Listowel Standard.

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A Happy Family.

Boston has much to be proud of. It has the crookedest streets of any city in the world; it has Bunker's Hill monument and other veracious memorials of the war of Independence; it has the thinnest, bluest, and most spectacled female population; it has pork and beans; it has the greatest assortment of religious beliefs and disbeliefs; it has an invincible conceit of itself; it beat Chicago by having two big fires while the latter had but one, and it has many other things to give it pre-eminence. Surely a city so favored of heaven might in modesty and gratitude cry, "Hold, enough!" and give other cities a chance of distinguishing themselves in some degree. But no; Boston's rapacity for fame is all-devouring. The last addition to her over-grown celebrity is one of the oddest, nastiest divorce suits on record. In strict truth the affair belongs to Cambridge, but we would like to see the man who is rash enough to tell a Bostonian that Cambridge does not belong to Boston, so as the greater includes the less, Boston has a right to what credit accrues from this *cause célebre*.

THE STAR ACTORS

in the piece are the husband, an architect, in good circumstances, having inherited some $315,000; his wife, an ex-actress, in what line we do not know, variety business would be most to her taste one would judge; and three friends of the family who carried their friendship so far as to live with and upon them. And what a life the precious quintette club led! It was one of continuous orgy, more filthy far than would be allowed to go on in any but the lowest of shebeens. They all drank, drank always, and heavily. "Mr. Maskell(one of the friends of the family) said a witness, "drank freely, Mrs. Maskell, another friend, "not so freely," Mrs. Maskell and Mrs. Taylor, the wife, were peculiar in their tastes, their

FAVORITE TIPPLE

was a compound of beer and lemonade with a dash of something in it. The prescription ought to make the fortune of any bar-tender who has enterprise to bring the seductive beverage under the notice of his patrons.

Mrs. Taylor, for lack of something better, would put up with whiskey punches and gin toddies, in fact was rather partial to both. Mr. Taylor, whose proclivities will be noticed presently, gallantly deposed that his wife did not drink all the time with him. She now and then backslid into brief sobriety. The

AMENITIES

of this interesting household as described on oath were exceptional. The conversation at table consisted mainly of tender entreaties to "shut up," and playful comparisons of each other to different animals; profanity ran like a silver thread through all their sweet intercourse. Occasionally they would differ in opinion, but unanimity was soon restored by the joint assistance of

DECANTER AND REVOLVER.

Each kept a memorandum book to jot down what the others were overheard saying. Thus did these birds in their little nests agree. Now for Mr. Taylor, who gave his evidence about himself with a manly frankness. What he had to say about his family matters though interesting may be passed over, for interest centres in the man himself. Mr. Taylor made a qualified admission of the charge of intoxication, but guardedly said, "I can't get that word intoxicated through my head; if you mean jolly, I've been jolly a good many times, but I have not been intoxicated to any great extent." Being asked to explain

WHAT HE MEANT BY BEING JOLLY,

he defined it as "being in a state full of hilarity, with mind-powers all right, and something added to the natural flow of spirits—that something produced by liquor." Now is not this the perfection of conciseness and precision? Could it have found utterance anywhere else than in Boston—the birthplace and homestead of American intelligence? Another witness modified the phraseology of the definition somewhat thus; "To be jolly is to be exhilarated; to be really jolly is to be jollily exhilarated." After that we back Boston against the world.

Sweepings.

The water-cart men have enjoyed almost a sinecure of late.

The weather of late has been more tricky than a Japanese juggler.

The human race deprived of the services of insects would fade from the earth.

The craze for self-distruction seems to have completely spent itself for the present.

There has been a violent eruption of spring finery since that $100,000 came pouring down upon the city.

"If you want a thing done well, do it yourself;" this applies to everything but cutting your own back hair.

Pinks of politeness don't bloom in civic circles; moreover, fairy rings are about the only rings not to be found there.

If the new Quebec Government should turn out not to have a majority, will there be any "credit in being Joly?"

The season of empty churches is close on us, and the far away hotel-keeper is whetting his knife for the slaughter of the innocents.

Jasper, the negro divine, insists that "the sun do move." We think it must be so, and that the orb has moved round to the other side of the world with the intention of summering there.

If there is anything in the proverb "Love me, love my dog," there must be something in the converse "Love my dog, love me." Consequently the catchers should capture the owners when they net the curs.

People who were thinking of going to Paris are now thinking of staying at home on account of the monstrous extortion which is going on there. The exodus from Canada will not be nearly so large as was expected, on this account.

Able-bodied men might spend their time to greater profit in shooting cats than catching catfish.

If this sort of weather continues there will be a rise in the price of tickets to strawberry festivals.

Bringing Him to the Point.

They have some queer girls in Colorado. One of them who resided in the Cache la Poule valley had been receiving the attention of a young man for about a year, but becoming impatient of his failure to bring matters to a crisis, she resolved to ascertain his intentions. When he next called she took him gently by the ear and said; "Nobby, you've been foolin' round this claim for mighty near a year an' haw never yit shot your mouth on the marryin' biz. I've cottoned to yer on the square clean through, an' have stood off every other galoot that has tried to chin in, an' now I want yer to come down to business or leave the ranch. Ef yer on the marry an' want a pard that'll stick to yer till yer pass in yer checks, squeal; but if that ain't yer game draw out and give some other feller a show for his pile. Now sing yer song or skip out." He sang.

THE Cologne *Gazette* estimates the army which Russia can place in the field at present at 600,000 men. This strength may be maintained, but cannot be increased. The Russian forces now in European Turkey and Roumania amount to twelve and a half army corps—312,000 men. About 100,000 must be employed for the occupation of Asiatic Turkey; so that only seven and a half army corps—187,500 men—remain still disposable. In case of war with England the Russian troops could not be withdrawn from Turkey and Roumania. The disposable seven and a half army corps would then be employed for occupying the coasts of the Black Sea and the Baltic. Poland and St. Petersburg and Moscow, where recent events have shown the presence of very dangerous elements, would also require strong garrisons. Russia could therefore, in case of war with England, maintain her present positions, but would have no forces—not to speak of an Indian campaign—for taking precautionary measures against Austria, at whose mercy she would be if Austria resolved on warlike measures.

John Hughes, of New York, who recently tried to beat O'Leary's time and failed, is out in a challenge to the world for a running race, twenty or thirty miles, or to Charles A Harriman, winner of the recent walk at the recent walk at the New York rink, each man to make the best of his way, walking or running, for twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

THE Emperor William of Germany has conferred upon the Czar the Order Pour le Merite, together with a portrait of Frederick the Great. The Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg was the bearer of the order, and also an autograph letter from the Emperor William, in which the following words occurred: "My army will feel proud to see this order on the breast of your Majesty."

THERE is every reason to believe that the Princess Beatrice, of England, will be an old maid. Why don't some of our young men call round there?

NOT WHOLLY DEAD.

BY JOHN MORAN.

Look in my eyes till my heart leaps up soaringly;
Let my hand lean on your heart while I sing;
I, who have loved you so, say this not wrongfully—
Love is a law to itself, being king.
Here, where the summer pours forth from the heart of it
All the glad music the winter held mute,
Fate has ordained and enthrones you to part of it,
Beauty embodied a song of her lute.

Oh, if this beauty could always remain to me,
All this sweet symphony swell in my soul,
Sure that cessation should bring no sharp pain to me,
Sure that Love's guerdon were also life's goal!
What should I care for the world's bleak sterility—
Simoons that wither men's souls with hot breath—
This being stable 'mid all instability,
Royal o'er ravage and deathless in death?

Soul whence my soul draws the beauty and worth of it;
Life, where my life has its issue and end;
Star, that scatter all the glow that goes forth of it;
Rose, at whose red heart all essences blend—
Death comes to altar these earthly existences,
Varies the motions of life and time's moods,
Seals up fair faces embalmed in dim distances,
Spirit-songs heard but in sleeps interludes.

Deep in some lone wood's half-luminous density,
Heart-doves may hallow the green of my grave,
Passion lay down there its fevered intensity,
Where even you, love, are strengthless to save;
Still, in the calm of its covert obscurity,
Buds shall burst blossom-wise, birds thrill to sing;
And some my soul shall express through futurity
That to have made me a slave and a king.

BY PROXY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

[The opening scene of this fascinating story is laid in China. Two Englishmen, Ralph Pennicuick and Robert Conway, are travelling for pleasure, by boat propelled by Chinese rowers, along one of the many beautiful rivers in that vast country. Pennicuick, the wealthy man of the two, furnishes the entire funds for the trip, taking Conway, his intimate though poor friend, along for company. Pennicuick, a headstrong, impulsive fellow, without a particle of reverence in his nature, commits the terrible sacrilege (in the eyes of the Chinese) of stealing the Shay-le, an emblem or relic of their greatest god. The theft was committed at the time of a great religious fete, which was being held at a temple on the banks of the river. One of the crew of Chinamen, with whom Pennicuick had been very exacting and cruel, saw him, the night following the festival, examining the precious Shay-le, and thinking aloud what a rare and valuable addition this beautiful relic, which was in the form of a diamond or some other precious stone which he could hardly tell the nature of, would make to his cabinet of curiosities in England. Fa-chow stole away during the latter part of the night and informed the High Priest. Pennicuick was promptly arrested, and the jewel found on his person. He was cast into prison and tortured greatly, and finally condemned to die by the most terrible death, being tied to a post in the public market and hacked to pieces with dull knives. All manner of bribes were offered, but in vain. The offence was too great to be condoned. At last Pennicuick offered £20,000 for a substitute. Plenty of Chinamen offered themselves, but as the execution was to be a public one, none but an Englishman would answer. So Conway, who had a dearly-loved daughter in England and a wife whom he did not think so much of, decided to accept the £20,000 and die in his friend's stead. The money was to be handed over to his daughter on Pennicuick's arrival in England. As there were no witnesses to the transaction, Pennicuick, in thinking the matter over on his long journey back to England, decided that he would destroy Conway's will and retain the money. Pennicuick told to his and Conway's friends on his return home, that it was Conway that committed the sacrilege. They all said it was so unlike Conway they could hardly credit it. When Mrs. Conway heard it, she refused positively to believe it, and worked herself up to such a degree of passion that she fell down dead from apoplexy, leaving Nellie, the daughter, an orphan. Pennicuick had a son who was deeply enamored of Miss Conway, and had heretofore had his father's determined opposition in the matter. Now to his (the son's) astonishment, he suddenly offered his congratulations, and did not object to a speedy marriage, as his conscience had begun to trouble him exceedingly. Moreover, the matter had so preyed upon his mind that his health was failing rapidly. Miss Conway now would not hear of the arrangement.]

CHAPTER XLV.—CONTINUED.

A GOOD SON.

Raymond, deeply pained answered nothing. He knew, of course, what his father meant: that if he died he would be his own master, and might claim perhaps the dearest wish of his heart, or what had seemed so up to that moment. To do him justice, the spectacle of his father's condition had made him, for the time, oblivious to all else.

Then again the sick man said, "Give me the morning papers." Raymond had read already all that they had to say upon the subject which he knew was engrossing his father's thoughts; and the doctor's veto was fresh in his mind.

"Indeed, father, it would not be good for you."

"There is a Bible of your mother's somewhere, Raymond; in the second drawer yonder. Bring it to me."

Raymond brought it; it was wrapped up in paper, and had not been touched for the last twenty years; he gave it open into his father's hand.

"I thought so," muttered the sick man peevishly. "I cannot read it; the letters run together; I am blind."

"Not blind, sir, but only weak. Let me read it to you."

"The Bible! No. Read me the papers—all that is said about what happened last night."

"Indeed, sir, it will do you harm."

"Be so good as to do as I tell you, or I will get Hatton to read them. Perhaps that will be better."

"No, sir; if you insist upon it, I had rather read it myself."

"Ah, they are very bitter, then. Not that I mind Hatton. He knows much worse of me than you do, my poor lad."

Raymond could not gainsay that: he bowed his head, and fetched two newspapers from the next room. He chose the Government organ first; it described the sudden "seizure," as it termed it, to which Mr. Ralph Pennicuick had succumbed, just as he was entering the House of Commons the previous night; "it was only too much to be feared," it said, "that this had been brought on by excitement caused by certain infamous calumnies lately published by a contemporary in relation to his conduct at Dhulang, and which it had been his intention to refute that very evening."

"Very good," said Ralph, with the same ghastly shiver of a smile. "That is all in the way of friendship. The *bonne bouche* is still to come. What does the enemy say?"

"It says what is most offensive and abominable," answered Raymond. "I do most earnestly beg of you to treat it with the contempt it merits. It can only give you unnecessary pain and——"

"Read, read," murmured the sick man impatiently. Raymond, with a movement of his shoulders expressive of disgust at his task, reluctantly obeyed.

"Last night, as it will be remembered, was the time appointed for the hon. member for Slowcombe to make his explanation regarding the mysterious affair at Dhulang, under cover of a question to the Government with respect to the payment of a pension to the orphan daughter of the late Captain Conway. His statement was looked forward to by the public with peculiar interest in consequence of certain circumstances to which we have from time to time called the attention of our readers; and their curiosity, it seems, is, after all, not likely to be quickly satisfied. Mr. Ralph Pennicuick, it is said, was seized with sudden illness on the very threshold of the House of Commons. From certain information which has reached us, and which we hold in our hands, the incident seems to us, to say the least of it, to the last degree unfortunate for the hon. Member for Slowcombe. If he is innocent of certain grave matters which we refrain for the present from alluding to more particularly, never was an attack more inopportune; if, on the other hand, he is guilty—and supposing the hon. gentleman's indisposition to be physical, and as serious as it is represented—one would almost imagine—"

"Well what?" inquired the sick man impatiently. "Why can't the hack speak out?"

"He does speak out, sir," said Raymond, hesitatingly, "and in the next sentence: but I hardly like to repeat such words: 'one would imagine,' he says, 'that the finger of Providence had intervened in the matter, and struck the guilty down.'" Raymond expected an outburst of wrath, or more probably some expression of scorn. But there was only silence, and this alarmed him. His father had closed his eyes.

"I am sure, sir, you are too sensible, even in your present weak condition," said Raymond, "to be moved by vulgar declamation of this sort. If I am not much mistaken, such words are actionable, though indeed the horsewhip applied to such a scoundrel——"

"Draw down the blind, Raymond; the light hurts me," interrupted his father, as though he heard him not.

Then there was silence again, which to the young man, unused to illness, and dreading he knew not what, was almost intolerable.

"Will you have a cup of tea, sir?" said he presently. The sick man's lips moved slowly, and the young man leant down to listen.

"'And struck the guilty down,' were the words he heard; and again: "'the finger of Providence'—that means the finger of God."

It was positively astounding to Raymond to hear the invective of a penny paper repeated thus with every sign of intense feeling by his father's lips. Of course, it showed how weak and ill he was; but still it was astounding.

"Providence is stronger than we are after all, my lad," continued the other, in more distinct tones. "I have fought against it all my life. But I give in."

"It is never too late to make our peace with God," said Raymond reverently.

"I would I could make my peace with man," was the unexpected reply.

"Oh father, if there is anything on your mind that troubles it,—as I have for sometime feared," said Raymond earnestly—"I beseech you, if it would lighten your load, to share the burden."

"Ah, you think I am dying," answered the other bitterly; "you would have me confess, would you? Why don't you send Hatton for a priest? It would be a strange errand, but he would do your bidding. He has been educated to be astonished at nothing."

"Indeed, sir, I trust you are not dying——"

"Then you trust in vain: I am," interrupted the sick man curtly. "When I pass through that door again, it will be feet foremost."

"If it be so," said Raymond solemnly, "I entreat you more than ever to ease your mind of this sore trouble. Tell me—your only son—what it is, that I may comfort you."

"You do not know what you ask, lad," sighed the sick man wearily; he turned his face to the wall as though to avoid further questioning, but not before Raymond had marked a certain yearning look in his eyes which seemed to contradict the action.

"I do not know, of course, father, nor do I wish to know except for your sake; but if I could give you ever so little comfort——"

"It would cost you dearly," put in the other gravely.

"If you mean that it would lose me money, sir, I beseech you not to let that weigh with you. What is money compared with peace of mind?"

"Nay, what is *your* money compared with my peace of mind—that is the question," said the sick man bitterly. It was curious to see how his old self asserted itself in the intervals, as it were, of his new condition of mind.

