

WAIT AND SEE.

When my boy, with eager questions,
Asking how, and where, and when,
Takes all my stores of wisdom,
Asking o'er and o'er again,
Questions off to which the answers
Give to others still the key,
I have said, to teach him patience,
"Wait, my little boy, and see."
And the words I taught my darling,
Taught to me a lesson sweet;
Once when all the world seemed darkened
And the storms about me beat,
In the "children's room" I heard him,
With a child's sweet mimicry,
To the baby brother's questions,
Saying wisely, "Wait and see."

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

In the bush, and in the stillness
Of the evening's quietude,
It is that memory lures us
With the magic of her power,
It is then, we drop the curtain,
And draw close the river man,
Of the cozy shimmering light:
In whose warmth we sweetly dream
In the corners dusky shadow:
Amber lights on the floor;
While around us chant the voices,
We have known in days of yore:
Softly rising like a tale
From her lips and the sea,
Come the happy hopes I pictured
That the years should bring to me.
Thus the castles that I build,
Gleaming in the sea's heart;
Thus the lying laurels I load,
From the city's busy mark,
Wealth and happiness and pleasure,
All were there within my call:
Like the pictures in the sea-foam,
The ashes left and covered all.
Fancy builds us many a castle,
That like these will melt in air,
With the clouds of ashes covering,
Thus the beauty promised there,
But to our awakened senses,
Come so sweetly this refrain:
In who home beyond the river,
We shall never dream again.

MEMORY.

The soft eyes of a little girl—
Half shadow and half shine—
That tremble with the light they hold,
Look hauntingly in mine,
I kiss the sunny brow and put
The baby from my knee,
For something in her mournful eyes
I cannot bear to see.
I hush the little voice and sit
Awhile with book and pen,
And try to read—but only see
The haunting eyes instead.
They look from each new-turned leaf
And every thought engrossed,
They sit among the words and steal
The meaning from the page.
The yellow moon now waxing full,
Is up above the hill,
And Eve goes gathering in the stars,
Her horn of light to fill.
I gaze—and yet I heed not aught,
For everywhere I see
The soft eyes of that little child
Between the night and me.
We had lunch together, and when we
Spoke hands parted. I had no more
idea of seeing him again than I have
of knowing you. In fact he told me
he should sail for England in a week
or ten days, and should not return
to America. At parting he gave me his
card. It was a modest piece of paste-
board, and bore the name of "Geo.
Raleigh," in old English script.
Everything at the office went on
as usual, and the 13th came at length.
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down with the money, and I looked upon
it as a business of no special importance.
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told me, as we went into the buggy,
that George Raleigh meant to return with
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but I didn't even hint at my errand.
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village and were among the farm-houses,
"I should have offered you this before."
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I feared to offend him, so I drank,
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In about five minutes I began to feel
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grow larger; something got into my ears,
so that the rattle of the buggy sounded
a long way off.

LITTLE BLUE EYES.

HOW SHE HELPED ME OUT
OF IT.
"Can I sit with you?"
"Certainly, sir."
"Nice weather."
"Splendid, indeed."
"Crops growing finely?"
"Yes, couldn't do better."
I was sitting in a passenger coach, on
a Wisconsin railroad, one day, years ago,
when a good looking, pleasant spoken
man came along, stopped at my seat, and
the above conversation took place, the
latter part of it after I had given him a
part of my seat.
Now I am regarded as a social man.
I like a joke, a good bit; and I think a
saw, more so, who uses his tongue
only when obliged to, is bound to die of
some terrible disease, and go to some
place of red hot punishment.
On entering a railroad car, I always
look about for a talkative man, and then
get as close to him as possible, and drain
him dry, if the journey is long enough.
And I want to state one thing more,
Left an orphan before I could realize the
great which made me one, I got kicked
here and cuffed there, and "grew up be-
tween folks," as they say, I ought to
have had, at the time of which I write,
a pretty thorough knowledge of human
nature, and have been enabled to read in
a man's face if he intended me evil.
I did not pride myself on being over keen
or extra sharp, but the knocking around
among strangers ought to give one a good
experience.
Well, the stranger and I fell into an
easy train of conversation as we rode on
together, and in ten minutes I began to
enjoy his company. He was a well made
fellow, fairly dressed, and he wore a fine
watch and a diamond ring. I never saw
a man who could talk so easily and pleas-
antly. It seemed that he had been up to
his ears in the world, and the words fell
right out.
I had traveled to the South so had he,
I had heard the loud roar of the Pacific;
he knew all about it. I had been up in a
balloon, down in a mine; been blown
up, smothered up, and repaired again; my
new friend had experienced all these
things; and was waiting for something
to turn up of a more startling nature.
We agreed on politics, neither had any
religion, and I had never met such a
railroad companion.
Did you ever meet a man who, though

