Listowel Standard.

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THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

(St. Louis Railway Register.)

When this project was first undertaken, there were not lacking confident predictions of its failure, it was assailed with ridicule and, although the enterprise had warm friends, and its stock and bonds were widely sold, owing to the personal exertions chiefly of Jay Cooke, the panic seemed to practically end the undertaking. Time has, however, demonstrated that the building of this road was not a visionary scheme, is not only practicable, but will also be exceedingly profitable.

The road was intended to begin at Duluth and extend to Kalama on the Columbia River, with a branch from Brainerd on the main line to St. Paul, the total length of the main line being 1,947 miles. The company now operates about 961 miles of completed road, and by December 1st the line from the East will be completed to the Yellowstone River. There is about 150 miles of the western portion east from Kalama in operation, and some 410 miles more is under construction. The practical results on the completed portion are greater than expected by the most sanguine. Passing through a belt of territory which is destined to be the great wheat country of the world, and everywhere near land fertile in every resource, the prospects are that the immense land grants owned by the company will be disposed of to an industrious and thrifty class of settlers so that the business of the road will almost double itself every year for some time to come. The gross earnings for the year ending July 1st, 1880, were $2,230,183, and the net earnings, after the expenditure of half a million for steel rails, and nearly a quarter of a million for rolling stock and other expenses, above $700,000. It now looks as if the whole road through to the Pacific would be completed within three years, and trains running over the entire line. The company has a reasonable assurance that their property will always return a fair profit, for they can rely not only upon the rich agricultural productions of their territory, and the traffic arising out of moving the grain crops and return of merchandise to the producers, but also upon numerous other benefits. After the line leaves the valleys, it will pass through a rich mineral region, abounding in mines of copper, silver and gold, and it also reaches the famous Yellowstone Park, and will enjoy the patronage of a continual stream of tourists during the summer.

Of the lands of the country, a writer in one of the New England papers gives a most interesting description which we reproduce. He says:

"It is not to be presumed that this wonderful Northwest is absolutely flowing with milk and honey, or that its lands are all of an even high quality. For the first 125 miles west of Duluth the country is suggestive of some parts of New England, being rough and broken, thinly wooded with both hard and soft timber, studded by picturesque lakes and traversed by turbulent streams. It is yet but sparsely settled, and will naturally be reclaimed from its primeval wilderness by slow degrees. As we started westward from Duluth in our Worcester car, drawn by a special locomotive, the wild scenery of the St. Louis River surprised and delighted us. For several miles the road follows the winding course of the stream, cutting into the hill sides high above the water which tumbles and roars over the rocks below in magnificent style. In two or three places there are high falls which are even grand in their rough setting of wooded mountains, bare rocks and projecting cliffs. Earlier in the season, when the volume of waters is greater, the views from the railroad are still more impressive then we found them. Occasionally a large saw mill is seen by the side of the track as the train rolls on through the woods. Considerable timber is cut in this region for the large mills at Minneapolis, and the railroad is supplied with an abundance of good ties and fuel for its locomotives. After passing Brainerd, the character of the forests noticeably improves, the trees grow heavier, taller and straighter, indicating a better soil. Gradually the wooded country sinks away into the open prairie, a group of beautiful lakes filling in the border line for many miles. These lakes are full of fish, and frequented by large numbers of water fowl; they are somewhat visited by sportsmen and the courageous summer boarder is just beginning to discover their attractions. Thirty to forty miles west of Brainerd the wheat farms make their appearance, and from this point to the Missouri River the land for thirty miles on each side of the track has been generally taken up by settlers, though as yet only a small part of it comparatively is under cultivation. The lake, or park region, as it is called, offers great attractions to the settler as well as the tourist. The soil is a rich, black, sandy loam; beautiful bits of open prairie alternate with the woods and lakes, some large, some small, over the surface of the country, making a varied and pleasing landscape everywhere, and affording all of the essentials for profitable farming, combined with the interesting and healthful surroundings necessary for a pleasant home. Proceeding further west from the lakes the valley of the Red River is entered, the richest part of all this region. Including the country watered by the river's tributaries the valley is one hundred miles wide and four hundred long. Its surface is substantially level and is treeless except for the soft woods that grow along the borders of the rivers; the soil is an alluvial black mould, eighteen to thirty-six inches deep, resting on a strong clay subsoil. The accepted theory of its formation is that it was once the bed of a great inland sea. At Glyndon, a little place ten miles east of Fargo, the Northern Pacific crosses the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba road. Running north on the east side of the river is the boundary line of the British possessions where the Canadian Pacific connects it with Winnipeg. Passing over the Red River between Moorhead and Fargo, towns separated only by the river, we are in the territory of Dakota. The influx of settlers to this wheat belt, between Brainerd and Bismarck, within the past few years, has been enormous, and still continues, though now at a lessened rate. During the year ending June 30, 1879, 386,142 acres of the railroad lands in Dakota and Minnesota were sold at an average price of $4 45 per acre, and 1,250,000 acres of government lands within the limits of the railroad grant were taken up by settlers. For the year just closed the sale of railroad lands has been 239,305 acres, averaging $2.62 per acre, showing that the settlements are further away from the road and the amount of government lands taken up must have been correspondingly greater.

MORMONISM IN UTAH.

There is a comic as well as a pathetic side to Mormon polygamy. Among the Mormon woman at Utah was one who accepted in full faith the polygamic revelation. She had found in polygamy an ample compensation in the supposed right of the first wife to choose her husband's succeeding wives. This was her argument: "If the first wife selects the other wives, it has the effect of showing them that the husband thinks much of her judgment, and is willing to abide by it, and they will have to do the same. This is, of course, as it should be. But if she lets her husband choose his own wife, he is almost certain to take a fancy to some one whom the first wife does not like at all, and consequently her authority is undermined. The first wife ought to keep all the power in her own hands." The sequel of this lady's story is extremely ludicrous. After she had chosen two other wives for her husband, he was so perverse as to choose a fourth for himself, the fourth being not at all to her liking, as she herself admitted. This is her own account of the matter: "'I tell you, said I, 'I'm quite disgusted with you; a man with three wives—and me one of them—to go talking twaddle to a chattering hussy like that, with her cat's eyes and red hair!' 'Golden hair, my dear,' he said;—'Charlotte's hair is golden.' 'I say red!—it's straight, staring red—as red as red can be,' I told him, and then we had a regular fight over it. I don't mean that we came to blows, but we had some hot words, and he went out and left us two alone. Then that young hussy was impudent, and I don't know how it was, but somehow when we left our conversation, I felt some of Charlotte's red hair between my fingers, and there,' she said, innocently, holding out quite a good-sized tuft of auburn hair, 'there, I put it to you, Sister Stenhouse, is that red, or is it not?'"

—The Halton *News*, speaking of a recent lacrosse match, alludes to one Galbraith as "a cracked player from Shelbourne." The difference between "crack" and "cracked" is all in the 'ed.

—The Oakville *Express* now spells it, "whisky." This is another reason why the Scott Act should not be in force in this county.—*Halton News.* In our opinion the *Express* has done more to lessen whiskey than the Scott Actors will ever accomplish.

—Moyer, of the Berlin *News*, has been salted for libel so frequently that he avoids mention of people's names now. A puff in the *News* now reads like this: "A well known merchant of this town, whose name we suppress for obvious reasons, has a fine lot of remarkably cheap hams, cured by a prominent firm which shall be nameless out of respect to their friends.

COMMERCIAL INTERESTS IN ST. CATHARINES.

In *Bradstreet's* of September 25, the following communication from St. Catharines appears: St. Catharines became a city in 1876. Prior to this date, and more especially during the civil war in the United States, the place enjoyed great prosperity, and was accounted one of Canada's most flourishing towns. The good times led to cheap credits, which enabled parties with but little capital, and still less capacity, to embark in various enterprises, with the natural result—failure. The general depression in business was for some years probably more keenly felt here than in other towns of like size, and this depression was intensified by the falling off in the canal trade, on which the town so largely depended. It is pleasing to note that the commercial atmosphere is now becoming clear, and that there are unmistakable signs of returning prosperity. The producing powers of the various manufactories, with few exceptions, are taxed to their fullest extent. One of the largest factories has recently amalgamated with an American company, and the senior partner of the firm here has been appointed managing director of the Canadian business.

The shipping interest is looking up. The principal shipbuilder reports that while last year he employed from 15 to 25 hands, his pay roll this year numbers about 90. While the manufacturers are prosperous, it is worthy of note that the prosperity is not confined to them alone; the storekeepers, many of whom in times past have lost through crediting canal boarding-houses and others, are more cheerful and report a substantial increase in trade.

The first to engage in fruit drying in Canada by the scientific evaporating process is a wholesale fruit dealer here. The enterprise already gives employment to about thirty hands, and promises to grow to large dimensions. Three evaporators are in full working order. The fruit is dried in a remarkably short space of time, after which it is packed for shipment to Europe and elsewhere. Similar enterprises have been found profitable south of the lines, and as there is abundance of fruit grown in this neighborhood, and also a duty on dried fruits of 2c. per pound between Canada and the United States, there is no reason why the enterprise here should not be found equally profitable.

All the crops in this section have been good—above the average—added to which they have been well harvested.

A RESURRECTED WRONG

"I doan see why I'se allers in trouble," said an old darkey with a bad limp and a green shade over one eye, as he stood in the Tombs Police Court yesterday. "I doan see why I'se ter be kicked aroun' and toted all ober like if I wur a wild tagger or a tornady or sumfin, when I ain't done nuffin to nobody. Yere I is wif a ossifer on one side and heaps ob lor on t'udder, jes becus I'se got de roomaticks and can't skip about like a buck goat. When I was down Souf a feller frowed me outen a garrett winder, and no one said nuffin. On de kyars sum'un tuck away my walise and didn't lebe no address and nuffin happened ter him. Den when I comes ter dis yar town two or free niggahs chucks me inter a coal cellar and breaks my leg nigh offen me and frows dust in my eyes, and clers away wif my eleben cents. No one says nuffin to dem nudder. Chillum, I'se in a heap o' trouble, and you'se a pilin' it onter de ole man right along."

"What's dat you say?" said his Honor, turning an attentive ear to the prisoner's recital. "You were assaulted and robbed by some colored men?"

"Dat's jes it," said the ole man. "Dey 'saulted and robbed me. 'Sides snappin my ole bones and kiverin' me all ober wif brusies and bunyans, dey tuck offen me dem eleben cents."

"Is it the injuries they inflicted that disable you so?"

"Dem's dey, sah."

"This must be looked into," said his Honor sympathetically as he picked up a warrant and dipped his pen. "Where did this occur?"

"On Spring street, sah."

"And your assailants were colored men?"

"So brack you cudn't see froo dem."

"Could you recognize them if you think?"

"Oh, jes lemme sot eyes on dem, sah. I doan lose no eleben cents for nuffin."

"Well, I'll have this matter looked into," said his Honor, drying the writing. "By the by, at what o'clock did this occur?"

The old darkey scratched his head reflectively.

"I ain't shu 'bout de o'clock," he said at last, "but I know it 'curred sumwhar along in de spring ob sebenty-two."

The warrant was consigned to the waste basket.

THE DEFENDANT'S OBJECTIONS.

They were trying an assault and battery case in Justice alley the other day, or were getting ready to, when the defendant objected to the jury which the constable had gathered together. Beginning at number one the court asked:

"State your objections to the juryman."

"I beat him out of $50 on a horse trade and I know how he feels," was the reply.

"And this one?"

"He and I couldn't agree on a game of cards one day about two weeks ago, and I punched his aged head. He hasn't forgotten it, you bet!"

"Well, here's the third man?"

"He has a grudge against me for licking his brother-in-law."

"And the fourth?"

"We have never been good friends since I shot six of his hens."

"And the fifth?"

"I know him of old. He says I stole his shot-gun."

"And do you object to the sixth and last?"

"I decidedly do. It isn't four days since I got ready to throw him off a wood-dock."

"Wouldn't it be safe for you to dispense with a jury and let the court try the case?" suggested his Honor.

"No, sir!" was the decided reply. "I don't say that I got anything in particular against the court, but this court may have formed an opinion that I am the man who bagged his twenty-six game fowls one night last month. I've heard that he had his suspicions!"

The case was adjourned to secure six jurymen from out of the city.

A TALENT FOR CONVERSATION.

A talent for conversation has an extraordinary value for common, everyday uses of life. Let any one who has this gift enter in a social circle anywhere. How every one's face brightens at his entrance. How soon he sets all the little wheels in motion, encouraging the timid, calling out ostentatiously the resources of the reserved and shy, subsidizing the facile, and making everybody glad and happy.

To converse well is not to engross the conversation. It is not to do all the talking. It is not necessary to talk with very great brilliancy. A man may talk with such surpassing power and splendor as to awe the rest of the company into silence or excite their envy, and so produce a chill where his aim should be to produce warmth and sunshine. He should seek the art of making others feel quite at home with him, so that no matter how great may be his attainments or reputation, or how small may be theirs, they find it insensibly just as natural and pleasing talking to him as hearing him talk. The talent for conversation, indeed, more almost than anything else in life, requires more tact and discretion. It requires one to have more varied knowledge, and to have it at instant and absolute disposal, so that he can use just as much or just as little as the occasion demands. It requires the ability to pass instantly and with ease from the playful to the serious, from books to men, from the mere phase of courtesy to the expressions of sentiment and passion.—*Prof. Hart's "Mistake of Educated Men."*

—John Root and his son, of Sherbrooke were nearly drowned the other day. The family was nearly exterminated—Root and branch.

—Corkscrews can now be made and sold for a cent.—*Detroit Free Press.* The attention of the Ontario Government is specially called to this item.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says salary day in a circus is the greatest pay-raid.

—Baltimore will be 150 years old on Oct. 11 and a great celebration is in preparation.

—Spain, with only 17,000,000 of inhabitants, turns out yearly twice as much wheat as does Italy with 28,000,000 of inhabitants.

—"If you shoot my dog I'll shoot you," said Van Buren to Hunt, at Tuscola, Ill. The dog and Hunt in a minute lay dead on the ground.

—Queen Margerita of Italy, attended by a brilliant suite, is passing the autumn on Lake Maggiore, at the villa of her mother, the Duchesse of Genoa.

—The debt of Italy is now nearly two billions of dollars, yet a Rome journal reports that "Baron Rothschild speaks encouragingly of our finances!"

—President Walker of the Toledo *Produce Exchange* sent his unruly boy to a reform school. The boy felt the disgrace keenly, and on being released, committed suicide.

—The Rev. A. A. Hoskin, who has been deposed by the Methodists for heterodoxy, was denied permission to perform a marriage ceremony in his former church at Milwaukee.

—The Rev. Benjamin F. Cooley, an Episcopal clergyman at Chelmsford Centre, Mass., has been sued for damages by the father of a boy whom he, it is charged, induced to get drunk.

—The London *Times* says that the bills which the House of Lords rejects may be few, but the number which it prevents from being brought forward at all are probably not few.

—The famous 13-year old violinist, Teresa Tua, has been challenged by another 13-year old aspirant from Ancona to an exhibition of their respective skill on the violin in Paris. Both are girls.

—A boy was carrying two pounds of powder and a fuse in a cigar box, at Gibralter, Pa. The end of the fuse proceeded, and a practical joker was at hand to light it. The explosion killed the boy.

—A girl was frightened to death by a dream, at West Chester, Pa. She was recovering from typhoid fever, and was so weak that awakening in terror, the violent action of her heart proved instantly fatal.

—A ministrel performer proudly advertises himself in the amusement papers as "the largest-mouthed comedian in the world," and adds: "Many envy and imitate me, but there is none can compete with me."

—Prospectors in the Magdalena Mountains, New Mexico, descended through a small aperture into a cavern, in which they found the skeleton of a man. It is believed that he had been put there by Indians and left to starve to death.

—Kansas cattle raisers, in order to hinder competition, had a law passed forbidding the passage through the State of herds from Texas, but a United States Court has declared the act unconstitutional.

—There is said to be a man at Jericho, Vt., who is always called upon to break the news to the family when anybody is accidentally killed there, and he does it in such a neat manner that they are almost glad it happened.

—John Keelan after murdering his father, at Stratford, Ontario, coolly sauntered into the house, ate a hearty supper, slept soundly all night, and when the body was found in the morning, calmly said: "Oh, yes; I killed the old cuss."

—A man asleep at the top of a telegraph pole was a recent spectacle in Boston. He was a drunken repairer who had grown drowsy at his work. A great crowd gathered, but nothing was done to arouse him and he finally awoke in safety.

—There is a lively demand at Wilkesbarre, Pa., for plaster from Knock chapel since Kate Miles, who had been all her life a helpless cripple, reported herself cured in a single night by bathing her deformed foot with the solution.

—The freshmen at a Wesleyan University hired a band of music for $5 to serenade President Beach. After one tune had been played the sophomores paid the musicians $10 to stop. Such a fight ensued as had never been known before in the history of the college.

—Albert Gray, of Dallas, Texas, had lately been converted to Christianity, and, therefore when William Young swore profanely in his presence, he was dreadfully shocked. He drew a revolver, implored the blasphemer to stop, and then shot him dead.