"Well, sir, I answer, Nothing."

"Twenty thousand pounds is not to be called nothing, lad. That is what you would have to pay for hearing my story. No publisher has ever given such a sum yet for a three-volume one."

This speech, instead of being given trippingly on the tip of his tongue, was delivered in a hoarse voice, with stops and gasps; the dew stood on the speaker's brow, his dilated eyes were fixed upon the pattern of the paper on the wall.

"I would give twice the sum, father, if I possessed it," said Raymond simply, "to see you at ease in mind or body."

"That will never be, lad; yet I could wish——"

"What, what, father! There is nothing I would not do, nothing I would not sacrifice, to give you comfort."

"I know it, I feel it: you are a good son—I had forgotten something. No, no. It would be a poor return for such loving duty. The money, as you say, would be nothing in your eyes, though it has been much—too much—in mine. It is lying heavy on me now, and will press me down, down in the very grave."

"Oh sir, I beseech you tell me, if this burden may be lifted, ever so little——"

"No, lad, no; it would be your ruin. I do not mean the mere money loss; but it would destroy your happiness. There are things in the Bible true after all: that the sins of the fatherare visited on the children, for one thing. You don't understand, my lad. How should you?"

"I know at least, sir, that I am your son," said Raymond firmly; "and it is mine by right to share my father's burden."

"Your right would be a wrong, Raymond," answered the sick man, turning his face towards the son with a pitiful look; "a grievous and cruel wrong. If I told you what is on my mind, the dearest wish of your heart would be blighted for ever. You could never marry Ellen Conway."

Raymond turned white to the very lips. His heart became as lead. He felt that the lamp that lives within us all, when fed by love and youth (though it may burn but low), was suddenly extinguished, leaving all things dark; but he answered in a firm voice, nevertheless, "Tell me, father."

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE SELF-ACCUSER.

"Do you remember a play of Shakespeare's, Raymond, where a man says to his sister, 'Death is a dreadful thing,' and she replies, 'And shameful life a hateful?'"

"Yes, father."

"Well, I was in that man's position. I saw before me—immediately before me—a slow and painful death, and also a way of escape by the sacrifice of another man. And I chose the way of escape. To be sure, I did so, with the consent of the other."

"That was something," said Raymond, drawing a deep breath.

"Well, it was short of murder. I said to myself this: 'I am rich, this man is poor: I enjoy life, and he has not the means to do so. It is better, therefore, if one of us is to die, that it should be he and not I.'"

"It was not certain, then, that the man would die?"

"It was quite certain, though we pretended to one another—or at least I pretended to him—that there was a chance of rescue, of ransom. What I tried to persuade myself he did, was to risk his life for mine: but what I knew in my heart he did, was to sacrifice it for mine; and he did sacrifice it."

"Oh father, was it Arthur Conway?"

"Yes, Raymond: it was my friend: I may say, indeed (for I did not know you for what you are at that time), my only friend. I took advantage of his poverty to persuade him to part with his existence."

The cloud of distress and shame that had settled upon Raymond's brow since his father had begun to speak here lifted a little; his face, though it still wore a look of intense pity, began to clear.

"Do not deceive yourself, my lad," said the sick man, who was regarding him attentively; "I have not lost my wits, nor, alas, my memory. What seems incredible to you, seemed to me a very natural course to take at the time, I do assure you. Circumstance is a very powerful agent in the affairs of this world, not even second to Opportunity."

"But if Captain Conway took away the Relic from the Temple——"

"He did not," interrupted Ralph Pennicuick quickly. "*I* took it."

"You?"

Raymond involuntarily drew back a pace from his father's pillow. His face expressed repugnance as well as horror.

"You are not fit to be a priest, lad," observed the other coldly; "a priest ought to be shocked at nothing. And besides, I am not asking for absolution. That is an easy thing to give compared with what I am about to demand of you."

"My all is at your service, sir," said Raymond in slow mechanical tones. "What can I do for you?"

"You can make restitution."

"I cannot give back his life to Arthur Conway."

"That is true. But you must understand that it was a bargain. He took my guilt upon him, knowingly, and for a consideration. You would not make things worse for me than they are, lad, if you knew what was coming."

What was coming! What could he be about to hear worse than they had already heard? His father had confessed himself guilty of all, and more, that had been vaguely laid to his charge. He had committed the crime for which another had suffered, and for which he had permitted him to suffer. How that happened was in comparison but a small thing; it *had* happened.

"I was in gaol, Raymond: I had been tortured," continued the sick man piteously; "and life was so dear to me."

"Then you were not yourself, sir," cried the young man eagerly: "you were weak and shattered; if you had had time to think——"

"I had plenty of time," put in the other irritably: "I had nothing else to do but to think, or to think of but myself. I must make a clean breast of it, lad, or tell nothing. No one shall ever accuse Ralph Pennicuick of cant—but only of Robbery and Murder."

It was frightful to mark the smile with which he spoke, the very blossom, as it seemed, of self-contempt and cynicism: like the scorpion that turns its sting against itself when hedged in by the ring of fire, so had it happened to his bitter spirit.

"Robbery and murder!" repeated Raymond mechanically. He could no longer believe his father mad, and could hardly refuse credit to any statement he should make to his own disadvantage. These were crimes, as he thought, of which he had not as yet accused himself, and they astounded him.

"To be sure, you have not heard all," said the sick man, perceiving his look of amazement. "However, when a man steals a relic, and, being condemned to death for it, permits his friend to die for him—and to bear the disgrace as well, mark you—that is what the world would call by two ugly names. Moreover, that I murdered Arthur Conway is certain, or his ghost would not haunt me."

"Well, *that* cannot be, father," said Raymond emphatically; "you may imagine as much, from a morbid sense of your now wrong-doing; but as to a ghost in these days——"

"Stop!" cried the other vehemently; and then, exhausted by his own exertion, he was silent for a moment, while Raymond stood dumb before him. "There are some things, Raymond, I never liked,—such as contradiction. And in this case I won't stand it. I may be mad—I begin to think I am—to have told you what I have, but I will not be held in other respects to be a madman. I saw Arthur Conway last night, as plainly and as near me as I see you now. He looked old, and wan, and white, but it was he and no other. It is as true as—as hell, I don't believe in many things—let us say that as I am now upon my death-bed. I was stepping into Westminster Hall, and he was the first man to meet me. He looked, as to the expression of his face, exactly as I should have expected him to look; he said—that is his eyes said—'You are a liar, a robber and a murderer.' It was too much for me—being guilty of those crimes—and as that paper said, it struck me down."

"If you saw him, father, he is not dead. Did you see him at Dhulang after death?"

"Yes. I saw his naked body pierced with ten thousand wounds tied to the post where they had hacked him to death. Milburn and one other man saw him also. You are thinking, 'This is a delusion; and if a man deludes himself in one thing, he may do so in another.' Dispel that fond hope from your mind, lad. I am as sane as you are, and have told you the simple truth—unhappily, not all of it. Give me some brandy."

"I entreat you to excite yourself no more at present, sir," said Raymond with whom pity had once more regained its ascendency. "You have taken nothing to strengthen you for many hours. Let me get a cup of coffee—something for breakfast——"

"I am long past the coffee stage, lad," murmured the sick man, whose powers of speech seemed to have almost ebbed away; "I must have what my stomach accustomed to. You will find the bottle in the wardrobe."

"At least, sir, spare yourself for the present," sighed Raymond, as he reluctantly produced the liquor. "When you have had what you wish, try to sleep a little."

"No, my lad. When one has to have a limb cut off, it is done at a single operation. I have begun, and I must go through with it. Moreover, there is no 'for the present' for me, I am very sure. To-morrow—nay, an hour hence—may be too late. Thanks! that is life, or all that I should know of it, till it is over."

He lay back, with closed eyes, and was so long silent that Raymond began to hope that he had involuntarily given way to slumber; but he was in fact only rallying his feeble powers.

"You have never asked me," he recommenced, "what it was that induced Arthur Conway to die so many deaths instead of me. It was his poverty. He wished to place his wife and child—that Nelly, my poor boy, who can never now be yours—above the reach of want—nay, in affluence. 'If I lose my life for yours'—he said, for *he* said 'lose,' though *I* said 'risk'—'you must pay me £20,000.' It seemed but a small sum to me, as I lay on the floor of my wretched prison, the door of which would only open to me to be led forth to death and torture, but afterwards it seemed greater."

Raymond groaned.

"Yes, you have guessed it. I robbed him. I bought his life and never paid the purchase money. When one has committed murder, robbery comes quite easy—no, not easy, or I should not be lying here."

"For Heaven's sake, sir, let this money be paid to the poor girl at once; that is the first thing to be done."

"No. You must wait till the breath is out of my body; that is the first thing I must do—to die. I have told you what a false and wretched creature lies before you, because you call him 'father,' but I cannot confess it all to the world. The girl can wait an hour or two, a day at furthest, since she has waited so many months already. I killed her mother, too, for her husband's death, for which I am answerable, was the cause of hers. Let me leave the world without her daughter's curse.—Raymond, can you forgive me?"

"Oh sir, it is not I who have anything to forgive," cried the young man, bursting into tears; "It is our Father which is in Heaven."

"I am not speaking to a priest, but to my own son," returned the sick man curtly. "Do you not see that it is you whom I am wronging now, my own flesh and blood, as I have wronged these others before? It was a selfish act, like all the rest, to have told you what I have. Why did you urge me to do it in spite of my solemn warning?"

"I do not regret it, father. Restitution can at least be made."

"Yes, but not to you. I cannot restore to you the happiness which my words have taken away. You love this girl, but how can you ever be her husband, when you know that her father's death lies at my door, and that I robbed him afterwards?"

"I saw from the first, sir," answered Raymond gently, "that what you were about to say would kill my hopes."

"Then you have borne with me like a man, lad. Can you still take my hand, knowing what I am, and say, 'Farewell, father?'"

Raymond took the fevered fingers which the other extended towards him, in his own; then, bending down, kissed the cheek his lips never touched since he was a little child.

"Hush, my lad," for Raymond was weeping bitterly; "I hear the Doctor's voice; he must not be bilked of his last fee. You will find Tatham has all your affairs at his fingers' ends; the twenty thousand pounds, that I had not the heart to part with, can be realized at once. Hatton has served me well, after his fashion. Stop! keep Green out till you have put away the brandy. Men will say hard things of Ralph Pennicuick when he's grassed over—those that were most civil to him when he was above ground the hardest, because they feared him—but do not let them say, 'he drank.'"

CHAPTER XLVII.

A DILEMMA.

For some weeks Nelly had gone on with her studies under Mr. Peerson's superintendence, but a day or two had now passed without his making his appearance. This intermission in his visits had been by no means unexpected. She had felt sure that his failing health must break down sooner or later; and it had broken down rather more suddenly than she had looked for. That indisposition was the reason of his absence she had discovered by sending to his lodgings; for he had written no line about himself. He had said at Sandybeach that he could not write, that he was prevented (as she would have it appear) by some physical cause from so doing; but she was inclined to set this down to a mere eccentric disinclination. This poor man was full of eccentricities, which Nelly regarded not only with indulgence, but with favor—a sure sign that she had conceived a genuine liking for her tutor; for it is only where there is real affection that these excrescences on the character are patiently endured. He had earned her good opinion not only by his kind and gentle ways and excellent tutorship, but by the generous sympathies of his nature, which a bitter experience (as she judged his to be) of life had been unable to destroy. Of his regard for herself there could be no doubt. When, as we have seen, she had asked his advice, it was given not only sagaciously, but with a consideration for the whole of the circumstances of the case that evinced a strong personal interest. He did not, as some physicians do, prescribe "a cob" when his patient was too poor to keep one, or "Carlabad" when he must needs make his daily bread in England. As to that particular opinion of his concerning the bringing of her father's case before Parliament, no practical judgment could be passed on it as to whether it had been wrong or right, for it had never been put in practice. Mr. Ralph Pennicuick, indeed, had in a few civil lines expressed his intention to carry out Nelly's wishes, but had been prevented from doing so at the last moment by an illness which had since proved fatal to him. It had also been a source of grievous sorrow to Nelly herself, for, though she had small liking for the man, was he not Raymond's father? She knew that the lad's loyal heart would feel this loss, and the more so because it had happened under very distressing circumstances; for even to her secluded home had come the echoes of the gossip that imputed to the dead M. P. certain vague charges of misconduct at Dhulang, and hinted at things much more shameful.

This would have been bad enough, but in addition there was the pain of knowing that in this matter Raymond and herself had been placed, through their respective fathers, in somewhat antagonistic positions. Indeed (though of this she was happily ignorant), one of the newspapers had actually spoken of their interests as being opposed to one another, and even drawn a picture of Raymond in the easy lap of luxury, while the daughter of his father's friend and victim was steeped to the lips in poverty. No communication had passed between them since Raymond had written to urge her to adopt the very case which had, as it happened, helped to bring down this storm of calumny upon his father and his father's memory. She had received the news of Mr. Pennicuick's death only a day or two ago, and was still doubtful whether or no she would write Raymond to condole with him, when a communication arrived for her that put her judgment to a severer test, and made the advice of some mentor almost indispensable.

It was a communication of a business nature that might have puzzled folks more familiar with affairs than she, but would have been received by most people with far too much pleasure to admit of question. It was simply an intimation from her bankers that a sum of money, amounting to no less a sum than nearly £21,000, had been anonymously paid in to her account, thereby increasing the same more than a hundredfold. About £200 had heretofore represented her available capital, and now she had become an heiress. She had repaired to the bank at once, but had been unable to glean any further information save the assurance that the money was there; the manager could not, or would not, enlighten her; he said that the sum in question had been paid in notes by an unknown person, and that the bank had had no right to refuse to receive them. He evidently thought her a very fortunate young lady, but somewhat foolish withal, to make any stir about a matter the result of which had been so eminently satisfactory for her.

Generally speaking, we may say that if anybody were to pay £21,000 into one's banker's account—which is a proceeding by no means so familiar as it would be welcome—one would know who it was, even if the donor did his best to remain anonymous. Even if one's acquaintance lay among rich people, there could be little difficulty in pitching upon the person who had shown so proper a sense of one's merits; while if one knew only one or two the identification would lie within correspondingly narrower limits.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Queries and Notes.

Does soda ash prevent scale from forming in boilers? Will it cause foaming? Is it injurious to the boiler? A. It has been recommended for preventing scale, and does not generally cause an inconvenience or injury.

Making an Æolian harp, what kind of strings is preferable, catgut or wire? A. Ordinary violin or guitar strings answer very well. 2. How many strings are used? A. There is no particular limit to the number.

How is the strength of vinegar commercially determined, and what is meant by "proof," "overproof," etc.? A. A sample of the vinegar is saturated, by agitation, with pure slacked lime, the clear liquor filtered off, and tested with an acetometer, an instrument resembling the hydrometer; sold with instructions by dealers in philosophical instruments. Proof vinegar contains 5 per cent of acetic acid, and will saturate 14 grains of crystalized sodium carbonate.

J. H. asks: 1. How may sulphuric acid be detected in vinegar? A. Add to a sample of the suspected vinegar a solution of barium chloride (in distilled or rain water); if a white precipitate forms, which does not redissolve on addition of strong nitric or hydrochloric acid, sulphuric acid is present. It is better to evaporate the sample of vinegar to be tested nearly to dryness in a clean porcelain dish and to pour the concentrated fluid into a test tube partially filled with the solution of the barium salt.

A vessel is going at a certain speed, and it is desired to double its speed. How much more power must be used? A. The exact ratio is not known. By a common rule it would take about 8 times the power.

W. S. J. asks: What is the cause of color blindness, and is there any cure for it? I cannot see red apples on a tree at a little distance, the red and green looking just the same. A red light or red flag never attracts my notice, though a blue flag or light instantly does. I can see but three colors in the rainbow, and always call light brown or buff, green. If there is any remedy for the disease I should be glad to know it. A. Dr. Young, adopting apparently the notion of Darwin, that the retina is active, not passive, in vision, regarded it as the simplest explanation of this defect to suppose that those fibres of the retina which are calculated to perceive red are absent or paralyzed. The followers of Gall and Spurzheim maintain that the faculty of distinguishing colors does not depend on the eye, but on a particular part of the brain, to which they give the name of the organ of color, and that the defect lies in the organ and not in the eye. On whatever cause a partial or complete insensibility to color depends, it is a state of vision for which there seems to be slight means of cure.

