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PITCHERY-BIDGERY.

The Turning of the Long, Long Lane.

BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER FROM BEYOND THE SEA.

On the morning of July 21st, 1846, the Daily News announced the arrival of the ship Rival at Sydney, New South Wales. As ocean steam navigation had not yet extended so far, the advent of this ship with the English mail created the usual excitement. An eager crowd beset the post office, waiting for the delivery of the mail; and little knots at the street corners were busily discussing the latest hints at news which had been gathered from papers brought ashore by the officers or passengers.

At the lower end of King street was a large warehouse, with an office at the upper extremity, over which was a new sign, which showed with newly gilded letters the words:

COMPTON & BRANDON.

The general appearance of the warehouse showed that Messrs. Compton and Brandon were probably commission merchants, general agents, or something of that sort.

On the morning mentioned two men were in the inner office of this warehouse. One was an elderly gentleman, with a kind benevolent aspect, the senior partner of the firm. The other was the junior partner, and in every respect presented a marked contrast to his companion.

He had a face of rather unusual appearance, and an air which in England is usually considered foreign. His features were regular—a straight nose, wide brow, thin lips, and square, massive chin. His complexion was olive, and his eyes were of a dark hazel color, with a peculiarity about them which is not usually seen in the eye of the Teutonic or Celtic race, but is sometimes found among the people of the south of Europe, or in the East. It is difficult to find a name for this peculiarity. It may be seen sometimes in the gipsy; sometimes in the more successful among those who call themselves "spiritual mediums," or among the more powerful mesmerizers. Such an eye belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte, whose glance at times could make the boldest and greatest among his marshals quail. What is it? Magnetism? Or the revelation of the soul? Or what?

In this man there were other things which gave him the look of the great Napoleon. The contour of feature was the same; and on his brow, broad and massive, there might be seen those grand shadows with which French artists love to glorify the Emperor. Yet in addition to this he had the same serene immobility of countenance which characterized the other, which could serve as an impenetrable mask to hide even the intensest passion.

There was also about this man a certain aristocratic air and grace of attitude, or of manner which seemed to show lofty birth and gentle breeding, the mysterious index to good blood or high training. How such a man could have happened to fill the position of junior partner in a commission business was certainly a problem not easily solved. There he was, however, a man in appearance out of place, yet in reality able to fill that place with success; a man, in fact, whose resolute will enabled him to enforce success in any calling of life to which either outside circumstances or his own personal desires might invite him.

"The mail ought to be open by this time," said Brandon, indifferently, looking at his watch. "I am somewhat curious to see how things are looking. I noticed quotations of wool rather higher than by last mail. If the papers are correct which I saw then we ought to do very well by that last cargo."

Mr. Compton smiled.

"Well, Brandon,' said he, "if it is so it will show that you are right. You anticipated a rise about this time, you know. You certainly have a remarkable forecast about the chances of business."

"I don't think there is much forecast," said Brandon, with a smile, "it was only the most ordinary calculation made from the well-known fact that the exportation this year had been slight. But there comes Hedley now," he continued, moving his head a little to one side so as to look up the street. "The letters will soon show us all."

Mr. Compton looked out in the direction which Brandon indicated and saw the clerk approaching. He then settled himself back in his chair, put his hands in his pockets, threw one leg over the other, and began whistling a tune with the air of a man who was so entirely prosperous and contented that no news whether good or evil could greatly affect his fortunes.

In a short time the clerk entered the inner office, and, laying the letters down upon the table nearest Mr. Compton, he withdrew.

Mr. Compton took up the letters one by one and read the addresses, while Brandon looked carelessly on. There were ten or twelve of them, all of which, except one, were addressed to the firm. This one Mr. Compton selected from among the others, and reaching it out in his hand said:

"This is for you, Mr. Brandon."

"For me?" repeated Brandon, with marked surprise; and taking the letter he looked at the address with eager curiosity.

The address was simply as follows:

LOUIS BRANDON,
Sydney, New South Wales.

The letters were irregular and loosely formed, as though written by a tremulous hand—such letters as old men form when the muscles have become relaxed.

Mr. Compton went on opening the letters of the firm without taking any further notice of his partner. The latter sat for some time looking at the letter without venturing to open it. He held it in both hands, and looked fixedly at that address as though from the address itself he was trying to extort some meaning.

He held it thus in both hands looking fixedly at it, with his head bent forward. Had Mr. Compton thought of taking a look at his usually impassive companion, he would have been surprised at the change which had taken place in him at the mere sight of that tremulous hand-writing. For in that he had read grief, misfortune, perhaps death; and as he sat there, pausing before he dared to break the seal, the contents of the letter had already been conjectured.

Gloom therefore unutterable gathered upon his face; his features fixed themselves into such rigidity of grief that they became more expressive than if they had been distorted by passionate emotions; and over his brow collected cloud upon cloud, which deepened and darkened every instant till they overshadowed all; and his face in its statuesque fixedness resembled nothing so much as that which the artist gives to Napoleon at the crisis hour of Waterloo, when the guard has recoiled from its last charge, and from that imperial face in its fixed agony the soul itself seems to cry, "Lost!" "Lost!"

Yet it was only for a few minutes. Hastily subducing his feeling Brandon rose, and clutching the letter in his hand as though it were too precious to be trusted to his pocket, he quietly left the office and the warehouse and walked up the street.

He walked on rapidly until he reached a large building which bore the sign "Australian Hotel." Here he entered, and walked up-stairs to a room, and locked himself in it. Then when alone in his own apartments he ventured to open the letter.

The paper was poor and mean; the handwriting, like that of the address, was tremulous, and in many places quite illegible; the ink was pale; and the whole appearance seemed to indicate poverty and weakness on the part of the writer. By a very natural impulse Brandon hesitated before beginning to read, and took in all these things with a quick glance.

At last he nerved himself to the task and began to read.

"BRANDON, March 10, 1846.

"MY DEAR BOY,—These are the last words which you will ever hear from your father. I am dying, my dear boy, and dying of a broken heart; but where I am dying I am afraid to tell you. That bitterness I leave for you to find out some day for yourself. In poverty unspeakable, in anguish that I pray you may never know, I turn to you after a silence of years, and my first word is to implore your forgiveness. I know my noble boy that you grant it, and it is enough for me to ask it. After asking this I can die content on that score.

"Lying as I do now at the point of death, I find myself at last freed from the follies and prejudices which have been my ruin. The clouds roll away from my mind, and I perceive what a mad fool I have been for years. Most of all I see the madness that instigated me to turn against you, and to put against the loyal love of the best of sons my own miserable pride and the accusation of a lying scoundrel. May God have mercy upon me for this!

"I have not much strength, dear boy; I have to write at intervals, and by stealth, so as not to be discovered, for I am closely watched. He must never know that I have sent this to you. Frank and your mother are both sick, and my only help is your sister, my sweet Edith, she watches me, and enables me to write this in safety.

"I must tell you all without reserve before strength leaves me forever.

"That man Potts, whom you so justly hated, was and is the cause of all my suffering and of yours. You used to wonder how such a man as that, a low, vulgar knave, could gain such an influence over me and sway me as he did. I will try to explain.

"Perhaps you remember something about the lamentable death of my old friend Colonel Despard. The first that I ever heard of this man Potts was in his connection with Despard, for whom he acted partly as valet, and partly as business agent. Just before Despard left to go on his fatal voyage he wrote to me about his affairs, and stated, in conclusion, that this man Potts was going to England, that he was sorry to lose him, but recommended him very earnestly to me.

"You recollect that Colonel Despard was murdered on this voyage under very mysterious circumstances on shipboard. His Malay servant Uracao was convicted and executed. Potts distinguished himself by his zeal in avenging his master's death.

"About a year after this Potts himself came to England and visited me. He was, as you know, a rough, vulgar man; but his connection with my murdered friend, and the warm recommendations of that friend, made me receive him with the greatest kindness. Besides, he had many things to tell me about my poor friend, and brought the newspapers both from Manilla and Calcutta, which contained accounts of the trial.

"It was this man's desire to settle himself somewhere, and I gave him letters to different people. He then went off, and I did not see him for two years. At the end of that time he returned with glowing accounts of a tin mine which he was working in Cornwall. He had bought it at a low price, and the returns from working it had exceeded his most sanguine expectations. He had just organized a company, and was selling the stock. He came first to me to let me take what I wished. I carelessly took five thousand pounds' worth.

"On the following year the dividend was enormous, being nearly sixty per cent. Potts explained to me the cause, declaring that it was the richest mine in the kingdom, and assuring me that my £5000 was worth ten times that sum. His glowing accounts of the mine interested me greatly. Another year the dividend was higher, and he assured me that he expected to pay cent. per cent.

"It was then that the demon of avarice took full possession of me. Visions of millions came to me, and I determined to be come the richest man in the kingdom. After this I turned every thing I had into money to invest in the mine. I raised enormous sums on my landed estate, and put all that I was worth, and more too, into the speculation. I was fascinated, not by this man, but by the wealth that he seemed to represent. I believed in him to the utmost. In vain, my friends warned me. I turned from them, and quarrelled with most of them. In my madness I refused to listen to the entreaties of my poor wife, and turned even against you I can not bear to allude to those mournful days when you denounced that villain to his face before me: when I ordered you to beg his pardon or leave my roof forever; when you chose the latter alternative and became an outcast. My noble boy—my true hearted son, that last look of yours, with all its reproach, is haunting my dying hours. If you were only near me now how peacefully I could die!

"My strength is failing. I can not describe the details of my ruin. Enough that the mine broke down utterly, and I as chief stockholder was responsible for all. I had to sell out every thing. The stock was worthless. The hall and the estates all went. I had no friend to help me, for by my madness I had alienated them all. All this came upon me during the last year.

"But mark this, my son. This man Potts was not ruined. He seemed to have grown possessed of a colossal fortune. When I reproached him with being the author of my calamity, and insisted that he ought to share it with me, the scoundrel laughed in my face.

"The Hall and the estates were sold, for, unfortunately, though they have been in our family for ages, they were not entailed. A feeling of honor was the cause of this neglect. They were sold, and the purchaser was this man Potts. He must have bought them with the money that he had plundered from me.

"Now, since my eyes have been opened, I have had many thoughts; and among all that occurs to me none is more prominent than the mysterious murder of my friend. This man Potts was with him at the time. He was chief witness against the Malay. The counsel for the defense bore down hard on him, but he managed to escape, and Uracao was executed. Yet this much is evident, that Potts was largely benefited by the death of Despard. He could not have made all his money by his own savings. I believe that the man who wronged me so foully was fully capable of murder. So strong is this conviction now that I sometimes have a superstitious feeling that because I neglected all inquiry into the death of my friend, therefore he has visited me from that other life, and punished me by making the same man the ruin of us both.

"The mine, I now believe, was a colossal sham; and all the money that I invested in stocks went direct to Potts. Good God! what madness was mine!

"O my boy! Your mother and your brother are lying here sick; your sister attends on us all, though little more than a child. Soon I must leave them; and for those who are destined to live there is a future which I shudder to contemplate. Come home at once. Come home, whatever you are doing. Leave all business, and all prospects, and come and save them. That much you can do. Come, if it is only to take them back with you to that new land where you live, where they may forget their anguish.

"Come home, my son, and take vengeance. This, perhaps, you cannot do, but you at least can try. By the time that you read these words they will be my voice from the grave; and thus I invoke you, and call you to take vengeance.

"But at least come and save your mother, your brother and your sister. The danger is imminent. Not a friend is left. They all hold aloof, indignant at me. This miscreant has his own plans with regard to them. I doubt not; and he will disperse them or send them off to starve in some foreign land. Come and save them.

"But I warn you to be careful about yourself for their sakes. For this villain is powerful now, and hates you worse than any body. His arm may reach even to the antipodes to strike you there. Be on your guard. Watch every one. For once from words which fell from him hastily, I gathered that he had some dark plan against you. Trust no one. Rely on yourself, and may God help you!

"Poor boy! I have no estate to leave you now, and what I do send to you may seem to you like a mockery. Yet do not despise it. Who knows what may be possible in these days of science? Why may it not be possible to force the sea to give up its prey?

"I send it, at any rate, for I have nothing else to send. You know that it has been in our family for centuries, and have heard how stout old Peter Leggit, with nine sailors, escaped by night through the Spanish fleet, and what suffering they endured before they reached England. He brought this, and it has been preserved ever since. A legend has grown up, as a matter of course, that the treasure will be recovered one day when the family is at its last extremity. It may not be impossible. The writer intended that something should come of it.

"If in that other world to which I am going the disembodied spirit can assist man, then be sure, O my son, I will assist you, and in the crisis of your fate I will be near, if it is only to communicate to your spirit what you ought to do.

"God bless you, dear boy, and farewell.

"Your affectionate father,

"RALPH BRANDON."

This letter was evidently written by fragmentary portions, as though it had been done at intervals. Some parts were written leisurely—others apparently in haste. The first half had been written evidently with the greatest ease. The writing of the last half showed weakness and tremulousness of the hand; many words would have been quite illegible to one not familiar with the handwriting of the old man. Sometimes the word was written two or three times, and there were numerous blots and unmeaning lines. It grew more and more illegible toward the close. Evidently it was the work of one who was but ill able to exert even sufficient strength to hold a pen in his trembling hand.

In this letter there was folded a large piece of coarse paper, evidently a blank leaf torn from a book, brown with age, which was worn at the folds, and protected there by pieces of cotton which had been pasted upon it. The paper was covered with writing, in ink that was much faded, though still quite legible.

Opening this Brandon read the following:

"One league due northe of a smalle islet northe of ye Islet of Santa Cruz northe of San Salvador ——I Ralphe Brandon in my shippe Phoenix am becalmed and surrounded by a Spanish fleete—— My shippe is fild with spoyle the Plunder of III gallons—— wealthe wh nyghte purchasse a kyngdom—tresure equalle to ye Empyr's revenue——Gold and jewoles in countless store——and God forbydde that itt shall falle into ye hands of ye Enemys——I therefore Ralphe Brandon out of mine owne good wyland intente and that of all my men sink this shippe rather than be taken alyve——I send this by my trusty seaman Peter Leggit who with IX others tolde off by lot will trye to escape in ye Boate by nighte——If this cometh happy into ye hands of my sonne Philip let him herebye knowe that in his place is all this tresure ——wh haply may yet be gathered from ye sea——ye Islet is knowne by III rockes that be pushed up like III needles from ye sands

"Ralphe Brandon"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE CHILDREN'S WATCHES.

Yesterday an old man entered a Little Rock store, and taking from his pocket an old buckskin pouch, he emptied two coins on the counter, and then, after regarding the silver for a few moments, said:

"Mister, I want to buy some goods to make a dress."

"That money is mutilated, old gentleman. This twenty-five cent piece has notches filed in it, and this fifty cent piece has been punched. You see they have been abused. I can't take them.

"Abused," said the old man. "Abused," and he took up the fifty cent piece and looked at it tenderly. "And you won't take it on account of the holes? Heaven grant that I did not have to offer it to you. Years ago when my first child was a little girl, I punched a hole in this coin, and strung it around her neck. It was her constant plaything. At night when she went to bed we took it off, but early in the morning she would call for her watch. When our John—you didn't know John, did you? No? Well, he used to come to town a good deal."

"Where is he now?" asked the merchant not knowing what to say, but desiring to show appreciation of the old man's story.

"He was killed in the war. I say that when John was a little boy I strung this quarter around his neck. One day his watch got out of fix, he said, and he filed these notches in it. He and his sister Mary—that was the girl's name—used to play in the yard, and compare their watches to see if they were right. Sometimes John wouldn't like it, because Mary's watch was big er than his, but she would explain that she was bigger than him, and ought to have a bigger watch. The children grew up, but as they had always lived in the woods they were not ashamed to wear their watches. When a young man came to see Mary once she would fully looked at her fifty cents. "What are you doing?" asked the young man, and when she told him she was looking at her watch, he took it as a hint, and went home. After this she did not wear her watch in company. Well, Mary and the young man got married. John went off in the army and got killed. Mary's husband died, and about two years ago Mary was taken sick. When her mother and I reached her house she was dying. Calling me to her bed, she said: "Papa, lean over." I leaned over, and, taking something from under her pillow, she put it around my neck and said: "Papa, take care of my watch." The old man looked at the merchant. The eyes of both men were moist. "Do you see that boy out there on the wagon?" he said. "Well, that is Mary's child. I wouldn't part with this money, but my old wife, who always loved me, died this morning, and I have come to buy her a shroud." When the old man went out he carried a bundle in one hand and the watches in the other.—Little Rock Gazette.

UNPROVOKED ASSAULT.

Violent Attack on a Member of Parliament

OTTAWA, March 1.—A singular and seemingly unprovoked assault was committed on a member of Parliament in one of the most public thoroughfares in the city, and caused no small sensation. It seems that as Mr. Weldon, who is member for St. John, was returning quietly from his hotel, the Russell House, to the Parliament buildings, while passing up Elgin street, he was violently, unexpectedly and unprovokedly assaulted by a man named Sullivan, who struck him across the face with a stick, cutting him severely on the chin and felling him to the ground. Knocked almost senseless with the force of the blow, and wholly unprepared for the treacherous onslaught, Mr. Weldon was for a moment completely at the mercy of his assailant, who did not hesitate to follow up his unmanly act by kicking his prostrate victim. Fortunately, however, he managed to recover himself and got away from his assailant. Superintendent Neil of the Dominion police says he believes Sullivan to be touched in the brain, and that for some days past he has had a man watching him. He says Sullivan is a monomaniac on one point. He believes it to be his special mission to crush out Fenianism, and is confident he could succeed if the Government would let him have a couple of million to go on with. The cause of last night's assault is not known, but there is little doubt that it was the result of the temper of a madman. Sullivan is said to be an Irisoman, and O'Neill says except on the one point he is perfectly sane. Report has it that Mr. Weldon was opposed to Sullivan in some law suit, but now far that is the case is not known.