—The managers of the Chicago menagainst-horses race lost $3 800 by the enterprise, and now they are being prosecuted by the Bergh society of that city. The cruelty to the beasts is described as shockingly inhuman. One of them has since died.

—Bertie had half a biscuit buttered, and a whole one unbuttered. He gave Grace the whole one and kept the buttered one. A remark being made about his giving away the larger piece, Grace said: "Yes, he gave the biggerest, but he kept the butterest himself."

—For some time past the Prussian Board of Works has been engaged in digging up the old Berlin Schloss Platz in search of two missing Brandenburg Electors. Their remains are wanted to complete the set of defunct Prussian monarchs for the reception of whose ashes a splendid mausoleum is to be constructed.

—It has been estimated that of the horses in the world Austria has 1,367,000; Hungary, 2,179,000; France, about 3,000,000; Russia, 21,470,000; Germany, 3,352 000; Great Britain and Ireland, 2,255,000; Turkey, 1,000,000; the United States, 9,504,000; the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000; Canada, 2,634,000; Uruguay, 1,600,000.

—John Moran was under engagement to marry Lottie Church, at Sandy Lane, Ala. He deserted her and went to live in an adjoining county. When told of his perfidy, she prayed that he might be punished by instant death. It chanced that at exactly that hour he was killed by the fall of a tree. Lottie believes that her prayers caused his death, and is crazed by remorse.

—A woman was murderously assailed in Clinton county, Kansas, and a lynching party was soon formed to hunt the villain. Henry Bird joined the mob and was foremost in the search. At length a scratch on his neck drew attention, and other evidence convinced his companions that he was the man whom they sought. They hanged him promptly.

—Nancy Heywood had murdered a woman at Manitowoc, Wis., and was in jail on suspicion; but her denial of guilt had been persistent, and there was hardly any evidence against her. Her mother visited her in prison, held a crucifix up before her, and called her in the name of the Virgin Mary to tell the truth. The girl thereupon confessed the crime.

—Young Flood, son of the bonanza king, was out on a spree in San Francisco with a clerk of his father's bank. The clerk, though his salary was small, would not allow himself to be outdone by Flood in the lavish expenditure of money; and the latter, when he got sober, reasoned that his companion was a defaulter. An investigation confirmed that theory. The clerk had stolen $4,000 from the bank.

—Old Pop Reed, gasman of the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, has retired after fifty-six years of service. "When I went there," he says, "all the lights we had on the stage were the footlights—a number of oil lamps fixed to a board. When they wanted a dark scene the prompter rang a bell and we lowered the board with the lamps under the stage, and raised it again when a light scene was wanted."

—High on the almost perpendicular side of a cliff on the Kentucky River in Jessamine county, is a small shelf of rock. On that perch is Jim Johnson, a fugitive horse thief, and in the vicinity are a party of sheriff's officers. Jim is armed with a rifle, and has a supply of provisions. He has already wounded one careless pursuer, and the rest dare not approach within range. The siege will be maintained until he is starved out.

—Francesco Rizzoli, Professor of Surgery at the University of Bologna, who died recently, has bequeathed his vast wealth, estimated at nearly 6,000,000 l., to the municipality of Bologna, with the stipulation that it should be devoted to the completion and maintenance of the Model Orthopedic Hospital on his estate at San Michele, in Bosco, an institution on which he had during his lifetime expended a sum of 2,000,000 f.

—The natives of the Orkney Islands are said to enjoy good health and to live long. For these blessings they are indebted entirely to the bracing climate and to their own healthy outdoor occupations. A young woman from one of these islands was asked lately whether her people were generally long livers. With unconscious naivete she replied. "Yes, they live to a great age; there's no doctor on the island."

—At Pala, in southern California, the anniversary of Saint Louis is celebrated by religious ceremonies and bull fights, all under the auspices of the monks belonging to the mission of San Luis Rey. This year a great concourse of Spaniards and Indians gathered. After each day's mass for the week there was bull fighting in the churchyard. These encounters did not amount to much, but a fight between a bull and a bear proved more satisfactory.

—A curious combination of hero worship and commercial enterprise is announced. Elstow Church, in England, like so many other edifices, has been restored, and to some ingenious personage has occurred the thought of selling the old woodwork for Bunyan memorials. Accordingly, an "Elstow edition" is announced of the "Pilgrim's Progress." Every copy of the book will have one or both of its boards made of veritable oak from Bunyan's parish church.

—The oldest infantry regiment in the Austrian army celebrated, on the 21st of last month, the 250th anniversary of its enrolment. It bears the name of "Prince George of Saxony, No. 11," and was raised in Bohemia in 1630, during the "Thirty Years' War." The regiment is at present quartered in Herzegovina. The day was celebrated by a grand banquet given by the officers, while the soldiers had a sort of historical masquerade, illustrating the career of the regiment.

—After the execution of Meuesclou in Paris the other day for the murder of the little girl, Luise Deu, his remains were conveyed to the anatomical theatre, and subjected to a singular experiment. Dr. Sappey injected under the cutaneous tissue of the head some fresh drawn blood from the carotid of a living dog. The result was striking; for the color returned to the cheeks, there was a perceptible nervous tremor, while the lips slightly moved. The same treatment applied to the body produced no effect.

—Sir F. Roberts, the conquering hero of Candahar and "Savior of Afghanistan," is son of a clergyman of the Established Church in Waterford, Ireland. His brother, Samuel U. Roberts, is one of the Commissioners of the Board of Public Works in Ireland. Sir F. Roberts is a member of the order of Good Templars and a stanch teetotaller. He has a Good Templar lodge attached to every regiment under his command. Sir Garnet Wolseley is also a total abstainer.

—A very peculiar case is under investigation by the committee of the Cork Fever Hospital. A gentleman has charged one of the surgeons of the institution with having experimented on his child, who was suffering from suppressed scarlatina, by injecting a peculiar poison called pylocarpine into the veins. The father states that the experiment was never before tried in the United Kingdom, and that the physician should have consulted his colleagues before using it.

—Kline and his wife slept on the porch of their residence, at Gainesville, Texas, one warm night last summer. In the morning it was found that the man had been murdered where he lay. Noftsinger, who had been Mrs. Kline's suitor before her marriage, was convicted of the crime and hanged. Lately Mrs. Kline was supposed to be dying, and she then confessed (what had never been suspected) that she was Noftsinger's accomplice in the murder. She has recovered, and will be tried.

—The elephant Chief, which killed his keeper, John King, in North Carolina, a few days ago, is an old and vicious brute. Tamers of elephants generally act on the belief that they can only be controlled through fear; that, though they make pets of dogs and other beasts, they can never be made to love their masters. King held a contrary theory, and boasted that he never punished Chief. His life was lost, it is said, because he did not promptly resort to torture when his charge became unruly.

—The most wonderful apparitions are alleged to have been seen at the chapel of Knockmore, within five miles of Ballina, in Ireland, since Sunday, Sept. 4. Dozens of peoplet attest in the strongest manner to having seen various wonderful visions much on the same description as those said to have been seen at Knox, sixteen miles distant. Thousands throng the chapel and grounds night and day, and the greatest excitement prevails. The priest can scarcely control the rush, and it is hardly possible to enter the chapel.

—Henry Tiffany worked on a farm at Jonesville, Mich., and courted the employer's daughter Alice in vain. She married a rascal, who was soon afterwards sent to prison for stealing. Henry thought that her husband's disgrace ought to turn her from him, and he informed her that the conviction was a sufficient ground for divorce; but she declared that her love was unchanged, and showed an ardent letter which she had just written to her convict spouse. Henry said, "You're not fit to live," and shot her to death. Then he laid down by her side, and killed himself.

—Although the Empress of Germany is not a popular lady, she is an extremely charitable one. Her first visits on arriving in Berlin are to the school and hospital she has founded, and which are named after her. Not only are these supported mainly out of her private purse, but they receive from her a large share of time and attention. It seems almost as if the precise military habits of her male relatives has influenced her character, for during her stay in Berlin she may be seen at a certain hour on a certain day of every week driving in a small brougham to the hospital to read the report of the head physician, to visit the patients, and to inquire minutely into the treatment they receive.

—Charles Schnelder was a trusted bookkeeper for John Grossius, a Cincinnati stove manufacturer. He married his employer's daughter, and was thereupon given ten per cent. of the profits of the extensive business instead of the $1,200 salary which he had received. The change of fortune ruined the young man. As a suitor for Miss Grossius' hand, he had treated her with the utmost consideration; as her husband, he was cruel and inconstant. As an employee in the manufactory, he had been honest and efficient; as a partner, he embezzled the firm's money, neglected the business, and became a drunkard. His father-in-law at length threatened to have him arrested, and he retaliated by a determined effort to murder the whole family.

—It is stated that Queen Victoria is about to express her approbation of the conduct of Gen. Roberts by granting permission to his mother and sister to occupy for life their present apartments at Hampton Court. The services performed and the mode of awarding them seem curiously disproportionate, and free quarters at Hampton Court are not at all the unmixed blessing implied in the privilege of residing there. The ladies' apartments certainly look out on a charming park, but the rumors of petty quarrels among the recipients of the royal hospitality would point to anything but a tranquil ending of an aged lady's days in the palace by the Thames. It will be proposed to give a special grant to Gen. Roberts for his services, in addition to continuing him in his temporary rank.

—An extra solidity is given by French builders to factory and other floors requiring great strength by embedding the boarding in asphalt. Pieces of oak, usually about two and a half to four inches broad, twelve to thirty inches long, and one inch thick, are pressed down into a layer of solid asphalt, not quite half an inch thick, in the familiar herring-bone pattern. To insure a complete adhesion of the wool to the asphalt, and obtain the smallest possible joint, the edges of the pieces of wood are planed down, bevelling toward the bottom, so that their cross sections become wedge-like. It is stated that the floors constructed according to this plan are used mainly for ground stories in barracks and hospitals, and that they have also been resorted to in the numerous newly constructed forts at Metz.

—Baldness is more common among women than most people have any idea of, if a fashion correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* is to be believed. "There is now performing in this city," she says, "an English actress, whose devilitry is not a mere stage assumption; she is naturally full of it. Desiring to see some of the gaslight sights of the city, she arranged with a gay fellow to escort her. She proposed to dress as a man. 'You can't disguise yourself so that they won't detect you,' he said. 'Cawn't I?' she replied, in her London dialect. 'Look here, me boy.' She pulled off her blonde wig, and disclosed a pate perfectly hairless atop and close cropped at the sides. 'Who'd suppose that belonged to a woman?' she asked. 'Nobody,' he replied. They made the tour unsuspected."

—Happy Cal Wagner, the popular negro minstrel, appeared with a company at Henck's Opera House, Cincinnati. This theatre is a large one, with low prices of admission, and the audience drink and smoke in their seats. In an interview with an *Enquirer* reporter Wagner said: "You see, me and the rest of the gang is high-toned fakes, and it breaks us all up to look out in front and see that we are playing to a lot of jigers, half of whom are anchored at a beer glass and the other half puffing away at cheap cigars, and no real ladies in the house. It's uncouraging, Cul, sure's yer born. No, me boy, the profesh isn't what it used ter was, or real artists like us wouldn't have to play in sich hard luck." On the evening after this was published he was hissed on his appearance at Henck's. He endeavored to apologize, but the audience would not hear him, and he was compelled to retire from the stage.

—Unless the plans long ago proposed by Signor Lanciani, who married an American, Miss Rhodes, for raising the Baptistery at Rivonna be speedily carried out this most ancient Christian temple, with its well-known early mosaics, will be seriously endangered. It has already sunk three metres into the marshy ground upon which it was built (it is said by Bishop St. Ursus about the year 380) and further harm is feared from the infiltration of water through the walls of the edifice. The plans submitted to the Italian Government comprehend lifting the Baptistery bodily as it stands and setting it down on drier ground. Such a scheme was long ago formed by Leonardo da Vinci with regard to the Church of San Giovanni at Florence, which had also sunk too deep into the soil but it was considered "wild and impracticable" by the architects of his day.

—The lines of railways in the five divisions of the earth cost, in round numbers, $16,000,000,000, and would, according to Baron Klob, reach eight times round the globe, although it is but little over half a century since the first railway worked by steam was opened between Darlington and Stockton, Sept. 27, 1825, and between Manchester and Liverpool, Sept 15, 1830. It is shown that in France, previous to the existence of railways, there was one passenger in every 335,000 killed, and one out of every 30,000 wounded, whereas between 1835 and 1875 there was but one in 5,178,800 killed, and one in 580,420 wounded, so that we may infer that the tendency to accidents is yearly diminishing. Railway travelling in England is attended with greater risk than in any other country in Europe. A French statistician observes that if a person were to live continually in a railway carriage and spend all his time in railway travelling, the chances in favor of his dying from a railway accident would not occur till he was 960 years old.

—The project of a canal for ships from the Baltic to the North Sea, between the Bay of Kiel and Brunsbuttle, in the estuary of the Elbe, appears likely to prove a success. Its depth throughout is to be 20 feet and nine inches, its width at the surface of the water 160 feet, and at the bottom 64 feet, the banks thus having a gentle slope. Provision is also to be made, by means of a peculiar system of locks and reservoirs, for increasing the depth of the water to some 26 feet, whenever it may be desirable to do so, this depth allowing of the passage through the canal of the heaviest German ironclad afloat, the Konig Willhelm, a vessel of nearly 10,000 tons displacement, but drawing only 26 feet. In size this canal will not compare unfavorably with the Suez, the latter being 172½ feet wide at the surface of the water, 70 feet at the bottom and about 26 feet deep.

—Commander Cheyne, of the British Navy says that Sir John Franklin and his men were starved to death by the contractor who supplied the expedition with preserved meats. He furnished Sir James Ross' expedition, to which Commander Cheyne belonged, and the tins labelled "beef" and "mutton" contained nothing but offal. Some of the tins, when opened contained nothing but big knuckles of bone. Everything belonging to the animals was put into the tins, except horns, hoofs and hides. The very entrails were there, and when they ate them, having nothing else, they had to hold their noses, so offensive was the stench. They found this contractor's name upon the tins which the Franklin expedition had thrown aside at Beechy Bay. He also at one time supplied the Mediterranean fleet, and its commander condemned the stuff. Commander Cheyne has repeatedly made this statement to England, and challenged the contractor to sue him for libel; but he has failed to respond.

—The following public expression of gratitude was recently inserted by a Saxon farmer and his wife in the columns of a German newspaper: "Thanks, most heartfelt thanks, to all those who, upon hearing of our misfortune on Monday, Aug. 16th, when a sudden flash of lightning felled our two cows and she-calf to the earth, at once rushed to our assistance. Thanks more especially to the master butchers, Messrs. Thomas, Reichel, and Fischer, who kindly slaughtered the dying animals on the spot, thus preserving us from the cruel loss of finding the ill-fated beasts unfit for human consumption. Thanks, finally, too, to all those who speedily came from far and near, and bought up the meat with such avidity that by 5 in the afternoon there was not a scrap left. May heaven mercifully protect them and us all against any similar terror and calamity in future, and bless them a thousandfold for the truly extraordinary sympathy they have shown us.

C. DRESSLER AND WIFE.

"Kunersdorf, Aug. 18th, 1880."

—After twenty-one centuries the remains of the 300 young Thebans, formerly the "Sacred Battalion," who fell at the terrible battle of Cheronea have now been dug up. During the summer excavations have been made around the gigantic memorial lion which was placed in the centre of the field to commemorate the deeds of heroism of that dark day. A wall 25 yards in length and 15 yards in breadth was first found beneath the soil, within this inclosure at a depth of four yards lay the bones of 185 Thebans, resting side by side, ranged in rows of forty, each in the attitude in which he had died. Seven such rows have been found. They are so placed that the heads of those of the second rank repose at the feet of the first. All bear the marks of the blows which caused their death. One of them has both thighs pierced by thrust of the spear; another has the jawbone broken and splintered; a third has the skull fearfully hacked; a fourth, whose head is wonderfully well preserved, has the mouth still wide open, as if he breathed. This last will be conveyed to the Museum of Antiquities at Athens. What is especially noticeable about it is that the jaw possesses every tooth in perfect order. No weapons have been found.

—Thirteen of the widows of Brigham Young still live in the Lion House at Salt Lake. Their shares of the estate were $21,000 each, according to the will, but by threatening litigation they obtained about $10,000 more. They receive, however, only the income from their property; but that is sufficient to give them excellent fare in the old home, with servants, horses, and $75 dollars a month in money. Lousie, one of the daughters of the Prophet by Emeline Free, the most intellectual and intelligent of the wives, says that all of her full brothers and sisters have renounced polygamy; but a majority of Young's forty-seven children are Mormons. Speaking of the household as it used to be, she says: "We lived very happily. My father's ruling had a good deal to do with it. He taught us to love one another. Every morning wives and children met in the parlor, where we had prayers and singing. People have often asked me how in the world father knew all his children and wives, but I can tell you if a single one was missing at prayers he knew it, and found out where he or she was. Our house was like a great hotel, and we the guests. Our father was a great manager, and very practical in superintending his household affairs. Our rooms opened on to a long hall, like the one in the hotel here, but larger, and when we wanted anything from sisters, brothers, or wives, we went into this room or that at will."