Toronto Pulpit.

Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B. D.

A little heresy is an admirably efficient means for bringing a clergyman into notice and for keeping him before the public. A good many like a heresy-hunt and a good many more enjoy the sight even though they do not follow the hounds.

We are not inclined, though we say this, to insinuate that the respected minister of New St. Andrew's owes his prominence and popularity to his driving on one occasion suspiciously near the border land of heterodoxy if not actually across the line. He was popular before he was threatened with a libel. But, at the same time, there can be no reasonable doubt about his popularity having been greatly increased and his prominence having become far more remarkable after he had expressed his doubts about the eternity of future punishment, and the Presbytery had proceeded to deal with him as one who either gave no certain sound, or only one which pointed in the wrong direction. He was previously known widely in Ontario as an amiable, eloquent and successful preacher and pastor. But to the regions beyond his name had never reached. The States knew him not, and Scotland had never heard his fame. He woke one morning and found himself if not famous, at least notorious. Schoolboys fought for him. Boarding school misses were his sworn partisans. Ladies who before could scarcely set their feet to the ground for very delicacy braved the most protracted sittings of proverbially tedious church courts, and wept, or cheered, or hissed, as the case might be, with hysterical vehemence, with flashing eyes, and heaving hearts. Clericals rather rusty in their learning rubbed up their fighting gear and rushed to the fray chuck full of Greek and overflowing in eloquence. Laymen did their best to grapple with *aionios*, and some we fear were even profane at the idea of their favourite divine being meddled with. In the meantime, Mr. Macdonnell's reputation was noised abroad. They asked, Who is this? And the answer came in any number of biographical notices, and in one or two horribly cruel wood engravings of this particular human face divine. Some tried to give an eloquent and truthful analysis of his mental characteristics, squaring and posturing before him like those horrible creatures who roll up a sheet of paper and attitudinize before some picture in all the pretended agonies of artistic connisseurship. Some called him very naughty names and others declared that for intellectual capacity, pulpit eloquence, widely extended reading and undoubted logical acumen he was equalled by far, surpassed by none. Some said he was shallow. Others said nay. Some noted that his education had been neglected. Others thought that much learning was in danger of making him mad. The Mayor stood by him like a brick. The Unitarian Minister clapped him on the shoulder and prophesied confidently where he would eventually land. Any number of newspaper Solomons settled the whole question in a sentence, and with looks of the most self-satisfied omniscience denounced bigotry and laid down the law as if the Almighty had taken them all into his special confidence, and had favoured each with a ground plan of the Universe for his special edification and guidance. With so many trumpets blowing, from the tin whistle up to the veritable ram's-horn, Mr. Macdonnell could not help becoming widely known. It advertised him better than three thousand dollars worth of printing. It made his name a household word from Cape Breton to Vancouver's Island and raised discussions and dissensions which will not be closed for years to come.

But Mr. Macdonnell is something better than a mere heretic. What he said was in rashness and ignorance, but not with any desire, we are convinced, to attract attention or to secure to himself and his congregation the benefits accruing from a little wholesome persecution. He has a soul much above that. In the simplicity of his heart and the innocency of his hands we are convinced, he did it all. He drifted into it and then from the ambiguity of language, found it somewhat difficult to drift out again. We are sure he will be more careful the next time. Heresy is not his *forte*. He does not need it either to attract attention or to fill his church.

Young, almost boyish in appearance, with a kindly eye, a thoughtful cast of countenance, a slightly built frame; but wiry and active—a pleasant address, a not unmusical voice, though of not great compass; a well poised head, not large but shapely; a firm elastic step; a clear, frank, innocent look, with just the slightest suspicion of slyness; a rather rapid utterance which threatens occasionally to end in a stutter; with a light agile gait which tells that if he is a great gun he is not a heavy one, the minister of New St. Andrews goes about his varied duties as if he meant it, as if life to him while a serious thing was also a joyous one, as if he had a work to do in which he rejoiced and a testimony to bear of which he was the very reverse of being ashamed. We should think from his looks that he is not yet on the shady side of forty. Though not being a professional interviewer we have not solicited an audience in order to hear all the particular dates in his history, in order to register them with the sapless regularity of a funeral notice, we believe he hails originally from Orkney, but in all essential particulars he is Canadian if not even to the manor born. Mr. Macdonnell is a child of the Manse, and no doubt owes much to that fact. He began to preach at a very early age, too early we are inclined to think he would be the first to acknowledge. From the first he has been popular, but it is only since he came to Toronto that he could be spoken of as a power. When the congregation meeting in St. Andrew's Church resolved to call Mr. M. it was comparatively but a handful. The church itself was as dingy and comfortless as could well be imagined. The scattered remnant had something of a helpless look about them. The very windows looked mournfully at the desolation, and cast a subdued dirty look upon everything, as if any ray really clear and sunshiny would have revealed too painfully the nakedness of the land. The organ had a strange hollow asthmatic rumble about it, while altogether the general appearance of things gave one the impression of its being a clear case of religious worship being prosecuted under circumstances of considerable difficulty.

The young minister came with his clear crisp utterances, his short sermons, his semi-liturgical prayers, his buoyant hopefulness, and his genial sociality. It was not long before there was a change. The heavy headed who had quietly turned the house of God into a dormitory wakened up with a start to find that it wasn't a "buzzard hummin' over their heads," but an actual man who had something to say and was trying to say it. Strangers dropped in and came back again, besides telling others; and so it went on till New St. Andrews became an accomplished fact, and even the handful that did not move took itself off to a new church home and left the old place to dust and silence and memory.

What Mr. Macdonnell has accomplished in his new sphere, we shall not try to say. He has gathered a large and enthusiastic congregation around him. In cases, not a few, the church has become bountiful, and has learned to give and work for religious purposes as if he half believed in Christianity after all, and had come to think that he ought to spend as much on the church at least as on cigars or eye-openers. Young men come in crowds and even "hard cases" drop in pretty often to see if there is anything in it. The common people hear him gladly and even some who claim to belong to the "Upper

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, 8.25 a.m.; Express 2.10 p.m.; Express 8.19 p.m.

For Palmerston—Express at 6.59 a. m.; Express 1.00 p.m.; Mixed, 9.15 p.m.

PORT DOVER AND STRATFORD & HURON RAILWAY.

GOING SOUTH.

	a.m.	p.m.
Leave Listowel at	6.00	and 1.20
" Millbank	6.07	and 1.57
" Milverton	6.45	and 2.10
" Stratford	7.25	and 3.05
" Woodstock	8.50	and 4.45
" Burgessville	[illegible]	and 5.15
" Norwich	[illegible]	and 5.25
" Otterville	[illegible]	and 5.39
" C. S. Crossing	[illegible]	and 6.00
" Simcoe	[illegible]	and 6.30
Arrive at Port Dover	[illegible]	and 7.00

GOING NORTH.

	a.m.	p.m.
Leave Port Dover at	6.20	and 2.30
" Simcoe	6.40	and 3.00
" C. S. Crossing	7.20	and 3.33
" Otterville	7.42	and 3.53
" Norwich	7.54	and 4.10
" Burgessville	8.03	and 4.19
" Woodstock	8.35	and 6.10
" Stratford	9.50	and 7.30
" Milverton	10.31	and 8.15
" Millbank	10.39	and 8.27
Arrive at Listowel	11.10	and 9.00

A "mixed" train, with passenger car attached, leaves Listowel Station every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.40 a. m.; returning, arrives at Listowel Station every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.35 p. m.

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1878.

"PRICE-ING" them will probably be the popular Grit slang in the coming campaign for bribing the electors.

CANADA'S battles—if she ever has any—are not to be fought by the white man alone. A company of colored volunteers has recently been formed in St. Catharines; the Six Nation Indians are also ready to defend our country against the invader.

THE canvass goes bravely on in Mr. Hesson's behalf, and from present appearances the Conservative majority will be extremely large in Wallace and Elma, while in Listowel political feeling is undergoing a marked change. Mr. Hesson's visit lately has almost magically strengthened his prospects. Electors in both parties are most favorably impressed with him.

THE Quebec Government have met and elected Mr. Turcotte, M. P. P. for Three Rivers as Speaker by one vote, the latter voting for himself. Price of Chicoutimi is reported as having turned traitor to his party. The Speaker elect declares himself to be a firm Conservative. And thus "bribery and corruption" are put down. O tempora! Surely this seduction by the Liberals of Quebec will open the eyes of the country at large to the hypocrisy of the so-called purists.

WITH Mr. David Glass for East Middlesex, Mr. Greenway for South Huron, Mr. John Macdonald for Centre Toronto, Mr. James Brown for West Hastings, Major Walker for London, and many more of the like ilk, the "great Reform party" are carrying out the cardinal principles of anti-coalition, and "elevating the standard" of political morality in a most peculiar style, yet the mode is truly Grittish—partaking largely of that unselfish (?) honesty characteristic of the "pairty of purity."

HALDIMAND Conservatives have unanimously nominated Nicholas Flood Davin for the Commons, and Mr. A. W. Thompson for the Local Legislature.—At a large convention of Liberal-Conservatives recently held in Durham, Mr. Geo. Jackson was chosen standard-bearer. Hon. Edward Blake has declined the nomination for South Bruce, and the Reformers of that constituency have called another convention for to-morrow, 8th inst., to see what they are going to do about it. The strong hold which the Opposition candidate, Mr. Shaw, has upon the people is evidently a cause of serious trouble in the camp, particularly since Edward has gone back on them.—In South Ontario Hon. T. N. Gibbs is again the worthy representative of the Conservative party.

IN answer to the question, "who pays the duty?" the Guelph *Herald* submits the following, which will apply to all parts of Canada with equal force. Farmers should ponder it carefully: "Last year the price of wool on the Guelph market was about 30 cents, and a few cents more for extra lots. At the beginning of this season, a couple of weeks since, Mr. Brill was paying 28 cents, for ordinary lots. Lately the American government has put on a duty of 10 per cent. on wool imported into that country, and what is the result? Wool to-day is 22 cents on the Guelph market, and the very best lot that has been offered this year only brought 23 cents. This is a practical illustration, and would seem to be one which can be grasped by the most ordinary mind."

THE main question of the hour is, "Shall we decide for Free Trade or Protection?" It is an old French proverb that you cannot make a good bargain in the purchase of bad articles. Free trading may at times enable the purchaser to buy a little cheaper, but the theory encourages the importation of inferior articles. Philosopher Mills, the leviathan Grit—Free Trading—Ann Arbor—constitutional M. P. for Bothwell tells us many absurd things concerning the importance of his Free Trade doctrine, but men give away nothing so liberally as their pet theories. Mr. Fisher is a Free Trader. His interests, being a professional man, are not identical with those of farmers and manufacturers. Mr. Hesson, the Conservative candidate, being a practical man in all matters affecting the general electorate of North Perth, should in itself be a sufficient reason for rejecting Mr. Fisher.

No doubt the ambitious M. P. P. for North Perth concurs with Rochefoucault in thinking that "we seldom find any persons of good sense but such as are of our opinion." Mr. Hay does not lose sight of old attachments simply for the purpose of making new connections. "Me and mine must have drunken our capacity before I will permit outsiders to taste any of the emoluments of Grit patronage," seemingly appears to be the predominant sentiment enveloping the modern "Family Compact" whose head quarters are at Listowel. If the corporation has any roads to gravel, sidewalks to build or general labor to be performed, what more natural, what more advantageous to the individual members of the aforesaid compact than that the contract be given one of "ours?" If a railway agency is to be created why should "we" not take possession of it? So moralize the noble progenitors of our disciplined Town Compact. They recognize the injunction that "a house divided must fall," and so long as the Town exchequer holds out it apparently is not the intention of the Compact Government to fall to pieces. Even in our town there are many acts constantly being repeated which are not positively prohibited by the Town by-laws, but which our townsmen nevertheless stongly condemn.

THE EASTERN QUESTION

A Congress decided upon—To meet at Berlin on 13th June—All the Powers accept the invitation — Britain's Representatives appointed — The whole question to be submitted—A peaceful solution looked for.

On Monday the Marquis of Salisbury, in the House of Lords, and Sir Stafford Northcote, in the Commons, announced that Germany had issued the invitations to a Congress, to meet at Berlin on June 13th. They also confirmed the announcement that Great Britain would be represented by Lords Beaconsfield, Salisbury and Odo Russell. The Liberal leaders in both houses congratulated Parliament and the Government that the Treaty of San Stefano was to be discussed by the Powers, but censured the choice of representives on the ground that it would be inconvenient to have both the Premier and the Foreign Secretary absent from the country at the same time. This objection, however, was not pushed to any issue and the matter was allowed to drop. Strange to say the selection of Lord Beaconsfield is viewed with satisfaction at St. Petersburg. The invitation proposes that the signatories of the Treaties of 1856 and 1871 shall meet in Congress to discuss the stipulations of the San Stefano Treaty, Germany guaranteeing to England the free discussion of all its contents. Turkey's representatives have not yet been chosen, but it is expected Safvet Pasha will be one and that a Christian will be the other. Roumania is said to be irrevocably resolved not to cede Bessarabia, and to be depending on the good offices of England to enable her to keep her resolution. Greece is greatly disappointed at the Anglo-Russian agreement, expecting the annexation of Thessaly, Epirus, and Crete. In her resentment at the supremacy secured for the Bulgarians, it is said she may resort to desperate measures, and that the Greek army may even enter Thessaly again.

THE LATEST.

All the Powers have excepted the invitations. Some distrust in the result is felt at St. Petersburg, but the Russian Government shows no indications of wavering or desire to retreat. The *Times* declares great credit is due to the Home Government for adhering to their principle of a free discussion of the San Stefano Treaty, and approves the selection of representatives. A great burden has been taken off the public mind by the assurance that Congress will meet, and yesterday consols touched the highest point within twenty years. General Todleben has made a fresh demand for the evacuation of the ceded fortresses, but the reply of the Turks is not known. The Constantinople Ministry has undergone another shuffle. Ruchdi and Mahmoud Damad Pashas drop out, and Safvet Pasha becomes Grand Vizier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Phosphore Mustapha Pasha Minister of War. The Ministry is advised by the Imperial fiat making the changes to maintain tranquility and to cultivate friendly relations with foreign Powers.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

The Emperor of Germany again fired upon—He receives a charge of shot—The Assassin a Socialist Doctor—His Majesty severely wounded—Great consternation in Berlin.

Berlin, June 2.—While the Emperor was taking a drive, at 2.30 o'clock this afternoon, some shots were fired at him. The Emperor was wounded in one arm and one cheek by buckshot and small shot. The would-be-assassin is Dr. Nobeling, occupying apartments at No. 18 Unter den Linden. When his door was forced open he fired upon and wounded the hotel-keeper and tried to commit suicide, but was secured. The Emperor's personal attendant jumped into the carriage and supported the Emperor until the carriage reached the palace. The Emperor was conveyed to bed and several grains of shot extracted, causing great loss of blood. The Emperor suffered great pain, but never lost consciousness.

The following is official: Nobeling fired twice with a double-barrelled gun. The Emperor received about thirty small shot in his face, head, both arms and back, but by 6 o'clock this evening his general condition had already improved in a satisfactory manner. An immense crowd from all parts of the city thronged into the Avenue Unter den Linden on the news becoming known. The assassin is named Karl Edward Nobeling, a native of Kulno, near Biarbaum, aged 32. He is a resident of Berlin, doctor of philology, agriculturist, and an *habitue* of the Democratic Social Clubs. A quantity of arms was found in his apartments. He fired on the persons attempting to arrest him with ready-loaded revolver and then inflicted severe wounds on his own head. A strong escort of police barely sufficed to protect Nobeling from the mob. Nobeling confessed that he cherished the murderous design eight days, because he considered the Emperor's removal would be a public benefit.

Berlin June 4.—An official bulletin, issued at 10 o'clock, says the Emperor has been free from pain this evening. During the day he repeatedly slept calmly, and took nourishment with some appetite.

When the enraged populace broke into Nobeling's apartment at Unter den Linden he discharged two chambers of a revolver at them. Herr Holtfeur, an inn keeper, was severely wounded. The crowd seeing the latter bleeding, supposed he was the assassin, and fell upon him with great fury. His life is despaired of. After his second shot Nobeling was instantly placed in a prison van. As the driver drove rapidly through the archway, at the entrance of the house, his head struck against the archway with such violence that his neck was dislocated, and he died.