MINERS' SUPERSTITIONS.

The miners of the West represent a strange conglomeration of men. The English, Welsh and Germans brought all of the old world superstitions with them, and found themselves among a class of men in the Mexican campsjho could equal and in some cases surpass theirs. The Mexicans drew their tales from two sources, their own Spanish forefathers and the Aztecs and Toltecs, found in the country when their forefathers conquered it. Strange are the beliefs and stories that have prown out of the union of these superstitious elements. Things are lucky or unlucky because possibly some worker in the Hartz said so 500 years ago, or some old Toltec had a fit of nightmare at an equally remote period. One of the most commonly believed tales is that of the "Step Devil." The men tell you that in some of the oldest mines there is an evil spirit which takes the form of a deformed dwarf. A peculiarity about him is that he has immensely long arms—arms so long that he can take off his sandals without stooping. The dwarf, when there is any danger in the mine, such as a cave, goes up the ladders, lifting himself by his arms, and his legs hanging free. As he passes each rung he kicks or stamps it out of the side pieces, so that the men when they attempt to fly find all means of climbing out of the mine destroyed. In very old mines, which were worked by the Indians, there were no ladders, but in their place trunks of trees in which notches had been cut, and the Indians climbed by inserting the big toes in the notches. When the Indians tell you of the "Step Devil" they say that he has on each big toe an enormous nail, and that as he climbs the tree trunks he uses this to gouge the notch out by splitting off the part on which the toe rests. The story is evidently an Indian one, although altered by the Mexicans to suit the change in the means of going up and down the shaft.

—A very old lady on her deathbed, in the penitential mood, said: "I have been a great sinner more than eighty years and didn't know it." An old colored woman, who had lived with her a long time, exclaimed, "Laws, I knowed it all the time."

—The first "Extra 'dition" treaty was made by the newsboys.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

The Charge of the Heavy Brigade—Balaklava, Oct 25, 1854.*

The charge of the gallant Three Hundred—the Heavy Brigade!
Down the hill, down the hill thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen drew to the valley—and stayed.
For Scarlett and Scarlett's Three Hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances broke in on the sky;
And he called "Left wheel into line!" and they wheeled and obeyed.
Then he looked at the host that had halted, he knew not why,
And he turned half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound
"To the charge!" And he rode on ahead as he waved his blade
To the gallant Three Hundred, whose glory will never die.
"Follow, and up the hill!"
Up the hill up the hill, followed the Heavy Brigade.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!
Down the hill, slowly, thousands of Russians
Drew to the valley, and halted at last on the height
With a wing pushed out to the left and a wing to the right.
But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he dashed up alone
Through the great gray slope of men;
And he whirled his saber, he held his own
Like an Englishman there and then.
And the three that were nearest him followed with force,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made,
Four amid thousands; and up the hill, up the hill
Galloped the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

Fell like a cannon-shot,
Burst, like a thunderbolt,
Crashed, like a hurricane,
Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillings and Greys.
Whirling their sabers in circles of light,
And some of us all in a maze,
Who were held for a while from the fight
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right
And rolled them around like a cloud—
Oh! mad for the charge and the battle were we
When our own good red coats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark gray sea;
And we turned to each other, muttering all dismayed:
"Lost are the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!"

But they rode, like victors and lords,
Through the forests of lances and swords;
In the heart of the Russian hordes
They rode, or they stood at bay;
Struck with the sword-hand and slew;
Down with the bridle hand drew
The foe from the saddle, and threw
Under foot there in the fray;
Raged like a storm, or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly, shock upon shock,
Shattered the mass from without;
For our men galloped up with a cheer and a shout,
And the Russians surged, and wavered and reeled
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
Over the brow and away.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

* The three hundred of the Heavy Brigade who made this famous charge were the 4th Grays and the second squadron of the Inniskillings, the remainder of the Heavy Brigade subsequently dashing up to their support. The three were Elliott, Scarlett's aide-de-camp, who had been riding by his side, and the trumpeter, and Shegog, the orderly, who had been close behind him.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—To a lawyer three things are especially precious and sweet—a good fat fee, a delay, and the sound of his own voice.

—The Borsenblatt gives the total number of publications in Germany for the year 1881 as 15,191, as against 14,941 in 1880.

—The French War Minister has resolved to abolish the three cornered hat of the gendarme, and will replace it with a helmet. This will be a sad blow to the poor gendarme, who relied so much on his headgear to impress the populace.

—The delusion of an otherwise sane Chicago man was to believe that his cane was possessed of a spirit. He talked to it, never let it be out of his sight in waking, and kept it by him when asleep.

—The rope with which a convict descended from the window of his cell and escaped at Jackson, Mich., was made of small pieces of tarred twine, taken from bundles of staves in the cooper shop. To gather the material and form the rope required months of sly, hard work.

—A banquet in a steam boiler was recently given by a German manufacturer in the duchy of Baden to celebrate the completion of one of the largest steam boilers in the world. Inside the boiler a table was arranged for 30 guests, while racks for the cookery and wines were placed along the sides.

—Miss Kortright lately brought suit in superior court at Westmeath, Ireland, to recover from the Countess Della Torre possession of her house, with arrears of rent. Counsel stated that the furniture was not sufficient to distrain upon, but that some thirty or forty cats were in possession of the rooms.

—If a coal oil lamp is filled full in a cold room, and then is brought into a warm one, the heat will cause the oil to expand and overflow, and leads to the suspicion that the lamp leaks. This should be avoided by not filling completely; knowing that this may occur, sufficient space should be left to allow for expansion.

—A price is set upon the heads of wild horses in three of the Australian colonies. They hang upon the outskirts of civilization and are a ceaseless cause of annoyance and loss to outlying squatters. They are vicious, physically weak, and worthless as work horses. Stalking them with the rifle, or running them down, is a favorite sport.

—Schleswig-Holstein produces the tallest Germans judging from the investigations of the Chief Surgeon of the Army. During the recruiting years from 1876 to 1880, the said province furnished upward of 5,000 men of an average of less than five feet five inches for the rest of Germany.

—At a meeting of the Philological Society in London the other day, Mr. J. Vogin's "Observations on the Partial Corrections of English Spelling approved by the Filolojical society" were read by Mr. R. Sweet. Mr. Vogin commented on each of the society's changes, approving some. He would spell would, wulld; onion, unyun; stomach, stumma; of, ov; could, cwd, &c. He would keep a difference of spelling where there was a difference of meaning.

—In Pompeii, recently, a very beautiful fountain was found among the ruins. It is said to surpass in beauty any of the fountains hitherto dug up there. Venus is represented as arising on a shell, with Cupid in her arms. Other spirits of love are seen here and there in the waves, while in the background appears a nereid, or water nymph, near a dolphin, with her arms thrown round the neck of a Cupid. In the foreground, on the shore, are two draped women looking at the merry group in the water.

—Claremont, the future residence of Prince Leopold, is being thoroughly overhauled, the drainage is to be put in perfect order, and some structural alterations will be made in the interior of the mansion. The fine ballroom facing the lawn is being converted into a drawing room. This is the chamber in which mass was celebrated during the tenure of the French family—Louis Philippe, Queen Marie Amelie, and the Orleans Princes.

—Germany it is known, is the El Dorado of orders and decorations; still it may cause some surprise to hear, on the authority of the new Army List, that the Crown Prince is a happy possessor of no less than 65 stars and crosses. He is followed by his uncle, Prince Charles, who has 55 decorations, and his cousin, Prince Frederick Charles, with 53. Next on the list comes General Count Puckler the Emperor's Chamberlain, with 49. Prince Bismarck with 44, and Count Moltke with 43. Prince Albrecht of Prussia is the possessor of 35, and Field Marshall Count Manteuffel and Gen. Blumenthal can boast of 33 and 32 decorations respectively.

—Experiments show that the new chrome leather—the result of the new tanning process by bicromate of potash—exceeds in tensile strength the bark tanned article; also, that after it has set under the necessary stress, it still retains an extraordinary amount of elasticity: which is available for tightening machinery belting on pulleys. As illustrating this statement, the fact is shown that a piece of chrome leather bore an ultimate stress of 3,297 pounds per square inch, while a piece of bark leather only bore an ultimate stress of 2,672 pounds per square inch—this example proving the samples of chrome-tanned leather to be stronger than the bark tanned by some fifteen per cent.

—A man was once before the late Judge Kent of Maine on a charge of having burglariously entered a lumberman's camp and stolen clothing and money. The witness for the Government testified that he saw the prisoner's head, right arm, and shoulder thrust through an opening he had made in the cabin, and that the stolen articles disappeared with them. Here the prosecution rested. Whereupon the prisoner's counsel went to the jury gravely protesting that there was no case; that to make out a case of burglary the prosecution must show an entrance of the whole man—at least the larger part of him; the feet at [illegible] the head must have been within the [illegible] Judge Kent instructed the jury to return a verdict of guilty to the extent which the evidence would warrant. After a brief absence the jury returned a verdict of guilty against the prisoner as to his right arm, right shoulder, and head, and the Judge sentenced the arm, shoulder, and head to the State prison for two years. The prisoner might do with the remainder of his body as he pleased.

—Tso An, the late lamented Empress Regent of China, underwent a curious experience in the pleasure garden of the palace at Pere kin a short time before her death. Several huge effiges of lions adorn different parts of the private ground. Two of these mimic lions, cast in pure gold, stood on either side of a shady path, her Majesty favorite resort. As she was strolling up and down this walk one fine morning last March, attended by her ladies of honor, one of the golden lions suddenly sprang into the air from its pedestral, and, with a tremendous roar like the report of a canon, fell nearly at her feet, shattered to pieces. Tso-An swooned away on the spot, and was carried into the palace, where she soon came to herself, and was found to have sustained no damage beyond a severe shock to her nerves. It was subsequently discovered that the hollow body of the lion had been filled with gunpowder, and fired by means of a wire connected with an electric battery fitted up in the private sitting room of a sub-rdinate palace official. This person's arrest, and the depositions subsequently obtained from him by certain ingenious methods of persuasion usually brought to bear upon criminals by the Chinese executive, led to the discovery of an elaborate court conspiracy against the life of the Empress Regent. The conspirators did not long survive their accomplice's revelations.

A MUNCHAUSEN FROM DAKOTA.

He Speaks to a Brooklyn Eagle Editor About the Wonderful Resources of His State.

"Yes, sir," observed the Dakota man, as he picked up his hat and prepared to depart. "The only thing we are troubled with is lack of labor. We've tried everything, but the hands make a fortune the first week or two and start right out for themselves. We're a population of capitalists, and it looks as though we might go to the wall for want of poor men to do the heavy work."

"Have you tried Chinamen?" asked the Eagle's editor.

"Tried everything. Now there's Chinamen. Last fall I wanted to get in my cotton. Dakota grows the finest cotton in the world, and by crowing up to $800 a bale. Couldn't get the work done. Couldn't hire a man except a few preachers, who were only getting twelve or fifteen thousand a year, and were willing to make a few hundred a day extra by working in the fields. So I put in a thousand gross of Chinamen to pick that cotton."

"How did you come out?" inquired the editor, becoming interested.

"Didn't come out at all! Ain't out yet! Why, sir, that cotton was so white and so firm that those Chinamen just rolled it up in little pellets and boiled it for rice and ate it up! Lost a million and a half of bales! Lucky for me, it was only the second crop of the season, and I managed to pull through with the third and fourth, or I'd been busted. Chinese won't do, sir; won't do."

"I should think you would train your Indians and put them at it," suggested the editor.

"That's been tried sir," replied the Dakota man. "It's no use. Year before last I had to call all hands off to run up a new lead in my gold mine that I just started back of the house to amuse the children, and I put the whole Sioux nation down in my meadow gathering rice. You see you can't get rice anywhere like you can get it in Dakota, and while I didn't really need the crop I thought I'd take it in. Well, sir, those savages worked tooth and nail for two months, and finally they got it all in. But it did no good."

"Why not?" queried the editor.

"Why not? Because those ill begotten aborigines just bored an auger hole through each last grain of rice and went loop frogging around the farm with the whole crop hung around them for ornaments. It may surprise you when I tell you that I only got one grain of rice out of that crop, but it's a fact. I had it cut off round, and now I use it for a grindstone. Then there's the half-breeds from ever the line; there a terror!"

"Can't you do anything with them?" asked the astounded editor.

"Well, I should remark to the contrary," explained the Dakota man. "I organized eighteen regiments of 'em to look after my tobacco this winter. You know it's so warm up there that you can only grow tobacco during the cold snaps; and then you have to hire gangs to hold umbrellas over it so's to keep the sun off. I got these half breeds down and started 'em in. They were so lazy they neglected it and the whole tobacco crop was sunstruck. It caught fire, and when I left it was burning yet."

"Lost it all, eh?" murmured the paralyzed editor.

"No, I made a little something out of it. You see, Dakota soil is a rich, soft loam, about seven miles deep and very easy to work. So I run pipes from my farm over to Minnesota, and made connections with the houses. All a man in those states has to do now is to pick up his mouthpiece and smoke. The amount is regulated by a meter and I don't come out dead loser on the deal, but no more half breeds for me! I'm through with that truck! And I'm through with Swedes, too; now you hear me shout!"

"I thought they were a most industrious race?"

"So they are, and there's the trouble; I ordered several car loads from the East and put 'em to work watching my sugar cane. The trouble with cane in that country is it grows too fast, and I wanted hands to keep it back. Well, sir, those dog gone Swedes just went in, and before I knew it that cane was three quarters of a mile high and the molasses running all over everything. Washed away my house and barns and stock, and flooded the whole district. I didn't care for that, because I could afford it; but all the game on the prairie got stuck fast in the stuff and spoiled the hunting. There's no fun in knocking a buffalo over with a club. You want to chase him. Same with an antelope or an ostrich."

"Do they have ostriches out there?" asked the editor.

"Well, you bet! They're a regular pest. At first we thought we might do something in feathers, but they got so common that now they are only used for beds and fuel. I came East to look at some insect powder that is said to drive 'em out, and, speaking of that you wouldn't mind lending me a ferry ticket to go to New York, would you? All my money was in dust, and I left it at the sub Treasury to be coined. Couldn't get it done until to-morrow, and then I'll hand you the ticket."

The editor gave him the ticket, and then sent to Washington for the census report, to see what Dakota really did raise, and didn't strike it until he turned to the section, "Liars," and there he found a heap of valuable information.

FOR LADIES ONLY.

—Over 400 applications for divorce are before the Cincinnati courts.

—Miss Kate Field says that American shop manners are the worst in the world.

—The St. Louis schoolmarm has an average remuneration of $615 per annum.

—Harvard has decided to accept a fund for the medical education of women.

—Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was 380 years old when she got married. Take our age, ladies.

—A married woman in Robertson county, Ky., who is only 15 years old, is six feet six inches in height.

—A young lady who was squeezed between two freight cars says it felt just like trying on a pair of new corsets.

An Indianapolis couple were married in 1872, divorced in 1877, remarried in 1879, and now sue to be redivorced.

—Miss Hermann, the woman who is starving herself to death in the Clark county, Ind., poor asylum, is still alive. She has fasted for 45 days.

—A widow at Lafayette, Ind., receives $1,700 as her husband's back pension, though she was a wife for a day only, having married him while he was dying.

—There is a young woman shoemaker in Atlanta. She has a small shop of her own, in which she hammers and stitches as deftly as any man in the trade.

—Milliners in the Black Hills region must exist on the east wind. There are nine millinery shops there, although the entire population contains only forty one women.

Whene'er perchance you turn this page,
Your eyes may meet these words I've traced,
And woo remembrance back when age
Has all except these lines effaced.

—Album Verses.

—The Gainsborough hat has been crushed at last. Now and then a young lady from the country, who has had no other hat, wears one to a theater, but this seldom occurs.

Alphonse Karr said: "Speak always of women in general with respect and admiration; but to women in particular say that all other women are either ugly or coquettes."

—A new row of business houses at Charlotte, Mich., has been named Old Maid's block by the owner, who is a maiden of 40, and rather proud of having made a fortune for herself as a milliner.

Governor Long is a believer in woman's rights, practically as well as theoretically, and has just appointed one of the sex—Miss Harriet R. Lee of Salem—a trustee of one of the Massachusetts insane asylums.

—Miss Julia Best, of Richmond, Ind., has just recovered a watch lost in a Pullman sleeper three years ago. In rebuilding the car the workmen found the watch wedged in the corner of the berth.

—A fanciful gift conferred recently upon the young American prima donna, M'lle Van Zandt, by Baroness Rothschild, was a half dozen diamond swallows, intended to be worn as ornaments for the bodice.

—Of 980 women who are this year pursuing the higher courses of education in St. Petersburg, 521 study physics and mathematics, and only 417 literature; 610 are of noble origin, and 774 profess orthodox faith.

—The Boston Globe thinks, as we all do, that when a woman does a man's work she should get a man's pay. It also adds "that, as a rule, when they are obliged to work women have as much responsibility to shoulder as men."

—In the last number of Our Continent Kate Field comes out strong in favor of wearing knee breeches instead of trousers. What queer tastes some women have about their clothes, anyway. Dr. Mary Walker, now, would rather part with her reputation than her trousers.

—A most beautiful tidy can be made by taking a square of satin, lined with a stout piece of holland. The satin may be either painted or embroidered. The border should be of Miracourt lace, with the heavier parts embroidered in floss of one color that harmonizes with the tints in the decoration.