HINTS FOR OCTOBER.

Weeds in grass land may be very easily seen and destroyed this month by the use of the "spud," a broad chisel-blade attached to a handle like that of a spade or long-handled shovel, having a spur upon it for the foot to aid in thrusting it into the ground. A boy with an instrument of this kind can rapidly clear grass land of buttercups, daisies, and a multitude of other biennial and perennial weeds.

TOP-DRESSING.—Bone dust or "tankings," or some fertilizer in which the nitrogen is not in the form of ammonia, and not soluble, is the best for late autumn application to grass or grain. Such a manure has some immediate effects, yet is not washed away in solution by heavy rains, but shows its potency in the spring.

POTATOES.—The sooner they are dug now the better. It is best to keep them a while either in protected heaps in the field, or on some unused floor. They throw off much moisture within a few days, and will heat if in large heaps or too deep in the bins. When thoroughly dry, they may be placed in secure pits in the cellar. Potatoes are injured at once by the frost, and gradually by sunlight, or even by diffused light They should, therefore, be kept from the light as much as possible, and decayed ones carefully culled out before they are put away.

ROOTS ARE now making their best growth. Moderately warm days and cold nights seem to have a good effect upon them. As the time for heavy frosts approaches, secure the mangels and sugar beets. Top by rubbing the leaves off, not by cutting, as the wound often starts decay, which spoils the beet. Carrots secure attention next after the beets, and turnips next, leaving the Sweedish turnips longest. Always protect piles of roots against frost by some covering. Turnips will survive severe freezing, but they are never so good for feeding.

CORN FODDER, by which we mean the stalks after husking (not the leaves of the corn merely stripped off), should be bound in bundles, probably best done with willow withes, and stocked up so as to shed rain. Large stocks, well set and firmly bound, may be left in the field till needed for feeding, without injury to the fodder. In fact, it is often brighter and better when treated in this way than in any other. In stacks or in sheds it is likely to heat and mould, unless it can be more thoroughly dried than we can be sure of having it.

FODDER CORN, which of course, was cut before the first frost, or much of its value was lost, should be handled much in the same way. As soon as the stalks are sufficiently dry, and the weather so cool that danger from moulding is past, put it up in small bundles, and set these together in large stooks in the field, bound securely at the top.

PLOWING FOR SPRING CROPS.—This may be done at any time now, where the soil is no too light, and not likely to wash during the winter. The ground should be left rough to be subjected to the fullest action of the weather, freezing, thawing, wetting, drying, etc. Should a crop of weeds come up, it will very likely pay to harrow and plow again.

RIDGE PLOWING of stiff clays is often of great benefit. It is done by turning the furrows two and two together, so as to leave the land uniformaly ridged. The ridges must run up and down the slopes; otherwise, in heavy rains, water will be held by the ridges until it breaks through somewhere, when there will be danger of a "wash-out." This system of winter fallowing involves plowing again in the spring, but shows its good effects in the crops.

WATER.—If pure water does not flow at the barn, look into means for securing it. Barn yard wells are convenient, but often dangerous to the health, if not of animals, certainly of men, who may drink at them. If the water from some spring can be led to the house and barn, by all means bring it down—use plain iron pipes or enameled ones - not "galvanized" pipes. Zinc is a slow poison, but not quite so bad as lead. A well on high ground will often furnish flowing water, conducted by a siphon, at the level of the buildings. No well should be dug at a less distance than 300 feet from a barn yard, cesspool, or privy vault.

BUILDINGS.—This month offers the most favorable time usually for the painting and repair of farm buildings, and putting them in order for the winter. A great part of this work may be well done during this month by the farmer and his boys.

IMPLEMENTS, put away for the winter, should be painted or protected in some way from the action of the air and moisture. Paint or varnish for the wood-work, and a varnish of two-thirds rosin and one-third mutton-tallow is excellent for protecting iron and steel.

LIVE STOCK.—A little extra feed brings cattle and horses to the beginning of winter in good order. The tops of carrots, beets and turnips may be fed to good advantage, and there is a great deal of sweetness in the October pasturage. Where much corn is planted, there will always be soft ears and "nubbins," which are best fed to horses and pigs.

SWINE.—Pigs will fatten nearly as fast on potatoes this month as on corn next. They do best on cooked feed, and the grain ought to be ground.

SHEEP.—This month we speak for March lambs. Half-fed sheep are often run into market

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1880.

THE BIDDULPH TRAGEDY.

Disagreement of the Jury in the Case of James Carroll.

HIS LORDSHIP CHARGES AGAINST THE PRISONER.

Seven Jurymen for Acquittal, Four for Conviction, and One Undecided.

The trial of the prisoner James Carroll, accused of complicity in the murder of the Donnelly family, the formal charge against him being the murder of Judith Donnelly, did not close until half-past ten o'clock Saturday night, having occupied the attention of the Court for a full working week. The result of the trial has been a disagreement on the part of the jury and their consequent discharge without any verdict. The first part of Saturday morning was occupied by the testimony for the Crown in rebuttal of some statements of the witnesses for the defence. That having been concluded, the counsel entered upon their addresses, which closed about two o'clock, when His Lordship Justice Armour at once entered upon his charge to the jury. The summing up of the evidence by His Lordship was a wonderfully broad and clear statement of the case, but it bore very hardly against the prisoner.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

Mr. Justice Armour, in delivering his charge to the jury pointed out that the first thing the jury had to determine was whether Judith Donnelly came to her death by human hands on the night of February 3rd, and having determined that, they had to consider by whose hands her murder was effected. The responsibilities in making an enquiry of this kind were of course great, but they had to be fulfilled honestly and impartially, but rigidly, sternly and manfully. If there was a reasonable doubt, then the doubt in a case of this kind should be given in favor of the accused. The doubt, however, should not be a doubt conjured up by what may have happened in other cases or by reports regarding the case produced before the evidence was given. In the same way the evidence given as to character in a case of this kind might become of no importance whatever, unless the other evidence were of such a class as to make it completely impossible to say whether the accused was guilty or not, and in such a case previous good character would give a clue as to whether the prisoner really could be guilty of such a crime or not. If the proof of guilt was convincing, then evidence as to character was of no consequence at all. The jury no doubt would agree that the Donnellys came to their deaths by violence, and by an outrage unparalled in this country for savage atrocity and brutal ferocity. The reflection that such a crime could be committed in this Christian and civilized country was sufficient to make one's blood freeze; but though horrified at the brutality of the crime, it would not be right for the jury to allow themselves to consider the evidence brought against the prisoners charged with the offence in any other than an impartial spirit. The deaths which were caused that night were as nothing to the vindication of public justice, which was now required in order to show that such deeds could not be permitted in this country. If this offence was the work of the vigilance committee, and it passed unpunished, who could tell what next offence would be committed? If this offence remained unnoticed what guarantee was there that others who had become obnoxious to the persons who formed this conspiracy against law and order, would not be exterminated? If the perpetrators of this deed went free, what satisfaction would the public have that in other parts of the country evil disposed people would not be deterred from secretly conspiring to take the lives of their fellowmen? In the case for the Crown the murder of John Donnelly was brought forward; but that murder was of very little importance in this case, except in so far as that it showed that the series of depredations was committed by the aid of men whose action was preconcerted. And even though the jury should be satisfied that the prisoner was present at John Donnelly's murder, they could not be justified in bringing in a verdict against him unless they were also assured that he was at the homestead. It seemed to be pretty clearly established that John Donnelly was murdered, and the question arose whether Wm. Donnelly saw the prisoner there. It was for the jury to judge whether Donnelly's evidence was true or not, and they were better able to judge of his veracity by his conduct in the box than by the evidence of men, some of whom came forward and said they would not believe him, while others came forward and said that they would. In support of Donnelly's statement that he saw Carroll when looking out of the window, there was the statement of his wife that she saw him looking out. On behalf of Carroll an *alibi* was sworn to. In regard to *alibis* it was to be noticed that persons proving them always spoke with the greatest of precision on the surrounding circumstances and in this case the rule had been followed. Were the jurymen prepared to say that those *alibis* were reliable. This led to a discussion of the vigilance committee and the purpose of its existence. It was said that there were a great many depredations in Biddulph and a pledge with reference to them was signed at the church door. This pledge, it was evident, meant nothing more than that the persons who signed it would assist the priest in the discovery of crime. Shortly after that a society regarding which the court could not learn much, was formed. One witness said it was to put down violence, another said it was to assist in bringing certain people to justice. One said it was not actually a secret society, while another said there was a man minding the door of the place in which it was held. All agreed, however, that a pledge was signed, and it would have been well if that pledge had been produced. It was only by acts of the organization that the purposes of its founders could be arrived at. It was, of course, perfectly legitimate to endeavor to find out crime and bring people to justice; but organizations such as this were clearly outside of the law. They were the frequent mothers of all sorts of offences. Such as organizations when formed to bring people to the law frequently when failing in that purpose took the law into their own hands. The particular depredations which called the society into existence had not been given, but the acts of the society subsequently showed its character. In several matters it had pursued the Donnellys. When it should have got them bound over to keep the peace in the case of Thompson's cow, the zeal its members showed in sitting up all night and descending upon the Donnellys in a large band in the morning showed its promptitude to act and its readiness to judge of a charge without first enquiring into it. Had these men for their attack on the Donnellys been indicted for riot instead of being charged with a trespass, the indictment would undoubtedly have been sustained. But, notwithstanding the society's search and its threatening proceedings, the cow was not lost at all. This showed the danger there was of such a society taking proceedings unwarrantably. There was a singular reticence on the part of the witnesses in regard to what was done at the meeting before the murder. Kain and Blake said the names of the Donnellys were not mentioned or talked of, and, indeed, all seemed to be oblivious regarding what was done on that occasion. But previous to this the society seemed to have come to the conclusion that it was not complete without a constable and a magistrate of its own. There could be no doubt of this: that had the Ontario Government known that Casey was a member of such a society as this, and that his appointment was asked for by the society, they would never have made him a magistrate, and he would make bold to say that had the chairman of the Quarter Sessions known that the prisoner was an active member of such a society he would not have permitted his appointment as a peace officer. It would seem that the society was formed for the purpose of putting down the Donnelly gang, as Michael Blake justly said, and the difficulty about such a society was that whatever depredation is committed its members are sure to assume that the persons against whom they are hostile are guilty parties. What did the prisoner himself say about it? He said it was got up to put down bad work, and as soon as Thompson's cow was missed he and the others went to Donnelly's, towards whom they were hostile, and made a demonstration against them, asking the old man how he would like a kick in his ribs. The jury had from such acts as these to judge whether the murder at the Donnelly homestead was the work of the society. If they were of opinion that it was, they could have very little difficulty in coming to a conclusion on the other parts of the case, and the connection of the prisoner with the crime. If the crime was committed, was it likely to have been committed by but one man? If it was committed by more than one man who were the most likely men to commit it? Was it likely that such a crime could not have been prearranged, and if prearranged were the men who committed it most likely to have met to discuss and decide upon it? Were the men who committed this offence in the dead hour of the night as likely to be strangers to the neighbourhood or persons who were quite familiar with it, and in addition to that hostile to the Donnelly family? Did not the whole reasoning show that the crime was deliberately planned, and if deliberately planned, where did the plotters meet immediately prior to its execution? If they met must they not have met in some house in the neighbourhood? and if so at whose house did they meet? Could any other conclusion be arrived at than that the offence was planned and carried out by the society? If so, then there was so much reason in favour of the prisoner. But there were the *alibis* to be considered. Five of the prisoners swore they were not present, while other witnesses swore, on the part of the prisoner, that he couldn't have been there. These witnesses were members of the society, and was it likely that men who would join hands to commit a crime of this kind would have the slightest hesitation in swearing *alibis* for all who were connected with them? These witnesses might not have been at the murder themselves, but would they not come to the assistance of those in whose wicked plans they had conspired? The conduct of the people of the neighbourhood immediately after the occurrence would enable the jury to judge whether the members of the society were cognizant of the crime. "Take Patrick Whalen's evidence," his Lordship continued; "this evidence astonished me beyond measure. I do not know what is the ordinary course pursued in case of a fire in this part of the country. But I do know that in other parts of the country when a neighbor's house is on fire the first one to see it alarms the community, and everyone living near rushes to assist in putting out the flames. But what did old Whalen do? The boy O'Conner came to tell him of the fire and asked that the boys be called up. But no, they call up the boys, and Whalen instead of going down to the fire, which was 105 yards distant, went to his son's house, 184 yards distant, where he found his son John, not going down to the fire, but standing in his shirt-tail looking at it. The old man would have us believe that all that took place was his telling his son that Donnelly's house was on fire, but you must remember that he was a member of the vigilance committee, and that according to his own story he went three or four miles to attend a meeting of the committee to talk about nothing." This same witness, his Lordship proceeded to observe, went down to the fire afterwards, and though the front part of the house was not on fire, he did not attempt to get the Donnellys, who might not yet have been dead, out. What did the jury gather from that? Did not the indifference of the members of the society after the affair was committed make it appear as if the society was privy to the offence, or did the jury think now that the crime was committed by some one not belonging to the country? Did Casey, who saw the fire in the morning, go to it? No, he said he thought it was only the school house on Donnelly's lot. But was not the house of Thompson, who was a fellow member of the society, close by the school house? It was a wonder he did not think it was Thompson's, and run to help to put it out. Was it really likely that he thought it was the school house? Then there was the conduct of the prisoner to be considered. He heard next day, according to the evidence brought forward, that there had been a fire at Donnelly's and four bodies had been found, and, although he was a constable, he took care not to go near the place. Thompson, at whose place he slept, knew the fire was at Donnelly's and he coolly harnessed his horse and went to Exeter, while Sullivan, on hearing of the conflagration, only said, "Bedad, if it's the Donnellys', then I'll go home." The conduct of Blake, who slept at Ryder's, and who swore to the *alibi* for Ryder, stating that he was awake nearly all night, and was certain that Ryder could not have been out, was equally open to question. When asked if he saw the fire, he replied that he did, and that he thought it was moonlight. Was it likely that he could have mistaken a fire which lighted up the whole country-side for moonlight? It was singular also that the fire was seen by so few people. The Ryders, although they lived so near it, did not see it, neither did they, when they heard of the fire and the death of the Donnellys, take any interest in the occurrence. What did that indicate? Did the jury believe that these people knew nothing whatever of what had taken place, or did they not rather know of it just as well as the people who were guilty? Had the jury, in view of the conduct of the members of the society, any doubt as to whether the society was guilty or not? If they had none, and if they came to the conclusion that the society was a moving spirit in the offence, what reliance could they put in *alibis* sworn to by its members? Men implicated in such a crime would have no hesitation in going into the box and making any statement whatever in order to get their fellow-offenders off. In connection with Mr. Ryder's *alibi* there was this singular circumstance. One of the Ryders said that a pistol found in the clothes barrel had lain there for two years; another said it was always kept in his bureau drawer, where it had remained at the time of the murder, and it was only got out when it was felt that it was dangerous to be without a revolver. Then there came up the *alibi* of Purtell. The boy swore he saw Purtell. If the story was concocted, why did he stop at Purtell, and why did he not go on and implicate other men? Mr. McGrath was brought to prove that Purtell did not go out that night, but it must be remembered that McGrath was a member of the society. It was for the jury to consider whether Purtell could get out of the house without the inmates hearing it. His Lordship could only say that he had frequent cases before him in which parties were charged, not only with coming out of houses, but with going into them without making the inmates aware of the fact; but supposing the boy was mistaken in Purtell and Ryder, was he mistaken in Carroll? In the first place he told the Whalens the morning after the crime that he saw Carroll, and the Walens were not called to contradict it. He also said he saw a lot of men with blackened faces and in women's clothes; but that statement was not inconsistent with his subsequent evidence that some of the men had not blackened faces and women's clothes. He was only in the first instance giving his observations in a condensed form. It was not likely that in the excitement of the moment, after the tragedy, he would have given the Whalens the events step-by-step. He simply ejaculated something about the crime in a condensed form in order to get them to send at once to the rescue. But it was to be remembered that at that time he mentioned Carroll's name, so that his statement regarding Carroll then was not inconsistent with his statement now. According to his mother, he told her that he saw Purtell and Ryder standing behind Carroll. He says now he saw Carroll alone and Purtell and Ryder together, but in speaking to his mother he might have said that he saw Carroll and afterwards Purtell and Ryder, and the old woman might take it to mean that the word "afterwards" meant the position of the floor. Other words he might have used, though he meant Carroll was standing before Purtell and Ryder. As to his statement to Fox and Stanley that he did not recognize any one in talking, the jury must remember that he had been cautioned not to tell the names of the men he had seen. It would have been better if he had declined to make any statement at all to his numerous questioners, but then he was but a boy. There was no evidence to show that anybody had tampered with the boy, and could the jury think he had invented the story? Could they think any one was capable of writing a history of what took place on that night and teaching it to the boy? To the detectives he made a statement, but he did make to them a statement differing from that given now—and why? Because he knew he was making his statement to officers of the law. Had he concocted a story he might have told them a different one to that which he told now, but that he did not tell them a different story was evident by the fact that the defence had not called the detectives and put in their testimony that such a different story had been related to them. It was therefore apparent that the only occasions upon which the boy told a tale differing from that in his evidence were when questioned by irresponsible parties prior to the arrest of the men with whose conduct his statement would deal. It would now be advisable to see what the law laid down in regard to the evidence of children. Leading jurists were of the opinion that the evidence of children was more likely to be correct than the evidence of grown people, because the memory and observations of a child were greater than those of grown persons, and because the brain was younger, and the impression made upon it was deeper and more lasting. The jury had no doubt noticed that old people always talked a great deal about what happened when they were children while they forgot rapidly what occurred in their older days. Most people would remember circumstances which occurred while they were children, and forget altogether the more important events happening when they were thirty or thirty-five. This was because in youth the passions were not strong, and the motives of malice, spite, and self interest were wanting. Men would come into the witness box, and by reason of malice towards their neighbors, swear to what was untrue. A lad such as O'Connor has no such motive as that. A lad such as he would not be likely to become a member of a vigilance committee. He would not attend the meetings at the Cedar Swamp schoolhouse, neither would prejudice be likely to bias his narrative. Another reason why the evidence of a child was more to be relied upon than that of a man was, that if a child was telling what was untrue, it was not wary enough to stand cross-examination. A man knows what a council is driving at, and gives such answer in his cross-examination as will, in his view, support the story he is telling. The boy has not the same acuteness. What motive could a boy have had in going to Whalen's and telling them that he saw Carroll? Spite, malice or self-interest could not have dictated to him a story thus to implicate the prisoner. Was it likely that the boy could have invented such a story as this? He said that Carroll came undisguised, and an endeavor was made to show that this was proof of his unreliability; but the old man had firearms in his room, and would it be reasonable to suppose that he and his son would have permitted these men to have entered the house at that time of night had they not come ostensibly on a peaceful mission? Was it likely that the old man and his son would have got up and dressed, of which there was confirmation by the buttons, knife, and watch found on their bodies, in obedience to the demand of disguised men? Was it probable that a stranger coming there not armed with a process of law could have got them up to dress? The men, according to the boy, called them up to be arrested, told them they had a warrant for them and handcuffed them. The boy certainly said he had heard of a warrant or handcuffs before, but if any one had been educating him to tell this story would he not have taught him to say he knew what warrants and handcuffs were? Thomas asked the warrants to be ready, and the prisoner replied:—"There is time enough for that." That is all the boy hears until the hammering was going on. Thomas was seen by him running out of the front door. No doubt there was a guard at every door. He was caught and brought in and beaten. The boy heard some one call for a spade. Was that an invention? The boy did not see the spade, but it was found near the body of Tom the next morning. Was it likely that the spade could have been in a potato bin eighteen inches from the floor as contended for by the defence, or would it not have been the ordinary course of the woman to go down stairs with a pail and bring up a few potatoes for dinner? Well, the spade was there, the blood was there and the tracks were there. It was said that had Carroll been there and had he seen the boy, as the boy alleged, O'Conner would have answered for it by his life. No doubt had the men remembered that the boy was there he would have been killed. But the boy did not say the prisoner did see him, but he said he thought he did. Though the boy escaped it cannot be said they did not know he was there; but this much can be said, that in nine cases out of ten where a horrible crime like that was committed some clue was left whereby the guilty was discovered. "Murder will out" is a common saying, and its meaning was that no one was so intelligent and so far seeing as when committing a crime so to cover his tracks that he could not be traced. Regarding the girl Bridget, the boy says she ran upstairs and he after her, but when he got to the stair door it was closed so tightly that he could not open it, and yet it was said there was no lock on the door. Might she not have stood holding the door closed behind her, and was it impossible for her, when the boy had run under the bed, to run to the kitchen where her body the next morning was found? But the theory of the girl being murdered in the kitchen was, it was said, inconsistent with the story of the trampling which he heard upstairs. For whom hid the men ask when they first entered the house? It was for John Donnelly, who was not there. No one knew except Feehely, who was looked upon with suspicion so far as society was concerned, that John was away from home, and was it improbable that the men should have gone upstairs to look for him? It was, however, for the jury to say, looking on the whole evidence from beginning to end, and bearing in mind the fact that the boy accused the prisoner the very first time he made a statement regarding the crime, whether his evidence was true or not. He would leave these questions with them to decide, and if they were satisfied that the prisoner was there they should have no hesitation in finding him guilty. They had a duty to perform to society, and they must not shirk it. Were a jury to shirk its duty in a case of this kind society would be in no better position than if there were no laws at all. His Lordship, who had spoken for over two hours, ordered the jury to be removed.