Nobeling, the would-be assassin of the German Emperor, has admitted that he is one of an extensive conspiracy, and that he was chosen by drawing of lots to commit the terrible deed. The police have visited the residence of the editors of the Socialist *Berlin Free Press*, and have confiscated various documents. They are also searching for a man who stated on Sunday morning that an attempt to assassinate the Emperor would be made that afternoon. At a meeting of the Cabinet, over which Prince Bismarck presided, it was decided to await the result of the Emperor's wounds before deciding on the measures to be adopted against the Socialists. The wealthy classes at Berlin are uneasy, and fear trouble.

The very latest despatches report the Emperor progressing favorably.

THE CATERPILLAR PEST.—A Zorra farmer adopts the following method to kill the caterpillars in his orchard and which he has found to work most satisfactorily. Take a mallet and tap each branch of the tree affected sharply, which will cause all the caterpillars on the tree to fall to the ground. If left alone however they will find their way up the tree. To prevent this he takes a tarred cord and ties it round the trunk, and when the caterpillars reach the cord it proves a barrier in their way and they are unable to proceed further. When they have collected in considerable numbers take them off and kill them. A warm day when the tar will not harden is most suitable for this experiment. By this simple process an orchard can be cleared of the caterpillars in a short time.

TERRIBLE COLLISION.

Two German Iron-Clads collide in the English Channel—One Vessel sinks—Nearly 300 Lives lost.

Dover, May 31.—The German squadron, consisting of three iron-clads, the Preussen, the Gosser Kurfurst, and the Kœnig Wilhelm passed Dover this morning for Plymouth, whence it was expected to sail for Gibralter. When the squadron was off Ludgate, about five miles from the shore, one of the ironclads was observed heeling over on her beam ends and the men were seen crowding on the bulwarks. In about five minutes the vessel went down on her side, the boilers blowing up as she sank. Boats from the other ironclads were launched. A number of fishing smacks near by hurried to the spot. The Folkestone life boat arrived too late.

London, May 31.—The South Eastern Railway Company's steamer just returned from the scene of the disaster, reports that the Kœnig Wilhelm was able to proceed down the channel, probably for Portsmouth. The Preussen remains on the spot. Nothing is to be seen of the Grosser Kurfurst. The captain of a fishing boat states:—"My boat, with other fishing vessels, was returning to Folkestone, when we noticed three ironclads coming down. A bark was fetching off shore. The Grosser Kurfurst ported her helm to clear the bark, the Kœnig Wilhelm pulled hard-a-port and struck the Grosser Kurfurst forward of her mizzenmast. The Kurfurst went over on her broadside and sank in five minutes. She went down in fifteen fathoms. All hands jumped overboard. Our boats searched the spot directly and rescued twenty-seven men, including three officers. The other boats rescued a number of the crew, all of whom were transferred to the Kœnig Wilhelm. Captain Batoch, of the Grosser Kurfurst, went down with his ship. The boilers did not explode, but the escaping steam must have scalded many persons in the water. The Kœnig Wilhelm had her bows stove, but the leak was stopped with hammocks. The collision was undoubtedly caused by the Kœnig Wilhelm porting her helm too suddenly."

The First Lord of the Admiralty, in his statement in the Commons to-day, confirms the report that the collision occurred while the Grosser Kurfurst was endeavoring to avoid the merchantman. He said the dock was preparing at Portsmouth for the reception of the Kœnig Wilhelm.

Two of the men who were rescued died from exhaustion on board the Preussen. Eye witnesses of the disaster say the Preussen did not lower any boats, and that nobody was visible in the water half an hour after the Grosser Kurfurst foundered.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: Of the 500 men on the Grosser Kurfurst, about 210 were saved, including 13 officers and the captain. The Kœnig Wilhelm, which was leading the squadron, put her helm hard about to avoid a Norwegian bark crossing the steamers bows. The Grosser Kurfurst also ported her helm, but not sufficiently hard; hence the disaster.

PERTH COUNTY COUNCIL.

COURT HOUSE, Stratford, June 4th.

The June session of the municipal Council of the County of Perth opened here to-day, the warden, Mr. Davidson, presiding; present, all the members except Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Jones and the Messrs. Hay. The Warden said that they met upon the same day as another important body in another Province, but the labors of this council would not be so onerous, as their business would be of the ordinary routine character. The grant had been made to the northern gravel road upon certain conditions which had been complied with by the interested municipalities. He referred feelingly to the demise of the late Mr. McCulloch, County Solicitor, and suggested some expression of condolence with his bereaved family. On motion, the Reeves, or in their absence the Deputy-Reeves, were appointed a Committee to equalize the Assessment. A petition was presented from the ratepayers of Dublin (Carronbrook,) praying that a by-law be passed to set the village apart as a police village.—Adopted. The trustees of S. S. No. 10, Gore of Downie, prayed for a grant of $200 to aid in erecting a school house. A number of accounts were referred to the Finance Committee. The Sheriff called attention to the want of drainage in the jail premises, and to the need of a new fence around the grounds. The report of the auditors set forth that the Treasurer's account had been found correct, and asked for increased remuneration.—Referred to the Finance Committee. A communication from the Deputy Minister of Education stated that the apportionment for public schools would be the same as for 1877. On motion of Mr. Trow, a resolution of condolence with the widow and friends of the late James McCulloch, Esq., was unanimously passed, and a copy thereof ordered to be transmitted to the bereaved lady. The Perth Rifle Association prayed for a grant of $50, in aid of prizes.—Granted. Council adjourned until 10 a. m. on Wednesday.—*Herald.*

NORTH WALLACE.

For the STANDARD.

The weather lately has been very favorable for finishing the seeding. Crops of all kinds promise well; the late frosts appear to have done but little damage, except to the plumb blossoms, which appear to be altogether blasted. Apple blossoms seem to have sustained little injury.

The utility of drainage is also beginning to attract the attention of the farming community in these parts, and several parties are now about to improve lands which hitherto have been almost entirely useless; but which with proper drainage will in time be the most valuable part of their farms.

The late warm weather has developed the mosquito *ad libitum*, to the great discomfort of those who wish to indulge in a morning slumber or a woodland walk.

A petition, signed by many ratepayers of Wallace and Minto, is about to be presented to the councils of Perth and Wellington, paying those corporations to assist in graveling the boundary line west of Palmerston. As this road is much traveled and in spring and fall is almost impassable, it is hoped that the desire of the petitioners will be granted.

FOR MANITOBA.—On Saturday last a number of parties, formerly residents of Wallace, Minto and Howick, left Palmerston station bound for the prairie province. A large number of their friends and acquaintances assembled at the station to bid them farewell and wish them success in their new homes.

BRICK YARD.—Mr. Cordingly, of the 10th con., has recommenced the manufacture of brick, which will be a boon to those in this vicinity who contemplate using the material.

NEW BARN.—Mr. Moore, on the boundary, has a gang of men at work erecting the mason work for a new bank barn, which when finished will be one of the largest in these parts.

HOME AGAIN.—Mr. Wm. Briggs, of Minto, who has been several years in California, has lately returned to his former residence, which he intends making his future home.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Rev. P. L. Spencer of Palmerston, has commenced a Sunday school in the school house, section No. 9, which is well attended by the children of that section.

BRUSSELS NEWS.

FIRE PROTECTION VOTED.—The voting on the by-law to purchase one of the Ronald's steamers took place on Monday. The town was divided into two polling divisons. The result was almost unanimous, there being only four against it. The excellent work done by the steamer at the late fire was the cause of the result.

MARYBOROUGH.

Brodie's new mill in Moorefield is up and ready for the machinery.

FIRE AT MOOREFIELD.—The store and dwelling owned and occupied by John C. Robinson, general merchant, was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday last. Loss, $300; no insurance.

LARGE BARN.—Mr. Alex. Allen, on the Maryborough boundry line, has been engaged for some time past in moving his barn to a new site. He intends to build an addition to it, and also a new wing some 60 feet in length, the whole to be underlaid by a stone foundation nine feet high, to enclose stables, driving sheds, &c. When completed it will be one of the largest farm buildings in the county.

ACCIDENT.—A young man by the name of Wm. Dixon, son of Mr. Wm. Dixon of the south-west corner of this township, received a very serious kick below the floating ribs from a horse on Wednesday, 29th ult. After receiving the kick he succeeded in getting about half-way to the house, when he found himself unable to go any further. He was discovered soon after and conveyed to the house. Medical aid was immediately called, but the injury is of such a serious nature that little could be done to relieve the sufferer. He is at present in a very low condition and there are little hopes of his recovery.

PALMERSTON.

NEW FOUNDRY.—On Saturday the frame work of a large building intended for a foundry was erected in Palmerston.

FOR MANITOBA.—Forty-three persons left this station on Saturday afternoon *en route* for the great loan land. They are from Wallace, Howick and Minto, and take with them farm stock and implements.

RUNAWAYS.—Mr. Thomas Commerson's horse ran away from the front of Touchborn's store on Saturday last, breaking the buggy in pieces. Another team ran away on Sunday, being scared while crossing the railway track on Main street. This rig was also demolished.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.—The District Sabbath School Convention in connection with the German Evangelical Association commenced on Wednesday at the church on 6th line of Wallace. A large number from different parts of the district are present, including Elder Umbach.

DOMINION DAY.—The birth of our Dominion is to be celebrated here in style. The usual preparations are being heartily gone into, and a good time may be expected.

Rev. J. G. Scott of Listowel, preached in the Canada Methodist Church last Sunday evening.—The G. W. R. employes lately under the charge of Mr. Smith, track inspector, presented that gentleman with a handsome tea and coffee set and a French clock under a glass shade, previous to his departure for the London division.—Fire protection is the all-important topic with Palmerstonians just at present. It is high time some system was adopted to lessen the danger of a repetition of the late disaster.—A number of brick stores will be erected this summer on the site of the recent fire.—On the 20th inst., the freeholders are to decide whether or no this town shall grant a bonus of $15,000 to the Georgian Bay & Wellington Railway scheme.—Mr. McDowell has purchased the interest of Mr. McBain in the grist mill.—Services in connection with the Baptist church will be held in the Palmerston town hall every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

HOWICK.

Scarlet fever is alarmingly prevalent in Gorrie. The last issue of the *Enterprise* says: "All the deaths in our paper this week are from this dreadful malady, and a great number are expected to succumb to it sooner or later, being now in a very low state."—A. J. McColl, Esq., of Brussels, has opened a law office in Wroxeter.—The Howick Mutual Fire Insurance Company is progressing. Seventy-five policies were issued during the past month, covering insurance to the amount of $71,400.—A new cheese factory has been erected and put in operation upon the farm of George Gregg, Esq., in the vicinity of Lakelet. The factory has been established upon a joint stock system.—The temperance cause is in a very prosperous condition in Wroxeter.—A base ball tournament is to be held in Wroxeter on Dominion day and the day following.

WALLACE.

The gravel road, north of Listowel, is now having a heavy coating of gravel laid upon it. Other roads in this vicinity also need improving in the same way.

POLITICAL.—The ratepayers of Wallace are very anxious to know when the general elections will come of, nearly all are unanimous in their determination to support their local C. C.; even the easy-going Teuton evinces an interest in the matter. They say that they have been deceived by parties from Listowel who call themselves "Reformers," and that they will give their worthy Reeve a chance.—COM.

GENERAL NEWS.

An Armstrong 100 ton gun costs $80,000.

A movement is on foot to supply Strathroy with gas.

The Wimbledon team leave for England on the 15th inst.

A grand Fireman's picnic is to be held in Strathroy early in July.

David Clapp, of Stratford, is a candidate for a Wellington school inspectorship.

Mr. T. C. McMurray, a widely known and highly respected citizen of Orangeville, died very suddenly on Wednesday last.

The ratepayers of Clinton, will on the 8th of June, vote on a by-law to raise $4,000 for the purchase of a steam fire engine.

The sentence of murder passed on Duncan McLeod at the late Huron assizes has been commuted to imprisonment for life.

PROLIFIC GEESE.—Mr. Geo. Masters of East Zorra has two geese which have laid this season already 84 eggs, and show no signs of stopping.

The exports of the United States during ten months ending April 30th, exceeded the imports by about two hundred and twenty-nine million dollars.

The Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the World, I. O. G. T., closed its annual session in Boston last week. The lodge meets at Liverpool next year.

WINGHAM.—A by-law for the purpose of buying a site for the market place was submitted and voted on last Monday, resulting in favor of the by-law by 28 votes.

The Hon. D. L. Macpherson, Senator of the Saugeen district, proposes addressing his constituents at Kincardine on Monday and Tuesday the 17th and 18th inst.

The manager of Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, has just closed an engagement with Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to deliver ten lectures in California for $10,000 and expenses.

BONUS CARRIED.—A by-law granting a bonus of $25,000 to the Georgian Bay and Wellington R. R. Co., was submitted to the ratepayers of Durham on Saturday and carried unanimously.

After July 1, two mails each way per day will be distributed along the line of the G. W. R. Heretofore, Harriston and Walkerton were the only points north of Fergus that received two mails daily.

The Pope is said to be physically unwell and mentally distressed by the opposition to the reforms he proposes. It is even stated that he contemplates resignation. The Jesuits and Cardinal Franchi are at loggerheads.

The Harriston cheese factory is now in full blast. They are manufacturing an average of fifteen cheese a day. This speaks well for the present management. Messrs. Eakins Brothers & Johnstone are the managers for the season.

Hon. Wilfred Dorion, Judge of the Superior Court of Quebec, and brother of Chief Justice Dorion, died suddenly at five o'clock Sunday evening in Montreal. He was on the street in his usual health on Saturday. He had been on the bench nearly three years.

The young man Farmer, the member of the Queen's Own who was shot in the face with a blank cartridge at the volunteer review at Montreal on the 24th is a native of Woodstock. His people reside there now. It is feared the injury to his sight will be permanent.

The Minister of Education has issued an explanation of the law relating to the use of the Bible in public schools. It may not be expounded, but the meaning of the words may be explained. Children whose parents object will not be compelled to take part in the lesson.

The first interment in the Stratford cemetary for five weeks took place on Saturday. This speaks well for the sanitary condition not only of Stratford, but the immediate vicinity, as Avondale cemetery is availed of to a considerable extent by residents of the surrrounding townships.

British Columbia had a general election for its Local Legislature, and the result is that the Opposition are victorious. The Premier is defeated—so is his Speaker. It is the general expectation that the Pacific Province will go solid for the Opposition in the Commons election.

The traffic receipts of the Great Western Railway for the week ending May 24th, 1878, were:— Passengers, $31,589.64; Freight and Live Stock, $48,943.86; mails and sundries, $2,682.84; Total, $83,136.34. Corresponding week of last year, $77,019.59. Increase $6,116,75.

The inquest as to the cause of the death of Timothy McCarthy, the Moncton tavernkeeper, alleged to have been murdered by the Osborne family at Shediac, was concluded on the 3rd inst., the jury disagreeing as to the guilt of the prisoners but agreeing that the deceased had been murdered. The inquest lasted three weeks.

ACCIDENT AND FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—On Sunday morning last, while early Mass was being celebrated in the R. C. Church, Galt, the large centre piece in the ceiling of the building fell with a crash on the seats below. Very fortunately, the seats were comparatively empty at the time, and only one or two worshipers received any injury.

PRIMITIVE METHODISM.—At the Primitive Methodist Conference, the following draft of stations for the Guelph district was read: Guelph, H. Harris; Peel, J. E. Lidstone; Hawkesville, T. Auger; Minto R. Hazzard; Brant, E. Crompton; Kincardine, J. W. Gilpin, one to be sent; Wingham, J. Smith; St. Helen's, T. Bryant; Arthur, A. Knapp; Gray, P. Flint.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT AT BLYTH.—Last Friday Thos. Seale, of Morris, entered the butcher shop of J. H. Thompson, to see him on some business about which they had disputed. Thompson dealt Seale a blow on the head with a meat axe, felling him to the floor, leaving a fearful gash over six inches long and an inch and a half deep, fracturing his skull. Dr. Carder dressed the wound.