—The Mormons have placed four handsome, educated, English females at work in the Washington lobby in their behalf. And it seems reasonable to expect that there will be so much of this South American business and other matters to attend to, that Congress will not be able to tackle this Mormon question.—Boston Post.

—An old woman took a blackened clay pipe out of her traveling bag in a St. Louis railroad station, and began to smoke. She was told that smoking was not allowed in that room. Without taking the pipe from her mouth, she drew a long knife and laid it across her lap. She was allowed to puff away until her train came along.

—Some of the new Bernhardt gloves which reach far above the elbow, and are especially designed to be worn with short sleeved evening toilets, are finished at the tops with insert on bands of costly point or duchess lace, three inches wide, and above this a ruffle of the same lace, put on with little or no fullness. This gives a soft and delicate look to that portion of the glove which generally has an unfinished look, especially in the Danish glove, that is left unbound at the top.

FIGHTING SMALLPOX.

Dr. Wight's Paper Before the Michigan Sanitary Convention.

(From the Detroit News.)

Below are given some of the main points made by Health Officer Wight, of Detroit, in his paper on the work of combating smallpox, read before the State sanitary convention at Ann Arbor:

"From smallpox and love but few remain free," was a proverb of the middle ages, which showed the universal prevalence of the disease at that time. The earliest measure for combating smallpox was inoculation, which originated in the east, and was brought to the notice of the medical profession in England by Lady Montague, who in 1717 wrote an account of the invention of "engrafting" as practiced in Constantinople for the prevention of smallpox. The operation was performed by old women, and Lady Montague had it performed on her little son. In 1721 it was introduced simultaneously into England and America, but its growth was slow. Statistics carefully gathered by Dr Gregory show that smallpox from inoculation is mild, and that the mortality from it is only three in the thousand; the vital objection to it, however, is that it disseminates the disease in its natural form, and it is now prohibited by law in most civilized countries.

THE DISCOVERY OF JENNER

by a "masterpiece of medical induction," has given to mankind the only means of preventing natural smallpox—that of vaccination. The advantage of vaccination over inoculation is not generally understood, but is very simple. When a person is inoculated with smallpox he veritably has that disease in its true state; it may be fatal to himself and it may be communicated by contagion to others. But when once it has gone through the system of a cow and produced a disease there, it cannot be recommunicated to the human species except by inoculation, and it can only be communicated from person to person by the same means; nor can it ever assume the original virulence of smallpox, which is the case in the original system of inoculation. Yet when conveyed from the cow

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1882.

THE supplementary report of the Commission appointed to examine into and report upon the number of new factories and the increased number of hands employed in the old established factories since the fall of 1878, together with the state of wages, price of goods, etc., was presented to the House by Sir Leonard Tilley on Tuesday afternoon. The report is an important one, since it deals conclusively with the question of the developement of manufactories under the National Policy. The result of the Factory Commission's investigation will be exceedingly gratifying to every true Canadian; but of course will not be very comforting to those who, for party purposes, have ridiculed the fact of there having been a large increase in the number of factories started and in the number of hands employed since the advent of the N. P. Ninety-six new factories have come under the observation of the Commission during its investigation. This list, however, the Commissioners would have it understood, does not represent the whole of the factories which have been started in the Dominion during the past three years. A detailed statement is given of the 96 new factories, employing 7,242 hands, established since 1878. The per centage of increase in the number of hands employed in factories which were in existence prior to September, 1878, is also given. In foundries the increase has been 14 per cent; in furniture factories, increase, 20 per cent; in boot and shoe factories, increase 11 per cent: in glass and pottery works, increase 25 per cent.; in organ and piano factories, increase 28 per cent.; in wool knitting factories, increase 19 per cent.; tobacco and cigars, increase 7 per cent.; clothing factories, increase 14 per cent.; cotton factories, increase 30 per cent.; rope, flax and brush factories, increase 11 per cent.: miscellaneous manufactures of wood, increase 10 per cent.; miscellaneous manufactures of iron, increase 16 cent.; general miscellaneous manufactures, increase 23 per cent. A comparison of the prices of manufactured goods between January, 1879, and the date of visit in 1881, shows the number of factories which have made no change in the prices of goods to be 322; factories which have increased by 25 per cent., 2; factories which have increased by 20 per cent., 4; factories increased by 15 per cent., 1; factories increased by 12 per cent., 1; factories increased by 10 per cent., 18; factories increased by 7½ per cent., 1; factories which have increased by 5 per cent., 18; factories which have decreased by 25 per cent., 3; factories decreased by 20 per cent., 3; factories decreased by 15 per cent., 5; factories which have decreased by 10 per cent., 11; factories which have decreased by 7 per cent., 25. The number of factories from which no information was obtained is 13. The increase in most of the factories was stated to be on account of an advance in the price of the raw material. A comparison of the state of wages between January, 1879, and the date of visit in 1881, shows the number of factories where wages have remained the same to be 135; factories started since January, 1879, and made no change, 59; factories showing an increase of 35 per cent., 3; factories showing an increase of 33 per cent., 2; increase of 30 per cent., 9; increase of 25 per cent., 21; increase of 20 per cent., 42; increase of 17½ per cent., 1; increase of 15 per cent., 66; increase of 12½ per cent., 5; increase of 10 per cent., 93; increase of 8 per cent., 2; increase of 5 per cent., 3; factories where the rate of wages was not ascertained, 4; factories showing a decrease, none.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

The following interesting sketch of a trip to the "golden State" was written to a friend by Mr. Geo. Armstrong, late teacher of the public school at Tyrone:

Left Stratford on Tuesday January 3rd and arrived at Chicago next morning about eight. Stopped there until one and took a stroll around the city. It is a wonderful business place. The depot of the North-Western is a handsome place, and fitted up to perfection. Left Chicago at noon and arrived at Council Bluffs next morning at 10 a. m. For about ten miles after leaving Chicago the country is perfectly level, and laid out in town lots without any fences to hide the view, with clusters of 40 or 50 houses every half mile, and here and there a little park of trees planted as regular as possible. It looked very pretty. From here there was nothing interesting until we crossed the Mississippi. It was free of ice and the steamers were running. It was very broad, but I think very shallow here. We then travelled along over level prairie land with large fields of corn on both sides of us till we reached Omaha. We changed cars at Council Bluffs, where there is a very handsome depot, and went across the Missouri by an iron bridge about a mile long, to Omaha. This is a muddy, dirty town, about the size of London, I should judge. The frozen ridge of mud in the middle of the main streets here was about two feet high. Left Omaha at 6 o'clock in evening, and when I awakened I found myself out on the wild and boundless prairies. There was but a few inches of snow on the ground, leaving the bunch grass and sage bush sticking up a foot or two. We are continually rising after leaving Omaha, for 500 miles, when we reach the Black Hills, 7,000 feet higher than Omaha. We crossed the river Elkhorn, famous in dime novels, in Nebraska, which flows into the Platte. In this valley we saw a flock of about 100 antelopes. Low hills here begin to rise on both sides of us, a few miles off. Fremont is the first important place we come to. From here we follow the Platte river, sometimes on the very edge of it, then again miles away from the river bed. The valley is very level and very wide, closed in by low hills which rise almost straight up on north and south, and away to the east and west as far as the eye can reach, nothing but the dead level of the prairie. This is the valley through which the old emigrant trail led when the hardy pioneers travelled in covered wagons to the west, beset by Indians at every turn, and here and there we pass a headboard marking the place where some of those brave pioneers fell beneath the hatchet of the Indian, or laid down tired and weary of their trials nevermore to rise. Here it was that the western scouts displayed their noble daring and ingenuity in defending those committed to their charge. The next place of any importance that we reach is Grand Island, 1,500 pop. Had a real western dinner at a place called Elm Creek, venison, buffalo meat, blackberries, &c. The next place of any importance is North Platte, a beautiful little town, 2,000 pop. After travelling about 100 miles from here we can see the Black Hills of Wyoming, about 40 miles distant to the right of us. When we went through it it was snowing and things could not be seen very plain, but they tell us that we can see Pike's Peak from here on a clear day, 175 miles distant. Climbing up on top of the car we can see a dark line on the horizon ahead of us; this is the long expected sight—the Rockies. We soon reach Cheyenne, 6,000 pop., a beautiful place, clear and perfect streets. It has a $70,000 hotel, the Inter-Ocean, rather good for a small place. Soon after leaving here we reached the summit of the Rockies. There is a station here called the Summit. We had a foot race of about 50 yards and were clean used up the air is so thin and rarified. We then sat down to contemplate the beautiful scene. The moon was shining bright, and on one side could be seen clouds or steam from several small streams that wandered away glittering in the soft moonlight as they trickled down to join the flowing river, from there to glide peacefully into the wide Atlantic. On the other side the scene was, repeated with the difference that the waters stealing away through the soft and fleecy snow are destined to reach the Pacific on the other side of this mighty continent. It is like twin children, who, as they grow older drift apart to different lands until they are separated by the vast extent of a whole continent or ocean. This is the centre of the great American continent, the backbone, whose iron ribs are represented by the many smaller ranges and spurs that slope away to the east and west. From this point range on range, gorge after gorge can be seen dotted here and there with tall peaks that reach away beyond the fleecy clouds into the blue expanse above, while far away to the east can be seen the white and glistening plains which seem like a vast ocean of waters glittering in the pale light of the moon, while nearer nestling in the hollows between brown and rugged rocks lie miniature prairies dotted with the great cattle ranches of the west. From here we pass for miles over a level plain over the very top of the Rockies. Nothing of any great interest comes up until we reach Utah. Sometime after we get into this State the mountains close in on us and we wind in and out along the course of a small stream through Echo and Weber canyons where we pass the grandest scenery on the road. The first great sight is the Castle rocks, formed of red sandstone, rising perpendicularly to from 500 ft. to 1,500 ft. in height, so close on our right that we can almost reach out and touch them, while on our left a tremendous chasm yawns right below us, while we thunder on down a thread-like path, passing Pulpit rock, which stands out like some dome almost round and rising several hundred feet high, we pass out into the open for a short time, then into Weber canyon where the rocks rise to a fearful height on both sides, while the river rushes foaming and boiling between. Soon after entering we pass a large pine tree on the side of the cliff, exactly 1000 miles from Omaha, called the thousand mile tree. Passing on to the left we come to the Devil's Slide, two narrow slabs of rock about 100 feet high and 20 feet apart, running parallel from top to bottom of the mountain. After passing out of here we reach Ogden, a Mormon town, where we change cars and get on the Central Pacific Railway. We cross over the great American desert in Nevada, and after about a day's travel reach the boundary of California, where the beautiful summer scenery of the Sierra Nevada mountains begins. We pass along through miles of snow-sheds and come out of the side of steep mountains, where we appear to hang between heaven and earth and everything is green and beautiful. The hillsides covered with ferns and pine trees, and like the donkey who comes out of the stable for the first time in spring, we shout "everything lovely." On we hurry past mining towns where the water flumes have washed away immense banks of gravel to get the golden grains of sand that glitter for greedy eyes. We pass a mighty precipice called Cape Horn. Here the road bed was made by men let down by ropes from the top until they gained a foothold on the side of the mighty precipice. Looking down below us so far that our heads turn dizzy and faint, we see the river like a silver thread 2,500 feet below, and so close that we feel confident we could jump into it; while on the right we look straight up and see the top of the ridge 1,000 feet above us. This is said to be the grandest scene in America, and I should think it is. From here we descend rapidly into a warm climate and begin to pass miners' cabins surrounded by beautiful trees just clothed in the beautiful fresh and green mantle of spring, while the gardens teem with vegetables of all kinds. We soon get down into the level valley and pass fields of wheat growing green about 3 or 4 inches long, while flocks of sheep graze quiety in the green pastures, and arrive in Sacramento, a small but very pretty city, 22,000 population. Stay only one hour and a half, and then puff ahead for San Francisco, crossing a vast tract of wild lands almost under water, growing coarse grass very like bulrushes and covered with millions of wild geese; arrive at Oakland and ferry across to city, distant 3¾ miles.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT WINNIPEG.

A Number of Buildings on Main and Graham Streets Destroyed.

Winnipeg, Man., March 13.—A fire broke out shortly after midnight in McEnerny & Curran's grocery store, and burnt ten stores—from the Ontario Bank on the south to the Montreal Bank at the north, along the west side of Main street. The firemen were soon on the ground, but, owing to a lack of appliances and a scarcity of water, their efforts were futile. Two firemen narrowly escaped with their lives. A rumor that Mrs. Curran, an elderly lady, was burned to death, proved untrue. At first it was confidently expected that the fire would be confined to the premises in which it started, but owing to the combustible nature of the adjoining stores this proved out of human possibility, and it soon burst out in Hall & Co's confectionery, and from there rapidly spread until the walls of the Montreal Bank were reached. Seeing that it was impossible to save the block, all hands at once started to empty the stores of their contents, commencing at the end nearest the fire. Goods were placed in the centre of the road, but as the heat grew more intense, they had to be moved farther away. The salvage corps and assistants emptied store after store, but their efforts were kept pace with by the flames, which burst round the corner of the bank and over the roof, and it was the stability of the walls and nothing else which put an end to the devastating element. The wind, fortunately, was not blowing very hard at the time; otherwise a number of rookeries at the rear of the burnt stores would have added fuel to the flames. The cause of the fire was a defective flue in the grocery store where it started. Two safes, containing a number of valuable books and papers and about $150,000, were taken out of the flames, and the contents found thoroughly preserved and intact. The Syndicate and Bank of Montreal officials took everything out, but the building withstood the test. The losses will foot up $100,000, with the following insurances:—Zinkan & Co., $2,500, in the British American Company, and $2,500 in the Hartford; McLenahan, $1,000 on building; D. McArthur, trustee of the building known as Caldwell's drug store, had $800 in the Phœnix; J. G. Hargreave, $10,000 in the Phœnix on the building; J. B. Brooks, $2,000 in the Western; Hunter, grocer, $1,000 on stock in the Western; A. S. Empey, $1,000 in the Queen; J. Adams, $2,000 in the Queen; E. H. Taffe, $1,000, in the Phœnix of Brooklyn, N. Y. The firemen evinced great pluck, and fought perseveringly, but the appliances were not equal to the emergency.

Given Away.

We can not help noticing the liberal offer made to all invalids and sufferers by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. You are requested to call at J. H. Michener's Drug Store, and get a Trial Bottle *free of cost*, if you are suffering with Consumption, Severe Cough, Cold Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness, or any affection to the Throat or Lungs. It will positively cure you.

"Before you make a friend, eat a peck of salt with him," but you need not wait two seconds to find out whether the pen you have just tried is a good one or not. If not, try Esterbrook's.

STRATFORD.

Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford, was unanimously nominated by the Presbytery of Stratford for Moderator of the next General Assembly.

ELMA.

FAREWELL FESTIVITIES.—Mr. Catlock is going to Manitoba, and on Thursday evening took farewell of his numerous friends in the township at a social gathering, at which quite a number, young and old, met to bid him farewell, and wish him success in the new land for which he is bound. The young folks had a good time of it, and music, song and dance were kept up till the "we sma hours ayont the twal," when the party separated, evidently well pleased with themselves and their entertainers.—Mr. and Mrs. Catlock.

BRITTON.

We are pleased to see that Mr. Gray, who had the misfortune to break his leg some time ago, is able to walk out once more.

Mr. W. W. Stevenson has sold his property in Britton to Mr. Joseph Freeman, of Chatsworth, who intends starting a store in the village. A good store will be a great convenience to the people of this vicinity, and we are sure Mr. Freeman will be well patronized.

Quite a number of the people of Elma propose removing to the Northwest this season. The first party, consisting of Mr. John Keating and family, William Keating and family, and Wm. McCauley, left on Thursday, 16th inst., per G. T. R. The party purpose taking five car loads of stock, wagons, sleighs, etc., with which to begin farming on a large scale.

NEWTON.

OBIT.—We regret to record the death of Mrs. Phineas McDonald who departed this life on Feb. 21st, universally regretted. The bereaved husband has the heartful sympathy of the community.

SOLD OUT.—We believe that Mr. Wm. Ross has disposed of his farm. The purchaser is Mr. Hugh Jack. Mr. Ross intends removing to Collingwood.

Mr. Simon Loney is going to Manitoba on the 15th inst. to reconnoitre.

Mr. George A. Loney has passed his Matriculation Examination and is now a clerk in Woods & Fisher's office in Stratford.

NOTES.—A party of thirty Indians are camped in the woods.—Spring birds have appeared.—The revenue of Newton Post Office is over $160.—GULLIVER.

DONEGAL.

The other day a ewe, belonging to Mr. John Irwin, gave birth to four lambs, which are all living and doing well. Mr. Abraham comes next with a ewe which gave birth to three lambs. Mr. Abraham has also a cow which gave birth to twin calves. We have not heard of anybody having a cow with six calves this year, and hope no one will send anything so outrerly utter" to the papers, as people might find it hard to swallow such a dose, even in these times of the N. P.

Mr. Jas. Terry, who for the past number of years has been carrying on the blacksmithing business here, is about to leave our "city," and take up his abode in Molesworth, where he intends carrying on business. Mr. W. S. Buchanan, who has purchased Mr. Terry's shop here, will carry on the Donegal business. We wish both our friends success. Mr. and Mrs. Terry will be much missed, as they were very highly esteemed by both young and old.

The Rev. Mr. Smith, of London, preached the missionary sermon at Trinity Church on Sunday, in the stead of the Rev. Mr. Campbell, who was unavoidably prevented from being present.—COM.

WALLACE.