a stranger to you ten minutes before,
could wrest from you secrets which you
sworn to yourself not to reveal? Well,
he was just such a man. It was not long
before he commenced asking me ques-
tions. He did not seem to be trying to
quid or draw me out, but he asked me
questions in such a way, round about way,
that before I knew it I was giving him
my history.
I was at that time just on the point of
being admitted to the bar of Wisconsin
as a student of Law & Law, of Belleville.
The firm were old lawyers, with a
lucrative practice, and it had been talked
over that in about a month I was to be-
come the "Co." of the firm. A year
before, an old farmer named Preston,
down about four miles from Grafton, had
died, and his matters had been put into
the hands of Law & Law for settlement.
Preston had died rich. He had money in
the bank, railroad stocks, mortgages,
etc., and everything was settled up to the
satisfaction of the relatives and the father-
less.

About a year before his death, being
short for money and not wishing to sell
anything at a sacrifice, Preston had given
a mortgage on his farm for three thousand
dollars. While the papers read "one
year from date," there was a verbal agree-
ment that it should be lifted off any day
when Preston desired. A month after
when, having the money, he desired to
clear off the paper, the old money-bags
holding it refused to disgorge, wishing to
secure his interest for a year.

I was on my way to ascertain the date
of expiration. A fire among our office
papers had destroyed the memorandum,
and I must go down and get it from
old Scrip, who lives South of
Grafton, about five miles. The stranger
had pumped all this out of me in ten
minutes; and yet I never suspected that
he was receiving information.

I am not positive, I admit, but I am
pretty sure the time is the 13th—
which would be Tuesday.
"And then your folks will send down
the money and discharge the mortgage,
of course?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes. I should most likely bring
it down," I replied, and I never carried
it down, and I never carried it down.
He turned the conversation into other
channels, and did not once attempt to
pump me further. We got to Grafton
at half past ten, and to my great surprise
he announced that he was to stop in the
town on business for a few days. I had
not asked him where he was going, while he
knew everything about me.

We went to the hotel, had dinner, and
then I secured a lively team and drove
out, getting through with the business
so that I was back to take the half past
two express car. My first ride was a
portentous one. I drove up, carrying
that same hoard, dignified face.

"Well, did you find out?" he inquired
in his pleasant way.
"It's on the 13th, as I expected," I
replied.

We had lunch together, and when we
spoke hands parted. I had no more
idea of seeing him again than I have
of knowing you. In fact he told me
he should sail for England in a week
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cool breeze and the sight of meadows
and green groves made my heart grow
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"O, excuse me," he exclaimed, after
we had passed a mile or so beyond the
village and were among the farm-houses,
"I should have offered you this before."
He drew from his pocket a small flask
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fact, I detested the sight and smell of any
thing intoxicating; but I had not the
moral courage to tell him so and hand
back the flask undisturbed.

I feared to offend him, so I drank,
perhaps, three good swallows. He called
me to the woods on the left, as he
recoiled back the flask, and when I
looked around again, he was just remov-
ing it from his mouth, as if he had drunk
heartily.

In about five minutes I began to feel
queer. The fencer, along the road,
seemed to grow higher, and the trees to
grow larger; something got into my ears,
so that the rattle of the buggy sounded
a long way off.

