on it. When a new supply of cucumbers is to be added, remove stone, board and cloth, wash them very clean, and wipe every particle of scum from the top of the pickles and the sides of the cask; throw away any soft ones, as they will spoil the rest; now put in the fresh cucumbers, layer by layer, with salt to cover each layer. When cask in nearly full, cover with salt, tuck cloth closely around the edges, placing the board and weight on top; cover cask closely, and the pickles will be perfect for two or three years. Cucumbers must always be put in the salt as soon as picked from the vines, for if they lie a day or two they will not keep. Do not be alarmed at the heavy scum that rises on them, but be careful to wash all off the board and cloth. When wanted for pickling, take off weight and board, carefully lift cloth with scum on it, wash stone, board and cloth clean, and wipe all scum off the cucumbers and sides of cask, take out as many as are wanted, return the cloth, board and weight, and cover closely. Place the cucumbers in a vessel large enough to hold two or three times as much water as there are pickles, cover with cold water (some use hot), change the water each day for three days, place the porcelain kettle on the fire, fill half full of vinegar (if vinegar is very strong add half water), fill nearly full of cucumbers, the largest first and then the smaller ones, put in a lump of alum the size of a hulled hickory-nut, let come to a boil, stirring with a wire spoon so as not to cut the cucumbers; after boiling one minute, take out, place in a stone jar, and continue until