Stratford goal has eleven prisoners, nine males and two females, committed—1 for contempt of court, 2 for larceny, 1 for wife-beating and 7 for vagrancy. The nationalities are:—Irish, 4; English, 1; American, 1; Scotch, 2; German, 1; Canadian, 1; French, 1. Governor Nicol utilizes their labor, and the county owes him an acknowledgement for the taste he has shown in beautifying the grounds that surround a most unsightly building.

THE TWELFTH IN MONTREAL.—Thursday a deputation comprising Ald. Tizard, Messrs. Edward F. Clarke, Joseph Campton, Alfred Medcalf and John Irwin waited on Premier Mackenzie in Toronto, to urge on him the necessity of protecting the Orangemen of Montreal in their parade on the 12th July. Mr. Mackenzie pointed out to the deputation that he had no power to call out the military for their protection without a requisition from the civic authorities.

THE POTATO BUG NUISANCE.—From what we can learn up to the present it would seem that potato bugs are likely to be as plentiful as ever this season. A farmer of large experience, who has thoroughly tested nearly every so-called potato bug exterminator known, pronounces the following the most effective that has been brought to the attention of the public:—Five pounds of copperas, five pounds quicklime, slacked, to which add twenty gallons of water and sprinkle the composition on the potato vines with a whisk broom. In every instance where tried it has been attended with the most excellent results.

REDUCTION IN THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY WORKSHOPS.—The Hamilton *Times* says: On Saturday some three hundred men in the Great Western workshops along the line were notified that their services, at all events for the present, would not be required, and the remainder were asked to choose whether they would accept a reduction of one-third wages or work four days in the week? They chose the latter alternative. It is stated that on each of the track sections a man has been dismissed, and that over the whole road the dismissals in all the departments will reach nearly four hundred persons. The engineer and carpenter shops in this city have been closed for the present.

For boots and shoes, ready-made clothing, and suits made to order, go to D. D, Campbell, next door to Scott's bank, Wallace street.

COMMERCIAL NOTES.

LONDON CHEESE MARKET.

At the cheese market on Saturday last, thirteen factories offered 3,808 boxes on the board. No sales were recorded, but it is more than probable that sales were made after hours, as was the case last week. Seven cents may be considered about the present value.

UTICA CHEESE MARKET.

June 3.—Eleven thousand boxes of cheese changed hands here to-day. Extreme prices, 7¼ to 8¼c; average 8c; leading, 8¼c. Thirty-nine hundred commission.

LITTLE FALLS CHEESE MARKET.

June 3.—The market is the dullest of the season. About 6,000 boxes of factory cheese were offered, for which there appeared no demand. Sales were made at 7½ to 8c. 7½ to 7¾c being the prevailing prices; some lots brought 8¼c; 470 boxes of farm cheese sold for 7c to 7½c, mostly at the latter figures. Butter, 16c to 19c, 18c to 19c being the ruling prices.

INGERSOLL CHEESE MARKET.

June 4.—Seventeen factories offered 5,075 boxes of May make. Several factories were represented, which did not register. No sales reported. Rumors of sales at 7c to 7¼c. Cable at 11.30 a. m. 48s; 1.30 p. m., 47s. 3d.

MONTREAL WOOL MARKET.

The business being done in wool here is trifling. The only movement reported at all is in Canada pulled, which is nominal at 25c to 26½c. The small demand for wool from manufacturers here is due to a considerable extent to the low price at which English shoddy goods are being laid down in the Canadian market. These have a flashy appearance and take the public eye, although not nearly so cheap in the long run as Canadian goods manufactured from material which will wear. Our manufacturers have been obliged to reduce their operations in cheap goods, and they consequently do not enter the wool market to the extent they formerly did. The low price of Canada wool has checked the consumption of foreign wools in which there is really no business being done. Cape is held at 17c and Abudia at from 17c to 17½c. Australia is simply nominal.—*Witness.*

THE CHEESE BUSINESS.—The very low price to which cheese has fallen has been the cause of much despondency among producers. It is evident that owing to the early appearance of spring weather, and the luxuriant state of the grass, a far larger quantity of cheese can be made this year than on any previous occasion. Yet owing to the price having fallen to seven cents there is little encouragement to go on with the enterprise. In this dilemma the suggestion comes that it would be well to cure at least one-third of the entire make to keep for the whole season. By this means the out-put would be restricted, while stocks would accumulate, and the price maintained in a manner which could not possibly be done if the large make of the season were to be forced upon an already glutted market. The continued favor which Canada cheese enjoys in the English markets is assuring as to the future, and it only requires a little union of purpose in withholding the entire product in the way spoken of in order to avoid something of the appearance of a "panic." The rapid growth of the population of Great Britain makes it a matter of certainty that the demand for Canadian dairy products must continue to increase, and at prices which will ensure an excellent profit to our producers. But as in every other enterprise, tact must be used in order to meet the exigencies which the market presents.—*London Free Press.*

Don't forget to call on D. D. Campbell in his new shop next door to Scott's bank, Wallace street.

Sam Carney, of Illinois being refused premission to visit Miss Cullentine, cut her throat, shot her, stabbed her mother, shot her father and wound up by cutting his own throat.

MORE PROTECTION.—The Medical Profession throughout the Province of Ontario are organizing an Association to protect themselves from the class of patients who go from one place to another and avoid paying their Physician when abundantly able so to do. The Physicians propose to report the names of such, which list will be printed and a copy furnished to each Physician, for mutual protection.

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

June 6, 1878.

Wheat, fall, per bush.,	$0 95	to 0 00
Wheat, spring, "	0 80	0 80
Barley, "	0 30	0 35
Peas, "	0 50	0 00
Oats, "	0 28	0 29
Potatoes, per cwt.,	3 00	0 00
Oatmeal, "	2 75	3 00
Cornmeal, "	2 00	2 25
Butter, per lb.,	0 12½	0 00
Eggs, per dozen,	0 09	0 00
Potatoes, per bush,	0 30	0 40
Beef, per cwt.,	4 00	5 00
Pork, per cwt.,	4 50	5 25
Wood, per cord, long,	1 50	2 00
Wood, " short,	1 00	0 00
Apples, per bag,	0 00	0 00
Hay, per ton,	7 00	8 00
Hides, per cwt.,	5 00	0 00
Sheepskins, each,	0 75	1 00
Wool, per lb,	0 21	0 22

STRATFORD MARKETS.
PER DOMINION LINE.

June 6, 1878.

Wheat, Red, per bush.,	$1 02	to 0 00
Wheat, spring, "	0 90	0 95
Barley, "	0 40	0 42
Peas, "	0 60	0 62
Oats, "	0 30	0 32
Flour, per brl	5 00	5 25
Potatoes, per bag,	0 75	0 85
Butter, per lb.,	0 11	0 12½
Eggs, per dozen,	0 08	0 09
Hides, per cwt.,	0 50	0 00
Hogs,	0 00	0 00
Hay, per ton,	8 00	9 00

TORONTO MARKETS.
PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS.

June 6, 1878.

Wheat, fall, per bush.,	$1 06	to 1 05
Wheat, spring, "	0 90	0 95
Barley, "	0 45	0 55
Oats, "	0 33	0 34
Peas, "	0 63	0 63
Rye, "	0 60	0 60
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.,	5 50	6 00
Beef, hind qrs. "	0 00	0 00
Mutton, by carcase "	6 25	7 00
Butter, lb. rolls,	0 12	0 14
Butter, large rolls,	0 11	0 13
Butter, tub, dairy,	0 00	0 00
Eggs, fresh, per dozen,	0 10	0 11
Eggs, packed, "	0 00	0 00
Apples, per brl.,	0 00	0 00
Potatoes, per bag,	0 60	0 65
Hay, per ton,	11 00	17 00
Wool, per lb,	0 23	0 00

MITCHELL MARKETS.
PER DOMINION LINE.

June 6, 1878.

Wheat, fall, per bush.,	$1 00	to 1 05
Wheat, spring, "	0 85	0 90
Barley, "	0 40	0 45
Peas, "	0 55	0 58
Oats, "	0 30	0 31
Flour, per 100.,	2 50	2 75
Potatoes, per bag,	0 60	0 70
Butter, per lb.,	0 10	0 12
Eggs, per doz.,	0 08	0 09
Pork, per 100 lbs.,	0 00	0 00
Cheese, per lb,	0 00	0 00

W. M. BRUCE,
SURGEON DENTIST,
late of Toronto. Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Office—Main street, Listowel, over Barnes & Co.'s Fruit Store. 15

SMITH & GEARING, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c. Office opposite Grand Central Hotel, Listowel, Ont.
R. SMITH. J. GRAYSON SMITH.
F. W. GEARING. 1-6y

T. G. FENNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery and Insolvency, Notary Public, Commissioner, Conveyancer, Real Estate Agent, etc. Money to loan at reasonable interest. Office—over Scott's Bank, Wallace street, Listowel. 1

RAILWAY HOTEL, adjoining Great Western depot, Listowel, Ont., THOMAS GIBSON, Proprietor. This Hotel has been greatly enlarged and newly fitted up throughout, and is now in first-class order. Travellers on the G. W. R. will find it a desirable and convenient stopping place. Every attention paid to the comfort of guests. 14

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, Main street, Listowel. J.T. HEADLEY, Proprietor. This Hotel is one of the finest public buildings in Ontario, and is fitted throughout in first-class style. Commodious Sample Rooms, and every requisite convenience for catering to the comfort of the public. 1

DOMINION HOTEL, Wallace Street, Listowel. CHAS. NEWTON, Proprietor. Excellent accommodation for guests at moderate charges. The bar always supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Livery in connection. 10

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, Listowel, Ont. This old established house has long enjoyed the reputation of being a first-class Hotel in every respect. Commodious sample rooms; bar supplied with best brands liquors and cigars; good stabling, etc.
WM. GIBSON, Prop.
Main St., Listowel. 1

THOS. E. HAY, Auctioneer for the County of Perth, also the Townships of Grey and Howick, in the County of Huron. Sales attended on reasonable terms. Orders left at Climie, Hay & Co.'

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Main St. Rev. H. Cooper, Incumbent. Morning Service at 11; Evening Service at 6.30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9.30 a.m.; Rev. H. Cooper, Superintendent. Messrs. T. G. Fennell and R. Martin, Wardens.

KNOX CHURCH—Inkerman St. Rev. J. W. Bell, M. A., Pastor. Services at 11 a. m., and 6.30 p.m. Sabbath School at 2.30 p.m.; Mr. Jas. Crozier, B.A., Superintendent. Congregational Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30. Bible Class, conducted by the Pastor, Thursday evening, at 7.30. Sec'y Board of Wardens, Mr. J. J. Hamilton, to whom application may be made for sittings in the Church.

CANADA METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. G. Scott, Pastor. Services at 10.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.; W. Bradley, Superintendent. Bible class Tuesday evenings, conducted by Rev. Mr. Scott. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7.30.

M. E. CHURCH—Inkerman St. Rev. R. M. Pope, Pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Sunday School at 2.00 p.m.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Services conducted by Rev. A. F. McGregor, B.A. Sunday at 11 a.m. and 6:30 p.m.; Sunday School at 9 30 a.m.; Bible Class at 3 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend. Weekly prayer meeting on Wednesdays at 8 p.m.

BAPTIST SERVICES are held each Sabbath at 11 a.m. in the Temperance Hall, Raglan St.

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1878.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

MONTHLY cattle fair to-day.

GORRIE has a juvenile cold water society.

Remember D. D. Hay's great sale on the 11th June.

LISTOWEL Court of Revision will be held on Thursday, 27th inst.

White Lace Striped Dress Goods, for 12½c. and 15c., at Bean & Gee's.

AN effort is being made to have the road west of Molesworth graveled.

A LOCAL sweepstakes trot takes place on the Listowel driving park this evening.

THE severe frost on Wednesday night played havoc with the vegetable gardens hereabouts.

Capital building sites to be disposed of at D. D. Hay's great auction sale of town property on the 11th inst.

REV. J. W. COX, of Nova Scota, will conduct the services in the Congregational Church on Sunday next.

The corner stone of the new Catholic church at Macton, township of Peel, will be laid by his Lordship Bishop Crinnon, Sunday, June 9.

The fruit crop in the Belleville district is uninjured by the recent frosts, and promises to be more abundant than for many years past.

BY the new arrangement on the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway, four trains have been placed on the line, instead of two as formerly.

THE Fire Brigade were again out for practice on Friday evening. A local shower much more effective than protracted, was the result.

MR. ARTHUR RIDOUT, the obliging young assistant of the Bank of Hamilton, left here on Monday morning to spend a few weeks' holidays in the "ambitious city."

REV. H. M. PAYNTER, a Chicago evangelist, has been holding largely attended revival meetings in Brussels lately. He is said to be a ready speaker and a very able expounder of the Scriptures.

CONSIDERABLE wool has been brought in this week; but Listowel market, like all others throughout the Dominion, rules low this season. From 21c. to 23c. are about the outside cash figures.

W. G. Hay offers from ¼ to 1 acre of land for manufacturing purposes, free, on his survey to any party or parties who will start some manufacturing business which will give employment to a number of hands.

COURTS for the revision of the Voters Lists of 1877 will be held as follows:—Mornington, at Roe's hall, Milverton, on 11th July, at 10 a.m.; Elma and Listowel, at Grand Central Hall, Listowel, on 12th July, at 10 a.m.

A QUOITING match for the championship of Canada and his Excellency the Governor-General's medal, takes place in Toronto on Thursday and Friday of next week. We have not heard of any members of the Listowel Quoiting Club having entered for the competition.

ONE day last week Mr. D. D. Hay lost a valuable thoroughbred cow. The animal was apparently all right on the evening previous. Next morning she was found dead. Inflammation is supposed to have been the cause of her death. Mr. Hay paid $100 for her last fall and would not have parted with her for double that amount.

FOLLOWING is a report of Listowel Public School for May:

Department,	No, on Roll.	Average.
1	58	35
2	41	32 1-6
3	70	45
4	54	36
5	69	47
6	76	57
7	149	89

WILLIAM NIXON, gardener, has any amount of strong, healthy cabbage plants, just in prime for setting out. They include several of the very best varieties grown. His gardens will repay a visit, whether for inspection of beautiful flowers and shrubbery, or for the purpose of making selections from the variety of garden stuff at his disposal.

SALES OF REAL ESTATE.—W. G. Hay has sold of his survey on the Davidson property lots to the amount of $3,700 during the month of May. Parties wanting to secure a home cheap and on easy terms should not let this opportunity go by. He will sell good lots from $75 up, and your own time to pay for them. Some very choice sites for residences.

AN Art Studio for copying, enlarging and finishing pictures in oil, India ink, etc., has recently been instituted in town. Any one desirous of having their own or their friends portraits reproduced on canvas, life size, can now be accommodated without sending away to the larger towns and cities. Specimens of the artist's work may be seen at the rooms adjoining the Montreal telegraph office.

Cheap lots for the million, at D. D. Hay's great auction sale on the 11th.

THE G. W. R. siding is now complete to Climies' mills. In every particular its construction is on an equality if not even better than the main line. The bridge over the Maitland is a very substantial structure, and looks as though it might last for a hundred years. Already a large amount of traffic is being done on the siding. Some thirty cars have been loaded and shipped to various points this week, chiefly from Messrs. Climies' flouring mills and stave factory. The receipts of material have also been considerable. This is certainly an encouraging opening.

The School Board met, the night was wet, a member took the chair;
On either side, the fondest pride, of Listowel were there."

But ere long the cloud which for days had been gathering on the placid horizon of educational matters, burst with terrible violence. Hearts were made sad, which but a few short hours before beat with ecstatic pleasure over the thought that the time-honored Market Question was about to be disposed of. But, alas! imagination's wings were clipped; and with grim satisfaction three of the members of the board grasped hats and departed thence, fatally injuring the requisite quorum! It certainly does seem as though some of the members of both our Town Council and School Boards never utter a sentiment at their regular meetings, as they have probably never committed an action, slightly tinged with generosity, or even savoring remotely of disinterestedness. It is extremely inimical to the welfare of our town that the various discussions at public meetings should be so garrulous, and absolutely impervious to all sentiments of modesty, and only abounding in personal predilections to the detriment of the town at large.

Advice to Farmers.

Bring your butter and eggs to James Armstrong's, and secure your Tea for the harvest. He is selling 3 lbs. of good tea for $1.00.