COUNCIL.—The municipal Council of Wallace met, pursuant to adjournment, at the Queen's Hotel, Gowanstown, on the 4th inst., all the members present; the Reeve in the chair. The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed. Communications—From the editors of the Listowel STANDARD and *Banner*, Palmerston *Telegraph* and Stratford *Herald*. Moved by J. Robinson, seconded by W. King, that the bill of N. Ure & Co., amounting to $12.44 for election papers and rolls for Assessor and Collector, be paid, and the Reeve issue his order—carried. Moved by A. Kennedy, seconded by J. Robinson, that $50 be granted by this Council to cut and repair Shipley hill, providing that interested parties supplement the grant with an equal amount—carried. Moved by A Kennedy seconded by J. Robinson, that M. Scherer be paid $14 for advertising Municipal Election of 1882, and printing ballots and Financial Statement in German—carried. Moved by A Kennedy, seconded by W. Ferguson, that the following bills for shovelling snow on the gravel road be paid, and the Reeve issue orders accordingly: Elmfreid Bender, $4, R. McIlroy, 25c., N. Fennell $1, Adam Wenzel, 25c.—carried. Moved by J. Robinson, seconded by A. Kennedy, that the Treasurer put all notes for taxes in his possession into Court for immediate collection—carried. Moved by A. Kennedy, seconded by J. Robinson, that John Stewart, Treasurer, be paid $8 for time and expenses to Stratford on township business, and the Reeve issue his order—carried. Moved by J. Robinson, seconded by A. Kennedy, that the Reeve's report stating that Gowanstown Church can be bought for $325 be laid on the table for further consideration—carried. Moved by W. Ferguson, seconded by W. King, that the Clerk at once communicate with D. D. Hay, Esq., M. P. P., for advice and instruction in order that we may most speedily obtain the Land Improvement Fund due to this Municipality, together with interest which should have accrued on the amount so long due—carried. Moved by J. Robinson, seconded by A. Kennedy, that the Council adjourn to meet on Saturday the 8th April next, and time be extended to the Collector for making a final return of his roll until that date, when pathmasters, poundkeepers and fenceviewers for the current year will be appointed—carried. The Council adjourned accordingly.

At a special meeting of the Council, called by the Reeve on Saturday 11th inst., it was moved by J. Robinson, seconded by W. Ferguson, that Geo. Follis, Esq., Reeve of Wallace, is hereby invested with authority to proceed at once to Toronto, and receive from the Honorable the Provincial Treasurer of Ontario the amount of Land Improvement Fund due this municipality; and would hereby express the desire that the Honorable the Provincial Treasurer will pay the same by draft on the Bank of Hamilton, at Listowel, and the Clerk is authorized to attach the Corporate Seal of the Municipality to this resolution—carried. The Council adjourned.

I may state for the satisfaction of the ratepayers of Wallace, that the principal now due and payable is $7,548.19, and the simple interest on the sums which should have been paid in 1861—1867 at 6 per cent. amounts to about $7,700.00.

R. G. ROBERTS, Clerk.

MORNINGTON.

COUNCIL.—The Council met according to adjournment at Buchanan's Hall on Monday March 6th; members all present; the minutes of last meeting were read and signed. The Clerk laid before the council a communication from Lewis Bolton, Esq., P. L. S., in regard to a ditch on the 12th line—no action taken. The Reeve was authorized to issue the following orders:—Mrs. Rutherford $2.60 back tax refunded, Wm. Campbell having paid the same; A. Henderson $27 gravelling on Wellesley townline Mornington's share; J Grattan $4.50 spreading gravel on Wellesley townline; J. Gamble $30 salary as collector; J. Drummond $32.50 salary as collector; Mrs. Forsyth 47cts. and Mrs. Langley 37cts. tax refunded indigent relief, J. McGregor 69 cts. plank to pathmaster, J. Grattan $8 indigent relief; J. Dunbar $5, do., Mrs. Langley $5 do., Mrs. Forsyth $5 do., G. Farrell 60 cts. repairing scraper, N. Ure & Co. $4 assessment rolls and express charges on same, J. Armstrong 75 cts. repairing pick and clevis for scraper, W. Greenwood $1.15 gravel to pathmaster. T. McDowell, $1.44, gravel to pathmaster. The auditors presented their report which was read by J. Gibson auditor. Moved by Mr. Freeborn, seconded by Mr. Johnston, that the auditors report as now read be received and adopted—carried. Moved by Mr. Johnston, seconded by Mr. Freeborn, that the Reeve issue his order to J. Gibson and J. W. Johnston for $5 each salary as auditors—carried. Moved by Mr. Freeborn seconded by Mr. Johnston, that the account of Davis Bros. be reduced $2 on account of order books not being properly perforated, and that the Reeve issue his order for balance, namely $16—carried. A By-law was introduced and read a first time for appointing Pathmasters, Poundkeepers and Fenceviewers. The Council went into committee on the By-law, Mr. Freeborn in the chair; the By-lay was read a second time; the Reeve again took the chair when the By-law was read a third time and finally passed, appointing the following Pathmasters: J. Miller, J. McCloy, J. Schrenk, M Whitney, M Jantzie, C Keiffer, J Henry, H Doering, T Attridge, I Atkin, R Struthers, G Shearer, D Kroff, J Hamilton, C Riley, J Edwards, A Fleming, J Whaley, N Hammer, C Sutter, H Kelly, J Carson, C Keiffer, J Dunbar, J McFadden, A McLeod, J Reid, A McCulloch, J Campbell, W F Rutherford, S Loney, W McGorman, A Anderson, M Carley, N Bearinger, T Reid, W Warren, A Peffers, H Riddell, J Baird, C Clockman, P Reid, G Eberwine, R Moore, R Johnston, J Moore, J Haid, W Ghold, A Middleholtz, G Stemler, J Welsh, J Alexander, E McConkey, C Scott, A McLaughlan, A McDonald, J Dunbar, A McKee, W Kines, G Mack, D McWatters. Poundkeepers—H Doering, C Keiffer, J Turnbull, T Mitchel, A Urquhart, T Strachan, J Creamer. Fenceviewers—P McLennan, H Doering, J McCloy, R Fleming, J Kines, J Riley, H Davidson, J G Kincade, J Turnbull, T Hall, W Rutherford Sr., A McLennan, A Walker Sr., D Kerr, W Glenn, T Strachan, E Glenn, J Neilson, D McCloy, G Stemler and J Gatschene. The council gave the clerk instructions as to which road beat certain parties were to do their work, after which the council adjourned to meet again on the call of the Reeve. JOHN WATSON, Clerk.

Smallpox has made its appearance at Dundas, and two new cases are reported in Hamilton.

Shrewd as Ever.

In an extended article in the Washington (D. C.,) *Star*, we notice that among others, Senator James G. Blaine, who has suffered in the past with rheumatism now keeps St. Jacobs Oil on hand in case of any future attack.

☞ We are often asked how we sell so many musical instruments? Our answer is simply: We do not ask exorbitant prices; we sell to every person alike, according to terms; we have a large and complete stock to sell from; we have no other business in connection; we keep our business strictly private; we never purchase less than $1,000, and as high as $5,000 worth at a time—and for cash; we complete our agreements with our customers to the letter, and deal honorably, which is the only true way to succeed.

GARDINER BROS.,
Osborne Block, Listowel.

The Foehley brothers, charged with complicity in the Biddulph murders, will not be called upon at the approaching assizes. They are out on bail at present.

Bucklen's Arnica Slave.

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

LARGE PURCHASE.—Gardiner Bros. of Listowel and Mount Forest have purchased last week 64 Organs and 5 Pianos, from the three leading manufactories in Ontario, including the Bell Organ, Guelph, which they have secured the sole right of for Listowel, Mount Forest, and the surrounding townships.

The recent fires have moved the Winnipeg City Council into passing a stringent fire-by-law and adopting the fire alarm telegraph and paid brigade systems.

MANITOBA LANDS.—Having just returned from Manitoba, I have a few choice Farms in the finest section of Manitoba, which I will sell on very reasonable advance; call and get one before they are all gone; and any information I can give to intending settlers in that country I should be most happy to impart.

J. A. HACKING.
8c.

Mr. S. Huston, superintendent on Section B, C. P. R., committed suicide at Rat Portage on Saturday last, by cutting his throat. He was stipendiary magistrate for the district.

GOOD BUSINESS.—We have sold seventy six organs and six pianos from our Listowel show rooms, since opening out here (in four months.) In another column will be found the names of persons who have purchased from us, also the style of organ or piano. Intending purchasers may refer to any of the persons named as regards the instrument being as good as represented; or if they have been honorably dealt with by us.

GARDINER BROS.,
Osborne Block, Listowel.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Autumnal Remedies.—Towards the fall of the year countless causes are at work to lower tone of the nervous system, which will be followed by ill-health unless proper means be employed to avert that evil. Holloway's far-famed preparations supply a fruitless remedy for both external and internal complaints connected with changes of season. All affections of the skin, roughness, blotches, pimples, superficial and deeper-seated inflammations, erysipelas, rheumatic pains, and gouty pangs alike succumb to the exalted virtues of Holloway's Ointment and Pills; which will effect a happy revolution in the patient's condition, though the symptoms of his disorder are legion, and have obstinately withstood the best efforts of science to subdue them.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

"Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and a double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted," as it may be the best remedy in the world for cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

Statistics of Lunatic Asylums

Show that nine-tenths of their patients are brought to their condition by abuses of the generative organs. A great Brain and Nerve food, known as *Mack's* Magnetic Medicine, is sold by our druggists, and comes highly recommended as an unfailing cure in all these diseases. See advertisement in another column. Sold in Listowel by J. A. Hacking.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.—ly.

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

All our Druggists

Now heartily endorse the amazing success of Mack's Magnetic Medicine, and recommend it for both sexes in all cases of sexual weakness. See advertisement in another column. Sold in Listowel by J. A. Hacking.

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

March 16, 1882.		
Wheat, fall, Treadwell per bush.,	1 18	to 1 20
" Clawson	1 20	1 23
Spring Wheat, "	1 20	1 25
Barley, "	0 70	0 75
Peas, "	0 60	0 70
Oats, "	0 32	0 34
Flour, per brrl.,	6 50	6 50
Oatmeal, "	2 75	3 00
Cornmeal, "	2 00	2 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 16	0 16
Eggs, per dozen,	0 14	0 14

TORONTO.

PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS

March 16, 1882.		
Wheat, fall, per bush.,	1 19	to 1 22
Wheat, spring, "	1 25	1 28
Barley, "	0 78	0 84
Peas, "	0 78	0 82
Oats, "	0 41	0 45
Rye, "	0 82	0 83
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.,	8 00	8 25
Beef, hind "	6 50	8 00
Mutton, by carcase "	8 00	9 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 23	0 26
Butter, large rolls,	0 20	0 00
Butter, tub, dairy,	0 20	0 22
Eggs, fresh, per dozen,	0 15	0 16
Potatoes, per bag	1 15	1 25
Hay, per ton	9 00	13 00
Wool,	0 23	0

STRATFORD.

March 15, 1882.		
Wheat, fall, per bush.,	$1 20	to 1 25
Wheat, spring, "	1 20	1 20
Barley, "	0 70	0 77
Oats, "	0 37	0 38
Peas, "	0 75	0 80
Flour, per bbl	6 50	7 00
Potatoes, per bag,	1 05	1 00
Butter, lb. rolls,	0 20	0 22
Eggs, per dozen,	0 12	0 13
Hides, per cwt.,	7 00	8 00

MANITOBA

—AND THE—

NORTHWEST.

THE

GRAND TRUNK R'Y

will run a special passenger and freight train

EVERY THURSDAY

DURING MARCH AND APRIL

TO MANITOBA.

Passengers and freight carried through on same train. For further information as to rates, tickets, &c., apply to

C. HACKING,
Northern Passenger Agent
G. T. R., Listowel.

MANITOBA

—THE—

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

will run a Special Passenger and Freight train

TO MANITOBA

—AND THE—

NORTH-WEST

EVERY WEDNESDAY

DURING MARCH & APRIL.

THE GREAT AND POPULAR ROUTE.

Passengers are carried in

FIRST - CLASS COACHES

FOR

THIRD-CLASS FARE.

For rates and information call on

J. LIVINGSTONE, JR.
TOWN AGENT.

PERCHERON HORSES

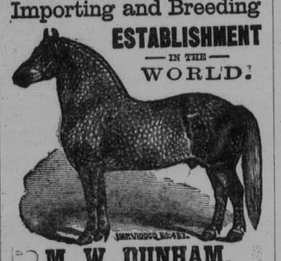
—LARGEST—

Importing and Breeding

ESTABLISHMENT

—IN THE—

WORLD.



M. W. DUNHAM,

Wayne, Du Page County, Illinois, U. S. A.
(35 miles west of Chicago.)

During the past 17 months 360 STALLIONS AND MARES have been imported from France to this establishment, being MORE than the combined importations of all other importers of Draft Horses from all parts of Europe for any one year.

One-fifth of the entire number of *Imported French Horses* in America can be seen on his farm. His Importations have included the Prize Winners of the *Universal Exposition, Paris, 1878*, and nearly all the Prize Horses of the Great Shows of France since his importations began. They also carried off the honors at the Centennial, 1876; and, at the *Great Chicago Fair, 1881, Mr. Dunham's Herd of PERCHERONS*, (in *competition* with the *largest* and *finest* collection of *Clydesdales* ever shown, consisting of the prize winners and the Great Shows of Scotland and England,) was awarded the *Grand Sweepstakes Prize* of *$1,000* and *Grand Gold Medal.*

100 PAGE CATALOGUE sent FREE on application. Contains over 40 Illustrations and the history of the Percheron race. Order "CATALOGUE X."

EVERY LARGE BREEDER
& EVERY NEIGHBORHOOD
NEEDS A PERCHERON STALLION

BECAUSE thirty years' trial has demonstrated that when bred to the common mares of the country the produce is more uniform, are easier keepers, better workers, and sell for more money on the market than any other class of Horses.

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 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,
Bethany Ont.

E. B. SUTHERLAND,

BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR,

having leased the

DOOR AND SASH FACTORY

from Mr. Milne, 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 Building 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,
Proprietor

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT

GERMAN REMEDY.

FOR

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

USED ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

JOHNSTON'S

SARSAPARILLA

—FOR—

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia

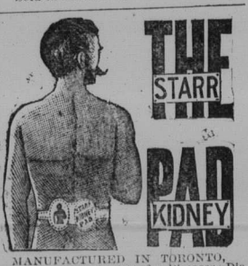
And for Purifying the Blood.

It has been in use for 20 years, and has proved to be the best preparation in the market for SICK HEADACHE, PAIN IN THE SIDE OR BACK, LIVER COMPLAINT, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, and all diseases that arise from a disordered Liver or impure blood. Thousands of our friends can testify to its virtues. Thousands of our best people take it and give it to their children. Physicians prescribe it daily. Those who use it once recommend it to others.

It is made from Yellow Dock, Honduras Sarsaparilla, Wild Cherry, Stillingia, Dandelion, Sassafras, Wintergreen, and other well known valuable Roots and Herbs. It is strictly vegetable and cannot hurt the most delicate constitution. It is one of the best medicines in use for Regulating the Bowels.

It is sold by all responsible druggists at one dollar for a quart bottle, or six bottles for five dollars. 43ar.

Sold in Listowel by Dr. Michener.



THE STARR PAD KIDNEY

MANUFACTURED IN TORONTO.

A Permanent, sure cure for Diseases, Disorders and Ailments of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Secretive System, or attendant complaints—causing Pain in Small of Back, Sides, etc., Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder and Passages; Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Piles, Nervous Debility, etc., etc.

Pamphlets and testimonials can be obtained from Druggists free.

PRICES—Child's Pad, $1.50 (cures Bed-wetting.) Regular Pad, $2.00. Special Pad for Chronic Diseases, $3.00. Sold by

J. H. MICHENER, M. D., SOLE AGENT,
LISTOWEL.

W. T. BRAY, WINGHAM.
C. J. PASSMORE, GORRIE.
JOHN STANDISH, M. D., PALMERSTON.
S. A. HODGE, MITCHELL.
J. A. GARLICK, BRUSSELS.

Success the Best Test of Worth!

HOLLOWAY'S

OINTMENT and PILLS.

THIS UNIVERSAL MEDICINE IS A HOUSEHOLD REQUISITE EVERYWHERE.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, impart tone to the NERVOUS SYSTEM, and act most powerfully on the

LIVER AND BOWELS,

promoting DIGESTION and assimilation, and endowing the whole bodily frame with STRENGTH and vigour. Nervous Headaches, Trembling with Debilitated and GENERAL DEBILITY quickly yield to the potent force of these well-known Pills, and they are unrivalled in their efficacy in all

FEMALE COMPLAINTS

removing all obstructions, skin blemishes, pimples and boils, better than any other family medicine known.

THE OINTMENT

HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

It heals every kind of SORE, ULCER and WOUND more certainly than any other known salve. Its marvellous penetrating powers render it invaluable in all

THROAT AND CHEST DISEASES,

curing Bronchitis, Quinsey, and Asthma, reducing Glandular lumps, closing and healing ABSCESSES and FISTULAS, and for alleviating the excruciating tortures of

RHEUMATISM, GOUT,

and NEURALGIA it is unsurpassed. It never fails to cure Scurf and every species of skin disease.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
533, OXFORD STREET LONDON, and sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s 6d., 11s. 22s., and 33s. each Box and Pot, and in Canada at 50 cents, 90 cents, and $1.50, and the larger sizes in proportion.

☞ CAUTION.—I have no Agent in the United States, nor are my Medicines sold there. Purchasers should therefore look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street London, they are spurious.