"How strange! why, I believe I am
going to be sick!" I exclaimed, holding
on to the seat with all my might.
"You do look strange," he replied, a
sickly smile stealing over his face. "I
shouldn't wonder if it was apoplexy."
I did not suspect the game he had
played. His words were like an echo,
and his face seemed twice as large as it
usually was. My head began to snap
and crack, and I was greatly frightened.
You are badly off, he continued,
looking into my face. "I will drive as
fast as possible, and get a doctor."

My tongue was so heavy that I could
not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my
eyes, and he put his horse at his best
pace. We met a farmer's team, and I
can remember that one of the occupants
of the wagon called out to know what
ailed me. Raleigh did not reply, but
urged the horse forward.

About three miles from Grafton was a
long stretch of forest, and this we soon
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Half a mile down the road, after we
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"Well, here we are," exclaimed
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He stopped the horse, got out and
fastened him, and then came around to
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"You don't feel just right, but I guess
you will be better soon," he remarked.
"Come, let me help you down."
He reached up his arms, and I let go
of the seat and fell into them. I seemed
to me as if I weighed a ton, but he
carried me along without an effort and
laid me down within about a rod of the
fence which ran along on one side of an
old pasture. Just now the effect of the
drug was wearing off, and I began to
feel a little better, and I got a faint suspicion
that something unusual had happened.
But I was powerless to move a limb; the
sensation was like that when your foot
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"Ah, I see—you didn't take quite
enough," he coolly remarked. "Well,
I have provided for this."
He went to the buggy, procured
ropes and a gag, and got a stout rope
and fastened it to the back of the seat.
I had but little strength left,
and he conquered me in a moment.
Laying me on my right side, looking
towards the fence, he tied my hands;
and then forced a gag into my mouth.

"There, now you see you are really
fired up, and all because you acted like
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While he was speaking—indeed while
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I had never seen her before, and I
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long stretch of forest, and this we soon
reached. The pain in my head was now
so violent, and I was so badly affect-
ed with opening my eyes. I had settled
into a sort of dumb stupor, with a brain
so benumbed that I had to say to myself,
"this is a tree, this is a stump," etc., before
I could make sure that I was not wrong.
Half a mile down the road, after we
struck the forest, and then Raleigh turn-
ed the horse into a blind road, leading
back into the woods. I could not under-
stand what he intended. I tried to
grapple with the question, but I could
not solve it.

"Well, here we are," exclaimed
Raleigh, when we had reached a point
far from the road, and the road.
He stopped the horse, got out and
fastened him, and then came around to
the wheel.
"You don't feel just right, but I guess
you will be better soon," he remarked.
"Come, let me help you down."
He reached up his arms, and I let go
of the seat and fell into them. I seemed
to me as if I weighed a ton, but he
carried me along without an effort and
laid me down within about a rod of the
fence which ran along on one side of an
old pasture. Just now the effect of the
drug was wearing off, and I began to
feel a little better, and I got a faint suspicion
that something unusual had happened.
But I was powerless to move a limb; the
sensation was like that when your foot
goes to sleep.

"Can you speak?" inquired Raleigh,
bending over me, "because if you can,"
he said, "I will save me some trouble. I want to
know where you have stowed away that
money?"
Now I began to realize my situation.
His face looked natural again and the
load was off my tongue.
"George Raleigh! are you going to
rob me?" I asked, finding my voice at
last.

"Well, some folks might call it rob-
bing, but we dress up the term a little
by calling it the only correct financial
way of equalizing the floating currency,
so that each one is provided for, and no
one left out."
"You shall have the money, I'll die
first!" I yelled, rising a little.
"Ah, I see—you didn't take quite
enough," he coolly remarked. "Well,
I have provided for this."
He went to the buggy, procured
ropes and a gag, and got a stout rope
and fastened it to the back of the seat.
I had but little strength left,
and he conquered me in a moment.
Laying me on my right side, looking
towards the fence, he tied my hands;
and then forced a gag into my mouth.