Potato Bugs.

Never since these pests invaded this country did they appear in greater numbers at this season of the year, or evince more determination to devour the new potato crop, than at present.

I. O. G. T.

The above order have decided to hold a garden party and strawberry festival on the afternoon of Dominion Day. Games and amusements will be provided. The last entertainment the order gave here is sufficient guarantee that this will be made a success. Further notice will be given.

Conservative Meeting.

The regular monthly meeting of the Listowel Conservative Association will be held this evening in the Commercial Hall at seven o'clock, sharp. As important business will be brought before the meeting all are requested to be present.

T. G. FENNEL, President.

Listowel Assessment.

Mr. N. Tilt, assessor, has completed his work for the present year. The following totals may be of interest to ratepayers: Value of real and personal property and taxable income in East Ward, $343,100; Centre Ward, $306,650; West Ward, $166,705—total, $816,455. Total in 1877, $726,750; increase this year, $89,705. The total amount set down for taxable income is $29,900. No. of cattle, 128; horses, 122; dogs, 113.

Ordination Services.

The Ordination and Installation of A. F. McGregor, B.A., as pastor of the Listowel Congregational Church, will be held on Tuesday, June 11th. Services at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and at 7.30 p.m. Rev. H. Wilkes. M. A., LL. D., D. D., and Prof. K. M. Fennick of Montreal, also Revds. J. Wood of Ottawa, W. Manchee of Guelph, J. Hughes of Stratford, D. McGregor and J. W. Cox of Nova Scotia, will take part in the services. The public are cordially invited to attend.

Saturday Excursions.

To-morrow the G. W. R. again commence issuing cheap Saturday excursion tickets to Kincardine, Southampton and Port Elgin. By this arrangement parties can leave Listowel any Saturday morning for Kincardine, remain over Sunday at the lake, and return on the Monday following, the ticket for the trip costing $1. Tickets for the other points named are procurable at any station on the main line of the W. G. & B. R. These excursions will doubtless become quite popular as the heated term advances.

G. W. R. Agency.

The Great Western Railway Company have opened a branch office in Livingstone's drug store. Mr. John Livingstone, jr., has been appointed town agent. The G. W. R. is always to be found abreast of the times, and the confidence with which the public have come to look upon that railway is owing in no small degree to the sterling qualities of its officials. With Mr. Andrew Little as station agent and Mr. Livingstone as town agent the interests of the Company and the convenience of the public will be well attended to.

Listowel Public School.

The following is the result of the last examination of the history class, maximum 100 marks:

Lizzie Thompson,	98	Rebecca Forbes,	67
Amy Thomlinson,	90	Maggie Wallace,	65
Fred Bradley,	86	Thomas Austin,	65
Addie Clayton,	85	Minnie Philp,	63
Alex. Ferguson,	83	Mary Irwin,	63
Jessie Climie,	83	Samuel Barber,	62
Maggie McIlwraith,	82	Simon Reid,	62
Richard Armstrong,	82	Ellen Ferguson,	61
Edwin Poole,	79	Harry Dillabough,	60
Minnie Walker,	77	Willie McIlwraith,	56
Willie Rogers,	75	Austin Vellie,	53
Janet Brownlee,	74	David Barber,	50
Willie Climie,	73	John Watson,	50
Mary Anderson,	70	Charlie Sarvis,	50
Emily Draper,	70	Robert Davidson,	47
Jennie Green,	70	Richard Lillico,	45

Excursion and Pic-Nic.

The Grangers have taken the initiative this season in getting up a cheap excursion to the lake. On Thursday next, 13th inst, an excursion train leaves Palmerston at 8 a. m., for Kincardine, calling at Listowel at 8.30, and all stations along the line, arriving at Kincardine at 11.20 a. m., where a grand pic-nic is to be held under the auspices of the Lucknow Grangers. Addresses are expected from Mr. Joseph Rymal, M. P., E. H. Hilborn, lecturer of the Dominion Grange, and several other speakers. Band music, boating and other amusements will be provided. The G. W. R. Company is making provision for accommodating a very large number. The fare from Palmerston and all points as far as Brussels is $1. Some six hours will be allowed for pleasure at the lake.

Railway Progress.

The importance of Listowel as a railway point is aptly illustrated by the energy lately put forth by both trunk and local roads to place their respective lines in the most advantageous position to compete for the traffic centreing here. Sidings of considerable magnitude have been extended to the flouring mills, and town offices have been opened for the transaction of general railway business. The convenience and value of these acquisitions to the town cannot be easily estimated; but that they will largely develop the trade of Listowel is beyond the shadow of a doubt. With shipping facilities such as scarcely another town in Canada can claim to equal, it must only be a question of time with our already extensive manufactories in greatly enlarging and extending their borders, and as our favorable situation becomes generally known, outside manufacturers will be induced to locate here, and new enterprises be established.

Sad and Fatal Accident.

On Saturday last a very sad accident happened here, resulting in the death of a bright and promising lad, Johnnie Green, eldest son of Mr. James Green, blacksmith. The little fellow, who was about nine years old, was down to his father's shop in company with his younger brother on Saturday afternoon when a load of coal was about to be delivered. The coal was to be unloaded through an aperture in the side of the shop, and in order to place the wagon in the best position, the teamster, after having backed the wagon, again stepped forward with the intention of backing up the second time. The younger of the two boys had got inside for the purpose of shoveling the coal away from the hole, and so far as can be ascertained, Johnny attempted to climb in after him; but not being noticed by the teamster, the wagon in the meantime continued its backward course. The unfortunate lad failing to get inside, and seeing his danger, turned about, but was unable to escape, the projecting end of the wagon-box catching him on the stomach and crushing him with a terrible force against the side of the building. For a time his injuries did not appear very serious, and on being released he walked some distance. It was not until after he had been taken home that any real danger was apprehended. Medical assistance was then procured, but it was only to find that there was no hope of the little fellow remaining long on earth. No bones appeared to have been broken, but the dreadful crushing caused internal injuries from the effects of which he died shortly after one o'clock on Sabbath morning. His body was laid in the Listowel cemetery on Monday afternoon, and was followed to the grave by many of his little companions and a very large concourse of the bereaved parents' acquaintances. It is but seldom that this community is visited with an event so melancholy; its sadness was therefore more generally felt.

Bean & Gee are selling 3 lbs. of good Tea for $1.

PRINTS! PRINTS!—Over 300 pieces to select from at Climie, Hay & Co's.

If you want a good cup of tea buy your Tea from D. D. Campbell, Wallace street.

Don't fail to attend the great sale of town and park lots on Tuesday next, 11th inst., at 10 a.m.

Remember that D. D. Campbell has moved from Main street to Wallace St., where he is selling goods cheaper than ever.

GENTS! GENTS! If you want a perfect fitting suit of clothes leave your order at Climie, Hay & Co.; a large stock of English, Scotch and Canadian tweeds to select from.

Public School Board.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Listowel board of Public School trustees on Tuesday evening, the members were all present; Rev. J. W. Bell, and Messrs. Freeman and Campbell, members of the High School board, were also present by invitation. An account of Thos. Petherick for glass, $4.78, was passed, and an account of E. Kilmer laid over. Copy of a resolution from Town Council was read, to the effect that in their opinion it was to the interest of the town that the Public School board should convey the old school site to the town, instead of to the High School board. Considerable discussion took place on the question, the chairman and Messrs. Martin and Fennell, favoring handing over the property to the High School board, and had a motion prepared to that effect. Messrs. Towner, McIlwraith and Bradley opposed the motion, and had an amendment prepared; but before either amendment or motion was put, the latter named gentlemen left the meeting. No further action was taken for want of a quorum.

Town Council.

Council met in regular session on Monday evening, 3rd inst. His worship Mayor Scott presiding. The following members took their seat at the council board: T. E. Hay, Reeve; D. D. Hay, Deputy-Reeve, and Councillors Freeman, Binning, Heppler, Towner, Deavitt, Nichol, Austin, Dillabough, Hacking. The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed. A circular was read from the Deputy Minister of Education announcing the apportionment for public schools in cities, towns and villages to be the same as last year (Listowel apportionment $150.) Moved by Dr. Nichol, seconded by A. S. Deavitt, that J. M. & A. Climie be paid $7 per 1000 ft. for 8000 feet of hemlock plank, instead as $5.94 as per tender—Carried. Moved by J. A. Hacking, seconded by A. Austin, that J. M. & A. Climie be paid $200 on account of lumber—Carried. The treasurer's statement for the past month was laid on the table, showing a balance on hand of $226.80. The report of Finance committee, recommending the payment of several accounts, was on motion received and adopted. Moved by J. A. Hacking, seconded by Dr. Dillabough, that the Mayor, Reeve, and councillors Freeman, Towner, and Binning be and compose the Court of Revision for the year 1878, and that the first sitting be held in the Council chamber on Thursday the 27th day of June inst., and that due notice be given in the *Banner* and STANDARD—Carried. It was moved by D. D. Hay, seconded by J. A. Hacking, that the mayor be authorized to correspond with the County Council of Huron, urging that body to make a grant in aid of graveling the town line from Molesworth west to the crossing of the gravel road leading to Seaforth—Carried. A petition, previously laid over, was read from the fire brigade, respecting increased accommodation for the engine and hook and ladder company, the present engine house being entirely too small for engine alone, and quite unsuited for the purpose. An offer having been received from Mr. W. C. Smith to erect a building suitable for an engine house, hose tower and council chamber, and rent the same to the council for the sum of $200 per year, it was moved by J. A. Hacking, seconded by Dr. Dillabough, that a committee composed of Dr. Nichol, Austin, Dr. Dillabough, Towner, the Mayor and Reeve, be appointed to interview W. C. Smith in regard to securing an engine house, and report at next meeting of council. On motion, a committee was appointed to investigate and report on the advisability of having the bodies removed from the old burying ground in the east ward to some other locality, and also to take such advice as is necessary as to the legal bearing of the matter. It was moved by D. D. Hay, seconded by Dr. Dillabough, that in our opinion the public interest would be promoted by the retention of the common school property by the town, and that the common school board are hereby respectfully asked to make a conveyance to the town of the property in question—Carried. It was moved by G. Towner, seconded by J. Heppler, that a committee composed of the following members of the council wait upon the school board with a copy of the previous resolution and request a compliance therewith, John Binning, D. D. Hay, Dr. Dillabough and Jacob Heppler. The yeas and nays being taken, the motion was negatived by the casting vote of the mayor. Council then adjourned.

Beautiful Grenadines at 20c. and 25c. per yard. at Bean & &ee's.

At Climie, Hay & Co., you will find their stock of gents' furnishings complete.

The Grand Orange Lodge of Britsh North America opened at St. John, N.B., Monday.

For a fashionable hat go to D. D. Campbell's store on Wallace street, the leading business street.

DRESS GOODS! DRESS GOODS! In endless variety, and at the very lowest price, at Climie, Hay & Co.

Choicest locality in town—the lots to be offered at D. D. Hay's great sale of real estate on Tuesday next.

PITCHER PLANTS.

For the STANDARD.

Perhaps most of the readers of the STADARD are aware that some species of the very interesting genus of "Pitcher Plants" are natives of Canada, yet few may know that a small but very beautiful specimen of this *genera* of Canadian flowers is to be found in the woods near Listowel. Such, however, is the case; and as some account of the slipper-like flower may be of interest to the admirers of Canadian botany, I will attempt to describe it. The most attractive feature of this wild wood plant is its flower, which is about an inch long, and shaped much like the shoe of a Chinese woman. The color of the flower is yellow, the inside being marked with lines of brown, and in size it would contain about a thimbleful of matter. This flower hangs gracefully from the top of the plant stem, and at its junction, or what may be called the "heel" of the slipper, are one or two tongue-shaped petals, covering two small seeds. The stalk of the plant is over a foot in height, the leaves are of a light green hue, four or five in number, and in shape and appearance much resemble the plantain, the ribs running from stem to point like the lines of longitude on a hemisphere. The largest leaves are towards the ground; there are several inches between each leaf; those towards the top of the stem are quite small. This plant is an annual and is found only in spongy places beneath the shade of the tamarack. It flowers but once in the season—in the early part of June; only one flower is found on each stalk. I have named this species the "Slipper Flower."

NATURALIST.

BIRTHS.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths, duly authenticated, inserted free of charge.

FULLER—In Stratford, on the 28th ult., the wife of Samuel S. Fuller, Esq., President Stratford & Huron Railway, of a son.

FAHEY—In Stratford, on the 31st ult., the wife of Mr. James Fahey, of a son.

MCKEE—At Molesworth, on the 25th ult., the wife of Mr. Wm. J. McKee, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

BERTHMAN—ELLIS.—At Drayton, on the 23rd ult., Mr. Joseph Berthman, of Wallace, to Miss Sarah Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Geo. Ellis, of Peel.

BERTHMAN—HOOKS—At Harriston, on the 23rd ult., by the Rev. Mr. Scott, Mr. Benjamin Berthman, to Miss Annie Hooks, all of Harriston.

DEATHS.

BEST—Near Palmerston, on the 1st inst., Emma, third daughter of Mr. James Best, aged 12 years and 8 months.

GREAT AUCTION SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

WILL BE OFFERED FOR SALE BY AUCTION ON 300 TOWN AND PARK LOTS

TUESDAY, 11TH DAY OF JUNE,

On the Ground, to commence at 10 o'clock in the Forenoon.

These lots are admirably located in the West End of the Town on D. D. HAY'S FARM, and offer advantages RARE and UNRIVALLED to all parties desirous of investing in Town Property. A Town Park, finely located, of three acres, forms a special and valuable attraction of this survey, which also comprises a number of beautifully located Park Lots of from one to two acres each. The Lots for sale include D. D. Hay's old homestead, with about 300 fruit and ornamental trees—the fruit trees all bearing. The Proprietor undertakes after harvest to grade the leading streets and liberally aid in building a side walk from Main Street to the Town Park.

One Dwelling House, with 10 rooms; 2 Dwelling Houses, with three rooms each, will be sold at the same time.

Plans of the Property may be seen and private sales effected at HAY & DEVLINS' OFFICE, MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL.

CONDITIONS OF SALE: All lots offered will be sold without reserve on four years time and longer if desired. The first payment in Cash or endorsed notes at five months; the balance in equal annual payments, the whole to bear interest at eight per cent. per annum.

This is an exceptionally favorable chance to invest in valuable Real Estate in a live and growing Town, and the public are, without reserve, specially invited to attend.

REFRESHMENTS will be served on the Ground at one o'clock, P. M.

T. E. HAY, Auctioneer. D. D. HAY, Proprietor.

LISTOWEL, May 23, 1878.

HENRY T. THRIFT,
Builder and Contractor.
Stone, Brick Work, Plastering and Slating in all their branches. Fire Work and Water Tanks a specialty. Plans and Specifications got up for any size or design of house. Terms very moderate. First-class references if required. Listowel, Ont. 19y

NOTICE.
A meeting of the
Conservative Association
OF THE
TOWNHSIP OF ELMA
will be held at WYNN'S HOTEL, on
MONDAY, 17TH INST., AT 7 P. M.,
for the transaction of general business.
T. FULLARTON, Secretary. R. L. ALEXANDER, President.