The Trade Marks of my said Medicines are registered in Ottawa, and also at Washington.

Signed THOMAS HOLLOWAY.
533, Oxford Street, London.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS

FOR SALE!

ON

MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS

Terms to suit buyers.
16. GEORGE DRAPER

NORMAN'S

Electric Belt Institution,

No. 4 Queen Street East, Toronto.

THERE IS NOTHING SO PERMANENTLY beneficial to the sufferer as Norman's Electro-Curative Belts, Bands and Insoles. They immediately relieve and permanently cure

ASTHMA, LIVER COMPLAINT, LUMBAGO, NERVOUS DEBILITY, INDIGESTION, RHEUMATISM, SWELLINGS, INJURIES, NEURALGIA, ETC.,

And a host of troubles over which medicine has little or no control. Circulars and consultation free.

J. H. MICHENER, M. D., Druggist, &c., agent for Listowel.

THE BEST VALUE IN

STAPLE GROCERIES!

—AT—

JAS. ARMSTRONG'S

next to McD

BRISBIN'S

CLEARING CASH SALE

WILL BE CONTINUED

ONE WEEK LONGER.

Now is the time to buy goods

AT AND BELOW COST.

PRICES SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

NEW SPRING STOCK

to arrive in a few days,

CHEAP FOR CASH

at Brisbin's Mammoth Cheap Book and Fancy Goods Store, No. 3, Merchant's Block, Wallace St., Listowel.

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1882.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

ST. PATRICK'S day.

GOOD FRIDAY falls this year on the 7th, and Easter Sunday on the 9th April.

READ the new story, "Pitchery-Bidgery," which is commenced in this week's STANDARD.

MR. R. KAY, tobacconist, has sold out to Mr. M. Godby, who will carry on the business.

APPRENTICE wanted—an intelligent lad—to learn the printing business. Apply at this office.

MR. TOMPKINS, of Wallace, was the purchaser of the cemetery ground, about eight acres, at the auction on Tuesday.

MR. C. B. STEVENS, agent for the Toronto *Mail*, is in this town promoting the interests of that excellent journal.

WE understand that Mr. S. McLean has sold his interest in the Victoria hotel to Mr. Jas. Moore, of Carthage.

CURLING.—The third match was played here on Monday between the Listowel and Wingham curlers, the latter winning by 48 points.

THE Masonic Block, which was sold by auction on Tuesday, was knocked down to Mr. Martin, of Guelph, the figure realized being $5,500.

PRESENT indications are springlike. Vennor, however, predicts stormy weather on the 18th and 19th, so keep your ulster handy.

MESSRS. Jno. Riggs, J. A. Hacking and Wm. Tatham experienced an attack of the "fever," and are now on a prospecting tour in the Northwest.

MESSRS. A. McDonald, P. Lillico and W. G. Hay have returned from the Northwest. We understand that each of these gentlemen has invested largely in Syndicate lands.

THE last "cattle fair" held at Linwood comprised nine head of cattle, three bull pups, twelve beetles and about a dozen people. The number of sales effected is not reported.

MR. B. ROTHWELL, Principal of the Listowel Public School, delivered an able and very interesting lecture in the Congregational Church on Friday evening last, on the subject of "Fragments."

Tennyson, the poet, has prepared a song of thanksgiving at the Queen's escape. It was sung in London Wednesday night, and will be sung throughout the Colonies on the 24th of May.

SOCIAL.—A tea social will be given by the ladies of the German Lutheran congregation in the town hall on Wednesday, 5th April. Proceeds in aid of the building fund of the new church. We trust the ladies will be well patronized.

LISTOWEL spring agricultural show and monthly cattle fair are appointed to be held on the first Friday in April. As this will be Good Friday, which is a statutory holiday, wouldn't it be well to change the date of the fairs.

TEMPERANCE.—A temperance meeting will be held in the C. M. Church on Thursday evening next, 23rd inst. Addresses will be given by Mr. S. Ranton, Secretary of the United Temperance Association, and others. The public are invited to attend.

BALL AND SUPPER.—The Young Men's Protestant Benevolent Association of this town, with their ladies, will participate in a ball and supper, to take place in the Osborne Hall on Friday evening next, 24th inst. An enjoyable time may be anticipated. Tickets, 75 cents.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was created here on Monday by the news from Winnipeg to the effect that the city was ablaze. The excitement, however, subsided, when it was learned that the destruction caused by the fire was comparatively small.

TIN WEDDING.—A few evenings since, at the residence of J. W. Scott, Esq., banker, quite a number of the friends of that gentleman and his lady gathered to celebrate the "tin wedding" of their host and hostess. A very enjoyable time was spent.

Hot tea and coffee lunches served at all hours at G. T. Huber's confectionery and oyster parlor—one door west of Bricker's.

BANK CHANGES.—Mr. H. H. O'Reilly, formerly teller in the Listowel branch of the Bank of Hamilton, and more recently employed in the head offices at Hamilton, has been appointed manager of the Bank here, Mr. Mowat being about to remove to the Northwest. Mr. J. A. Tracy, the present teller, goes to Hamilton to take a position in the head offices.

For fresh oysters, try G. T. Huber's, one door west of Bricker's hardware. Sold by he gallon, quart, can or dish.

MR. J. S. GEE removed his family to Listowel on Wednesday last. In the removal of this gentleman from amongst us, Gorrie loses not only a genial manly friend but one of her best business men. While we regret his departure we wish him eminent success and happiness wherever he goes.—*Enterprise.* Mr. Gee's many friends in this town will be pleased to see him back again, and to learn that he is entering business here. Mr. Gee is opening out a new grocery store in Dr. Nichol's block, Main street.

Biscuits, confectionery, fruit and canned goods sold very cheap at Huber's confectionery and oyster parlor—one door west of Bricker's.

MR. J. LIVINGSTONE, jr., town agent G. W. R., ticketed the following parties through to the Northwest this week, nearly all of whom left by the weekly special train on Wednesday: Mr. J. D. Burritt, Listowel; David Henderson and family, Jno. Cranston, Jno. Grant and family, Jas. and Jno. Kelcon, of Elma, and sixteen persons from Brussels and vicinity. Six cars of freight preceded the party. A customs officer and baggage man accompany each special train and arrange the baggage, giving through checks, thus avoiding delay at Detroit.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Town Council was called for Tuesday evening, but as only three members put in an appearance, no meeting took place. With our Mayor, Reeve and other members of the Council Board in the Northwest, and some of those at home either indifferent or too much taken up with their private affairs to attend the meetings, it looks as if the affairs of town are being left to manage themselves. Those who aspire to office should not forget that there is a duty to be performed after obtaining it, and unless they are prepared to discharge such duty they should not accept office.

TO INTENDING PURCHASERS OF ORGANS.—Do not be deceived by unscrupulous agents telling you that we do not sell the Bell Organ, of Guelph. Call and see for your self, as we have purchased more Bell Organs last week than has been sold in and around Listowel for the past year. GARDINER BROS.
Osborne Block, Listowel.

CASH paid for Butter, Eggs, and Dried Meat, at the New Grocery, next door to Roy, McDonald & Co's, Main Street. J. S. GEE.

MR. ALEX. J. FERGUSON has been promoted from the telegraph office here to the head office at Hamilton.

SHORTHAND.—A lecture on this subject, with black-board illustrations, will be delivered by Mr. E. Barker in the town hall on Monday evening next, 20th inst., beginning at 8 o'clock promptly. Admission, 10 cents; under fifteen, 5 cents.

MR. J. W. HOLLAND, who for some months past has made Listowel his home, being occupied in giving instructions in music, has accepted a position in connection with a music publishing house in Toronto. The departure of Professor Holland will be regretted, especially by the musical portion of the community whose taste and culture have been improved by their acquaintance with him.

LECTURE.—The last of the winter course of lectures in this town was delivered on Tuesday evening, by Rev. Mr. Lanceley, of Dunnville. There was a fair audience, though not as large as on some of the former lectures. The subject of Mr. Lanceley's lecture was "One Another," and upon this striking subject Mr. Lanceley made a highly interesting and instructive discourse, containing much original thought, and presented it in a most entertaining manner. The lecturer very ably pointed out the dependence of man upon his fellow-man for all the earthly blessings he enjoyed, and which should unite humanity in one common brotherhood. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer at the close.

"CANADIAN HISTORY NOTES."—This is the title of a little work by Mr. J. A. Harvey, teacher, of Elma, the object of which is, as announced by the author in his preface, "to supply a history suitable to the wants of junior classes in our Public Schools, preparing for entrance to High Schools and Collegiate Institutes." The "Notes" contain a brief history of Canada from the days of Columbus and Cartier up to the present time. The use of hard words has been avoided, the simplifying process adopted by the author making his sketch the more readily understood by the pupil. Perhaps the chief merit of Mr. Harvey's little work is that it contains a great deal of information in a small compass, all the most important events in the history of Canada up to the present year finding a place within its sixty pages. We have no doubt that the "Notes" will be found a very useful work in helping junior pupils in acquiring a knowledge of Canadian history. The work was printed at this office. Copies can be had at the town bookstores; price, 15 cents.

THE SCHOOL LAW.—The followng is a synopsis of Mr. Crooks' Bill amending the school law. Section 1 makes third-class certificates valid throughout the the Province without the endorsation of Inspectors. Section 2 makes it the duty of every Inspector and every Board of Trustees to report annually to the Department on the fitness, aptness and success in teaching of each third-class teacher under them; and also gives the Minister of Education power to determine at the expiration of their certificates whether they should be extended. Section 3 makes provision respecting third-class certificates in Thunder Bay, Nipissing, Algoma, Parry Sound and other remote districts. Section 4 makes it the duty of assessors to give on their rolls the names and residences as well as the ages of all children over sixteen and under twenty-one, and between seven and thirteen, in addition to the column for those over five and under six. Section five makes it the duty of rural trustees to notify the Township Clerk before the 15th of January in each year of the names and post office addresses of the trustees. Section 6 provides that in the case of union sections the Collectors shall pay the money to the respective Treasurers in the townships in which their portion of the section is situated. Section 7 provides that subpœnas to witnesses to attend an investigation may be issued out of the High Court of Justice upon the *præcipe* of the Minister of Education without the order of a Judge. Section 8 provides that in the case of all other High Schools and Collegiate Institutes except those in cities and towns separated from the county, the Board for Entrance Examinations shall consist of the Inspector of the district, the Inspector of the town (if any), the Head Master of the High School, and the Chairman of High, Public and Separate School Trustees (if any), respectively; and that the expense of the examination shall be paid by the County Council. Section 9 repeals the present statutory provision respecting Collegiate Institutes, and enacts that the terms and conditions on which existing Institutes may be continued or discontinued, and new ones established, shall be fixed by regulations of the Education Department, such regulations to be laid before the next session of the House, and if disapproved of, then to be discontinued.

Worthy of Praise.

As a rule we do no recommend Patent Medicines, but when we know of one that really is a public benefactor, and does positively cure, then we consider it our duty to impart that information to all. Electric Bitters are truly a most valuable medicine, and will surely cure Biliousness, Fever and Ague, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints, even where all other remedies fail. We know whereof we speak, and can freely recommend them to all.—*Exch.*—Sold at fifty cents a bottle, by J. H. Michener.

☞Gardiner Bros. are selling pianos and organs on monthly payments—on a Piano: payment of $10 a month; on an Organ, $8 per month, till paid. Do not say you are not able to buy when you are offered payments as above. If you make $1 per day, you can save $5 a month, and buy an organ and never feel paying for it. GARDINER BROS.
Osborne Block, Listowel.

BIRTHS.

WETZEL.—In Listowel, on 15th inst., the wife of Henry Wetzel of a daughter.

QUINN.—At Tyrone, on the 15th inst., the wife of Pat. Quinn of a son.

EBY.—In Wallace, on the 11th inst., the wife of Mr. Eby of a son.

DEATHS.

HAWTHORNE—In Millbank, on 10th inst., Jas. Hawthorne, hotel-keeper.

PIPER—In Palmerston, on the 4th inst., Emily, beloved wife of Mr. Charles Piper, aged 44 years, 2 months and 4 days.

LOVE.—In Elma, on the 14th inst., Davis R. Love, aged 6 months and 19 days.

BOND.—In Maryborough, on 13th inst., Ellen Bayne, wife of Mr. Asahael Bond, aged 26 years and 6 months.

Logs Wanted.

Logs of all kinds, for which the highest standard prices will be paid. Furniture given or custom sawing done in exchange.
HESS BROS.
Listowel Furniture Factory.
Listowel, Dec. 23rd, 1881.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CENTRE WARD.

GENTLEMEN:—At the request of a large number of ratepayers, I have consented to offer myself as a candidate for Councillor for the Centre Ward, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of F. E. Gibbs, Esq. If elected I shall endeavor to discharge my duties with a view to promoting the best interests of the town consistent with economy. As the time is limited and my business prevents me from making a personal canvass, I take this opportunity of inviting the support of the electors of the Centre Ward. Your obedient servant,
WM. McMILLAN.
Listowel, Mar. 14, 1882. 10b.

NORTH PERTH.

NOTICE
—TO—
HOTEL & SHOPKEEPERS,

ALL APPLICATIONS FOR

LICENCES FOR HOTELS AND SHOPS,

Must be lodged with the License Commissioner, or the License Inspector, on or before

THE 31ST OF MARCH, INST.

W. S. BOLGER, J. KOLLMAN, W. MOWAT, } License Commissioners for North Perth.
A. M. FISHER, Inspector.
March 11th, 1882. 10b.

MONTHLY CATTLE MARKET IN LISTOWEL. The next Cattle Fair in Listowel will be held on

Friday, April 7th, 1882.

FLAX.

J. & J. LIVINGSTONE

Have ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS of FINE DUTCH SEED at their mills in Listowel, which they are prepared to deliver to farmers in quantities to suit, on the usual terms. Parties intending to grow flax this year would do well to procure their seed as early as possible.
Listowel, Mar. 8, 1882. 9c,

NOTE LOST, ON OR ABOUT THE 13th February last, a Promissory Note, as follows: "Maryborough, February 7, 1882. Twelve months after date I promise to pay to GARDINER BROS., at Scott's Bank, the sum of sixty dollars—value received. (Signed.) WILLIAM LONG." The above lost note is only payable to us, and is no good to any one except ourselves, as we have not made it it negotiable. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at either of our offices, Listowel or Mount Forest.
GARDINER BROS.
Listowel, March 1st, 1882.

TENDERS WANTED
for the erection of a
BRICK CHURCH IN LISTOWEL.

Sealed tenders will be received up to 12 o'clock noon, on Saturday, 25th March inst., for the erection of a brick church for the German Lutheran congregation of Listowel. Separate tenders will be received for the mason and carpenter work. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of Messrs. Hess Bros. The committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender. Tenders should be addressed to George Lortz.
G. Lortz, H. Weidenhammar, A. Hess, H. D. Schmidt, J. Wehe, C. Wetlaufer, } Building Com.
Listowel, March 8, 1882. 9b.

TOWN OF LISTOWEL.

NOTICE.

The electors are hereby notified that

A PUBLIC MEETING

WILL BE HELD

IN COLLISON'S HALL,

—ON—

Friday, March 24, 1882,

At 12 o'clock noon, for the nomination of a Councillor for the West Ward, in place of D. B. Dingman, resigned.

Also, a public meeting will be held

IN THE COMMERCIAL HALL,

—ON—

Friday, March 24th, 1882,

At 12 o'clock noon, to nominate a Councillor for the Centre Ward, in place of F. E. Gibbs, resigned.

Should a poll be found necessary, it will be held in the above-mentioned places, on FRIDAY, MARCH 31st, commencing at the hour of 9 o'clock a. m., and continue open till 5 o'clock p. m., and no longer.

McBeth Green, Returning Officer for the Centre Ward.
Wm. Bright, Returning Officer for the West Ward.

All of which particulars the electors will take notice of and govern themselves accordingly.

WILLIAM BRIGHT,
Town Clerk.
Listowel, March 10, 1882 9b.

SALESMEN WANTED.

To begin work at once on Sales for Fall of 1882, for the

FONTHILL NURSERIES.

THE LARGEST IN CANADA.

Head Office—Toronto, Ontario.
Branch Offices—Montreal, P. Q. & St. Paul, Minn.

NURSERIES—FONTHILL, ONTARIO.

We can start in addition to our already large force,

100 Additional Canvassers,

and want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work your success is almost certain. The best of references required.

Apply to STONE & WELLINGTON,
9. Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

HURRAH FOR MANITOBA!

WM. WELCH

Takes pleasure in informing the public in general, and parties about leaving for the Northwest in particular, that he has just received his

SPRING STOCK

—OF—

BOOTS & SHOES,

comprising a large variety of Men's, Women's and Children's wear, of first-class quality, and which he will sell at astonishingly low figures for cash.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

—GIVEN TO—

ORDERED WORK.

The best material used, and none but experienced workmen employed. Good fit guaranteed or no sale. Repairing promptly attended to.

Trunks and Valises at Cost,

Splendid chance for parties going to Manitoba.

Sign of the White Boot, opposite Tatham's Hardware, Main Street.

WM. WELCH.

THIS SPACE WILL BE OCCUPIED BY

J. S. GEE,

Who is opening out a

FIRST-CLASS GROCERY

in the store one door east of Roy, McDonald & Co's, Main street.
Look out for announcement next week.
An early call is solicited.

☞ MANITOBA SPECULATORS!