THE JURY DISAGREE.

The jury retired at 4.30 o'clock and returned into court at 10.30 p. m., and reported seven for acquittal, four for conviction, and one undecided. They were asked if there was any probability of their agreeing, or if there was any point upon which they desired any further information. The foreman replied "No." The Judge then said he had no wish to coerce them to a conclusion which they could not reconcile to their conscience, and would therefore discharge them. The jury were accordingly discharged. The court room was crowded all through the night.

FURTHER PROCEEDINGS.

Judge Armour, in the Middlesex Court of Assize on Monday, announced that as the time of the Court would not allow it, no further trials of the Biddulph prisoners would take place this session. Mr. MacMahon made application for bail, but His Lordship reserved his decision until after he has had an opportunity of consulting with his brother judges upon the subject. The prisoners have been remanded to gael to await this decision. If no bail is granted, a special commission may be issued to try them; but if neither is done they will remain in prison until the Spring Assizes, when they will be again brought up for trial.

HOW THE CASE STANDS.

In the case as it now stands the voluminous evidence, the keen cross-examinations, the learned arguments of Counsel, the able and exhaustive charge of the judge, and the great expense of last week amount to nothing. The prisoners are in no better, nor worse position in view of the disagreement of the jury than they were before the trial commenced, though the evidence elicited, and the analysis of that evidence by Mr. Justice Armour, must have affected the public mind. Carroll can, of course, be brought up and tried again on the charge of murdering Judith Donnelly, and as often as the jury disagree so often may the Crown bring it up. Should a jury at any time find him guilty his trial will at once end; but should a jury find him not guilty then he can still be detained and tried on the remaining five indictments against him. In the case of each one of these the rule is the same. A disagreement by the jury may only lead to another trial on the same indictment, while a verdict of not guilty may be followed by a further trial on another indictment. And so the trials can proceed until he has been found not guilty upon the full list of indictments, when he will be entitled to his freedom. It is the same with the other prisoners. They have six indictments against each one of them, and they can be tried individually or collectively upon the entire catalogue until they have been acquitted upon all. The contemplation of such a series of trials is perfectly appalling, even with the matter of expense left out of the question. The probability is, though there is no hint that such is the intention, that a verdict of not guilty on one indictment, against each man, will put an end for the present to the investigations. The idea that this is probable is founded on the fact that the evidence in each case against each man is the same.

PERTH FALL ASSIZES.

The Court of Assizes for the County of Perth opened on Monday last at half-past one o'clock p. m., before his Lordship Mr. Justice Cameron. The Grand Jury were sworn in as follows:—Mr. William Roberts, of Stratford, Foreman, and Messrs. David Brethour, James Dinsmore, James Dickson, Wm. Dunn, Thos. Edwards, Martin Feeney, Wm. Gall, Henry Heal, Robert Johnston, Robert Jones, sr., Francis Jacobs, Robert Keeler, Thomas Leggatt, Lorenzo Moses, Philip Meadows, Valentine Roffreitch, David Rankin, Chas. S. Rumsey, James Robinson, Henry F. Sharpe, Henry Wismer, John Welsh, James Weir.

THE JUDGE'S ADDRESS.

The Grand jury were addressed by His Lordship, of which the following is a brief *resume*:—He explained to them the number and nature of the indictments to come before them, and the law in reference thereto. He pointed out the difference between murder and manslaughter, involving the presence or absence of premeditation, &c., and the grounds upon which they could find a bill for either, or no bill, as the case may be. Their enquiries were not necessarily confined to the indictments laid before them. They might take a wider range and report upon any abuses of institutions or officials. There was one subject upon which he would like to have their opinion if they saw fit to give it, *to wit*, the abolition or re-organization of Grand Juries. Some advocated strongly a step in that direction, as a matter of economy was one which naturally always influenced the action of legislators very much. But upon the other hand, it was contended that there were compensating advantages which more than compensated for any mere pecuniary considerations involved. It was argued that the jury system was valuable as enabling the people themselves to participate in the administration of justice, thereby giving them a knowledge of and respect for the law. It is part of the constitution under which we live that a British subject could not be convicted of crime until twenty four of his subjects had pronounced against him. It required twelve Grand Jurors to say that he should be put upon trial at all, and twelve petit jurors to find him guilty. This provision had been made sacred for ages, and he would like to have their free and unbiased opinion as to whether or not it would be wise to abolish that safeguard now. There was no magic in numbers, but there might be less danger of injustice. Judges were fallible; magistrates were fallible, and two often incapable; there might be less danger of twenty-four men going astray than of one or two individuals.

The Grand Jury then withdrew.

CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS FROM THE BAR.

This being the first occasion of His Lordship's visit to Stratford, the members of the Bar of the County of Perth seized the opportunity upon the withdrawal of the Grand Jurors to present him with an address which was read by Mr. John Idington, Q. C., Co. Attorney, as follows:

To the Hon. Justice Cameron:

We, the members of the Bar of the County of Perth, take the occasion of your Lordship's first appearance on the Bench in this County, to congratulate your Lordship on your appointment to the judicial office.

Your Lordship has been known to all the members of the profession in this County from their earliest student days, and they have often been spurred to greater efforts by witnessing your Lordship's professional career.

We now feel that your Lordship's elevation to the Bench as not only highly satisfactory and gratifying to the profession in the front ranks of which you stood so long as an eloquent, able and courageous advocate, but also to the public, whose universal respect you always command by your integrity and unsullied career as a public man, however much some of them might differ from your judgement.

We hope you will long be spared to serve the public and adorn the Bench.

JOHN IDINGTON,
On behalf of the Bar of the County of Perth.

Stratford, Oct. 11, 1880.

His Lordship returned thanks to the gentlemen of the Bar in a few brief but appropriate remarks.

The following is the civil docket: Crandon v. Box; Hackett v. Weir—settled; Abell vs. McLaren; Witt vs. Ebell; Rae vs. Rae; Green vs. H. L. & S. Society; Gibbs vs. Cliff; McEvoy vs. Esson; Bank of Montreal vs. Durand; Idington vs. Frazer. The criminal Docket embraces six cases, only three of which are important: The Queen vs. Kealing—manslaughter; the Queen vs. Rumbold—forgery; the Queen vs. Tobin, indecent assault.

TRUE BILL.

The Grand Jury brought in a true bill against John Kealing, of Kinkora, for manslaughter, the victim being his own father. The trial was setdown for Thursday. John Idington, Q.C., for prosecution, and James Kehoe for defence.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Final Submission of the Sultan to the Demands of the Powers.—Dulcigno Surrendered.

London, Oct. 11.—Intelligence from Constantinople announces that the Sultan to-day yielded to the logic of the situation, and surrendered Dulcigno unconditionally. An official order was immediately telegraphed to Dulcigno, when the Montenegrins at once marched in and took possession. The news of the surrender was received here with great delight by the friends of the Administration, who regard it as a decided triumph of Mr. Gladstone's recent vigorous uncompromising policy. The result will be the breaking up of the naval demonstration and the return of the vessels of war as soon as the necessary preliminaries are arranged. The Liberals are all the more pleased at the Porte's action from the fact that the half-hearted way in which Germany and France looked upon England's proposals to force Turkey to carry out the Berlin Treaty left England almost alone to accept the responsibility for any positive war measures taken in the East, Russia being the sole power to which Mr. Gladstone could look for endorsement. The Conservatives pretend to believe that the surrender is in some way a piece of subtle trickery on the part of the Porte, but their opinion is by no means the prevailing one. At all events the danger of war is staved off for the present, whatever other complications may arise in the near future.

DONEGAL.

RECOVERY.—Johnnie Roe, who accidentally shot himself a couple of weeks ago, is slowly recovering from the effects of the wound.

LYNX SHOT.—Mr. J. Cranston was successful in bagging a good sized lynx while shooting one day last week.

REMOVED.—Mr. A. Buchanan has leased the hotel at Millbank Station known as Henderson's.

KICKED.—On Friday the 8th inst., Willie, eldest son of Mr. S. Vipond, was kicked by a horse with which he was working. He is getting better.

RUN OVER.—On the same day another son of Mr. Vipond fell from a load of turnips on which he was riding, and a wheel of the wagon passed over his body. Strange to say, the little fellow was not hurt in the least. What will kill a boy anyway?—COM.

GREY.

SERIOUSLY INJURED.—A serious accident happened Mrs. Duke, wife of Mr. David Duke, 4th concession, of this township a few days ago. While engaged in milking the cows, one of them was startled by a dog and turned upon Mrs. Duke, knocking her down and injuring her severely with its horns. Dr. Philp of Listowel, was sent for, and there is a fair prospect of her recovery.

Sir Richard Cartwright is to tell the electors of Centre Huron at Walton, on the 21st inst., what he knows about deficits, and he knows a good deal.

The Australian colony of Queensland is adopting the same policy as that so successfully inaugurated by the Canadian Ministry of inducing railroad construction by means of land grants instead of the old plan of borrowing money. During his recent visit to London, Mr. McIlwraith, the Queensland Premier, found English capitalists willing to construct railroads on those terms, and two syndicates bid against each other for the contract. The Premier was so impressed with the benefits of the arrangement that he determined to stop all Government railroad construction at the earliest opportunity, and arrange for their completion by private enterprise.

A case of considerable interest to newspaper subscribers came up at the recent Division Court held at Welland. The *Telegraph* sued a subscriber for arrears. The defendant claimed that he had paid the former publisher $1 in 1874, after which he did not subscribe. He afterwards moved his residence, and for over two years he had not had it. The Judge ruled that he was liable for the full amount, and gave judgement accordingly, the defendant having acknowledged being a subscriber by taking part of the papers out of the post-office. His Honour said the law was very distinct on this point.

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

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

The cost of the Biddulph trial to the crown so far, has been about $5,000. The witness fees alone reached $2,300.

It Never Fails.—Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is an unfailing remedy for all kinds of bowel complaints.

The Scott Act has been carried at Marquette by a majority of 417. Only about one-fifth of the electors voted.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures cramps of the stomach and bowels, dysentery, cholera morbus, and all summer complaints.

Head Centre Stephens, of Fenian notoriety, was discovered by a New York reporter on Wednesday in a destitute and starving condition.

Try Burdock Blood Bitters. the greatest system renovator, blood and liver syrup, acts on the bowels, liver and kidneys, and is a superb tonic.

An old gentleman named Fitzgerald claims to have raised 94 bushels of oats to the acre on his farm, which is situated near Emerson, Manitoba.

Great Triumph of the 19th century is the great medicine climax **Burdock Blood Bitters**, cures all diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, nervous and general debility, and is the purest and best tonic in the world.

Six men lost their lives in a coal pit near Stellarton, N. S., on Tuesday by the water breaking into it. One of them was the foreman. Four bodies have been recovered.

A Long Time to Suffer.

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

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

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

J. A. HACKING.—21.

St. Mary's Lodge, No. 36, I. O. O. F., one of the most prosperous lodges in Canada, has just completed a handsome block on Water street, St. Mary's, which besides furnishing them with a commodious lodgeroom gives the town a first-rate opera-house, which will comfortably seat 800 persons. Under the lodgeroom and hall are three stores. The structure cost $17,000.

On the Verge of the Grave.

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

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

The committee of the Western Fair are about to despatch to Liverpool a collection of the fruits shown at that exhibition, the intention being to afford a practical illustration of the productiveness of Canadian soil, and the advantage the country has to offer to intending emigrants of the agricultural class.

Doctors Gave Him Up.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

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

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

PLOWING MATCH.—The Mornington Association will hold their annual plowing match on the 22nd inst. Sixty dollars will be distributed in prizes.

Have Courage.—You may suffer from scrofula or some foul humor, your liver may be congested, your lungs diseased, your kidneys deranged, your joints distorted with rheumatism, you may be almost a walking skeleton, yet despair not—**Burdock Blood Bitters** has cured others—it may cure you.

Bocklen'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. The Save is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. H. Michener.

Great excitement prevails in town by the finding of an oil well. The railway company were sinking an artesian well behind the engine-house; and the men engaged had not gone forty feet before they discovered gas or oil. A pipe was sunk, and instantly a large flow of oil issued, which was set fire to and kept burning for four days before being put out. Speculators are in town, and it is not known what will be done yet.—*Beeton Chronicle.*

The Greatest Popularity of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is where it has been the longest know. Time cannot detract from its merits. It is the old reliable remedy for all bowel complaints incident to the summer season.