"There, now you see you are really
fired up, and all because you acted like
fool, instead of a sensible young lawyer
son to be admitted to the bar."
While he was speaking—indeed while
he was tying me—I had caught the
sight of the white face of a little girl
looking at us between the rails of the
fence. I could see her great big eyes
fixed on me, and I felt that she was
looking at me with a look of horror.
I had never seen her before, and I
knew that she was some farmer's
daughter, searching for straw-
berries. I could not warn her of her
danger, and I feared she would be seen
or heard.

"We know you will be very punctual," remarked
the senior partner, as I was about to
go; "but I want to give you a word of
warning, nevertheless. Don't take any
stranger into your confidence until you
have passed out the money and look out
who sits next to you."

It was something new for him to caution
me, and I could not but wonder at it;
but in the bustle of getting on board
the train, I forgot what he said. Ordin-
ary prudence had induced me to place
the money, which was all in bank bills,
and divided into three packages, in my
shirt, next to my skin, in the left
hand of a fiddle-pocket could not reach.

Interested in a newspaper, time flew
by as the train flew West, and at length
the hoarse voice of the brakeman warned
me that I had reached Grafton.
"Don't express your surprise," he began,
as I stopped at the wharf. "I did
intend to go away, but I changed my
mind, and I like this seat. You will find
it very comfortable. Look at a farm,
with a view of purchasing. Come ride
up to the hotel."

We rode up, ordered a lunch, and
while we were discussing it, Mr. Raleigh
discovered that the farm he was going
to see was just beyond the 8th's.
"How fortunate!" I could ride with
him, and he would be greatly pleased.
I was also pleased. If any one had
told me, as we went into the buggy,
that George Raleigh meant to return with
my money in his pocket and my blood upon
his hands, I should have believed him a
joke. And yet George Raleigh had
planned to do that very thing.

It was a lovely day in June, and the
cool breeze and the sight of meadows
and green groves made my heart grow
lazier. My companion was very talkative,
but I didn't even hint at my errand.
"O, excuse me," he exclaimed, after
we had passed a mile or so beyond the
village and were among the farm-houses,
"I should have offered you this before."
He drew from his pocket a small flask
of wine, and handed it to me. Now, I
was temperate in regard to drinks. In
fact, I detested the sight and smell of any
thing intoxicating; but I had not the
moral courage to tell him so and hand
back the flask undisturbed.

I feared to offend him, so I drank,
perhaps, three good swallows. He called
me to the woods on the left, as he
recoiled back the flask, and when I
looked around again, he was just remov-
ing it from his mouth, as if he had drunk
heartily.

In about five minutes I began to feel
queer. The fencer, along the road,
seemed to grow higher, and the trees to
grow larger; something got into my ears,
so that the rattle of the buggy sounded
a long way off.

"How strange! why, I believe I am
going to be sick!" I exclaimed, holding
on to the seat with all my might.
"You do look strange," he replied, a
sickly smile stealing over his face. "I
shouldn't wonder if it was apoplexy."
I did not suspect the game he had
played. His words were like an echo,
and his face seemed twice as large as it
usually was. My head began to snap
and crack, and I was greatly frightened.
You are badly off, he continued,
looking into my face. "I will drive as
fast as possible, and get a doctor."

My tongue was so heavy that I could
not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my
eyes, and he put his horse at his best
pace. We met a farmer's team, and I
can remember that one of the occupants
of the wagon called out to know what
ailed me. Raleigh did not reply, but
urged the horse forward.

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long stretch of forest, and this we soon
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COUNCIL MEETING.

Carleton Place, Dec. 11th, 1873.
The Council met pursuant to adjournment, present Councillors Graham, Morphy and Taylor.

Moved by Mr. Taylor, seconded by Mr. Morphy, that Mr. Graham take the chair. Carried.

A communication was read from H. L. Black, Co. Inspector of Schools, in relation to the change of this School Section.

Report of A. Livingston, containing a list of young men and others who have paid their Statute Labor money, (\$2 each) was read and ordered to be published in the Herald.