COURT OF REVISION.
Notice is hereby given that the first sitting of the Court of Revision for the
TOWN OF LISTOWEL
will be held in the
GRAND CENTRAL HALL,
—ON—
Thursday, 27th June, at 10 a.m.
To hear and determine the several complaints of errors and omissions in the Assessment Roll for the said municipality for the year 1878. All persons having business at the said Court are requested to attend at the said time and place.
J. W. DEVLIN, Town Clerk.
Listowel, 5th June, 1878. 19

MORTGAGE SALE
OF
VILLAGE LOTS!
IN THE
VILLAGE of TROWBRIDGE,
TOWNSHIP OF ELMA.
Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage bearing date the 27th day of December, A.D. 1871 (and registered 3rd day of January, A.D. 1872, in the Registry Office for the County of Perth, in Book "Trowbridge" for the Township of Elma, as number 140,) and also under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage bearing date the 21st day of May, A. D. 1875 (and registered on the 29th day of May, A. D. 1875, in the Registry Office of the County of Perth, in Book "Trowbridge" for the Township of Elma, as number 173,) both of which mortgages will be produced at time of sale, there will be sold by Public Auction, at the
BRITISH HOTEL!
IN THE VILLAGE OF TROWBRIDGE,
—ON—
Monday, 17th day of June, 1878,
AT 2 O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON,
all and singular, that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Township of Elma, in the County of Perth and Province of Ontario, containing by admeasurement half an acre, more or less, being composed of village lots numbers forty-three and forty-four, in the
VILLAGE OF DORADO,
and forms part of farm lot number five, in the second concession of the said Township of Elma.
This property is favorably situated in a pleasant locality. On the premises there is a
GOOD FRAME DWELLING HOUSE
TERMS OF SALE:
Thirty per cent. of the purchase money cash on the day of sale, and balance in one week thereafter. The terms and conditions in other respects may be obtained on application to the Vendor's Solicitor. Deed to be given at the expense of purchaser.
T. G. FENNELL, Vendor's Solicitor.
Listowel, May 18th, 1878. 17

TEMPERANCE HOUSE.—A. R. MERNER has opened out his new Temperance House, near the Port Dover and Stratford Railway station, where he will be happy to entertain the public who may favor him with their patronage. He would also state that a number of boarders can be accommodated at reasonable rates. A. R. MERNER. 17

PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!
500 TOWN LOTS FOR SALE
Also a number of
PARK LOTS
situated in the best part of the town.
14 Apply to PETER LILLICO.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.
Notice is hereby given that the Partnership heretofore subsisting between us, the undersigned, as Stone and Marble Cutters, in the Town of Listowel, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said Partnership are to be paid to Andrew M. Morrow, and all claims against the said Partnership are to be presented to the said Andrew M. Morrow, by whom the same will be settled.
Dated at Listowel this twenty-third day of March, A. D. 1878.
Witness REID BARBER. } A. M MORROW, WM. MITCHELL,
In reference to the above, A. M. Morrow wishes to intimate to the public that he will in future carry on the business. Orders left at the old stand will be punctually attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.
A. M. MORROW.
Listowel, March 26th, 1878. 9

MRS. T. W. RILEY
Wishes to inform the ladies of Listowel and surrounding country that she is now prepared to do over
STRAW WORK
in all the latest styles. Also feathers, flowers, silks and ribbons for trimming and millinery purposes.
☞ Third house from A. Morrow's corner.
RAGLAN STREET. 9

L. O. L. No. 617. The members of this Lodge meet in their Lodge Room on Raglan Street on the 1st Thursday of every month, at 7.30 p.m.—Brethren from other Lodges are cordially invited to visit us whenever convenient
WM. LITTLE, Master.
DAVID FRITCHLEY, Secretary. 1y

NEW BUSINESS IN LISTOWEL.
HAYDEN & ZWALD,
WOOD CARVERS,
beg to inform the public in general that they have opened a shop in Martin's Block,
OPPOSITE THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
where they will keep on hand a general assortment of
CARVED GOODS!
Wall Pockets, Match Boxes, Cigar Boxes, Watch Stands, Clock Shelves, Brackets, Jewelry Boxes, Ink Stands, Card Baskets, Flower Vases, etc., etc., which they will sell
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
Also, Pictures for sale and framed, neat and cheap.
All kinds of Carvings and Moulding Frames to choose from.
☞ Remember the stand—opposite the Grand Central Hotel.
HAYDEN & ZWALD.
Listowel, April 24th, 1878. 13

NEW GROCERY AND LIQUOR STORE.
W. McMILLAN
Wishes to intimate to the inhabitants of Listowel and surrounding country, that he has opened a
Grocery and Liquor Store
—IN—
MARTIN'S BLOCK,
One door east of the Grand Central Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a large supply of
GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS,
Which he will sell at the lowest rates to cash buyers.
A CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.
W. McMILLAN.
Listowel, May 18th, 1878. 17

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!!
TATHAM & CO.,
Offer to the public
One thousand kegs selected CUT NAILS, superior to the American make both in style and finish.
Five tons Barn Door and other Hinges.
314 dozen Locks and Knobs.
203 dozen Latches.
300 boxes Glass.
20 barrels Machine Oil.
Three tons White Lead.
10 barrels Paint Oil.
Our stock of
HARVEST TOOLS,
comprising the most celebrated makes of
SCYTHES AND FORKS,
are well assorted and unsurpassed in the Dominion.
TATHAM & CO.
Wholesale and Retail.
Listowel, Ont. 1

WAR! WAR! WAR!
Come to JOHN A. TREMAIN
For Good Building Lots,
and save fifty per cent.
CLOSE TO THE P. D. STATION.
14 JOHN A. TREMAIN.

FARM FOR SALE.
The undersigned offers for sale his farm, containing 50 acres, east half of lot No. 3, in the 4th concession of Elma, one mile from Trowbridge and five from the town of Listowel. It is good clay loam; 45 acres cleared; good young orchard; well fenced; a good frame house, frame barn and stable. Can be purchased on reasonable terms. For full particulars apply to ROBERT ROSE, on the premises, or Trowbridge P. O. 6c

HARD TIMES MADE EASY.
ROBINSON & DUNHAM,
Taking advantage of the hard times, have purchased a large amount of
First-Class Machinery,
of the most improved kind, and are now conducting an extensive
SASH, DOOR, AND BLIND
MANUFACTORY,
where they keep constantly on hand a full supply of Sashes, Doors, and Blinds.
Patent School Desks of the latest and most approved designs made to order.
A LARGE STOCK OF DRY LUMBER AT REDUCED RATES.
All kinds of building and repairing promptly attended to.
Plans and specifications drawn up and estimates given.
The subscribers, being practical men and employing only first-class workmen, guarantee satisfaction.
Factory—Corner of Elma and mill streets, near the Foundry.
A CALL RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.
C. H. ROBINSON, W. H. DUNHAM.
Listowel, March 28th, 1878. 9

JOSEPH CONGDON,
Builder and Contractor,
LISTOWEL, ONT.,
is prepared to contract for the erection of every description of building.
Stone work, Brick work, and Plastering
receive special attention.
THE CELEBRATED GUELPH LIME
constantly on hand and for sale.
Sole Agent for the STRATHROY COMPOSITION STONE WORKS. 1.

R. MARTIN,
AGENT FOR
Selling Lands, Lending Money,
doing a general Fire Insurance business, writing Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, Agreements, Registering documents, and obtaining Abstracts of Titles; buying Mortgages and Debentures.
MONEY LOANED
at 8 per cent on Town and Farm property, with a privilege to the borrower to repay at any time without cost.
MONEY LOANED on Second Mortgages, where the Borrower has already mortgaged. He is not required to pay off the First in order to get a Second loan. Apply to R. MARTIN.
MORTGAGES BOUGHT.
The highest price paid for good Mortgages on either Farm or Town property.
THE LANCASHIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Paid in the St. John's fire $300,000 in one month after adjustment of claims. Capital $10,000,000.
R. MARTIN, Agent.
THE WESTERN
INSURANCE COMPANY
Paid $94,000 in the St. John's fire. Assets over $1,500,000. Income over $800,000 per annum. Established 1851. This old established and reliable Company is prepared to accept all classes of property on most favorable terms. Policids issued on farm and private dwellings and contents for three years at very low rates.
Also
$3,000 WILL PURCHASE LOT NO. 39, in the 3rd concession of Minto, 100 acres; 40 acres cleared, balance a good hard wood bush; well fenced and under a good state of cultivation. $2,000 cash, balance in five years at 8 per cent. Apply to ROBERT MARTIN.
$750 WILL PURCHASE ONE-FIFTH of an acre on the south side of Inkerman street, with a good Frame Dwelling, containing seven apartments and kitchen. Apply to R. MARTIN.
$1,000 WILL PURCHASE 100 acres, north half of lot 23, in the 4th concession Morris, lying along the railroad track; all bush. Apply to R. MARTIN.
$325 WILL PURCHASE A PARK Lot containing 4½ acres on David Wark's Survey of farm lot number twenty-three, on the second concession of Wallace. Apply to R. MARTIN.
$3,000 WILL PURCHASE THE NORTH part of lot No. 61, in the 1st con. Elma, containing 62½ acres. Good frame barn. Terms, $1,900 cash; balance to remain on mortgage at 8 per cent. for 5 years.
$1,500 WILL PURCHASE TWO-FIFTHS of an acre on north side of Alma St. A good dwelling house, nine apartments, also stable thereon. $1,000 cash, balance on time for 5 years at 8 per cent. Apply to R. MARTIN.
Office on Main St.,
LISTOWEL,
Opposite the Grand Central Hotel. 1

NEW GOODS!
CHEAP GOODS!
STYLISH GOODS!
AT
BEAN & GEE'S.
Their ordered Shirts are giving excellent satisfaction.
Call and leave your measure for a sample shirt.
Prices always right.
Highest prices paid for farm produce.
No trouble to show Goods.
Don't forget the place,
MAIN STREET, SECOND DOOR FROM WALLACE,
LISTOWEL.
LISTOWEL, April 24th, 1878.

NEW SPRING GOODS
AT THE
ONTARIO HOUSE.
I have received a very choice stock of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS
which for prices and quality cannot fail to suit cash and prompt paying buyers.
In Dress Goods, Millinery, Prints, Cottons, Broad Cloths, Tweeds, Denims, Carpets, Hats and Caps, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware Boots and Shoes, and Liquors,
My stock will be found well assorted.
THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT
this season will surpass anything ever offered in Town for Style, Quality, and Cheapness.
GEO. DRAPER.
LISTOWEL, April 4, 1878. 1

STAR HOUSE.
NEW GOODS!
LATEST STYLES!!
LOWEST PRICES!!
CELEBRATED "TRIANGLE" BRAND
OF
BLACK LUSTRES.
S. McCLUNG & SON.
LISTOWEL, March 26, 1878. 9

REMOVAL.
D. D. CAMPBELL
Has great pleasure in notifying his customers and the public that he has removed to his own premises, lately occupied by Mrs. MAYNARD, and next door to Scott's Bank, on
WALLACE STREET.
He is now receiving more than usual full lines in
NEW SPRING GOODS!
Most of which are direct importations. PRINTS, BLACK LUSTRES, DRESS GOODS, DUNDAS COTTONS, TWEEDS, and all kinds of Goods usually kept by first-class Houses.
GROCERIES
Of the freshest and purest. His stock of TEAS is particularly good.
READY-MADE CLOTHING, AND BOOTS & SHOES
are a specialty. Any one in need of a good fitting Coat or Boot should buy them from him. If you require a
First-class Suit of Clothes made to order,
Go to D. D. CAMLBELL'S and get the best in town. No matter what you are told, don't buy till you examine my goods and prices.
Wallace Street is Determined to take the Lead
in good goods and cheap goods, and keep it too. Come along with your butter and eggs, or with anything else you have worth money and we will give you great bargains. Don't put it off till the roads get better, come right away.
D. D. CAMPBELL.
WALLACE STREET, LISTOWEL, Ont., March 11th, 1878.

Bric-a-Brac.

BITTER-SWEET.

'Tis sweet to hear the droning hum of bees,
The songs of birds the busy trees among;
'Tis sweet to sit beneath those blooming trees,
But not so sweet to jump because you're stung.

SONG OF THE TRAMP.

Work is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with his face,
We can't endure; we up and leave the place.

TRUST.

Make a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow;
Trust will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

SHE WAS HIS.

"Oh! tell me, gentle seraph,
With those ruddy lips of thine,
Tell me fondly, tell me often,
That you're mine, forever mine."
Then she gope a gape and nodded,
Then another gape was born,
And her very silence answered—
"I am yawn, forever yawn."

MUSIC.

Who has a gift more glorious than thine,
Musician? In thy hands are held the keys
Unlocking to men vexing mysteries;
Surely no art than thine is more divine!
For at thy pleasure thou can'st make hope shine
Into dark places; and as summer breeze
Comes bearing scent of flowers that no one sees,
So thou to those who hear thee bringest sign
Of some great good to come, which makes their tears
Start all unbidden, oping the blind eyes.

PARAPHRASE FROM HEINE.

At last they have vanquished me quite—
Worn out I surrendered to Fate—
Some of them with their love,
And some of them with their hate.
These gave me wine, and these
Poured poison early and late,
Some of them with their love,
And some of them with their hate.
Yet the one who has most of all
Bitter, crushing and fatal proved
Is she who ne'er has hated me,
Is she who ne'er has loved.

A Singular Duel.

A very painful affair has just happened in Scotland. It was nothing less than a gross and brutal outrage on a peaceful and innocent Scotchman. The affair was, perhaps, almost too horrible to be told in a family newspaper, but as it illustrates the stern fidelity with which justice is administered in Scotland, it may carry a useful lesson to our courts.

AN ENGLISH "COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER"

—as it is the fashion in this country to call that charming class of persons better known in England as bagmen—recently went to Edinburgh, and, as he intended to make some stay in the city, hired a lodging. He was not well acquainted with the manners and customs of the Scottish people. While he was not, so far as known, a thief or a drunkard he was, nevertheless, openly addicted to playing on the piano and to singing worldly songs. Doubtless, he would never have been able to procure a lodging in a respectable part of Edinburgh had it been known that he was guilty of these vices. As will be seen, as soon as his true character was discovered, he was transferred to lodgings more appropriate for persons of his peculiar habits.

The next room to that occupied by this miserable Englishman was inhabited by

A STURDY AND UPRIGHT SCOTCHMAN,

and on the first Sunday afternoon after the arrival of the commercial traveller, the good Scotchman was inexpressibly shocked to hear the sound of a piano in his neighbor's room. The Scotchman was particularly earnest in his conscientious opposition to musical instruments, and had been seceded from two kinds of Presbyterian churches, because in one an organ and in the other a violin had been introduced to accompany the singing of the psalms. When he heard a piano on the Sabbath day he naturally felt outraged, and determined to drown the wicked noise by singing psalms in his loudest voice. Accordingly

HE TOOK UP HIS PSALM-BOOK

and made the furniture vibrate with his strident singing, but he could neither drown the piano nor disconcert the musician. After half an hour of this sort of effort, the Scotchman's throat grew excessively sore, and he turned off his voice. About tiqe same time, the traveller, in his turn, began to sing. The perspiration stood on the brow of the horrified Scotchman as he recognized

THE RIOTOUS STRAINS OF "ANNIE LAURIE,"

and similar ribald melodies. He tried to read a sermon of unusual weight and length; but he could not fix his mind upon what he was reading. He tried to deaden his sensibilities by repeating the Westminster Catechism; bnt he found himself defining original sin as a "saving grace whereby"—and committing other errors, which convinced him that music and the Catechism do not mix well together. Finally, he decided that there was

BUT ONE COURSE LEFT FOR HIM,

as an humble and consistent Covenanter, and, removing his coat, he walked, with a firm and rapid step, to the commercial traveller's room, postponing the ceremony of knocking until he reached the wretched culprit. There is no doubt that the singer was exceedingly astonished, for he instantly stopped singing. Almost any man who, while sitting at a piano, is suddenly knocked down by a large and silent Scotchman, would be somewhat astonished. However, the Englishman was a bold man, although of light weight, and he instantly rose from the floor and fell upon his assailant with great vigor. There was no one within hearing to interfere, and

THE COMBATANTS FOUGHT WITH ARDOR

for nearly an hour. Beginning at the piano which stood on the west side of the room about three feet from the window, they fought all around the room, and fell over immense quantities of furniture. The strength of the Scotchman was almost matched by the agility of the Englishman, and at one time when the latter had forced his enemy's head into the coal-scuttle, it really looked as if the Englishman was to be the victor. In the last round, however, the musical miscreant was knocked against the corner of the piano and temporarily stunned. When he regained his senses

THE SCOTCHMAN WAS SITTING UPON HIM

and awaiting the arrival of a policeman. When the combatants were brought before a magistrate, they did not present a very creditable appearance. There were but two available eyes among them, though by way of compensation, they each had an enormous quantity of nose. The Scotchman charged the Englishman with having broken the Sabbath by singing profane songs, and the latter charged his adversary with an unprovoked assault and battery. Each told his own story and told it truly. The Englishman said he was singing "Annie Laurie," when a sanguinary lunatic burst into his room and tried to murder him. The Scotchman said that, hearing a wretch in the act of violating the Sabbath, he felt that it was his duty to prevail upon him to stop.