Chicago Ahead.

All the world now looks up to Chicago as the greatest western metropolis of America, being far ahead of all competing cities; but none the less so, in its line, is Electric Bitters. From their real intrinsic value they have advanced to the front, and are now far ahead of all other remedies, positively curing where everything else fails. To try them is to be convinced. For sale by J. H. Michener at forty cents per bottle.

It would appear that the old man Brunet, who was found dead with his throat cut near Plantagenet a couple of days ago, was murdered for the sake of a paltry sum of fifty dollars which he had carried on his person for some time previous to the commission of the crime.

The Greatest Blessing.

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

Envied Beauty.

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

On Saturday night, at Pittsburg, Pa., one of the most terrible railway accidents ever recorded took place. The engine of one train plunged at full speed into the rear car of another, which was so overloaded with passengers that the signal lights on the rear end were hidden from view. Twenty-four persons were fatally crushed, scalded or burned, and many more are wounded.

A Wonderful Discovery.

For the speedy cure of Consumption and all diseases that lead to it, such as stubborn Cough neglected Colds, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Asthma, pain in the side and chest, dry hacking cough tickling in the throat, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, and all chronic or lingering diseases of the throat and lungs, Dr. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY has no equal and has established for itself a world-wide reputation. Many leading physicians recommend and use it in their practice. The formula from which it is prepared is highly recommended by all medical journals. The clergy and the press have complimented it in the most glowing terms. Go to your druggist and get a trial bottle free of cost, or regular size for $1. For sale by J. H. Michener, Listowel.

SALE REGISTER.

Tuesday, Oct. 19—Sale for Samuel Moore, lot 15, 1st con. Wallace; farm stock and implements, T. E. Hay, Auctioneer.

Wednesday, Oct. 20—Sale for Mrs. Jane Stubbs, lot 17, 1st con. Wallace; farm stock and implements. T. E. Hay, Auctioneer.

Saturday, Oct. 23—Chancery sale of farm in Maryborough. See advertisement in another column.

Thursday, Oct. 28, sale for George Armstrong, lot 4, 1st con., Maryborough; farm stock and implements. Geo. Mellis, Auctioneer.

Wednesday, Nov. 10th, sale for Reuben Armstrong, lot 17, 1st con. Maryborough; valuable farm stock, implements, grain, etc. Geo. Mellis, Auctioneer.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE Listowel grain market is looking up this week, wheat having advanced several cents per bushel. As high as a dollar was paid on Saturday, and we understand that $1.01 was paid for an exceptional load in the early part of the present week. Yesterday (Thursday) from 95c. to 99c. were the ruling figures. The grain market so far has not been as active as anticipated, but now that wheat has risen to the neighborhood of a dollar it is likely to commence coming in much more rapidly.

LIVERPOOL GRAIN MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 9.—A leading grain circular says: "The grain markets continue to advance, and there is a healthy demand for wheat. Growers' supplies are moderate, and many of the offerings are of an inferior quality. The weekly imports are also much reduced. The prospective receipts to the end of the year are on a rather limited scale, while continental buyers are competing in American markets for supplies which continued the chance of profitable operations in the only direction where the necessary supplies are obtainable. To-day's market was fully attended and firm. There was a good consumptive demand for wheat at an advance of 1d to 2d. Flour was in better demand and advanced 2d. Canadian peas were rather easier. Corn opened at 5s 3d, for mixed, and after a fair enquiry was quoted at 5s 1d, sellers."

CHEESE MARKET.

Little Falls, N. Y., Oct. 11.—The sales of factory cheese were 6,500 boxes at 12½ to 13, Six hundred and seventy-five boxes of farm dairy cheese was sold at 11½ to 12½.

Utica, Oct. 11.—Five thousan two hundred boxes of cheese were sold at 12½ to 12¾, the ruling price being 12½. One thousand two hundred boxes were placed on commission.

Ingersoll, Ont., Oct. 12.—Sixteen factories offered 15,100 boxes of cheese. One factory sold August make at 12½c and the balance of the season at 13c.

LISTOWEL MARKETS.
October 14, 1880.

Wheat, fall, per bush	0 98 to	1 00
Spring Wheat, "	0 90	1 00
Barley, "	0 50	0 58
Peas, "	0 56	0 58
Oats, "	0 2	0 25
Flour, per brrl.,	5 00	
Oatmeal, "	2 75	3 00
Commeal, "	1 75	2 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 17	0 18
Eggs, per dozen,	0 0	0 15
Potatoes, per bag,	0 35	0 40
Hay, per ton,	6 00	7 00
Wood, long,	1 50	1 75
Wood, short,	1 00	1 00
Hides, per cwt.,	8 00	9 00
Wool, per lb.,	0 00	0 00

TORONTO.
PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS
October 14, 1880.

Wheat, fall, per bush.,	1 00 to	1 03
Wheat, spring, "	1 00	1 10
Barley, "	0 57	0 72
Peas, "	0 66	0 67
Oats, "	0 32	0 34
Rye, "	0 85	0 87
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.,	6 50	7 50
Beef, hind " "	6 00	7 00
Mutton, by carcase "	0 00	00 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 22	0 25
Butter, large rolls,	0 00	0 00
Butter, tub, dairy,	0 19	0 20
Eggs, fresh, per dozen,	0 13	0 20

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

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1880.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

$1.00 will buy 30 rolls good wall paper at Brisbin's.

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

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

WE understand that Messrs D. Watson and W. Walker are negotiating for the lease of the Commercial Hotel.

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

A good joke is told of an exhibitor at the Aylmer Fair, who won the first prize for water melons with a citron.

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

Wednesday the 3rd of November, has been appointed a day of national thanksgiving for a bountiful harvest.

Buy your school books at Brisbin's, second books only 15 cents, third books 25 cents, and all others equally low.

THE Listowel gas works are progressing rapidly. A large number of men are at work laying down the mains.

MR. GUNDRY is offering special inducements during the next few weeks. Note his advertisements in another column.

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

MASTER CHARLIE SARVIS left this week for Blyth, to assume a position in the store of his former employer, Mr. D. J. McCosh, late of Listowel.

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

5TH NOVEMBER.—The Orange Young Britons of this town have decided to celebrate the anniversary of "gunpowder plot" with a ball and supper.

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

THE social held at the residence of Mr. W. M. Bruce on Monday evening under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of the C. M. Church was a success.

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

AN insipient fire occurred on Wednesday at the house of Mr. Steinberg, Davidson survey. It was quelled by some of the neighbors before much damage was done.

(Repeat Orders.)—Per express to day—1 case of ladies' mantles, ranging from $2.00 to $10, beautiful goods; hoop skirts; ladies' silk ties and fichus.

JOHN C. BURT.

LAMP POST.—The new lamp posts have arrived. Those intended for coal oil will probably be placed in position immediately. One of the iron posts was discovered to be broken in two. We understand that it will be replaced.

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

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

AN eight day excursion to Detroit is announced by the great Western Railway Company. Tickets will be issued on Thursday 21st inst., good for return up to the 28th, inclusive. The fare from Listowel will be $3.50.

NOTICE.—A meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of Christ Church, Listowel, will be held in Bricker's Hall, on Friday, 15th instant, at the hour of four o'clock p. m. The ladies of the Church are requested to be present.

MRS. F. COLEMAN, President.

"TRUTH" is the title of a weekly journal which has made its appearance in Toronto, and which takes the place of the *New Dominion*. It is published by Mr. S. F. Wilson. Should it stick to its teaching, it will fill a journalistic want long felt in that city.

Stock complete in every department. New and stylish goods. Open for inspection. Would be pleased to have you call. Kind and obliging salesmen in waiting. JOHN C. BURT.

THE Listowel Foundry was represented at the Northern Exhibition, held at Walkerton last week. The new improved Harvester which this establishment has introduced attracted considerable attention, many of the farmers being greatly taken up with it.

See Brisbin's immense stock of new goods—cheap for cash.

A LARGE wedding party drove through Listowel on Wednesday. The "contracting parties" were Mr. Andrew Denman of Howick, and a daughter of Richard Strong, Esq., of Wallace. Several of our prominent citizens attended the hymenial festivities, which were of the happiest nature.

Bargains in wall papers at Brisbin's—selling balance of stock at half price.

CHRIST CHURCH.—The improvements which are being made in Christ Church are approaching completion. We understand that the opening will take place on Sunday, 24th inst. Dean Boomer, of London, is expected to be present and conduct the opening services. Particulars next week.

Our tweed department surpasses anything we have ever shown, consisting of English, Scotch and Canadian suitings; worsteds, diagonal, cachmere, satarah, and broad-cloth suitings; fancy trowserings, beautiful overcoatings, fancy vestings. We would specially invite you to call and inspect our stock before leaving your order elsewhere. Fit guaranteed in every case. JOHN C. BURT.

A HANDSOME iron fence is being erected around the grounds attached to the residence of Mayor Scott. The Mayor is evidently determined upon having a fine place, and is expending a large amount of money in order to do so. His new residence, which is a very large and complete structure, adds materially to the appearance of the town, and when the grounds have been laid out, a finer property will not be met with in many places in Canada.

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

A. O. F.—The District meeting of Huron and Perth Ancient Order of Foresters was held at St. Mary's on Wednesday of last week. Court Forest Green, Listowel, was represented by Bro. Dr. Burgess. In December last there were 541,509 benefit members belonging to this Order, being an increase during the year of 10,333 members. This is probably the largest friendly society in existence.

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

EVENING CLASSES.—Mr. Johann Dinkel will open next week an evening class for the study of German. He divides the course into two terms, and charges $1 or $2 per term, according to the attendance. The term consists of 25 lessons, each lesson lasting two hours. For particulars with regard to books, time and place, apply at the office of the *Volksfreund*. Parties desirous of attending this class are invited to examine his papers and testimonials with regard to his ability of teaching.

MORE HUM.—Mr. F. E. Gibbs has leased the old school buildings from the town and intends converting them into a cooperage. He has found it necessary to start a cooperage exclusively to supply the demand for flour barrels at his mills. All the flouring mills in town are now running at their fullest capacity, and are likely to continue doing so throughout the season, providing the grain comes in fast enough.

AUDIT.—We have been requested to publish the following report of the accounts of the Ladies' Aid Society of Christ Church, Listowel:

Listowel, Oct. 11th, 1880.

This will certify that we, the undersigned, have examined the accounts and bank book of the C. C. S. Society, and find vouchers for payments made, and find a balance to their credit at the Bank of Hamilton of $275.21, and a balance of cash on hand of $4.95, making a total of $280.16 at their disposal.

JNO. RIGGS.
S. BRICKER.

SKATING RINK.—We have been requested to announce that a public meeting will be held in the town hall on Monday evening next, to consider the question of forming a company to erect a rink in town for skating and curling purposes. This is a matter which a considerable portion of the inhabitants of Listowel are more or less interested in, and as the town is new without such a place of amusement, the meeting should be well attended.

MISSIONARY SERVICES.—Rev. C. Lavell, M. A., Chairman of the Wellington District, will preach the anniversary sermons of the Missionary Society in the Canada Methodist Church on Sunday next. On Monday evening the annual meeting will be held, which will be addressed by Rev. Geo. Mitchell, of Harriston, and Rev. C. Lavell, of Palmerston. Those attending may anticipate an interesting and instructive service.

CRICKET.—The return match between the Mayor and ex-Mayor's teams came off on Wednesday afternoon, and attracted a considerable number of spectators. Wickets were pitched about two o'clock, and the match was kept up until dark, and was not then completed. So far as played, the ex-Mayor's side had the best of it, the score at the conclusion of the first innings standing 65 runs against 33. In their second innings the "ex-officios" succeeded in running up a score of about 120 runs. The darkness prevented their opponents from concluding the inniogs. Another match is talked of to decide which are best men.

ILL.—We regret to state that Mr. Day, assistant teacher in the High School, has been confined to his house for several days with fever. His condition at present is said to be improving, and we trust that he will soon be able to be in his place. In the meantime a gentleman from the University has been obtained to occupy his position, so that the efficiency of the School will be kept up during his absence. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Day in his affliction, especially by the pupils of the school, who have already formed a warm attachment for him, notwithstanding that he has been but a comparatively short time here.

RESULT of an examination in geography in the senior department of Listowel Public School; maximum 150.

SENIOR CLASS.

M. Woodcock	150	Stanley Riggs	119
Annie Forbes	150	Benj Draper	119
Laura Scherer	145	Lambert Watson	116
Jane Ried	141	Janet McMillan	115
Hattie McKenzie	136	Carrie Walton	113
Joseph Lange	132	Thos. Leggatt	110
John Dick	130	W. Sutherland	105
Albert Danielson	125	Charles Winter	100
Emma Hepper	121	William C'linie	95
Gertie Clarke	120	Maggie Reid	95
John Green	80		

JUNIOR CLASS.

Aggie Walton	136	Minnie Green	85
Minnie Campbell	123	Louisa Weiss	85
Havelock Clinie	119	Martha McDowell	85
Nellie Moore	115	Robert Morris	83
Melissa Winter	109	Russel Stewart	81
Arthur Gundry	100	Willie Winter	77
Emma Welch	100	Priscilla Anderson	73
Willie McConnell	99	Warren Hay	66
Minnie Laidlaw	96	Maggie Lafferty	63
Willie Hess	93	Mary Gamble	51
M. Sutherland	87	John Counis	46

TOWN COUNCIL.—A special meeting of the Town Council was called by his worship the Mayor on Monday evening last for the purpose of taking into consideration the renting of the old school buildings to Mr. F. E. Gibbs for a cooperage. Present, the Mayor, Reeve, and Councillors Nichol, Dillabough, Heppler, Hay, Marsinson, Freeman and Bradley. It was moved by Dr. Nichol, seconded by Dr. Dillabough, that the Mayor be instructed to rent the old school buildings to F. E. Gibbs, at the rate of five dollars per month, subject after six months, by giving three months notice at any time, to discontinue the lease; and that the Mayor be also instructed to insure the buildings as soon as occupied—carried.

HANDSOME BUS.—Wm. Little, carriage and bus builder, of this town, has just completed a new bus for Mr. Collison, of the Collison House, Harriston. It is ahead of anything of the kind this establishment, which is unsurpassed in the Province in the bus building line, has yet turned out. The new bus is both elegant and substantial. The ornamental painting on the outside is decidedly handsome and exhibits real artistic merit. The interior of the bus is luxuriantly upholstered, and has a most comfortable appearance. Mr. Little has every reason to feel proud of his work, and Mr. Collison has to be congratulated upon securing such an attractive advertisement of his hotel. Had the bus been finished in time, Mr. Little intended exhibiting it at the Provincial and Toronto Exhibitions, and there is not the least doubt that had it been there it would have been awarded the first honors.

CANADIAN MONTHLY.—The October number of this magazine contains interesting papers from the pens of several able writers, among which the articles on "Annapolis Royal and the Expatriation of the Acadians," by Arthur Harvey, Toronto; "The Marvels of Scientific Logic," by G. Inglis, B. A., Toronto; and "The Prerogative of the Crown in Colonial Legislation," by Thos. Hodgins, M. A., Q. C., Toronto, will be found especially worthy of perusal. The paper on the Currency question, by C. Manigault, London, will also be found to contain much of interest to those who take an interest in the monetary affairs of the country. The poetic contributions this month are above the average, and we may add that the entire contents are well worth reading. The *Canadian Monthly* is no discredit to the Dominion, and all who would encourage and foster a national literature should give this excellent magazine their hearty support. Published by Rose Belford, Toronto, and may be ordered through the bookstores.

ENTERTAINMENT.—A literary and musical entertainment is announced to be held this evening in Bricker's hall under the auspices of the M. E. Church, and from the excellent programme which has been prepared, a very enjoyable entertainment may be anticipated. Besides a good array of local talent, we notice on the programme the name of Miss Dell Smith, of Bothwell, a lady whose vocal abilities many in Listowel are already acquainted with, and no doubt will be exceedingly pleased to renew their acquaintance. Miss Tallman, of Bothwell, and the celebrated Boy Choristers, Masters Frank Smith, Johnny Fleming, and Harry Trott, under the leadership of Mr. H. F. Smith, of Bothwell, are also announced. The performances of the Boy Choristers are very highly spoken of. Altogether the programme promises to be an exceptionally good one, and well worth the price of admission, (20 cts.,) apart from the worthy object for which the entertainment is given. The chair will be occupied by Dr. Philp.

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

NOTICE TO DEBTORS.—The undersigned would remind his customers that settlement of all job work and running accounts are expected up to first of Oct., of which they will please make a note and be guided accordingly. A. MCILWRAITH, Listowel Foundry.—37c.

FIREMEN'S DEMONSTRATION.—The Listowel Fire Brigade, accompanied by the town band, and a number of prominent citizens, went to Wingham on Tuesday last, to attend the celebration of the opening of the Water-works in that town. The demonstration was quite an imposing one, there being a very large gathering present, including the Fire Brigades of Seaforth, Clinton, Brussels, Wingham and Listowel. A procession was formed, and after making a tour of the principal streets of the town, proceeded to the town hall, where the guests and firemen were treated to a generous repast. After dinner the visitors were conducted to the pumping house, when Mayor Wilson explained the workings and cost of the system. The works are driven by water-power, the motor being a large water-wheel. The cost of the works is about $8,000. At the firemen's competition, the Clinton Company succeed in taking first prize and Seaforth second. The testing of the works was not altogether satisfactory, owing to the pressure being too strong, which dislocated a couple of the caps, allowing the water to escape. The demonstration was brought to a close with speeches in the town hall.