The following accounts were read:—
Account of Wm. M. Glover, for blacksmith work, \$55.65; James Bell, for registration, \$2.80; Alex. Sibbitt, for wood, \$2.00; Wm. Aitkins, for lumber and spikes, \$1.57; Alvin Livingston, for collecting Statute Labor money, \$14.40; W. Wilson, Jr., for coal oil and wicks, \$3.39. Total, \$79.81.

Moved by Mr. Taylor, and seconded by Mr. Morphy, that Mr. Livingston's report for the collection of young men's Statute Labor, get one insertion in the Carleton Place Herald. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Morphy, seconded by Mr. Taylor, that the account of Wm. Aitkins—blank for crossing on Baines Street, in the Village of Carleton Place—be paid; and that the Chairman grant an order for the same. \$1.57.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Morphy, seconded by Mr. Taylor, that the account of Wm. Aitkins—blank for crossing on Baines Street, in the Village of Carleton Place—be paid; and that the Chairman grant an order for the same. \$1.57.—Carried.

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of valuable place, some of which were old family possessions, and other property, when they died. The robbery was evidently planned and executed (in the whole or part) by residents of Brockville, who know the place thoroughly.—*Monitor.*

A VESSEL BALLASTED WITH HUMAN BONES.—Last Saturday the German barque "Mathias Meyer," Capt. Niemann, arrived in this port from Ancon, Peru, after a passage of thirty-six days, and not lying at anchor, where the vessel arrived at Ancon with a cargo of coal from Newport, Eng., and failing to secure sugar on favourable terms, sailed on her outward trip with 215 tons of sand as ballast. On Wednesday she began discharging the sand, and receiving a supply of wheat to Liverpool. Nothing unusual occurred to excite the imaginations of the loungers who congregated in that vicinity until yesterday afternoon, when sections of human frames were exhumed with great rapidity. Blood-curdling rumors were quickly created, and a motley crowd attracted by a morbid curiosity, were soon on the ground discussing the various surmises advanced. Up to 11 o'clock this morning, six skulls and a large number of minor bones have been discovered. One of the ghastly relics was the skull of a young woman, with long, heavy black hair, which clings firmly to the scalp. Several others have complete sets of teeth, and are bleached white. The skull with the hair attached has been secured for the private collection of a surgeon residing at Alcatraz. Capt. Niemann states that Ancon is situated on a volcanic island, and the rocks now ballast from the suburbs of the town, which was occupied centuries ago as a graveyard. Bodies of men, women and children, upheaved by earthquakes, are now bleaching in the sun, and may be counted by the hundreds within ten minutes walk from the heart of the town. The bones are of all sizes, and in large quantities; also pieces of pottery, in agate, coins, and symbolic letters, to the spirit world, made of knotted twine and cord. The cemetery covers such a large extent of ground that it is difficult to supply the necessary amount of ballast for the large number of vessels stopping at the wharves, and the occasional passing with some of these ancient relics. This explanation will afford relief to those who believe this to be the foundation of a startling sensation.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

STORY OF A LOTTERY TICKET.—In 1857, an army physician bought a lottery ticket, which was subsequently stolen from him. The loss was immediately made known at the lottery office, and the ticket was retired for the prescribed period. A few days ago this time expired, the number was drawn, and, strange to say, drew the prize of 200,000 francs. The physician came for his money, and at the same time the original ticket was presented by another man. He declared that he had bought it from a certain banker in Vienna, a statement which was soon verified. The banker said that he had bought the ticket in 1870, from the well-known banker Schnapper, in Vienna. This was found correct, and they declared that it had been purchased, in 1858, from a woman together with nine other lottery tickets. The woman's name is not known. It would seem that the declaration of the ticket having been immediately made by the army doctor, he should have the money, and the holder of the original ticket has used for it on the ground that he bought the ticket in good faith, and this interesting question has to be decided by the slow process of the law.—*Vienna Letter.*