—:0:—

Read the following names of persons who have purchased Organs and Pianos from our Listowel Show Room within the past four months, or since commencing business in this town, and be convinced that we sell good instruments and deal honorably with our customers:

Edward Gabel, Dominion Piano, Listowel.
Dr. Vardon, " " Hawksville.
Wm. Garneau, " " Drayton.
Jno. Livingston, " " Listowel,
Samuel Bricker, " " "
Thomas Brown, " " Holstein.
John Robinson, D. W. Karn Organ, Listowel.
Reuben Armstrong, Dominion Organ, Listowel.
John Hodges, D. W. Karn Organ, Grey.
Aaron Lang, Dominion Organ, Newry.
Simon Loney, Dominion Organ, Mornington.
James Wright, D. W. Karn Organ, Howick.
Mrs. Brown, Dominion Organ, Listowel.
Wm. Cadwell, " " Harriston.
Stewart Follis, " " Listowel.
Miss Maggie Moore " " Carthage.
Chas. Wahn, " " Neustadt.
John Glennie, " " Elora.
Samuel Pelton, " " Trowbridge.
Stewart Paterson, " " Listowel.
Wm. Kells, " " Listowel.
M. H. Dowd, " " Burns, (Style 11.)
Robert Watson, " " Burns.
James Henderson, W. Bell & Co. Organ, Mitchell,
Wm. Rayner, W. Bell & Co. Organ, Harriston.
James Wakeford, Dominion Organ, Listowel.
James Stewart, W. Bell & Co. Organ, Elma.
William Coxon, W. Bell & Co. Organ, Elma.
Thomas Mannell, D. W. Karn Organ, Moorefield.
Wm. Reynolds, D. W. Karn Organ, Minto.
Samuel McCurdy, Dominion Organ, Farquhar.
David Christie, Dominion Organ, Russeldale.
William Follis, Dominion Organ, Wallace.
William Armstrong, Dominion Organ, Parkdale.
John Chamney, W. Bell & Co. Organ, Wallace.
Rev. Dr. Al. Sommer, Dominion Organ, Listowel.
John Kirk, Dominion Organ, Stratford.
Wm. Long, D. W. Karn Organ, Wallace.
Alexander Welker, Dominion Organ, Carthage.
Fred. Hemsworth, Dominion Organ, Wallace.
Miss Eliza Gray, Diminion Organ, Listowel.
David Barber, W. Bell & Co. Organ, Listowel.
R. J. Disney, Dominion Organ, Hanover.
Samuel Ellison, Dominion Organ, Wallace.
John Alexander, Dominion Organ, Britton.
Thomas Reid, D. W. Karn Organ, Millbank.
John Ritter, D. W. Karn Organ, Millbank.
Samuel Martin, W. Bell & Co. Organ, Gowanstown.
Albert Knight, Dominion Organ, Crosshill.
Robert Struthers, Dominion Organ, Poole.
Wm. Atkins, Dominion Organ, Milverton.
Thomas Tucker, D. W. Karn Organ, Milverton.
Wm. Madill, D. W. Karn Organ, Maryborough.
John McClochlin, Dominion Organ, Maryborough.
William Good, Dominion Organ, Mitchell.

☞ Intending purchasers may refer to any of the parties named for reference as regards style, quality and tone of Organs; also if the Organ or Piano is as good as represented by us. A large number of unsolicited testimonials in their favor have been received by us. Instead of publishing these testimonials we prefer to give a list of those who have purchased instruments from us, and have had them in use for a sufficient length of time to enable them to practically test their merits, from whom intending purchasers can apply for information. We have in stock at our Show Rooms over $5,000 00 worth of these Organs and Pianos, which we have purchased from the very best makers for NET CASH; which gives us every advantage in selling CHEAP and on reasonable terms. We have new Organs from $85.00 upwards, all of the latest designs.

We give all purchasers the privilege of exchanging instrument if it does not prove satisfactory. Please call and examine, or send for catalogue and price lists before purchasing.

Besides the above we have sold, wholesale, twenty-seven Organs and two Pianos, to differents agents in Western Ontario.

☞ Our only authorized AGETS for Listowel and surrounding Townships are THOS. TANGUEY and NATHANIEL TILT. We will not hold ourselves responsible for any others except the above in carrying out agreements.

GARDINER BROS.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN PIANOS AND ORGANS,
OSBORNE'S BLOCK, LISTOWEL. HALSTED'S BLOCK, MT. FOREST.

GOODS TO BE GIVEN AWAY

—AT THE—

QUEEN'S GROCERY, LISTOWEL.

THE FOLLOWING PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN AWAY:

ONE CENTRE TABLE,	-	VALUE	-	$7 00.
ONE ROCKING CHAIR,	-	VALUE	-	4 50.
ONE WASH STAND,	-	VALUE	-	4 00.
ONE PAIR OILOGRAPHS,	-	VALUE	-	4 00.
ONE CRUET,	-	VALUE	-	3 00.
ONE LAMP,	-	VALUE	-	3 00.

Don't be deceived. It is no humbug. It is a reality. There will be 500 tickets issued, and every purchaser of Tea to the value of One Dollar will receive a ticket. Remember

YOU GET THE VALUE OF YOUR MONEY IN TEA.

You get the ticket for nothing, and you have a chance of drawing one of the above prizes. Remember also the Tea will be sold at the regular price. Everything will be fair. The prizes will be distributed by disinterested parties. No one will know who will get a prize until the tickets are drawn.

PRIZES WILL BE DISTRIBUTED THE 17TH APRIL, 1882.

Come along and get your Teas at the Queen's Grocery, and get a prize.

I would also remind the citizens of Listowel and the farmers of the surrounding country that I keep a full stock of goods usually kept in a first-class grocery.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF CROCKERY IN TOWN AND SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.

☞TEAS AND SUGARS A SPECIALTY.☜

Bring along your Butter, Eggs, and Dried Meat, etc., for which the highest price will be paid. A quantity of fine Trout and Herring on hand at lowest prices.

REMEMBER—THE QUEEN'S GROCERY, MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL.

W. J. STEWART.

MANITOBA
AND THE NORTH-WEST.

We are furnishing parties going to Manitoba every day with piles of Good and Cheap Goods, and it has been admitted repeatedly that we can save the public more money than any dry goods house in the west, if you purchase from us your

DUCKS, DERRIES, COTTONADES,
SHIRTINGS, FACTORY-COTTONS,
STEAM-LOOMS, TICKINGS,
TOWELLINGS, LINENS,
PRINTS, BOOTS, SHOES,
UNDERCLOTHING, HATS,
CAPS, &c., &c.

SUITS READY-MADE AND MADE TO ORDER.

WE WILL SELL YOU	25 CENT	DUCK	FOR	22	CENTS.
" " "	50 CENT	SATIN	FOR	40	CENTS.
" " "	12½ CENT	PRINT	FOR	10	CENTS.
" " "	18 CENT	LINEN	FOR	12½	CENTS.
" " "	20 CENT	RIBBON	FOR	10	CENTS.
" " "	12½ CENT	RIBBON	FOR	5	CENTS.
" " "	35 CENT	TOWELS	FOR	25	CENTS.
" " "	18 CENT	WINCEY	FOR	12½	CENTS.
" " "	25 CENT	TICKING	FOR	20	CENTS.
" " "	12½ CENT	FACTORY	FOR	10	CENTS.
" " "	12½ CENT	TOWELLING	FOR	10	CENTS.
" " "	12½ CENT	STEAM LOOM	FOR	10	CENTS.
" " "	15 CENT	DRESS GOODS	FOR	10	CENTS.

Parties that have seen our 10 cent Factory Cotton admitted and told us that it was better than they had bought in town for 12½ cents.

N. B.—We have opened this morning 3 Cases of Ladies' Fine Slippers, Men's fine lace and button Shoes; to be sold very cheap. 512 yards of colored Dress Goods opened to-day and will be sold at 12½c., would be cheap at double the money. Just marked off, 6 pieces colored Satin at 40 cents, very cheap. A visit to our establishment will at once convince you that the above are facts.

WE WANT MONEY, GOOD BUTTER AND EGGS.

JOHN C. BURT,
Dominion House

NOT MANITOBA SPECULATION!

NO SPECULATION ABOUT THE FACT THAT THE

THOMAS ORGANS

ARE EQUAL TO ANY MADE AND

SECOND TO NONE!

Having received the highest honors at the Provincal Exhibition, 1881, pronounced by the judges to be

UNEQUALLED FOR TONE AND WORKMANSHIP.

To show that we have confidence in these organs we are willing to place them side by side with any maker and let disinterested judges pronounce upon their merits.

THE CASE OF THESE ORGANS IS MADE OF THOROUGHLY SEASONED WALNUT, AND IS FURNISHED WITH WIRY KEYES AND FIRST-CLASS ACTIONS.

Each instrument is accompanied by the following guarantee.

GUARANTEE:

That Organ No....., manufactured by E. G. THOMAS, is a first-class instrument in every respect, made from the best material and finished in the most workmanlike manner, and I hereby warrant said Instrument for a period of SIX YEARS against failure of any part, except such as may be caused by accident, misuse or neglect; and should such Organ fail to give satisfaction as above stated, I bind myself to make it good, or exchange it for a new one of the same value within the time stated.

E. G. THOMAS.

The undersigned having secured the control of the above Organ in this county, would respectfully direct the attention of those about to purchase an instrument, to the fact that he can furnish them with a first-class Organ or Piano for less money than any other agent or dealer. I am not selling on commission. I buy my Organs at as reasonable rates as any dealer can buy a first-class instrument, (I can myself buy cheaper organs, but not so good an article) and my expenses being less than those of a dealer who has large rent, coal and gas bills to pay, I am enabled to sell at rates which they cannot touch. As to prices, I will furnish you with a No. 1 Organ, 7 stops, having grand organ and swell levers, for the small sum of $75, and other styles at equally low rates. But as I wish to introduce these instruments, I will make a reduction of five dollars to parties who will take the trouble to come to Burns and examine not only the new instruments, but also old ones, some of which have been in constant use for five years.

ONE PRICE.

We have only one price. We do not ask $30 or $40 more than we will actually take for an instrument. Should an agent call on you or quote prices write us the style or name of instrument, say nothing of his prices, and we will quote our rates. It will pay you to write me whether you buy from me or not.

☞CATALOGUES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.☜

PURCHASING AND SALE AGENCY.

I also desire to inform farmers and others that in consideration of a small fee I am prepared to purchase implements &c., from any maker they may desire at wholesale rates.

FOR SALE—BLACKSMITH SHOP.—I have been instructed by Mr. Thos. Ferguson to offer for sale his shop and business in the village of Burns, (there is not a better country stand in the county) of Perth, with one acre of land, a good house with dry cellar, hard and soft water, good stable and driving house, two forges in shop. Terms reasonable. Apply at once to

M. H. DOWD,
BURNS P. O.

JOHN GABEL,

WALLACE ST., OPPOSITE SCOTT'S BANKING HOUSE,
—keeps one of the largest stocks of—

WATCHES, CLOCKS,
AND JEWELLERY,

OF ANY RETAIL HOUSE IN WESTERN ONTARIO.

—o—

IN FINE
GOLD and SILVER WATCHES

he invites comparison in variety, quality or price. All the latest designs in

GOLD CHAINS, NECKLACES, LOCKETS, RINGS, BRACELETS, SETS, &C.

—:o:—

A great variety of CLOCKS, and all first-class value. Fine Walnut clocks at specially low figures

SPECTACLES,

in Gold, Silver, and Steel frames.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF SILVERWARE IN TOWN.

☞Engraving done free on all Silverware bought from us.☜

—:o:—

Our stock of Fancy Goods is very large, and contains all the latest novelties.

—:o:—

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

School Books, Poems, Bibles, Prayer and Hymn Books, Writing Paper, Envelopes, &c

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, VIOLIN STRINGS, &c.

REPAIRING.

Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, &c., repaired promptly, and all work guaranteed.

JOHN GABEL.

1882--NEW SPRING GOODS--1882

I beg to inform the inhabitants of town and country that I am daily receiving consignments of

SPRING GOODS

in all departments, which I have bought to advantage and will give my customers the benefit of

AN EARLY CALL IS RESPECTFULLY INVITED.

GEO. DRAPER.
ONTARIO HOUSE.

Listowel, March 8, 1882.

Toronto Tea Store.

—:o:—

NEW MANAGEMENT.

—:o:—

The undersigned takes pleasure in informing the public that he has bought out the stock of

Groceries, Teas,
Crockery, Glassware,
liquors, &c., &c:

—OF—

MESSRS. D. W. PALMER & CO.

—AT—

GREAT REDUCTION,

and is prepared to give bargains second to no other retail house in the trade; special attention is invited to my large

STOCK OF TEAS,

which I have marked down at very lowest figures. For quality and price, I defy competition in this line. The largest stock of

—CANNED GOODS—

in town. 25 cases canned Tomatoes, to be sold at cost; 10 cases canned corn; 10 cases canned Salmon; 10 cases canned Peaches; 5 crates Crockery, imported from Liverpool; 100 packages Salmon Trout; 50 packages White Fish; 50 packages Herring; all of which will be sold cheap for CASH OR TRADE. All goods delivered to any part of the town free of charge, and on the shortest notice. Soliciting a liberal share of public patronage.

ADAM DAVIDSON

1882--STOVES & TINWARE--1882

—o—

JOHN SUTHERLAND

Takes pleasure in informing the public that he is in a better position than ever to supply them with

COOKING, HALL & PARLOR STOVES

TINWARE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

LAMP GOODS. COAL OIL, ETC.,

having a much larger stock than heretofore, and having bought at prices which enable him to sell at very lowest figures. Remember the stand.

ONE DOOR WEST OF TATHAM & CO'S HARDWARE STORE.

S. BRICKER & CO.

—o—

FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

—o—

PLATED WARE, KNIVES, SPOONS, FORKS
—AND—

CUTLERY OF ALL KINDS

The best assorted and bert value in town. Call and see them.

X-CUT SAWS, AXES, COW CHAINS, LANTERNS,

COAL OIL, WHIPS, HOME BELLS,

and other goods in our line,

AT RIGHT PRICES.

PURE EXTRACTED HONEY AT 15 CENTS PER LB.

S. BRICKER & CO

JOSEPH'S COAT.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

[Registered in accordance with the Copyrigh Act of 1875.]

They listened, and heard the steady coming and going of a deep breath. Dinah crept to the door, and noiselessly opening it, looked in. The little parlor faced westward, and through the curtained windows she could see a great jagged line of pale yellow where the sun had gone down and the clouds were slowly severing, and in this faint and uncertain light, this line of pale yellow reflected into the room, she could just distinguish Joe's figure from that of Cheston. She knelt down by his side and looked at him with hungry heart and eyes, and yearned to thrown herself upon his bosom and clasp him in her arms. She knew the story of his wanderings now, as well as Ethel and Sir Sydney knew it. She knew old George's wicked tale of her second marriage, and somehow to Dinah's mind the two first years during which errant Joe had been silent were as nothing. She stooped and kissed his hand and let a tear fall upon it, but the sleeper never stirred. For those in danger there had been some little rest, for people do sleep in the face of death, and sleep calmly, with blissful, innocent dreams at times; but for him, since the first news came until a few hours ago, there had been no possibility of slumber. Seeing how wrapped in sleep he was, Dinah took courage and kissed his hand again, and since yielding to the impulse made it stronger, she slid her arm beneath his head and kissed his cheek very softly and nestled down beside him, watching him until in the fast gathering darkness his face was lost and she could only fancy it.

But after half an hour she rose and stole silently back to Ethel.

"Is there any news of him, my dear? forgive me asking. Have you heard of him?"

"Yes," said Ethel, whispering. "He was here an hour or two ago. He went out when I came down."

The mother's right was indisputable. Dinah could not be blamed for loving the child of her own body, but Ethel had yet to take herself to task for a half inclination to think the love unreasonable. The very thought of young George grated on every nerve in her soul, and yet she knew, though with fear and self-reproach, that she was beginning to be happy again. The why and wherefore of this new contentment she either did not know or would not for a second acknowledge to herself.

Dinah passed like a ghost to the rearward door and looked out into the night. In a little while she heard a footstep, and as it came nearer she fluttered out into the darkness to meet it.

"Is that you, George?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"Oh George," she cried, what are you out here for?"

"I couldn't stop in the house," he answered doggedly. "To remind everybody——"

He broke off abruptly and was silent.

"You're wet through," said Dinah, laying her hands upon him. "Don't wait here, my dear. Go somewhere and get a change of clothes, and——"

"I can't get anything," George answered bitterly, "I haven't got a penny in the worlp and who would trust me?

"Oh George," cried Dinah, I've plenty of money. Mr. Keen sent us some money the day before we went down the pit, and I've got it with me. Here. Go to the hotel we stayed at in Birmingham, an' have a glass of somethin' warm afore you start. An' let us know where you are, an' oh, George, George, do try to be a good lad now. You'll you, my darlin'—won't you? an' with God's blessin' we'll be happy after all. Try to be a good lad again. Do, dear, do."

She was embracing him again with tears, heedless of his rain soaked garments.

"I'll try," said the wretched George, weeping also. "I don't deserve your goodness. The best thing I could do for everybody would be to make a hole in the water some where and rid the world of such a burden.

There was even in the young man's mind a remote idea in favor of carrying this programme into execution, though there was probably little hope of the remote idea coming nearer. But it terrified Dinah.

"No, no, George," she broke out, clinging to him.

"I'm a disgrace to everybody," said George, weeping. "I'm in everybody's way."

"No, George, no," cried Dinah, and she clung to him still and extorted from him solemn promises that he would live and be good. And at last with an aching heart she let him go, and watched his figure as it melted from her sight in the darkness.