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

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

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

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

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

BIRTHS.

MCCONNELL.—In Listowel, on 2nd inst., the wife of Mr. Henry McConnell, of a son.

DOOLE.—In Listowel, on 4th inst., the wife of Mr. John Doole, of a daughter.

PALMER.—In Listowel, on 5th inst., the wife of Mr. W. Palmer, of a daughter.

DODSON.—In Elma, on 6th inst., the wife of M. Hugh Dodson, of a son.

MCCONNELL.—In Listowel, on 6th inst., the wife Mr. John McConnell, of a son.

GOODFELLOW.—In Listowel, on 10th inst., the wife of M. Goodfellow, of a son.

PLAYFAIR.—In Wallace, on 10th inst., the wife of Mr. Thos. Playfair, of a daughter.

NOYCE.—In Listowel, on 12th inst., the wife of Mr. A. Noyce, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

SEAFORD—HANNA.—In Elma, on the 13th inst., by the Rev R. Renwick, Mr. John M. Seaford, of Donegal, to Miss Margaret Hanna, of the township of Elma.

DEMMAN—STRONG.—At the residence of the bride's parents on the 12th inst., by Rev. W. Bartlett, Incumbent of Christ Church Listowel, Mr. Andrew Demman, of Howick, to Miss Mary Ann Strong, daughter of Richard Strong, Esq., of Wallace.

HORSE AND BUGGY FOUND.

Left, by some person or persons unknown, on the premises of the subscriber, on Monday night last, 11th inst., a small Bay Horse; also covered buggy and harness. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take said animal, buggy and harness away.

PETER LILLICO.

Listowel, Oct. 11, 1880. 35b

HORSE ASTRAY.

Came into the premises of the subscriber, lot 25, 4th con. Elma, in the latter part of September, a small brown mare, having two white hind feet. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and remove the animal.

WM. ALEXANDER.

Hammond, Oct. 7, 1880.

MORTGAGE SALE

—OF—

Valuable Freehold Property!

To be sold by Public Auction, in pursuance of the Power of Sale contained in a Mortgage from James Hinks to the Vendors, which will be produced at the sale in one parcel, on

Saturday, 23rd October, 1880,

at 12 of the clock, noon, by D. D. CAMPBELL, Esq., Auctioneer, at the

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

—IN THE—

TOWN of LISTOWEL,

the following real estate:

being composed of town lot No. 13 on the east side of Victoria street, in Binning's survey of farm lot No. 26, formerly in the 1st concession of the township of Wallace, and within the limits of the said town of Listowel, containing by admeasurement one quarter of an acre. There is erected on the above mentioned premises a Brick Dwelling House 24x41, two stories high. The Vendors reserve to themselves the right of one bidding.

Terms of payment very liberal. A deposit of ten per cent. of the purchase money must be paid at the time of sale, when easy terms for the balance will be arranged.

For further particulars, and conditions of sale, apply to Messrs. Fennell & Dingman, Barristers, Listowel, and the Auctioneer, or to

EWART, DAVIDSON & CAMPBELL,
Toronto, Vendors' Solicitors.

Dated Oct. 1st, 1880. 37c.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE!

ON

MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS.

Terms to suit buyers.

19 GEORGE DRAPER.

THE LISTOWEL STANDARD

is published every Friday morning by

A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS,

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

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

ADVERTISING.

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

JOB PRINTING.

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

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

(SOUTHERN EXTENSION OF W. G. & B. RY.

Trains leave Listowel Station daily as under

For Kincardine and intermediate points—Mixed, 8.30 a.m.; Express 2.23 p.m.; Express 8.24 p.m.

For Palmerston—Express at 6.39 a.m.; Express 1.27 p.m.; Mixed, 3.15 p.m

PORT DOVER AND STRATFORD & HURON RAILWAY.

GOING SOUTH.	No 1 a.m.	No 5 a.m	No 3 p.m.
Leave Listowel at	* 6.00	8.35	12.45
" Milverton	6.33	9.55	1.30
" Stratford	7.12	11.03	2.20
" Woodstock	8.21	1.20	4.40
" Norwich	9.12	3.45	5.28
" C. S. Crossing	9.39	5.01	5.57
" Simcoe	10.35	5.51	6.26
Arrive at Port Dover	11.05	6.45	7.00

No. 5 runs only on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

GOING NORTH.	No 2 a.m	No 4 a.m	No 6 p.m.
Leave Port Dover at	6.15	2.15	7.50
" Simcoe	6.45	3.00	8.50
" C. S. Crossing	7.14	3.40	10.05
" Norwich	7.41	4.30	11.16
" Woodstock	8.21	5.13	12.40
" Stratford	9.40	7.43	3.55
" Milverton	10.25	8.23	5.10
Arrive at Listowel	11.05	9.00	6.15

Train No. 6 runs on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

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

STRAYED OR STOLEN!

From the premises of the undersigned, lot 28, con. 12, Elma, since the 19th Sept., a fox-colored mare, having two white hind feet and one white fore foot; scar on right hip. Any one returning said animal or giving such information as will lead to her recovery, will be suitably rewarded.

FREDERICK SELHOFF.

Donegal, Oct. 6, 1880. 37c.

FARM FOR SALE.

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

JAMES LITTLE,
13. Rothsay, Ont.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE!

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

BOOTS & SHOES,

—FOR—

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN!

and will sell as cheap as any house in town.

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

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

KARGES BROS.

Listowel, Sept. 3rd, 1880. 33.

WILLIAM LITTLE,

Successor to LITTLE BROS., & Co.,

WALLACE STREET LISTOWEL,

MANUFACTURER OF

First-Class Carriages, Wagons

made from the best material, sold

On Most Reasonable Terms.

ALSO

HORSE-SHOEING & REPAIRING

☞ Promptly Attended To. ☜

Listowel, 1880. 17.

GROCERIES

Cheaper than Ever.

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

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

TEAS at Old PRICES.

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE,

Large Stock at Lowest Prices.

J. J. MOORE,

WALLACE STREET, LISTOWEL.

GEORGE ZILLIAX,

GROCER & GRAIN MERCHANT,

Wallace Street, Listowel,

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

Groceries Crockery, &c.,

which he is selling at bottom prices.

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

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

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

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

Land Salt & Shingles For Sale.

Blacksmith's Coal Always on Hand.

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

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

IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.

DONALD BROWN

Having purchased the entire stock of the

Mammoth China Hall & Grocery,

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

A GREAT BARGAIN!

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

GROCERIES,

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, &C.,

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

Don't Forget the Stand and Call Early.

Goods delivered to all parts of the town.

The highest price paid for Farm Produce.

DONALD BROWN.

Listowel, Aug. 1880. 30.

LILLICO'S BANKING HOUSE

Corner Main and Wellington St's.,

DRAYTON, ONT.

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

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

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

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

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

Farmers requiring advances are invited to call.

REFERENCES—Merchants Bank of Canada, Stratford.

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

C. H. SMITH, Manager. P. LILLICO, Proprietor.
3-15

TORONTO TEA STORE!

—:o:—

D. W. PALMER,

—DEALER IN—

Groceries, Wines & Liquors,

Crockery, Glassware, Flour and Feed, &c.

—:o:—

Now is the time for

BARGAINS IN SUGARS!

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

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

D. W. PALMER.

Listowel, August, 1880. 31.

FROM NOW TO THE END OF 1881 ONE DOLLAR.

—o—

THE MAIL is in the front rank of journalism, and ahead of its rivals in Canada. It is the best written, the spiciest, the newsiest and most influential paper in the Dominion. It is a credit to Canadian enterprise.—*Brampton Conservator.*

THE WEEKLY MAIL

—THE—

Cheapest and Best Paper in America.

—o—

We have a few Farm Annuals for 1880 on hand. These Annuals contain more practical Agricultural information than any three dollar subscription Farm Book in the market, and we will give them FREE to every new subscriber sent in as long as they last. But

WE WILL DO MORE!

We will present every subscriber to the WEEKLY MAIL for 1880 with the **Canadian Farm Annual for 1881**, which will be published early next year.

Therefore, new subscribers whose names are sent in immediately will receive

The WEEKLY MAIL for Fifteen Months
The FARM ANNUAL for 1880
And the FARM ANNUAL for 1881.
} ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR

Address THE MAIL, Toronto.

SELLING OFF!

C. J. GUNDRY,

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

WHOLESALE PRICES FOR CASH!

Call early and secure some of the bargains in

Electro-Plated Ware,

all of which will be sold without reserve at

Manufacturers' Wholesale Prices.

Jewellery of all kinds also to be sold very cheap!

Shirt Studs at Half Price.
Cuff Buttons at Half Price.

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

Call and see for yourself and get a bargain.

C. J. GUNDRY,

Main Street Listowel. 38.

MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS, terms easy, better than any Company.

SMITH & GEARING,
16. Barristers, Listowel.

GEORGE ADAM

Importer and Dealer in

Shelf and Heavy Hardware!

Tinware and Stoves,

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

AT LOWEST FIGURES.

WANTED!

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

ADAM'S HARDWARE,

Opposite Hess Bros. Factory, Main Street.

LISTOWEL.

Listowel, 1880. 39.

UNION FLOURING MILLS,

LISTOWEL.

A. MOYER & CO.

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

CUSTOM WORK,

on short notice, and to the best satisfaction

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

All Kinds of Chopped Feed Sold.

A. MOYER & CO.

Ankerman Street, Listowel. 16c.

TRUTHS.

Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters ever made.

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

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

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

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

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

Try Hop Cough Cure and Pain Relief.

For sale by all druggists.

LIVERY, HACK & BUS BUSINESS,

R. & W. WOODS,

having purchased the Livery and Hack business from Jas. Pelton, wish to inform the public that they are prepared to supply

Rigs of Every Kind on Shortest Notice, and at Reasonable Rates.

They will also run

A BUS AND HACK,

to and from all trains. Good rigs and gentle horses at all hours.

STABLES—Mill street, opposite Town Hall
Listowel. 3.

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES DIARRHŒA & SUMMER COMPLAINTS.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.

Mrs. FREEMAN'S WORM POWDER is a safe, sure and effectual destroyer of worm in children or adults. Price 25 cents, or 5 for $1.00.

Mrs. FREEMANS NEW DOMESTIC DYES are perfect in every color. For brightness and duability they have no equal. Price 15 cents per package.

Paints, Oil & Varnishes CHEAP AND GOOD!

HARDWARE

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

☞ AT HARD PAN PRICES! ☜

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

GARDEN AND FIELD SEEDS.

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

—TRY US AND DON'T FORGET THE PLACE—

S. BRICKER & CO.

Stoves and Tinware! AT FORMER PRICES.

1880. ONTARIO HOUSE. 1880.

—:o:—

I have much pleasure in announcing that my stock of

AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS!

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

—o—

SPECIAL ATTENTION

will be devoted to the

Millinery and Mantle Department,

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

A FIRST-CLASS CITY MILLINER ALWAYS EMPLOYED.

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

—o—

LIQUORS—WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

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

GEORGE DRAPER,

LISTOWEL, 1880. 36.

GRAND DISPLAY!

—AT—

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As the season is now fairly open, we beg to remind our customers and the public generally that our stock is very complete in all departments, comprising large lines of

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R. McMILLAN & Co.

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

Listowel, 1880. 15.

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

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

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East half lot number 3, in the fourth con. Elma, containing 50 acres, frame barn, 50x34; stable frame, 20x30; frame house well furnished, 18x24, kitchen frame, 14x18; all nearly new, with 46 acres cleared and free of stumps, good soil; ½ acre of orchard. Will be sold cheap. Apply to ROBERT ROSE on the premises, or to

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

R. MARTIN.

$3,400 Will purchase lot 28, in the 8th con. of the Township of Elma in County of Perth—containing 100 acres. $1,500 cash, balance on time for 3 years at 8 per cent. 75 acres cleared with a bank barn and stone stable, inside 56x53; frame barn 28x36; dwelling house with good frame kitchen. Apply to

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

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

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QUEENIE HETHERTON.

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

"Queenie, Reinette, Miss Hetherton, what are you doing? You may be erasing something very important for me to know. Stop, instantly! You have no business thus to mutilate a letter which does not belong to you," he cried, growing more and more in earnest, and even irritable, as she paid no heed to him, but went coolly on with her erasures.

"It is my business," she answered, at last, and her voice was low and strange. "It is my business, and no one's else. The wretches have dared to hint at something which might make you think badly of papa, and I will not have you see it. It has nothing to do with the business, so far as you are concerned. It had to do with me, his daughter, and I will not have his memory dishonored by so much as a hint of anything wrong. You can have your letter now; they have paid my nurse's agent and sent you his receipt."

She handed him the letter, which, as it was written in an unusually hurried manner, he could not read, and so she read it to him, unconsciously laying a good deal of stress upon the fact that Christine had been paid, and that there was an end of that.

"You see they do not tell you where she is," she said, trying to speak naturally, though there was a kind of defiant tone in her voice. "And you need not make any further inquiries. I might not like her, and if I brought her here I should feel obliged to keep her."

She looked straight at Mr. Beresford, who nodded assent to what she said, but was not wholly deceived. That the erasure had something to do with Christine he was certain, and, with his curiosity roused by Reinette's excited manner, he resolved to ascertain for himself who and what the woman was. He, too, had the address of her authorized agent, and the mail for New York which left Merrivale next day carried two letters, one in English and one in French, directed to M. Jean Albrech, Mentone, France, and in the one written in French was a note for Christine Bodine, in whom Reinette had implicit faith as a true, good woman, notwithstanding what the Messrs. Poligne had insinuated against her. They were vile, suspicious people Reinette told herself, who, because her father paid money to a poor woman, thought she must be bad. They did not know, as she did, how kind and faithful Christine had been to her mother, who asked that she should be rewarded and cared for, and this was the way her father had done it. Thus Queenie reasoned and tried to reassure herself, but for days there was a shadow in her bright face, and a dull pain in her heart as she wondered what the mystery could be concerning the woman Bodine.

But Queenie could not be unhappy long, and in visiting Margery as she did every day, and calling upon her cousins at the Knoll, and watching what had become a decided flirtation or rather genuine love affair between Major Rossiter and Anna, she recovered her spirits, and resumed her old, fascinating manner with Mr. Beresford and Phil, drove them both to the point of seeking to know their fate, whether for good or evil.

CHAPTER. XXIV.

"I LOVE YOU, QUEENIE."

Mr. Beresford was the first to say it. As he did not often see Phil and his cousin together, except in company with Grace or Ethel, or Anna, he had no reason to know how much they were to each other, or he might not have been as confident of success as he was when at last he made up his mind to speak and know the worst or best there was to know. It had been his boast that no woman living could affect his happiness one way or the other. As a general thing he did not believe in them; that is, did not believe them real, or worth the love so many strong, sensible men wasted upon them.

But the little, bright-eyed French girl had torn down all his fortifications, and he did believe in her, and wanted her for his own, as he had never wanted anything in his life. She was so fresh, so original, so piquant, so different from any one he had ever seen. Ethel and Grace Rossiter were fine, and sweet, and lady-like, but they never affected him, while Margery La Rue was, he acknowledged, the most beautiful girl he had seen. Everybody conceded that, and Mr. Beresford was not an exception to the rule.

Since the night when Reinette berated him so soundly for what she thought his lack of appreciation for Miss La Rue he had called upon her a few times, and felt a growing interest in her, as he saw how pure and sweet she was, with an inborn delicacy and refinement of manner seldom found in persons of her class, for she never tried to hide the fact that her mother was a hair-dresser in Paris, and her father a nothing.

This, of itself, would have been a terrible obstacle in Mr. Beresford's way had he been greatly interested in Margery. Her family was against her, but it was not so with Queenie's. She was to the manor born, on her father's side, at least, and the Fergusons weighed as nothing, in the scales against her. She was Reinette, his little Queen, and he loved her as men of his mature age usually love when the grand passion seizes them for the first time, and he told her so one night when they sat together upon the ledge of rocks which overlooked the town and the river wandering through it.

Reinette had quarreled with Phil that day—hotly and fiercely quarreled, and had told him to go away and never come near her again, for she did not like him, and thought big cousins bores any way. And Phil had answered her back, and said he was quite ready to go, and glad to be rid of such a termagant, and that she need not expect him to put himself in the way of her temper again, even though she wrote him a hundred notes of apology.

Then Phil went away and slammed the door after him, and was soon riding rapidly down the hill, while Queenie from her window watched him, wondering if she had offended him past all reconciliation, and what her life would be without patient, good-for-nothing Phil to come and go at her nod.