ABJECT POVERTY.—A case of the abject poverty, which in a moment serves to show the extreme in which many of the poorer classes are placed, was reported by a police officer, at the Home for Little Wanderers, a few days since. The officer, in the performance of his duties, had his attention called to two half-dressed children wandering about the streets with bare heads, and in search of cold victuals. On investigation, he found that these children had a brother and sister at home in bed with no clothes to put on. When the mother came chilled and tired they went home and changed places with the others, who then donned the ragged and filthy clothes at begging. The mother was a widow, and she was obliged to leave the children every day for her work in another part of the city. By her labour she earned \$3 a week, two of which she gave for the rent of the room and her children occupied. This family of five were thus left to starve, and it was not until such a time as the children were picked up from day to day.—*Boston Advertiser.*

THE LATE BISHOP OF WISCONSIN.—The Right Rev. William Armistead, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Wisconsin, who died on the 10th inst., was a comparatively young man at the time of his decease, being only in his forty-fourth year. He succeeded Bishop Kemper in 1866 in the See of Wisconsin, having prior to that time been rector of St. John's Church, Portsmouth, N. H. He was a man of great attainments and studious habits. His loss will be deeply felt, as he was as well beloved as he was widely known. The cause of his death was a tumor of the spinal cord from which he had suffered for several years. On Thursday the Bishop was removed to St. Luke's Hospital, Milwaukee, where he lay until he was taken to his last resting place. He was buried in the cemetery of St. John's Church, Milwaukee, on Monday morning a funeral service was held at high water and the fuses were lighted, but did not burn down to the charge. It was afterwards discovered that this was owing to their having become chafed against the rocks from long exposure to the action of the wind and waves. At low water the same afternoon a lib. capped charge was placed between the rocks, and the explosion, which was intended to destroy the rocks, was prevented by the explosion of the charge, and the fuses were well covered and

lod up the rock, the charge being properly protected, against the heavy sea, which was blowing a gale. At 10 p. m. a landing was effected on the top of the tide and the fuses were fired. The operators then regained their boat and were rowed to a safe distance, and in about 12 minutes—the fuses having been properly timed to admit of the retreat—a heavy explosion took place, a cloud of spray being thrown high up into the air and showing distinctly against a clear sky. A return to the scene of operations and a row round the rock disclosed the fact that the massive wall of rock had been cleared away, the explosive having done its work very efficiently. The rock weighs two tons to the cubic yard; taking, therefore, the dimensions of the wall as given above, it follows that the total weight of the rock removed by 11 lb. of dynamite was 240 tons. The results proved that the dynamite was none the less a powerful explosive, and that the action of five successive heavy tides had in no way affected it. The satisfactory manner in which the dynamite acted in all cases has led Sir John Coode to resolve upon using it as a blasting agent in carrying out the new work.

LAKE TEMISCAMINGUE NEWS.—Our Upper Ottawa correspondent has sent us the following news:—
The Hudson Bay Company's vessel "Lady Head" is frozen in, in James Bay. It has on board over \$200,000 worth of good furs. The sailors are at Moose Factory, where they will remain till next spring. The papers have been sent to Montreal via the Ottawa.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.—About two weeks ago a boy, green from the cold and sun, undertook to transport a horse across the lake from the north side to Fort Temiscamingue. For this purpose he employed a large sail now belonging to the Catholic clergy. When the sail had got some distance from the shore the Indians in the neighborhood discharged a gun, which terrified the horse that he attempted to perform some antics. The planks not being very strong he drove his front feet through the sail, and in a few moments it was full of water, and sunk to the bottom. Fortunately there were a couple of priests and a number of Indians on the shore, and seeing what was going on, they soon towed the sail and its freight back to land. The weather and water were very cold, and the poor boy was well nigh chilled to death.

THE CLERGY.—On the south side of the lake at Fort Temiscamingue River there is a Protestant clergyman, and immediately opposite, on the north side is the residence of the Catholic clergyman, Father Payant, who is generally assisted in his missionary labors by one or two other priests. The houses of the clergy on both sides of the lake are both hospitably open to the layman, and indeed, Father Payant has built himself a very comfortable residence; and, moreover, has built a large sail saw for shipping produce, &c., up the lake. It is a source of great accommodation and convenience to the lumbermen, with whom the Father is a favorite. There are three Sisters of Charity occupying a very good building, hard by, and while the Fathers teach the Indian boys the young girls receive gratuitous education from the Sisters. There are large numbers of Indians almost constantly camped in the immediate vicinity.