She waited in the night a little while after this to compose herself and then returned. Ethel was still keeping watch by John Keen, and all the sleepers in the little house were sound. The two women found themselves food and made tea, moving noiselessly. It was midnight when Cheston awoke with a great yawn, and stumoled sleepily in to speak to them; but Joe still slept on, and Dinah, going to look at him, had terrible tremors about his never waking any more, until his regular heavy breathing reassured her. At one in the morning the Bowker family appeared, Mr. Bowker coming first in search of lucifer matches, the brew house fire having long since gone out.

"Let him sleep, mister," said William. "He's never closed a eye till this afternoon sence we heerd the news, an' that's more'n four nights an' days ago."

Having gone away to light the fire, he returned, and, at Sir Sydney's invitation, sat down. They talked in low voices in consideration of the patient, who was by this time sound asleep again, and there was little mystery in the story left before they had done with it. William had been told of Uncle George's gift of a hundred pounds to Joe, and the narration of it softened all hearts to the hard old man. He could not have begun to plot evil then, they thought, and could only have yielded to a sudden temptation. Mrs. Bowker made more tea, and bringing it into the kitchen with her own hands pressed it upon them, and in the growing twilight they sat sipping together until a sound arose in the next room as of stretching and yawning, and a minute later Joe was amongst them. It was curious, and to everybody there a little touching, to notice the extreme diffidence with which the long divided pair met each other. But by common consent room was made for Joe to sit next to Dinah, and by and by, as the others sat and talked, it was noticed that the silent two had stolen a hand toward the other's, and thus in the chill growing twilight and the flickering light of the fire, they sat handed, looking at each other now and then, but quite wordless. It was broad daylight, though chill and dark even then, so lowering was the weather, when Miss Dorethea descended, and one of the younger branches of the house of Bowker being dispatched for the Baronet's carriage, returned with it in the space of half an hour in triumph side by side with the coachman.

"I can get a cab and follow you afterward," said Ethel; "but until the doctor arrives I shall stay with Mr. Keen."

Nobody ventured to offer any remonstrance except Cheston, who murmured something about being in Mr. Bowkrr's way.

"Not a bit of it, mister," cried William. "It makes the hearth brighter like to see her theer. An' my misses," added Mr. Bowker, turning upon her, "is as willin' as willin' but here's never been need to nursin' sick gentlefolks, an' it'll be as well to ha' one of his own sort along of him till the doctor's seen him again and gi'en me orders about him."

So they drove away in such uplifted silent thanksgiving of heart as no words of mine can tell, and Ethel was left behind with her wounded lover, whom she had not yet learned to love. Young Bowker called his mother and father from the room.

"Leave 'em to 'emselves," he said. "Whether he'll live or die there's no sayin', but all the while as we was down nothin' 'ud satisfy him but he must have her settin' next to him, an' be' ho 'din' her hand an talkin' to her."

"Does her care for him?" asked Mr. Bowker.

"I do' know," her son answered; "but he cares for her. An' all the time he's been a callin' out, 'Ethel my love,' an' 'Ethel my darlin'' an' sayin', 'I'm glad to die for you.' Wasn't it her as was engaged to young Banks?"

"Yis, yis," said his father. "But young Keen's worth a hundred million on him an' p'haps her's a-finin' that out. Leave 'em to 'emsens."

Ethel, unconscious of the interest she excited, sat on still until the doctor came. No improvement yet. Had the patient been anyhow excited? No, they told him; he had even slept nearly the whole of the time since yesterday's visit.

"I am sorry to tell you," said the doctor to Miss Donne, "that I don't like the look of things at all. I shall act on Sir Sydney's instructions and call in a first-rate man from Birmingham."

"Do all you can," Ethel implored him. "He saved all our lives."

"What can be done shall be done," answered the doctor; and with that he went away.

"He saved our lives," said Ethel to Mrs. Bowker. "Will you let me stay here till we hear the news—till the other doctor comes?"

"Stay?" said that good woman, "an' welcome!"

So Ethel stayed, and the great local man arriving gave a more decided and more favorable opinion than his country colleague. With care and attention the patient would probably recover. But the case was grave. The great man having delivered his verdict went away again, promising to return on the morrow, and still Ethel waited. The lesser light of science, a sound reliable man of the old school, called twice or thrice during the day and found her always at her post. She sent a special messenger to Dinah, explaining her purpose, and Dinah reading between the lines could not fail to think of George and the happiness and honor he had sacrificed. In brief, Ethel stayed beneath Mr. Bowker's roof one week, and Sir Sydney made calls upon her twice with Joe, and twice with Dinah. Before that time had expired John had recovered consciousness, and was believed to be fairly out of danger.

On the last night of Ethel's stay an interview occurred between John and her which probably accelerated her departure. The Bowker family were bivouacked in the parlor, feeling singularly abroad and un-at-home there, and Ethel and John were alone in the kitchen. The invalid lay in his improvised bed, propped up with pillows, his redundant curls all shorn, his eyes remarkably hollow, and his cheeks remarkably thin and pale. Ethel was preparing beef tea for him, and his eyes, looking supernaturally large, followed her about the place with a pleased languor. When at last she brought it to him, he took the hand that held the cup, and showed no disposition to relinquish it. A very little violence would have released the hand, but who could be violent with an invalid, especially with an invalid whose valor and foresight had just saved so many lives?

"You are very kind to me," John murmured, holding the hand and the cup together in such a way that it was difficult to let the cup go without spilling its contents.

"We have reason to be grateful to you, Mr. Keen," said Ethel. "All of us. We owe you our lives."

"I owe you mine in return," said John, holding the hand a little tighter. "I knew you were about me all the white. Even when I was delirious I seemed to know it. I should have died without you. You don't mind my loving you?" demanded the unconventional young man.

Now, what possible answer could a young woman make to a question of that sort?

"I couldn't help it," John continued. "I loved you before I had known you a week. I wonder any fellow who ever saw you cares to look at another woman."

"You are weak, Mr. Keen," said Ethel, striving gently to release her hand. "You must not excite yourself by talking."

She moved her disengaged hand to the tea cup to steady it in the struggle, and the innocent invalid absolutely took that also, and being really near a physical collapse, closed his eyes and dropped his head, but held on to the hands.

"Let me give you your beef tea," said Ethel.

"If you won't go away afterward," said Jonn.

"I will stay," Ethel answered, and he released her, and for a while lay like one coma tose, to her great dismay. But in a little time he rallied and submitted to be fed with a spoon, and was extremely orderly and quiet until Ethel made a movement as if to rise.

"No," said John feebly, and with one of the thin hands that lay outside the counterpane he caught one of hers, and taking it to his lips he mumbled it there feebly. "Let me cheat myself for a day or two till I get stronger," he said. "Don't think ill of me. I m very weak at present. I shall know better by and by."

And he fell to kissing the hand so passionately that Ethel withdrew it straightway in fear from him, and half by virginal instinct.

"Forgive me," said John, humbly, and she pitied him so that she gave him the hand back again, and he closed both his own upon it, and lay quite still in a sort of prostrated rapture.

"I shall be sorry to get well again," quoth John after a pause.

"Why, Mr. Keen?" asked Ethel.

"I shall leave this fool's paradise when I'm better," said John with a tear born of weakness in each eye. "I'd rather die like this than live to part from you."

She said nothing but turned and looked at him with a mournful pitying tenderness. He looked back at her straight into the eyes.

"I love you," he said in a half whisper, his lips scarcely moving. "I love you—I do love you."

And Ethel never knew how it happened, but his eyes seemed in some strange way to draw her to him, and she stooped slowly over him and kissed him on the lips. John threw an arm about her neck, and kissed her back again with a vigor surprising in a man who had so lately had so many bones broken. She struggled gently to be free of him, being half afraid of him and wholly afraid of herself; but

"Let me die like this," said John and lying back again fell into a placid sleep.

When she was assured that he really was asleep the girl kissed him again. And it is remarkable that she was not yet sure she loved him. Only he was so handsome and so brave and good, and he had suffered so much, and she had such a pity for him and such an admiration.

But when in the course of two or three hours the invalid awoke and of his own initiative desired beef tea, he was absolutely beyond control, and insisted on kissing her fingers every time they approached his lips. And at last this shy young man's insolence reached to such a pitch, encouraged doubtless by her non resistance, that he said:

"Ethel, kiss me." And so overcome was Miss Donne by his command that she obeyed him. "You won't send me away when I get better, will you?" asked John. "You'll get to like me a bit, won't you? You'll let me go on loving you?"

"Yes," she whispered.

And in this unexampled fashion was a modest reticent good girl, within little more than the space of two years, brought to be in love with two men, and to confess to them both. She was angry at herself, she thought it unmaidenly, she called herself shallow hearted, and even shed some secret tears over the phantom of that lost rascal George, who did still at times revisit the glimpse of the moon.

"You are getting stronger now, Mr. Keen," said Miss Donne, "and I shall come and see you sometimes, but I must go back to Dinah in the morning."

"No," said John.

"Yes, Mr. Keen," said Ethel, "I must go."

"Call me John," said the young man who had always until now been so shy and reticent. Ethel obeyed him in a whisper. Then, having secured that point, John besought her to stay a little longer, but in that respect she was adamant. But she promised to see him every day, and they took a tender farewell of each other; Ethel still distrustful and uncertain of herself, and full of maidenly shame at being so cheaply captured. She had vowed never to care for any man again, and yet he had suffered so, and was so good, and loved her so dearly. She did not quite love him yet, but only took pity on him, and John seemed tolerably contented with it. The doctors fairly stared at him next day, he made so much advance.

The youngest Bowker had been sent for a cab, and Ethel had gone away before either of the doctors came. She went straight, of course, to Cheston's house, and the Baronet came out to receive her as the cab drove up the avenue.

"And how is the patient?" he asked.

"Better," returned Ethel, "much better. How is Mrs. Bushell, Sir Sydney?"

A shade came across the genial Baronet's face.

"Miss Donne," he answered. "I don't know what to make of things in that quarter at all. You had better see her yourself."

"What is the matter?" cried Ethel in alarm.

"Lunacy's the matter, according to the best of my belief," said Cheston, testily, though he laughed a second later. "Go and see her."

Ethel ran upstairs to Dinah's room, and found her sitting there alone, looking pale and dejected.

"Where is your husband, Dinah," asked the girl when the first greetings were over.

"He's staying at the hotel in Birmingham," said Dinah with tremulous lips. "He's very kind and good, my dear, and he writes me beautiful letters, and he's been here twice to see me, but——" Dinah suppressed with effort an inclination to cry, and Ethel said indignantly:

"Dinah, he ought to be ashamed of himself. Give up thinking about him, my dear."

"No, no," said Dinah; you don't understand."

"I don't indeed," responded Ethel.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MATTERS OF CONSCIENCE AND MATTERS OF SENTIMENT.

"MY DEAR WIFE."

Thus far Joseph Bushell, with a sheet of letter-paper otherwise blank before him. Joe sat in his own room in the Birmingham hotel and bit disconsolately at the feather of his pen. A letter of Dinah's lay before him, and whenever he took it up and looked at it, as he did often, a swelling arose in his throat, and he found it necessary to get up and pace about the room a little to recover himself. The gist of Dinah's letter was simply this: Let the past bury its dead. I am your faithful and loving wife now just as much as when you went away. Don't desert me again, or you will break my heart. The letter said these things over and over again, but it contrived to say little more.

"She must know something more of me," said Joe, pacing up and down the room "before I can ask her to accept me again as her life companion. She ought to be sure of me. And I feel," he murmured to the walls, "I feel as if I ought to be married again, as if a return to her were somehow an attack upon her purity. We ought to be married again. It isn't bigamy, I suppose," said Joe, with a wretched little grin, "to be married twice to one's own wife. I suppose it's legal. Cheston says young Keen is getting strong again. I'll go and ask young Keen's advice."

So he shoved all his papers loose and crumpled into a writing desk, locked them up, took his hat, and set out upon his journey. The day was bright and cheerful after recent rains, and a spring-like feeling was in the air. No body is entirely insensible to such influences, and they were strong on Joe Bushell as he walked sturdily on again in the month of spring. Spring came again and seemed to bring some promise of a new spring of life for Dinah, and for him. In spite of all the self-accusations he had written to her, in spite of the self-accusing things he had said to her, Dinah would and could see nothing in Joe's prolonged absence but the result of Uncle George's wickedness.

"If you'd ha' been fortunate, Joe," she had said to him, "and had made enough to keep me afore he wrote that wicked letter, wouldn't you ha' sent for me, or come back to me?"

And he had been compelled to answer, "Yes," though he strove to inculpate himself by showing that he had acted like a fool and like a coward, to all of which Dinah lent an unbelieving ear. And the more Joe accused himself, the more eager Dinah was to believe the best of him; and the worse things he said of himself, the better man she thought him. For he could but tell her that wickedly and basely as he had acted he had been true to her in heart and life, and that was enough for Dinah. A hard and cruel fate, with old George as the controller of it, had come between them; that was all, and she had no blame for Joe. Not even now, when his scruples were dividing them, and when she would have taken him back with her whole heart and soul, could she blame him. Fate was hard and always had been hard, but Joe was not to blame. "Commend me to my kind lord," said Desdemona with her dying breath, and if Joe Bushell had turned Othellorish in act and fancy, Dinah would probably have had no harsher farewell for him. This is the nature of women sometimes, and if it leads to misery it breeds happiness as well; such happiness perhaps as a heart otherwise put together can never know, or do more than dream of.

As Joe walked on his spirits rose higher and higher. He had no fear of his own faith for the future. Whatever happened he would be true to Dinah, and would guard her so gently that the end of her life should be sweet to her. Only, a little pause, for the sake of the delicacy of his own thoughts about her, seemed necessary; a new courtship—they had been so long apart—a new ceremonial of some sort to bring them together again, to renew a tie so strained and weakened by the lapse of time that it felt to him a thing broken and faded almost into nothing.

The road he took led him for some four and a half miles over the ground he had traveled when he walked to catch the London train at almost the beginning of this story, and the way was changed, as he was. There were new landmarks on the road, as there were new landmarks in his history, and many of the old ones were clean gone, as in his own history likewise. And since he walked now, not in the old direction, but retracing those youthful steps, this special present journey seemed to have a special promise in it, as if it were only now that he was really coming back again to love and duty.

It is not at all an unusual thing for two or even three people to come to a resolution on the same day, and almost at the very moment when Joe resolved upon a visit to John Keen, old George Bushell set out upon a visit to the convalescent lawyer. And the history of old George's visit was briefly this: The hand of Heaven in judgment had seemed to his wicked superstitious old soul to weigh so heavily upon him, and the way of disarming its vengeance seemed so clear, that within a day or two of his interview with his whilom private secretary, he had sent a note to Mr. Packmore, requesting that gentleman's presence at a settled hour. At the settled hour Mr. Packmore came and learned that he had been sent for to alter George's will, and learning, further, in what direction the alternation was proposed, was greatly disturbed, and became so doubtful of old George's sanity that he refused, after a lengthy squabble, to have anything to do with the matter.

"My money's mine, ain't it?" asked old George of his stubborn counselor.

"And my reputation is mine, sir," returned Mr. Packmore, stiffly. "And my professional probity is mine, sir. And I will have nothing to do with a scheme which seems to me, sir, to be no less than crackbrained."

"I didn't send for you o' purpose to be insulted, Packmore," said old George, with a dignity more wooden even than of old. "An' I'll tell you what. You send me all the business dockyments you got o' mine, an send your bill in, an' I'll send a check an' ha' done wi you. Talk to me about bein' crackbrained!" he quavered, getting on his legs and shaking both his sticks at the conveyancer. "I'm as sound i' mind as iver I was, thank God, an' I know what I'm a doin'. But I don't want no unwillin' service, and I don't want no reflections on my intellee', thank you. An' you can get out o' my house, an' send my dockyments at your earliest convenience."

Mr. Packmore at this had bowed with exceeding stiffness and retired. And now, old George, after new cogitations, had bethought him of John Keen, who knew the whole story (which it was not easy to tell to Mr. Packmore), and who would know his reasons, and would make his will in this amended fashion without misgiving. He let the time slip by, however, until falling into a state of querulous rage with Mrs. Bullus one day, he felt a recurrence of his old pains and terrors, and went off headlong on his two sticks to seek the lawyer.

"Is Mr. Keen well enough to see a body?" he asked of Mrs. Bowker.

"He's sittin' up areadin'," said that estimable woman, who for reasons of her own had no affection for old George, and answered him somewhat scornfully.

"Is he well enough to see a body?" demanded George again.

"I'll ask him," returned Mrs. Bowker disappearing. "You can come in," she said ungraciously when she returned; and old George, entering, found himself face to face with the lawyer, who was sitting up in bed in the parlor, proped with pillows, and looking like a rakish ghost in a smoking cap which set so much to the side of his head that it totally obscured one ear. The smoking cap had fitted him once upon a time, but now that his locks were so closely shorn it was ridiculously too big for him.

"Be you well enough to do a minute or two's talk on important business, Mr. Keen?" asked old George.

"Yes," said John, "I think so. Take a seat."

Mrs Bowker slammed the door and went out, repenting herself a moment later on account of the invalid. Old George began to unfold his purpose slowly.

"Mr. Keen," he said, "I'm come to you because you know everythin' appertainin' to me an' my lung-lost nevew, Joseph, an' my late private seckitary, knowed beforetime as George Banks."

"Yes," said John.

"It's been o' my mind," said old George, "as I might ha' acted straighter than I did, an' what I did as was wrong I want to mek up for."

"Yes," said John again.

"I'm agettin' main old new," George renewed, "an' I feel as if I wa'n't lung for this world. An' I want to do right afore I leave it."