And then she wondered if it was true, as he had said, that she was vixenish and *catty* (those were the terms he had used), and if others thought so, too—Mr. Beresford, for instance, who was so different from Phil, and of whom she was a little afraid. She had never treated him with such bursts of temper as she had Phil, but she had been hot and imperious in her manner towards him when he did not please her, and with Phil's words, "You are a vixen and a termagant," ringing in her ears, she resolved to be very gracious to Mr. Beresford when he came that evening, as he was sure to do. Every claw should be sheathed, and if she were a cat she would be a very gentle, purring one, and she put knots of scarlet ribbon here and there, and was altogether lovely when he came, earlier than usual, and this time without any papers or foreign letters for her to read. There was nothing to do but talk, and Queenie was very soft and gentle, and acquiesced readily to his proposition that they walk out to the ledge of rocks, which was her favorite seat.

The early October night was warm and still, and the young moon hanging in the western sky giving a pale, silvery light to everything and falling upon the dark hair and bright, glowing face of the young girl who was full of life and animation, and talked, and laughed and coquetted with her companion until he could restrain himself no longer, and catching her suddenly in his arms, said to her:

"Queenie, I love you, and want you for my wife. I have loved you, I believe, since the moment I first saw you at the station, and you clung to me as your father's friend, whom you were to trust with everything. So trust yourself to me; let me have a right to call you mine. I have lived for many years with no thought or care for womankind, and such men love all the more, when at last their heart is touched. Surely, surely, Queenie, you will not tell me no."

This last was said in a tone which had in it something of fear, for Queenie had wrenched herself from him, and standing a little apart was looking fixedly at him with wide-open, wondering eyes as if asking what he meant.

"Say, Queenie," he continued, "you will let me love you. You will be my wife."

"No, never, never! Always your friend, but never your wife," she said, and her voice rang out clear and full as if the answer were decisive. "I am sorry," she began, very gently and pityingly, as she saw how he staggered back as if smitten with a sudden blow, "I am sorry that you care for me this way; sorry if I have encouraged you. I thought you knew me better than that. I have laughed, and talked, and flirted with you just as I have with Phil, but with no intention to make you love me. Forgive me, Mr. Beresford, if I have misled you. I cannot be your wife. I have no love for you."

He knew she was in earnest, quite as much by the expression of her face as by her words, and for a moment he felt bewildered and stunned with his sense of loss and pain which was all the greater because he had expected a different answer from her. Not expected her to say yes at once, for that was not her nature. She would tease him, and maybe laugh at him, and call him old, as she had sometimes done, when he was conscious of trying to act young. She would assume all these coquettish manners which he thought so charming, and then in the end she would lay her little hands in his, and answer in her saucy way:

"You can have me if you really want me, but you will get a bad bargain."

This, or something like it, was what he had fondly imagined, and alas! the result was so different. The little hands he had expected to be laid in his were locked firmly together, and the girl stood up erect and dignified before him, with no coquetry in her manner, or even shyness, and she gave him her answer which hurt him so cruelly. He was not one to beg and plead as a younger, more impetuous man might have done, and so the blow hurt him worse and made him shiver with a cold, faint feeling, as he looked earnestly at her for a moment, while she looked back as curiously at him, seeing something in his face which awoke within her a feeling of great pity for him.

"Oh, Mr. Beresford," she said, coming a little nearer to him. "Don't look at me like that. Don't care for me so much—I am not worth it. I should not make you happy, I am so high tempered, and passionate, and bad, and say things you never would forget. Nobody could forget them but Phil, and he has sworn never to do it again. Only to-day he called me a vixen and a termagant, and left me in hot anger, and if I can make him feel like that, what could I not do to you, who are so different—so much more matter-of-fact."

The mention of Phil was unfortunate, and awoke in Mr. Beresford a feeling of bitter jealousy which made him say things he would have given worlds to unsay when it was too late do so.

"Phil!" he repeated, sneeringly. "Yes, I see; I understand; Phil is my rival, and I might have known it. Women always prefer idlers like him, who have—" he stopped suddenly, checked by the expression of the black eyes confronting him so steadily, and growing so fierce and bright, as the girl said:

"Well, go on. You did not finish. You said, 'idlers like him who have—' Have what? I insist upon knowing what you mean. What is it Phil has which you have not?"

Her tone and manner made him angry, and he answered her at last:

"He has plenty of time at his disposal to make love to you; he has nothing else to do and women like men with no aim, no object in life; nothing to do but to play the Sardanapalus."

"Mr. Beresford," and Reinette's eyes blazed with scorn, "I did not dream you were so mean—so dastardly. Idler as you say he is, Phil Rossiter would cut his tongue out sooner than it should say a word against you, his friend, were you a thousand times his rival; and you, in your foolish jealousy, accuse him of wearing women's dresses, and spinning, and—"

"Queenie, I did nothing of the sort," Mr. Beresford said, interrupting her, and she continued:

"Yes, you did. You likened him to Sardanapalus, which is the same thing, and I hate you for it!"

"Not more than I hate myself," Mr. Beresford said, for he was beginning to be very much ashamed of the weakness which prompted him to speak against Phil Rossiter, whom he liked so much. "Forgive me, Queenie; it was unmanly—cowardly in me to attack my rival, and nothing but cruel disappointment and bitter pain could have induced me to do it. Phil is my friend, and the most unselfish, kind-hearted fellow in this world. Can you forgive me for saying aught against him?"

Queenie knew he was in earnest, and, as ready to forgive as to take offence, she answered at once.

"Yes, I know you did not mean it; you could not. Phil may be an idler, I rather think he is, but he is so noble, so good, so unselfish, and bears with me as no one else ever could. But, Mr. Beresford, you are mistaken. Phil is not your rival, and it was no thought of him which led me to refuse you. He is my cousin, and if I loved him ever so much, I could no more marry him than I could my brother, if I had one. I am enough of a Roman Catholic to think such a marriage unnatural and wicked. I could not do it, and I have no desire to—no love for him that way. Why I would sooner marry you than Phil; upon my word I would."

She had forgiven him and he knew it, and hope rose suddenly within him, and taking her hands in his and holding them tightly there he began again:

"Oh, Queenie, you give me new life, new hope, for if Phil is not my rival, you may come in time to think of me, not now, not for a year perhaps, or more, but some time, when you have learned how much I love you. Promise me that you will try. Put me on trial for a year, during which time I will not bother you with love making. I'll be your staid old guardian, nothing more. Will you—will you think of it a year?"

"Of what use would that be," she said, "when at the end of the year I should think just the same?"

"But you might not," he replied. "At least give me that chance; give me one ray of sunlight, for without it the world will be very dreary. I shall put myself on probation whether you will or not."

She did not answer him, but stood looking off across the moonlit meadows with a troubled look in her dark eyes which he could not fathom. At last releasing her hands from his, she said, with a little shiver:

"It is growing cold. I must go in now, and you must go home, and never speak to me again as you have to-night."

"Not until a year, and then, if no other love has come between us, I shall tell you again that I love you," he said, and she replied:

"A year is a long time, and so much may happen to us both."

It did seem long to her, but to him, who was so much older, it seemed as nothing, if at the end he could hope to win the girl who walked so silently by his side until the house was reached, where he said good-night to her and then rode back to town, feeling, in spite of her assertion to the contrary, that there was a grain of hope for him, if he would bide his time patiently, and feeling, too, a great remorse and hatred for himself for what he had said of Phil.

CHAPTER XXV.

PHIL'S WOOING.

When Phil left Reinette so suddenly he was full of resentment, for she had been unusually unreasonable and exasperating, and he meant what he said when he told her he would not come to her again if she wrote him a hundred notes of apology. She had called him a bore, and a spooney, and a Miss Nancy, and he didn't know what else; and his anger continued all through the day and night when he lay awake thinking of her, and how she looked with the great tears standing in her flashing eyes as she bade him leave her and never come again.

"And I won't by Jove!" he said, as he was dressing himself in the morning; but when breakfast was over, and he had sat an hour or more with his mother and sisters, he began to feel terribly *ennuied*, and to wonder why Grace and Ethel would be so dull and tame, and take so much interest in their worsteds, as if their lives depended upon having the right shades of wool in their roses.

They were nice girls, of course, he thought, but quite commonplace and old-maidish, and he was puzzled to know how he should dispose of his time, now that he could not go to Reinette. It had been his custom to ride over to Hetherton Place quite early in the day, and stay until late in the afternoon, but that was over now; he was never going there again, and life had rather a dreary lookout for Phil when he at last left the house and sauntered slowly toward Mr. Beresford's office.

The lawyer was busy, as usual, but he greeted Phil even more cordially than usual, for there was in Mr. Beresford's heart a feeling of keen regret for having allowed himself to say aught against the young man whom he really liked so much, and who, it seemed to him, looked rather sober and abstracted, as he seated himself near the window and began idly to turn the leaves of a law book. The mail was just in, and amongst Mr. Beresford's letters was one from his uncle, in New York, who wrote asking if his nephew knew of any honest, trusty, winning young man who would like to go out to India for a year or more on business for the firm. Tact, and patience, and suavity of manner were the essential qualifications, he wrote, and to a person possessed of these, the firm would pay a liberal salary. On many accounts he preferred a man from the country, and so had written to his nephew first.

Mr. Beresford read the letter carefully, then glanced at Phil, and asked himself whether it were not a desire to remove a possible rival from his way which prompted him to think him just the man for the place. Phil was trusty and winning, with any amount of tact and perseverance if once roused to action. The post would suit him exactly; and deciding at last that he was not wholly selfish in the matter, Mr. Beresford handed him the letter, saying:

"Here is something which may interest you, and possibly you may like the situation."

Phil read the letter through, and his first impulse was that he would go. He should enjoy the voyage immensely, for he liked the sea, and he should enjoy the new life, too, only—and Phil gave a little gasping breath as he thought of going away where he could not even see Reinette. Of course, she would never be to him what she had been, but it would be some pleasure to see her come in and go out at his father's house, and to watch her in the street, and hear occasionally the sound of her voice, and all this would be impossible in India. And still the chance to do something, which he had so longed for at times, was too good to be lightly thrown away, and he said to Mr. Beresford:

"I am half inclined to go; at all events I will see what father says, and let you know to-night."

"*Bon jour*, Monsieur Rossiter," fell suddenly on Phil's ear, and turning, he saw Pierre, who handed him a dainty note, and waited while he read it.

It was dated at "Hetherton Place, 9 o'clock a. m.," and read as follows:

"DEAR PHIL:—"What a simpleton you must be to think I was in earnest when I told you to go and never come back again. I know I tried you awfully and so you did me, and you called me such dreadful names—a vixen, a virago, a cat, and a termagant, and the dear knows what, and I called you a bore, and a spooney, and said I hated you, but, Phil, I don't, and I am just as lonesome without you as I can be, and last night, after I went to my room I cried real hard, and said to myself, 'I am sorry, Phil,' and I am, and I want you to forgive me, and come right over here with Pierre and stay to lunch. I have ordered broiled chicken, with pop-overs and maple syrup. You know you can eat a dozen. I shall be out on the rocks, and see you when you come down the hill, and I'll tie my pocket-handkerchief to my parasol and wave it for a signal. And now you will come, won't you, and we will make it up, and never, never fight again?

Your repentant, "QUEENIE."

Phil Rossiter was not the man to withstand an appeal like this, and, as he read it, India and everything else was forgotten in his intense desire to fly to the girl waiting for him.

Mr. Beresford saw Pierre hand Phil the note, knew it was from Reinette, and watched him as he read it, while his color came and went like that of some young schoolgirl, and he was not greatly surprised when Phil said to him, as he rose to leave the office:

"By the way, I've been thinking it over, and I don't believe I care to go to India; it is too far away. There's Will Granger—just the fellow they want, and he needs money badly; offer it to him."

Phil was in the street by this time, and ten minutes later he was galloping toward Hetherton Place and the girl whose signal he saw as she waved it aloft to let him know she was there. And Phil rode hard and fast until he was at her side, sitting just where Mr. Beresford had stood the night before and asked her to be his wife.

How sweet and lovely she was with that air of shyness and penitence! for she was very sorry for what had passed, and very glad to have Phil back; and she gave him both her hands, and offered no resistance when he kissed them more than once, and then held them fast while he talked to her, and asked if she did not think him weak and silly to come the minute she sent for him.

"No, I don't," she said; "I knew you would come back, just as I knew I should send for you. It is useless for us to try to live apart, for what would the world be to either of us without the other?"

"Nothing, Queenie, nothing," Phil said, eagerly, as he drew her down beside him and passed his arm around her waist, while the light of a new hope and joy shone all over his face.

Phil had long ago told himself that he loved Queenie with more than a cousin's love, and had only been deterred from telling her so by her fitful moods, sometimes all sunshine, sometimes all storm. Now he surely might speak with the full assurance of a favorable answer, for what but this could her manner mean, and her assertion that they could not live apart. She loved him, he was certain; and with his arm around her, holding her fast, he began rapidly and impetuously to tell her how inexpressibly dear she was to him, and to speak of the future when she would be his wife, as if everything were understood and settled between them.

"We'll never quarrel then, will we darling," he said. "I should not like to see a frown on my wife's face, and know it was meant for me, and I will be so good and loving that you'll not wish to call me a bore, and send me away from you. And we will be married at once. You need a husband to care for you, and there is no reason why we should wait a day. I'll tell mother to-night, and she will be so glad, and so will Ethel and Grace, for they all love you dearly. Why don't you speak to me, Queenie?" he said, as she did not answer him, but sat like one dead to all sense of speech or hearing. "Why, Queenie, what is the matter? How white you are," he continued, as he stooped at last to look into the face, which was pale as ashes, with an expression of pain, and even horror, upon it, which he could not understand.

"Oh, Phil, you have killed me," Queenie said, at last, as she released herself from him and moved to another rock, where she sat down and looked at him with eyes from which the hot tears were falling like rain.

"Killed you, Queenie!" Phil cried. "How could I kill you by telling you that I loved you, when you must have known it already. Surely, surely, you have not been deceiving me all this time—not been leading me on to believe you loved me, just as I love you, only to mock me at the last? That would be cruel, indeed."

And this he said because of something in her face and eyes which filled him with dread and fear.

"Oh, Phil," Queenie replied, beating the air with her hands, as she always did when excited, "If my conscience reproved me one whit, and said I had purposely misled you for my own amusement, I would drown myself in Lake Petit, but I have not, I certainly have not. I thought——"

"You thought," Phil interrupted her, as she hesitated a moment—"thought what? That I was a stock—a stone, to be unmoved by your beauty and sweetness, and—I will say it—your wiles and witcheries, which, if they meant nothing, were damnable, to say the least, and prove you to be the most heartless coquette that ever breathed. Girls do not usually write notes to men such as you have written me, begging them to come back, and then, when they come, receive them as you have received me, without meaning something, and if you do not mean marriage, may I ask what you do mean?"

He spoke bitterly, but not at all as he had ever spoken to her before when his temper and hers were at their height. It was the outraged, insulted man, not the passionate boy speaking to her now, and Queenie recognized the difference and shivered from head to foot, as she crouched down on her knees beside him and sobbed:

"Listen to me, Phil, before you judge so harshly, and believe me, as I hope for heaven. I never tried to make you love me this way. You are my cousin too, my blood relation; our mothers were sisters, and I have been taught that such unions were unnatural, such as God disapproves and curses."

"You are not a Roman Catholic?" Phil said, quickly, and she replied;

"No, but I had much of their teaching in my childhood, at home in France, and this is one of the things which took deep root in my mind. I had a governess who married her own cousin in spite of everything, and two of her children were idiots, while the third was deaf and dumb, and when the poor mother knew that, she drowned herself in the Seine. Phil, I would no sooner marry my cousin than I would my brother, if I had one, and I looked upon you as a brother, and I loved you as such, and thought you understood. Surely, you cannot think me so brazen-faced and bold, as to treat you as I have, with a view to making you want me for your wife. I am sorry, Phil, so sorry, and I wish I had never crossed the sea, for I can never be your wife—never! My whole nature revolts against that, the same as if you were my brother, and I know all that is over between us—that we can never be to each other again what we have been in the past. You will come here no more as you have come, and the days will be so long without you, Phil, and worse than all, you will perhaps think always that I meant to deceive you; but I didn't. Oh, I didn't, and you must believe it and forgive me! Will you?"

She was still kneeling before him, her white face was turned to his, and every muscle quivering with anguish, as she thus importuned him. He could not resist her, and stooping down he kissed the quivering lips, but did not say he forgave her; he asked, instead:

"If I were not your cousin, could you marry me?"

"I don't know, Phil. You see, I never thought about you in that way. I might, perhaps, in time, but I could not now, for you are like a brother, and I must go back to the beginning and build up a new kind of love for you; and then, Phil, I should wish you to be a little different from what you are now. Girls do not generally marry men who have——"

Here Queenie stopped suddenly, appalled at her own temerity, but Phil bade her go on in a tone she must obey, and she went on, and said:

"Who have nothing to do but amuse themselves and others. It is all very nice in cousins and mothers to know how to run our sewing-machines and how our dresses should be trimmed and ought to hang, but we wish our husbands to be different from that; wish them to have some aim in life—some occupation, and you have none. You have never done anything toward earning your own living. Your father is rich, it is true, and able to support you, but it is more manly to support one's self, don't you think so?"