ACCIDENT ON THE LAKE.—Some three weeks ago Mr. Humphrey came down the lake from his shanties at the mouth of the Kippewa River, for the purpose of taking up supplies. As a means of conveyance he employed two of his largest raft boats, which were capable of containing a considerable amount of freight. In fact, the capacity may be judged of when it is stated that he put in about 450 bushels of oats; and then throwing boards across the two boats, he put on 9 tons of hay; nor was this all he had on board four live pigs. Mr. Humphrey spread his sails from the top of the hay, and covered by a good breeze, he passed up the lake at the rate of five knots an hour. Always remarkable for ingenuity this excellent plan for the rapid transportation of produce was the master stroke. Barnum could not devise a scheme for the more economical moving of his great shore. Well, the coming of the wind ploughed the lake until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when the wind began to blow a furious gale, and the concern became unfeignedly in the hands of the sailors. Then was the moment trying to the captain, but the captain was Mr. Humphrey, and he was not a man to be frightened. The storm raged furiously, the lake ran mountains high, and the foam-capped billows beat constantly and heavily against the boats. The captain was not dismayed, and, standing by his post he shouted, "Halo! aloft, reef in the topsail! Keep steady to the helm below! I'll steady the pigs, I'll! Rough weather ahead but we'll get through it." He had not much more than uttered these inspiring exclamations, when the muscles of the man at the helm began to fail him. Mr. Humphrey bounded down, and seizing the oar gave it a strong pull, but not a long one, for the oar broke and he fell violently back into the lake. On coming to the surface he was fortunately on the leeward side of the boat. He was speedily rescued from his perilous and uncomfortable position, and with as little delay as possible the vessel was put right before the wind. They had now to go about 15 miles to reach Father Payant's where they arrived about five o'clock, after a series of trials and troubles. Mr. Humphrey's clothes being frozen from the piercing wind. The members of the menagerie, were the only really comfortable passengers aboard. Arrived at the Priest's residence, Mr. Humphrey anchored his caravan for the night. Early in the morning an unusual amount of porcupine musk outside awakened all hands, and on going out two pigs were crying with cold in the yard, but nothing was to be seen on the broad expanse of the lake. The storm had swamped the boats. Of the menagerie, the bear, the monkeys, were the only really comfortable passengers aboard. 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Glorious News

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS.
in Groceries, Toys & Fancy Goods.
Parties wishing Christmas presents will find it to their advantage to call at F. HOLMES & CO., where will be found the largest stock of Toys and Fancy Goods in town.
Bell Street, Carleton Place.
Dec. 15th, 1873. (11-g)

STAGE LINE between Carleton Place

NOTICE. A meeting of the Electors of the Township of Pakenham will be held in the Town Hall, Pakenham Village, on Monday, the 29th inst., at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of nominating Candidates for the offices of Constable and Councillors of the said Township for the ensuing year.

JAMES COUSAR, Township Clerk.
Dec. 12th, 1873. (11-a)

year 1874; and if a poll is needed, the election will take place on Monday, the 14th of April next. The hour of meeting for nominating of Candidates is 10 o'clock noon; and the poll opens at 9 o'clock a.m.

W. W. Scott, Returning Officer.
Lanark, Dec. 13th, 1873. (11-A)

APPLETON HOUSE. The subscriber thankful for past patronage, would now inform the public that he has his house fitted up in good style, and prepared to receive all at all seasons, and at a low call. His stage meets trains at Carleton Place at 11.5 a. m. and 6.40 p. m. Good rooms at the bar, and well furnished.