"I am very glad to hear you speak in this way, Mr. Bushell," said John, in whom his recent illness and danger had left many grave thoughts behind them. "Your coming here," he added, seeing that old George paused nervously, "seems to indicate that I can be of use to you. Can I?"

"Yes," returned old George. But gi' me time. Gi' me time." He sat for a moment or two, with a hand on either stick quavering there. "I allays meant to be a respectable an' a God-fearin' man. An' I gien my nevew Joseph a hundred pound to run away wi', an I've never been hard—not over an' above—wi' the poor. An' what wrong-doin' I fell into, Mr. Keen, I've been sore punished for, an' I want to mek things straight again, an' die wi' a clean conscience." There he paused again and looked up at John with an uncertain glance easily abashed. "I'm agoin'," he continued, "to have a noo will made, I am, an' I am going to leave everything divided betwixt my nevew Joseph an my late private secretary knowed beforehand as George Banks. Everythin' equal divided betwixt them two."

There was a something in old George's manner which John construed rightly as conveying an expectation that he would be surprised at this and would applaud it as a moral action.

"I had always heard," said John, "that it was your intention to found an institute and hospital. That was never made a secret."

It never had been, and that fact made it none the easier for old George to satisfy afrighted conscience and angry heaven.

"Such was my intention, Mr. Keen," said he, "but I'm now bended on another course, so to speak. Will you carry out them theer instructions?"

"Certainly, Mr. Bushell," returned John. "Assuredly if you wish it so. Do you attach any conditions?"

"No," said old George, "no conditions. Divided equal betwixt 'em," with a heavy sigh. "That's all. Folks'll talk, I count, but I've got my peace to mek wi' Them Above, Mr. Keen, an' I'm agettin' main old, an' I ain't been all I should ha' been, an' I'm a good deal broke wi' trouble, an' I don't look to last long."

"I believe, Mr. Bushell," said John, "that you are trying to do what seems to you to be a duty, and I can understand how hard it is. But you will have the sympathy of all who understand your motives; and as for those who don't, what matter?"

"Ah," said old George, "what matter, indeed. These things is betwixt a man an' his conscience. I don't want to hurry you, for it's plain to be seen as you're still sickly. But as soon as you can, Mr. Keen, as soon as you can."

Old George, when John really came to look at him and in his own mind to contrast him with what he had been, was wonderfully changed and pitifully broken, insomuch that the wrongdoer extracted a sharp twinge of pity from the honest man.

"It's the meanest proverb ever put in print," thought John to himself, "but it's true for all that—Honesty is the best policy."

Old George did not seem to have anything to add to the instructions he had already given, but he sat with somewhat stertorous breathing, and looked at the pattern of the gaudy carpet, pushing one of his shaky sticks about it as if he followed the design. He had not sat thus silent for a minute when a tap came to the door.

"I'm agoin' now, Mr. Keen," said George, "an' I can open your door for you. Good bye. You send word to me when you're ready, will you?"

John promised, and the old fellow crawled forward leaning on his two sticks, and shuffingly set both of them in one hand whilst he opened the door. And there before him stood a bearded man of middle age whom he did not know. But the bearded man knew him, and to his terror and amazement said very quietly:

"My Uncle George."

Uncle George showing no signs of an inclination to move, the new comer passed him and closed the door. Then, with his hands in his jacket pockets, he turned and confronted Uncle George, and looked at him, up and down.

"Be you my nevew Joseph?" asked George, in his shaky voice. He knew it well enough now, though he had not recognized him at first.

Joe could not trust himself as yet to say a word in the presence of this old traitor. There were too many terrible thoughts revived by the sight of him, and too great a spirit of natural vengeance stirred to make speech safe.

"I'm atryin' to put everythin' straight again as I set crooked, Joseph," said George, his eyes sinking before his nephew's gaze. "I own I acted bad toward you, but I've been punished for it heavy. Heavy, Joseph. An' I'm atryin' wi' God's help to straighten things out a bit."

"We're a very pretty family, said Joe with great bitterness, speaking to himself. "I can see that you're better, Keen," he continued in a changed voice, turning toward John; "I had something to say to you. I'll call again when you are disengaged."

"I'm agoin' now," quavered Uncle George. "I've been atryin' to straighten things, Joseph. You ask lawyer Keen if I ain't been atryin' to straighten things."

Joe made no response to this, and Uncle George began to fumble at the door again. He shook so, and went about the simple business in such a helpless fashion, that Joe turned the handle for him.

"Thank you, Joseph," said the old fellow, turning his fishy eyes upon him shiftily. "I meant well by you at the beginnin'. I give you a hundred pound to run away wi' an' I meant well by you at the beginnin' But I was tempted sudden, Joseph, an' I've been a bad man, I'm afeared. But I'm atryin' to set things straight again"

Joe said nothing, and Uncle George with much difficulty made off. His nephew closed the door behind him.

"Is that the first time you've seen him since you left England?" asked John.

Joe nodded gravely and drew up a chair to the bedside.

"When do you think you'll be about again, Keen?" he asked after a pause.

"Well," said John, "I want to get up now, and feel quite equal to it, but the doctors won't have it. I suppose they're right," he added with a sigh.

"You know what we all owe you," said Joe.

"You know what we all owe you," returned John.

"Keen," said Joe, suddenly. "I want to speak to you upon a delicate matter. My wife and I are absolutely reconciled."

"I am heartily glad of it," answered John. "Heartily glad."

"But we are still divided by a—by a sentiment, I suppose I must call it. We have been so long apart. Is a second marriage a legal possibility?"

"A possibility," said John, "yes. But not a necessity"

"If a possibility," answered Joe, "certainly a necessity."

"As satisfying the sentiment you spoke of?"

"Yes."

"If you feel the necessity you might get a clergyman to read the service through; dispensing with the purely legal formalities."

"Yes," said Joe; "they are not needed, of course."

"Not at all."

A knock at the inner door made an interruption here, and Mrs. Bowker entered. Mrs. Bowker was sorry to interrupt, but Mr. Keen must have beef-tea and toast at this juncture, punctually at midday.

"Theer's the clock astrikin'," said Mrs. Bowker in great triumph, as indicating her own precision of obedience to the doctor's orders.

Mr. Keen was of opinion that he could help himself with perfect ease, but Mrs. Bowker would not hear of it, and insisted upon feeding the patient with her own hands. So John being comfortably tucked into a clean towel, a little coarse in material but of snowy whiteness, was fed with provoking slowness by his hostess. Mrs. Bowker was of opinion that the measures taken with the rescued were still necessary, and so made great pauses between each spoonful, and took eager observations of the patient, as if in expectation of asphyxial symptoms.

"Let me drink it up," said John; "I want to talk wiff Mr. Bushell."

"Health's o' more importance than any amount o' talkin', an I'm sure Mr. Bushell don's want to see you sorgrin' your'sel' ough to him," said Mrs. Bowker.

Joe laughed and said, "Certainly not," and the slow process went on. When in the course of a half-hour it was finished. Mr. Keen's hands and face must be sponged with lukewarm water, and his beard combed and brushed to make him presentable to the doctor.

"An' somebody else as we knowin' on, eh, Mr. Keen?" said the hostess knowingly.

At this sally John blushed and laughed, and the sound of wheels being heard at that moment, Mrs. Bowker laughed triumphantly, whisked to the door and opened it, and a minute later admitted Ethel. The girl came in beaming, but stopped short at the sight of Joe, and gave him a frozen little nod.

"I'll call again, Keen," said Joe shaking hands with the patient; "I'll look in again this afternoon."

"Do," said John heartily, but perhaps not sorry to be alone with Ethel; "I shall be glad to see you."

Joe bowed to Ethel (who responded by another frozen little nod), and went his way.

"My darling!" cried John—they had got so far by this time—"you do him less than justice."

"Why," cried Ethel, with a flush of indignation, "does the worthless fellow stand shilly-shailying here when the best woman in the world is waiting and breaking her heart for him, and he knows it?"

John admired her all the more, if that were possible, for this outbreak, but he said only:

"Shall I tell you why?"

"If there is a reason," said Ethel" a little disdainful still, "I should like to hear it."

"There is a reason," answered John; "they have been so long apart that he feels some sort of formal ratification of their old union nece sary before they begin life together again. He wants some new solemnity between them to piece the tie so long broken."

"They are man and wife," cried Ethel.

"Legally, of course they are," John answered, patting one of her hands with his.

"But you can understand the sense of division which has come upon him. Think more gently of him, darling; think of what we owe him."

"It was you who saved us all," she protested.

"You would have found my help worth very little," John said gravely, "if it had not been for his."

"Is he going back to Dinah?"

"Yes; but I have a scheme in my own mind which I am going to propose to him when he comes this afternoon."

"What is it?"

"It depends on you."

"On me?"

"On you."

"What is it?" she asked again.

John, leaning nearer on his pillow, whispered his scheme to her. She heard him out, and answered "No."

"Not for Dinah's sake as well as mine?" pleaded John, who evidently set great store by this scheme of his.

"No," she said again, but in a way which was scarcely negative.

"It is the very thing," said John with cheerful emphasis—"the very thing" And with those wiles which happy lovers use he pressed his case until at last she yielded.

"May I tell him?"

"I suppose he must know," she answered with a pleasant confusion.

"I suppose so," said John, with a look of exultation on his face. "Will you wait till he returns and takes the news to Dinah?"

"Yes," she answered, and he, opening his arms for her, she arose and stooped and kissed him. The eyes of both were moist with the dew of happiness as they sat and looked at each other, a moment later, hand in hand.

"Do you know, John," she said after a blissful pause. "I am almost sorry for that wicked old man, hard as he has been."

"Old Bushell?" asked John.

"Yes. I should have been earlier here this morning if I had not met him upon the way. Sir Sydney's coachman was very near driving over him upon the road, and he seemed quite helpless. He knew the coachman and asked if he would drive him home, and said he felt quite unable to walk. Of course I asked him to get into the carriage, but the man and I had to help him. I wanted to leave him there and walk on, but he was evidently so ill that I was afraid to do it. So we took him home, and waited until the doctor came. And whilst I waited he told me what he had been out for. I really think he wants to do what seems to be his duty now. It seems only the other day since he was a stout healthy man, and now what a wreck he is! He cried in quite a pitiful way whilst he was talking, and he seemed to cling to me so, because I pitied him and spoke kindly to him. He begged me so hard to go and see him again, that I couldn't help promising. I had meant to call again this afternoon, but I must lose no time in carrying back this news to Dinah."

There she blushed a little and dropped the hazel eyes into which John looked so proudly and so fondly.

"Yes," said John, "he's nearly broken. He's been a terrible old rogue, but he has suffered for it. It was like parting with his soul to lose the money he had held so long."

"I don't think he can live long, John. I asked him to see a clergyman, but he said, 'No, no. You come an' talk about good things to me. You'll do me more good than a parson.'"

"So you will," said John.

And there again, as happy lovers will, and as they have a right to, they fell to talking of their own affairs. Joe meantime rambled lonely, but not downhearted now, and gave God thanks humbly, and with deep penitence and lofty longings toward the future. In two hours' time he returned to the cottage, and finding Ethel still there would have retired again, but John forbade him and called him in. Then, Ethel having joined Mrs. Bowker in the kitchen, John summoned his visitor to the seat she had vacated.

"Bushel," he said, "congratulate me, I am going to be married."

"I congratulate you with all my heart," said Joe; and added, "When?"

"As soon as I am well enough, and everything can be arranged." He laughed weakly in his joy and triumph and held out a hand. Joe grasped it, and he continued, "The one creature dearest in the world to your wife next to you is my wife that is to be."

"I know as much," said Joe.

"And Ethel has consented to this haste," said John, "on condition that you take our wedding day as yours."

Joe bent his head, and, bringing up a second hand to the young lawyer's clasped it hard in both of his without a word.

"That contents you?"

"Yes."

"Call Ethel," said John, dropping back upon his pillows with a tired but happy look.

Joe obeyed.

"It is settled, my darling," said John. "Ride away and tell Dinah."

"May I come with you?" asked Joe, blushing like a schoolboy, but looking in her face with candid eyes.

"Come," answered Ethel, brightly, "and secure her consent yourself."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SENTIMENTS.

"Let me go first," said Ethel, as she and Joe drove up the avenue at Worley Hall together, "and make her ready for you." And, Joe assenting, she left him with Sir Sydney in the library whilst she ran away to find Dinah.

"My darling," she cried, throwing both arms about her friend's neck, "I have such news for you." Dinah was not eager to ask the news, but Ethel whispered to her, "My dear, your husband is here and is waiting to see you. No. Don't run away yet. I have something else to tell you."

She had yielded to John's solicitations, and in a new-found happiness that had seemed an easy thing enough to do. But now she had to recall the fact, never very easy to forget, that she and Dinah's son had once been affianced lovers, and not so long ago. And yet Dinah knew as well as she did how much she was indebted to her new lover; by what singular bonds of pity and gratitude she had found herself tied to him.

"Dinah, I am going to be married."

"Yes, darlin'," said Dinah; "to Mr Keen?"

"Yes. We are going to be married directly he gets well again. And so are you." Dinah looked helpless at this extraordinary statement, and Ethel explained it. "My dear, I have seen more of your husband to-day than I ever saw of him before, and I begin to like him and believe in him—a little. And now that I know why he has been staying away from you I esteem his reason for it, hard as it seemed at first." She told the reason. "And now, Dinah," she said gayly, "your old sweetheart has come a-courting again." But there the gayety suddenly broke down, and the two women had a cry together, though they were very tender and joyful tears that fell.

Then in a little while Dinah descended to meet Joe, and waited for him in a small drawing room looking on the garden. Ethel went to the library, and having returned with him, fled, and left the two together.

"You know why I have been waiting, Dinah."

"Yes, Joe."

"And you will take me back again?"

"Joe! My own husband!"

They embraced and kissed each other, and sat there talking for hours, until Sir Sydney came in and roused them. Then, the evening being fine and bright, they walked in the garden together after dinner, like lovers, with their arms stolen shyly round each other, in dusky walks where none could see them, and at night, with a tender farewell, Joe went away to the town again, but only to return next day and sit and talk the day out alone with Dinah and wander about the gardens in the evening again with an arm wound lover like about her waist as they wandered in dusky walks unnoticed. And then again farewell for the night. A singular courtship, but full of a complete forgiveness on the one side and a complete penitence on the other, and bidding fair to lead—if ever courtship led yet—to a happy union. Sometimes these lovers talked of their unhappy son, and planned for his future, and he was the only blot upon their hopes of happiness.

"Could you bear, my dear," asked Joe, "to leave England and go abroad with him and me to some place where our whole story is unknown, where he would have a new chance for amendment?"

"Anywhere with you an' him, Joe," answered Dinah. "Anywhere."

"I'll talk it over with him," said Joe; "I think it best. Here the memory of the past may weigh him down and keep him hard and sullen. And perhaps, my dear, between prosperity and our watchfulness and affection he may mend."

"Don't be too hard upon him, in your mind, Joe," said Dinah pleadingly.

"I have no right to be hard in my thoughts on any man," Joe answered sadly.

"He was never a bad lad," said poor Dinah, "till he got into that money lending lawyer's hands and was tempted beyond his strength."

"Then we will go abroad together, and try for the best?"

"Yes, dearest. Anywhere with you and him," said Dinah, and the thing was settled.

So next day Joe sought his son and found him. Dinah's purse had contained no less than fifty pounds, and the young gentleman was once more in clover. He was living in a highly respectable hotel in private rooms, had already set up another suit of clothes, and on his father's unexpected entry to his sitting room was seated with his heels upon the low chimney piece with a cigar in his mouth and a sporting paper in his hands. Beholding the new comer, he arose embarrassed and murmured something about waiting for instructions and not knowing what to do with out them.

"I am here to give you instructions," said his father. "For God's sake, man, go on smoking and don't try to hide your cigar from me. Your mother and I," he continued in a changed tone, "are going to the colonies, where our curious story will be unknown. We think it better that you should accompany us. I have been talking things over with your mother, and I want to treat you kindly and to be your friend. There will be no temptations in the life before you unless you make them. Try to mend, my lad; try to mend your life and your mother's heart together. She has been unhappy in both of us. Let us try together to make atonement. You shall hear no more reproaches as to your past from me so long as you behave reasonably and give no cause for new offense. And I will try to do my duty by you and will be as kind and good a father as you will let me be. Will you come with us?"

"Yes, sir," said young George with bent head.

"What money have you?"

"My mother gave me this," answered George, producing his purse and spreading its contents upon the table.

"You are not happy here, are you? So near the——?" he paused, and George's head bent lower.

"No, sir. I had rather be elsewhere."

"Go to Southampton and await us there. When you want money write to me, not to your mother. To attempt to draw one penny from her without my knowledge is to forfeit my protection and your own prospects. And that—I hope—is my last threat to you. Shake hands. Good by. Keep watch upon yourself, and try to be a decent fellow henceforward. Good by."

And he was gone.

"I will try," cried the wretched young George, when left alone. "I will be a decent sort of fellow."

Joe went back to Dinah and told her all he had said and undertaken, and the quaintly tender courtship went on again. They planned, like common lovers, for their future life, and like common lovers looked forward to their wedding-day. Sometimes they went to see John Keen, and day by day they found him growing stronger. Sir Sydney pressed for the wedding to take place from his house, but Mrs. Donne was too shy to present herself there, and Daniel had no other nurse than her, and seemed likely very soon to be in want of no nurse at all.

Ethel had redeemed her promise to call upon old George, and at his request had read the Bible to him; the broken and defeated old rascal taking his breakage and defeat for penitence as other people have done. He was harmless now, to everybody, quite a scotched snake, and was gentle and forbearing even with Mrs. Bullus. When