She spoke very gently, but every word was a sting, and hurt Phil, if possible, more than her rejection of him had done.

"Yes, I see," he answered, bitterly. "You think me a lazy dog, whom people generally despise, and so I am, but it is very hard to hear it from you, Queenie; hard to know that I have neither your love nor your respect, when, fool that I was, I believed I had both."

"And so you have, Phil; so you have," Reinette said, eagerly, touched by the grieved, hopeless expression of his face, which was not at all like Phil's face, usually so bright and happy. "You have both the love and respect—love as a sister—for neither Ethel nor Grace can love you better than I do, in a certain way, and I respect and esteem you as the oldest, and best, and most unselfish Phil in all the world. Don't, Phil, oh don't cry!" she continued, in a tone of agonized entreaty, as the great tears, which he could not restrain, rolled down his white face which was convulsed with pain. "If you cry like that I shall wish I were dead, and I almost wish so now," she added, frightened by the storm of sobs and tears to which he at last gave vent.

She was still kneeling by him, and she crept closer to him, and took his hands from his face, where he had put them, and wiped his tears away, while her own fell fast as she tried to comfort him and could not, for in only one way could she do it, and, with her view of the matter, that was impossible. On that point she was as firm as conscientious as the most rigid Roman Catholic. To marry her cousin would be wrong, and so there was no hope for him in that way; but maybe she could comfort him in another, and she said at last:

"Phil, I can never marry you; this is just as impossible as for your sister to do it, but I can never promise to marry any one else. That would not be hard, for I do not believe I shall ever see any one for whom I care as I do for you; and, if you wish it I'll swear to remain single for your sake forever shall I?"

"No, Queenie; no, I am not as selfish as that," he said. "You ought to marry; you need a husband here at Hetherton Place—somebody with energy and will, and not an effeminate idler like me."

He was still smarting from the hurt of her last objection to him, and he went on:

"Whether you marry or not cannot affect me, for I am going away—going to do something and be a man, whom you will never taunt again with his laziness and sloth."

"Oh, Phil, you misunderstood me! I didn't taunt you. I only told you that girls would rather their lovers had some occupation. It wasn't a taunt at all. Forgive me, Phil. I am so sorry—oh, so sorry for this morning's work, when I meant to be so happy!"

Phil had risen to his feet, and she had risen, too, and stood looking up at him with an expression which if it was not born of love, was near of kin to it and nearly maddened Phil.

"Queenie," he began laying his hands upon her shoulders and looking fixedly into her eyes, "do you mean to send me away with no word of hope?—mean that you cannot be my wife?"

"Yes, Phil; I mean it. I can never be your wife, because I am your cousin, and because I do not love you in that way," she said.

And Phil knew she meant it, and was conscious of a death like sickness stealing over and mastering him, and making him sit down again, while everything grew dark around him, and Queenie's voice seemed a long way off, as she spoke to him in affrighted tones, and asked if he were fainting.

He did not faint, though it was some minutes before he was himself again and rose to say good-by. There was no question of lunch, no thought of boiled chicken and pop-overs, for both were past caring for such things now, and only remembered that, in some sense, this good-by was forever.

She thought he would, of course, come to Hetherton Place again—to-morrow, perhaps—but not as he had come heretofore; not as in the old happy days; not as the Phil with whom she could play and coquette, but more as a stranger; more like Mr. Beresford before he troubled her with his tale of love.

He knew he should not come again to-morrow, nor for many, many to-morrows—never, perhaps; for there was danger in that far-off Eastern land to which he now meant to go. Possibly his grave was there waiting for him, or he might tarry years and years, until the bright, beautiful girl standing before him had grown old and gray with the cares of life. And so, to him, it was good-by forever; but he would not tell her so. He would wait and write his farewell. But he must kiss her once, for the sake of all she had been to him and that he had hoped she would be. He was a tall, six-foot young man, and she a wee little girl, whom he could take in his arms as he would a child; and he took her in his arms, and kissed her forehead and lips, and said to her:

"Remember, Queenie, whatever comes, my love for you will remain unchanged; for it is not the love of a day or year, but love till death, and after, too, if such a thing can be. Good-by! I'm going now."

And he went swiftly from her, while she watched him with a throbbing heart; and neither of them guessed just where or how they would meet again.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PHIL GOES AWAY.

Mr. Beresford was alone in his office when Phil came in after his return from Hetherton Place, and asked, abruptly:

"Have you seen Will Granger about going to India?"

"Not yet; no. I thought I would wait till to-night," Mr. Beresford replied, and Phil continued:

"Don't see him, then; I will take the place. Write so to your uncle at once, or perhaps I'd better write myself."

Something in the tone of his voice made Mr. Bereford turn quickly and look at him.

"Why, Phil," he said, "what ails you? What has happened to make you look so white and strange?"

"Nothing," Phil answered—"that is, nothing of any consequence to any one but myself." Then, moved by a sudden impulse to tell somebody, Phil burst out: "Beresford, I can trust you, I know, for you have always been my friend."

"Yes," faltered Mr. Beresford, thinking remorsefully of what he said to Reinette, and wondering if Phil would think that friendly he knew.

"I must tell somebody—talk to somebody, or go crazy," Phil continued. "The fact is, I have made a fool of myself and been rejected, as I deserved."

"You rejected! By whom?" Mr. Beresford asked, although he felt that he knew perfectly well what the answer would be.

"By Reinette of course. What other woman is there on the face of the earth whose no is worth caring for? I asked her to be my wife, and she refused, and made me know she meant it; and now I am going to India, for I cannot stay here."

"What reason did she give for her refusal?" Mr. Beresford asked, feeling like a guilty hypocrite, and Phil replied:

"She had three reasons, each of them good and sufficient in her own mind. First, she did not love me that way, as she expressed it; second, I was her cousin, and, with her Roman Catholic notions, it is an unpardonable sin to marry one's cousin; and third, she could not marry a man with no aim, no occupation, no business, except to loop up dresses and run a sewing machine. That's what she said, or something like it, and that hurt me worst of all, for it made me feel so small, so contemptible; and after she said it, I knew how impossible it was for her even to respect such a dawdling, effeminate Sardanapalus as I must appear to her."

At the mention of Sardanapalus Mr. Beresford started violently, for that was the name he had used when speaking of Phil to Reinette. Had she told him? It was not likely, else he had never come there with his confidence, which seemed so like a stab to the conscience-stricken man, who at last could bear it no longer, and as Phil went on with his story, showing in all he said how implicitly he trusted him, he burst out:

"Stop, Phil, stop a minute, while I make a confession to you, and then you may not think me so much your friend, though Heaven knows I am, and that there is no man living I like as well. But, Phil, I went back on you once, and in a moment of weakness said things for which I blush. I, too, have offered myself to Reinette Hetherton."

"You! When?" Phil exclaimed and Mr. Beresford replied:

"Only last night, and when she refused me, and said she did not love me, I accused you of being my rival, and in my mad jealousy said things of you which only a coward could have said of his friend. I sneered at your idle, aimless life, and said that women generally preferred a Sardanapalus to energetic, strong men, or something like that."

"You said this of me to Reinette, and I thought you my friend! I would never have served you so," Phil said, and in his eyes there was an expression which hurt Mr Beresford cruelly, and made him think of the wounded Cæsar when he cried out, "*Et tu Brute!*"

"Yes, I said it, Phil, but I took it all back, and made what amends I could. Queenie will tell you so, if you ask her. She flew in my face like a yellow-jacket, and defended you bravely. Forgive me, Phil, I am greatly ashamed of myself."

He offered his hand to the young man, in whose eyes the tears were shining, but who did not refuse to take it, though he was still smarting under this new pain.

"I can forgive you," he said, with a faint smile "because Queenie defended me, but it's very hard to bear. You say she refused you and gave you no hope?"

Mr. Beresford thought of the year's probation he had insisted upon, and spoke of it to Phil, but added.

"She told me, however, that it was useless, for at the end of the time her answer would be the same, so you see there is hope for me either;" and this he said because he saw how utterly crushed and heart broken Phil was, and he would not add to his pain by confessing that away down in his heart there was a shadowy hope that Queenie might change her mind, especially with Phil away, for he was going. He had made up his mind to that, and before returning home he wrote himself to the firm in New York, accepting the situation, and saying he would be in the city the next evening, as he wished for a few days before sailing in which to post himself with reference to the business.

"But why go to-morrow? There is no such haste necessary," Mr. Beresford said, when he heard the contents of the letter, and Phil replied:

"I must go before I see her again; the sight of her might unman me and make me give it up."

So the letter was sent, and when Phil went home to dinner at night he startled his family by telling them that he was going to India for a year, and possibly longer.

"To India!" both mother and sisters exclaimed, and then Phil explained it to them.

The former opposed the plan with all her strength, for life without Phil would be nothing to the mother who loved him so much. Mr. Rossiter, on the contrary, approved it. It was no way for a young man to hang on to his mother's apron strings all his days; he said Phil ought to do something for himself. This was only a repetition of the old story of idleness and ease, and confirmed Phil in his purpose. He would make something of himself—would show that he was capable of higher occupation than devising trimming for dresses and running a sewing-machine. He was very sore on the subject of the sewing machine, and very reticent all through the dinner, and when it was over excused himself to his sisters, saying he had letters to write and some few matters which must be attended to. It was very sudden to them all—his going away—but, as he said, he was his own master and must act for himself, and when his mother tried to persuade him to give up going, he answered:

"No, I have staid with you too long. You are the best and dearest mother in the world, but you have done wrong not to send me away before this and make me stay away, too. I should have been more of a man among men. I see it now, and must take the first chance offered me. A year is not very long, and I shall write to you every week."

So Mrs. Rossiter gave it up and bustled herself with various preparations for his comfort, and said she should go to New York to see him off, and tried to seem cheerful and happy, and tried with his sisters to fathom the cloud which overshadowed his face, and made him so unlike himself. What had happened to him, and was Reinette in any way connected with it? They thought so, and when in the morning he said he was going to bid his grandmother and Anna good by, and they asked if he were not going to see Reinette, too, he answered:

"I saw her yesterday, but give her this letter when I am gone."

They were sure of it, and for the first time since they had known her, they felt a little vexed with the girl who even then was watching from her window for the rider coming over the river, across the causeway and up the long hill as he would not come again, for when later in the day the express train for New York stopped at West Merrivale, it carried him along toward the new life which was to have an aim and occupation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW QUEENIE BORE THE NEWS.

She saw the long train as it came across the plains from East Merrivale—saw it shoot under the bridge, past the station, and glide swiftly on by the river side until it was lost to view in the deep cut by the old gold mine, and she remembered afterward that she heard the whistle as the train stopped at West Merrivale a few minutes and then went speeding on to the west. But she never dreamed that it carried with it a young man whose face was pale as ashes as he sat with folded arms, and hat pulled over his eyes, seeing nothing of what was passing around him, and thinking only of her, listening even then for the sound of his horse's feet coming up the hill. For Queenie felt sure he would come back to her, and that in some way they would make it up, and assume their old, delightful relations with each other. And she watched for him all day long, and was beginning to get restless and impatient, when about sunset, the Rossiter carriage came slowly up the hill and into the yard.

In a trice Queenie was at the door, feeling certain that the recreant Phil had driven over with his sisters as he sometimes did. But only Ethel and Grace were there, and it struck Queenie that there was something a little strange in their manner, while Grace had evidently been crying.

"I am so glad you have come!" she said, as she led the way into the house. "I have been so lonely to-day, with not a person to see me except the Major and Anna, who were here a few moments this morning, and who are so absorbed in each other as to be of no account to any one else. I do believe he is in earnest, and means to marry her; then won't we have to bow to my Lady Rossiter! Where's Phil, and why hasn't he been here to-day?"

"Phil has gone; you surely knew that, or, at least that he was going; he was here yesterday," Ethel said; and in her voice there was a hardness, as if her cousin were trifling with her thus to ask for her brother.

But she knew better when she saw how white Queenie grew as she repeated after her:

"Gone! and I knew of his going! You are mistaken; I know nothing. Where has he gone?"

"To India!" Ethel said.

And then Reinette grasped the chair near which she was standing with both hands, and leaning heavily upon it, asked, in a half whisper, for something was choking her so that she could not speak aloud:

"To India! For what? And how long will he be gone?"

As rapidly as possible, Ethel told all she knew of a matter which had taken them so by surprise, and which had so affected her mother that she was sick in bed.

For a moment Queenie did not speak, but stood staring at Ethel, who, sure that she was in fault, went pitilessly on:

"We thought you had something to do with it; that you sent him away, for it was after he came from here yesterday that he decided to go; he had given it up before."

"I sent him away!—sent him to India to die, as he will! No, no; I did not do that," Queenie cried, piteously. "I said I could not marry him, and he my cousin; and I could not, any more than you could marry him, he being your brother. But I did not think he'd go away. Oh! what shall we do without Phil?"

Reinette was sobbing passionately, and Ethel and Grace were crying with her, for Phil had made the happiness of their lives, and without him they were very desolate.

"Did he speak of me?" Queenie asked, at last. "Did he leave no word? no message? no good-by?"

"He left this for you," Ethel said, passing the letter to Queenie, who clutched it eagerly, but would not read it there with the sisters looking on. That they blamed her, and held her responsible for Phil's India trip, she was certain, and she felt glad when they at last said good-night, and left her to herself and her letter—Phil's letter—which she read in the privacy of her room, and which nearly broke her heart.

"Dear Queenie," he began, "I am going away—for a year certainly, and perhaps, forever, for men of my habits, who have never been accustomed to hardships of any kind, die easily in that hot climate."

"Oh-h!" and Reinette groaned bitterly, as she thought, "Why did Phil say what will make me feel like his murderer, if he should die out there."

Then she read on:

"I am going to India on business for a firm in New York, of which Mr. Beresford's uncle is the head. The salary is good, and the duties such as I can perform, and so I am going. Mr. Beresford made me the offer this morning, and with my usual indolence I declined it, but I did not know then your opinion of me; did not know how you despised me for my effeminacy and laziness Queenie, I do believe that hurt me more than your refusal of me. I might live without your love perhaps, but not without your respect, and so I am going to begin life anew, with some aim, some occupation, and you shall never taunt me again with my idleness. But oh, Queenie, how I love you, and how I long to hold you in my arms as my own darling. It is a strange power which you have over us men—a power to hold us at your will by one glance of your eyes, or toss of your head. Other faces may be more beautiful than yours, some would say that Margery La Rue's was one of them, but there is something about you more attractive than mere regularity of feature or purity of complexion, and men go down before it as I have done, body and soul, with no hope or wish for anything else, if you must be denied me. May you never know how my heart is aching as I write this, my farewell, to you, and yet to have known and loved you is the dearest thing in life, and the memory of you will help to make me a man. I know you will be sorry when I am gone, and miss me everywhere, but you will get accustomed to it in time. Some one else will take my place; and, just here, although I do not pretend to be so good or unselfish that it does not cost me a pang to do it, I would say a word for Mr. Beresford. He knows why I go away. for I told him, and like the splendid fellow he is, he confessed what he said of me to you, and asked my pardon for it, and I forgave him, and you must do so, too, and not be hot, and rash, and bitter against him, as something tells me you may be, when you know I am gone, and that possibly Mr. Beresford suggested to you the words which made me go. He told me of your refusal of himself, which he will not take as a refusal yet, hoping time may change you; and if it does—oh, my darling, how can I say it, loving you as I do?—if it does, don't worry and tease him, but deal with him honestly and openly, as a true woman should deal with a true, honest man. And now, good-by, and if it is forever—I never come back again—remember that I love you always, always! and I shall carry your image with me wherever I go, and so, in fancy, I put my arms around you and hold you for a moment as my own, and kiss your dear face, saying sure that if it were really so, that I was saying good-by to you forever and you knew it, you would kiss me back once at least, in token of all we have been to each other."

"Oh, Phil, Phil, yes, a thousand times would I kiss you, if you were back again! and I am so sorry for the nasty words I said about your idleness," Reinette cried, as, with Phil's letter clutched tightly in her hand, she lay upon her face sobbing bitterly, and wondering what life was worth to her now, that Phil was gone.

"I couldn't marry him, I couldn't, for he's my cousin!" she said; "and I do not love him that way, but he was so much to me, now can I live without him?"

And then there began to creep into her heart hot, resentful things toward Mr. Beresford, who had put it to her mind to taunt Phil with his idleness.

"I hate him—I hate him!" she said, stamping her little feet by way of emphasis, but when she remembered that Phil had forgiven him, and still held him as his friend, and wished her to do so, she grew more calm and less resentful toward him, but declined to see him when, next morning, he rode over to Hetherton Place and asked for her.

"Tell him I am sick," she said to Pierre, "and can see no one, unless it is Margery. Ask him, please to call at her door, and tell her to come to me, for I am in a great trouble."

With a suspicion as to the nature of Queenie's trouble, Mr. Beresford rode back to town and delivered the message to Margery, who went at once to her friend and tried to comfort her. But Queenie refused to be comfor