M. BANMAN, Proprietor.
Appleton, Nov. 28th, 1873.

TO THE MUNICIPAL ELECTORS OF THE VILLAGE OF CARLETON PLACE. In accordance with the provisions in such cases made and provided, you are hereby notified to meet for the purpose of nominating a Village of Carleton Place at 12 o'clock noon, on the last Monday in December which will be this year the 29th day of said month, for the purpose of nominating a Reeve and Four Councillors for

the year 1874. And in case of there being more nominations made than are necessary to fill the said offices, then a poll will be opened at the same place at 9 o'clock a. m. on Monday the 5th day of January A.D. 1874 and to remain open till 5 o'clock p. m. of the same day for the purpose of recording your votes for your choice of such officers; of all of which, you, the said electors of Carlton Place, will please take notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

JAMES COLLS,
Returning Officer.

Carlton Place, Dec. 11, 1873.

TO THE MUNICIPAL ELECTORS OF THE TOWNSHIP OF RAMSAY.—In accordance with the provisions in such laws and provided you are hereby notified to meet in the Town Hall in the said Township of Ramsay, at 12 o'clock noon, on the last Monday in December which will be this year the 29th day of said

month, for the purpose of receiving the votes of the Home and Foreign Commissioners for the said Township of Ramsey for the year 1874. And in case of there being more nominations made than are necessary to fill the said offices, then a Poll will be opened at the same place at 9 o'clock a. m. of Monday the 6th day of January A. D. 1874, and to remain open till 5 o'clock p. m. of the same day, for the purpose of recording your votes for your choice of such officers.

By a recent By-law passed by the Council of Ramsey, James Stewart, Esq. is appointed to conduct the said Election.

THOMAS COULTER,
Sp. Clerk.

Ramsay, Dec. 11, 1873. (11-a)

RAMSAY COUNCIL.—A meeting of the Municipal Council of the Township of Ramsey, will be held in the Town Hall on Saturday, 13th Dec., at 10 o'clock, for the transaction of general Township business.

THOMAS COULTER
Sp. Clerk.

Ramsay, Dec. 11, 1873. (11-a)

**CARLETON PLACE COR-
PORATION.**

LIST of Names who paid Statute Labor at \$2 each for year 1873.

John Johnson	David Grant
J. S. Kelly	Wm. Edwards
Robert Lawford	John Henry
Dennis Murphy	I. A. Morley
James McRoy	Alfred McDaniel
Arch. McGregor	John McLeod
Robert McKinnon	James Bronghan
Joseph McManeal	John McRoskie
Henry Petty	John Moore
Samuel Price	Thomas Lynch
James Rector	John Somerville
George Rector	John Adam
W. M. Sautler	Alex. Ray
Duncan Stewart	John Burgess
Peter Stewart	Wm. Bronghan
Maurice Sullivan	John Brown
Thomas Stephens	John Carmid
John Wagoner	John C. Carr
Samuel Wilson	George Lawford
Peter Norman	John Daly
Arch. McCallum	Wm. Ellis
James Garland	Henry Edwards
W. M. Gowly	George Edwards
H. Woodward	Wm. Gibson
Mat. Dillabough	N. Gibson
John Wagoner	George Hishop
Wm. Sanders	George Holliday
J. Kilpatrick	George Lawler
James Martin	Daniel Robertson
Wm. May	Olive Paquette
D. S. McKinnon	A. O'Brien
Thomas Boyd	Wm. Code
Charles Woolfield	John McEhain
Wm. Martin	Wm. McEhain
Thomas McCallum	George Graham
Thomas Turner	James Fisher
Fred Birby	Wm. McChesney
George Pollard	Peter Poango
William Millions	John Inwood

Joseph Jacobs	Peter Scott
James Nichols	Wm. Simpson
H. K. R. Graham	John Manlin
Julia Pelaw	J. Labouru
Thomas Duncan	James O'Brian
John McConnell	Thomas Ridley
Thomas Kennedy	Peter White
George McKew	Duncan Robinson
Joseph Code	John Jackson
James Wilson	Robert Scott
Wm. Lewis	Hiram Stewart
David Ford	Thomas McCamy
Charles Curry	Charles Code
Lewi O'Brien	Robert Nervian
Peter Whyte	John Boyd
James Umphreys	Thomas Dean

110 **GRAPH** at 92-9220 (11-)