THE MAGISTRATE,

after duly weighing the evidence, comitted the commercial traveller to jail for disturbing the peace and breaking the Sabbath, and then discharged the Scotchman, with a warm commendation of his noble conduct, assuring him that the whole community would applaud his energy in preserving the Sabbath from desecration.

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM,

the English press does not agree with the Scottish magistrate, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* disingenuously hints that a rough-and-tumble fight is quite as much a violation of the Sabbath as is the singing of "Annie Laurie." But it is useless to try to satisfy Englishmen. In this case a horrible outrage was perpetrated upon an estimable Scotchman, and yet the English press seems to think that the aggressor ought not to have been punished. What is the use of arguing with people who are stupid enough to hold such an opinion as this?

A Teetotaler But not Bigoted.

The following anecdote is told by the Virginia (Nev.) *Chronicle*:—"Come and have a drink, boys," remarked a well-known Bulgarian of this city to a number of friends with whom he was chatting in front of Mallon's store this morning. They all went in and ordered their drinks. There was a circuming uniformty in the orders—"a schmall cup o' that whisky, Jim," seemed to cover all requirements. As they were about to quaff, one of the party suddenly called to another, "Hello, Dougherty, you drinking whisky? Sure it was only yestherday that ye towld me you was a taytotaler." "Well," said Mr. Dougherty, evidently somewhat disconcerted, "you're right, Misther Kelly; it's quite right ye are. I am a taytotaler, it's thrue, but I—I—I'm not a bigoted one."

Pennsylvania and New York pay their governors better than any other State.

On December 1, 1877, the populaton of Berlin numbered 1,018,818. In 1860 it was only 500,000.

Appalling Shipwrecks.

A correspondent of the London *Daily News* writes from Madrid, April 23:—A terrible disaster occurred in the Bay of Biscay last Saturday. It was holy week, and for several days the fishing boats had not left their ports. The nets had been hung out to dry, and the men loitered about to look on the quaint processions of Good Friday. The weather had been very fine during the earlier part of the week, and on Saturday the sun rose gloriously on a quiet sea. Accordingly, before 8 o'clock the sails of the fishermen of Biscay studded the horizon. By midday the breeze shifted to the north-east, and a line of clouds appeared far away in the horizon. The sea rose very fast, and the waves increased on the sands. Gulls and other birds began to sweep along the surface of the water with their peculiar cry. The sky grew overcast rapidly, and then the fierce "noroeste," the northwester of Basque ballad, began to howl and rage in a manner which made the bravest hearts quake. People gathered on the piers and on the rocks to gaze at the approach-squall, which came on with rain, hail and sleet, hiding the sea from view and driving all to their homes.

When the squall was over, crowds of women and children flocked around the dismayed authorities and despairingly complained of the port captain having allowed the boats to leave. In vain did the officials protest that they had no reason to suppose that the beautiful morning would end in a squall. In vain did they say that they had no power to prevent the men going on their expeditions. Heartrending cries were heard, and still no news came, until it was reported, that on some beach, three shipwrecked boys had been found. Then planks and baskets washed in, and larger vessels which had weathered the storm brought in the dismal tale. The evening waned, and some boats more fortunate came in, only to increase the agony of the bereaved with certain details of the destruction of their comrades. Santandar had lost seven large boats five smaller ones, with 67 men and lads. Other places in the same Province had during the night reported about 25 boats lost, with crews varying from four to eleven hands. Biscay, however, had suffered most, and the excitement in Bilbao was intense on Tunday, as telegram after telegram came in from the alcaldes on the coast. Off Cape Michichaco, well known to all vessels entering the Bilbao river, the squall had been most violent, Elanchovi, with 300 inhabitants, lost 59 men and 8 boats; Lequietio, Deva, Ondorroa, and Plencia, each lost 3 smacks. At the head of the casualty list stands Bermeo, the picturesque and lovely little town situated near the cape; 106 of its fishermen perished in 15 boats. The alcalde of the place telegraphs that the misery and grief of the wretched families are terrible. More than 40 widows and 200 children in a town of 1,800 inhabitants, are mourning this great calamity. Details have not yet been received from Asturias and the Galician coast. The official telegrams report a total loss up to yesterday of 820 men and boys in about 90 boats of different sizes.

The local authorities have taken steps to relieve the widows and orphans, and for that purpose subscriptions have been raised in Bilbao, Santander, and Madrid. For the most pressing requirements the Government telegraphed to place 5,000 pesetas, about £200, at the disposal of the governors in Bilbao and Santander. The Basques residing in Madrid have formed a committee to receive subscriptions and forward the same to the provincial authorities. Little wreckage has been cast ashore by the sea, and no trace is left of the fishing fleet of Biscay.

Beau Nash's Generosity.

Never was there a more striking instance of imprudent gerenosity than was exmplified by Beau Nash. He was the best-hearted creature in the world; his purse was ever open to the distressed. No matter what were his own exigencies or the claims upon him by creditors, he would at any time have emptied his pockets to save applicants from a state of unhappiness. As for being just before being generous, that was what he had not the most distant conception of. On one occasion, overhearing a poor beggar man on the street say to his wife, "How happy should we be had we ten pounds!—that sum would make us right for life," instantly his hand was in his pocket and pulling forth the sum in question, presented it to the man saying, "There is what you want—go, be happy, and hastened off without waiting to be thanked. On another occasion, he in the same manner, and for a similar reason, gave a gentleman who had been ruined at the gaming-table the sum of two hundred pounds. But the most remarkable instance of this species of insanity—for it can be called nothing else—took place in the following manner:—

He was waited on one day by a gentleman of his acquaintance, who told him he had just come from seeing the most pitiable sight his eyes ever beheld—a poor man and his wife, surrounded with seven helpless infants, almost all perishing for want of food, raiment, and lodging; their apartment was as dreary as the street itself, from the weather breaking in upon them at all quarters; that, upon inquiry, he found the parents were honest and sober, and wished to be industrious if they had employment; and he had calculated the expense of making the whole family comfortable and happy.

"How much money," exclaimed Nash, "would relieve them and make them happy?"

"About ten guineas," replied the friend, "would be sufficient for the purpose."

Nash instantly went to his bureau, and gave him the cash, at the same time pressing him to make all possible haste, for fear of the sudden dissolution of the miserable family.

"I need not go far," said the friend, smiling, and putting the money into his pocket; "you know you have owed me this money a long while—that I have dunned you for it for years to no manner of purpose; excuse me therfore, that I have thus imposed ou your *feelings*, not being able to move your justice, for there are no such objects as I have described, to my knowledge; the story is a fiction from beginning to end; you are a dupe not of *justice* but of your own *humanity*."

The Countess Bozenta.

Madame Helena Modjeska, the Countess Bozenta, was born in Cracow, the old capital of Poland, in 1846. Two of her brothers were actors, a third was a musician and a conductor, and she has also a sistar who is actress. She went upon the stage in a small town in Galacia, in 1861. She commenced her art by playing everthing put before her, and this opportunity to exhibit her versatility was a great delight to her. She met the Count Bozenta in 1866, while acting there, and married him two years later. Ill health induced her to seek other shores, and obtaining leave from the Russian Government, which has control of the theatre in her native place, went to California, where she stayed nearly a year, mastering the English language in that time.

It can hardly be said of Modjeska that she is a different woman on and off the stage. The Buffalo public has already judged her powers before the foot-lights, and what I have to say of the Madame are simply my own impressions received in a conversation with her, after seeing her performance of *Camille*. I had the honor of an introduction through her manager Mr. H. J. Sargent. As we ascended the elevator at the Tifft House he said to me. "You must consider this a favor. The Madame does not want to be interviewed, and you must not tell her you came for that. She'll be very glad to see you, and will be very polite, but she is tired, and you know how these sort of people are bored to death. Why, you'd be astonished to see the number of individuals who, without the least claim upon her attention in the world, seek an introduction. And the number of autograph albums sent to her with imploring messages for her signature are beyond count. Young men and maidens by the score bother her almost to death."

When we entered the cheerful little parlor I found Madame Modjeska seated on a sofa already dressed for her journey to New York, and consequently with little time to spare for conversation. I was rather disappointed in her appearance at first, undoubtedly her stage beauty the night before was calculated to charm, and although I saw the same face and heard the same sweet voice, yet she was looking quite pale and wearied. "You see," said she as she tried to suppress a cough, "I have a severe cold, and it has quite annoyed me."

"Oh," I answered, "then your coughing in *Camille* was not altogether fictitious? It certainly did sound very natural."

She laughed heartily at this and then added: "Yes it was very true, and I am half afraid with my cold and my English, I must have seemed very strange."

"Not at all, Madame," I ventured to say, "We like your English, your accent is delightful." "But I am so imperfect," she replied, "does it not sound very funny? I study very hard and hope to improve very much. You know I have only spoken your language for a year."

I expressed my surprise at this, and told her it was rather remarkable for one to so quickly learn English, and to play it too. She looked pleased at this, and after a moment's pause added cheerily: "And there is ecom for improvement, don't you think? I like your country very much. They have received me so well here. I did not expect it. I am going to Europe in a month, but I don't know when I shall return."

"What is your favorite character, Madame," I asked.

"I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "I have none. Perhaps I prefer *Adrienne*. I have only played three in this country. You shall see me in *Juliet* soon.

The conversation then returned to the matter of her reception in this country. In speaking of the newspaper criticisms, Mme. Modjeska's eyes sparkled with an apparently conscious air that I was a newspaper man and she answered me with a pretty toss of of her head, "Oh, the newspapers have been very very kind—so Mr. Sargent tells me—but do you know I seldom see them? The morning after the performance I say to Mr. Sargent 'well what do the newspapers say?' for I do not have time to read them, and he will say 'splendid, but they are all the same, just alike,' and then I know that I have pleased the good people."

In reply to my question as to what American city pleased her the most, she said, "All. But they are just the same. The audiences are all alike. Buffalo delights me. It has been very gracious."

As a conversationalist Madame Modjeska is bright and fascinating. She seems to find it easy to express her thoughts and never appears at loss for a word. To me her accent is particularly agreeable. Her personal appearance indicates cultivation. She is in every way a lady of refinement, and her perfect simplicity, her youthful enthusiasm, together with her intellectual ability, must surely win for her a legion of friends wherever she may go. In her profession she uses her own conception of the character she plays. Her *Camille* is the result of the most studious study, and while all her special roles are differently acted than by those we have been accustomed to see, we must tceept them as a finished portrait by a true artist.

THOPHONIUS, in *Rooey Sturdiy*.

Stage Banquets.

A veteran actor of inferior fame once expressed his extreme dislike to what he was pleased to term "the sham wine parties" of Macbeth and others. He was aweary of the Barmecide banquets of the stage, of affecting to quaff with gusto imaginary wine out of empty pasteboard goblets, and of making believe to have an appetite for wooden apples and "property" comestibles. He was in every sense a poor player, and had often been a very hungry one. He took especial pleasure in remembering the entertainments of the theatre in which the necessities of performance or regard for rooted traditions involved the setting of real edible food before the actors. At the same time he greatly lamented the limited number of dramas in which these precious opportunities occurred.

He had grateful memories of the rather obsolete Scottish melodrama of "Cramond Brig;" for in this work old custom demanded the introduction of a real sheep a head with accompanying "trotters." He told of a North British manager who was wont—especially when the salaries he was supposed to pay were somewhat in arrear, and he desired to keep his company in good humour, and maybe alive—to produce this play on Saturday nights. For some days before the performance the dainties that were destined to grace it underwent exhibition in the green room. A label bore the inscription, "This sheep's head will appear in the play of 'Cramond Brig' on next Saturday night. God save the king!" "It afforded us all two famous dinners," reveals our veteran. "We had a large pot of broth made with the head and feet; these we ate on Saturday night; the broth we had on Sunday." So in another Scottish play, "The Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay, it was long the custom on stages north of the Tweed to present a real haggis, although niggard managers were often tempted to substitute for the genuine dish a far less savoury, if more wholesome, mess of oatmeal. But a play more famous still for the reality of its victuals, and better known to modern times, was Prince Hoare's musical farce, "No Song no Supper." A steaming-hot boiled leg of lamb and turnips may be described as quite the leading character in this entertainment. Without this appetising addition the play has never been represented. This is a story, however, which one can only hope is incorrect, of an *impresario* of Oriental origin who supplied the necessary meal, yet subsequently fined his company all round on the ground that they had "combined to destroy certain of the properties of the theatre."

There are many other plays in the course of which genuine food is consumed on the stage. But some excuse for the general fictitious nature of theatrical repasts is to be in the fact that eating during the performance is often a very difficult matter for the actors to accomplish. Michael Kelly, in his "Memoirs," relates that he was required to eat part of a fowl in the supper scene of a bygone operatic play called "A House to be Sold." Bannister at rehearsal had informed him that it was very difficult to swallow fowl on the stage. Kelly was incredulous, however. "But, strange as it may appear," he writes, "I found it a fact that I could not get down a morsel. My embarassment was a great source of fun to Bannister and Suett, who were both gifted with the accomodating talent of stage feeding. Whoever saw poor Snett as the lawyer in 'No Song no Supper,' tucking in his boiled leg of lamb, or in 'The Siege of Belgrade,' will be little disposed to question my testimony to the fact." From this account, however, it is manifest that the difficulty of "stage feeding," as Kelly calls it, is not invariably felt by all actors alike. And probably although the appetites of the superior players may often fail them, the supernumerary or the representative of minor characters could generally contrive to make a respectable meal if the circumstances of the case supplied the opportunity. — *Dutton Cook.*

The Deacon's Mishap.

The phonograph is certainly the most wonderful invention of this or any other age, and the purposes to which it may be devoted are manifold and surprising.

Mrs. Carmeen need no longer sit up until midnight for a late husband — that is, late coming home. She can now speak her lecture in the diaphragm of the phonograph, attach one end of the cord to the crank and the other end to the knob of her chamber door, and retire to her downy couch with the sweet and comforting assurance of having "spoken her mind" where it will do the most good. Carmeen will come sneaking in at 1 A.M., as usual, and creep stealthily upstairs, but no sooner does he open his bedroom door than that awful phonograph will up and tell him in his wife's well-known voice, what she thinks of "such conduct as this," winding up with the stern command, "Now come to bed, you old fool, and don't sit there blinking like a sick owl!" and all the time this performance is in progress, Mrs. Carmeen may be revelling in sweet dreams in which spring bonnets and the latest lovely thing in polonaise predominate.

The phonograph is also capable of playing some pretty shabby tricks, and if Deacon Peppers could have laid his hands on the inventor a few nights ago, he would probably have torn him into two thousand fragments—more or less.

The deacon is, or rather was, a good man and a class-leader in the Brownsville church. He visited New York, and wandered into a store where phonographs were on exhibition and for sale. He became much interested in the instrument, and when he spoke into the mouthpiece of one of the machines, and heard his own words ground out with startling distinctnes, he manifested his astonishment in one prolonged "W-h-e-w!"

Then a happy thought struck him. He usually made a brief address at class-meetings on Friday evenings, and he suddenly conceived the idea of speaking his piece in the phonograph, purchasing the invention, and surprising the brethren and sisters at the next meeting. The idea was carried into execution to some extent. The deacon charged the phonograph with an appropriate address, and while he was bargaining with the owner for the instrument in another part of the room, a rough, bushy-whiskered individual, attired in corduroy pantaloons and a speckled shirt, slipped in unobserved and howled a lot of stuff into the same nachine. The deacon paid for and carried off the phonograph, entirely ignorant of the frightful sentences injected into it by the rough person, who, as subsequently proved, was the intellectual driver of a mule team, and not very choice in his language.

The next day was Friday, and in the evening the deacon marched into the church with his phonograph under his arm, and his face illuminated with a radiant smile.

"My friends," he continued "I have a little surprise for you. I have bought a substitute to speak for me. This little instrument I have here (holding up the phonograph) will now address you briefly on your duty to the church and to suffering humanity."

Then the deacon with a smile extending from ear to ear, gave the crank a couple of turns, and all the color faded from his face as the phonograph thundered forth:

"Get up there, you dashed old cripple! Whoa, Sal! you blind—"

It was awful.

The hair of the brothers in the front pews stood straight up; a sister in the back part of the house fainted dead away, and the sexton yelled "fire!"

"There—is—some—terrible mistake here!" gasped the deacon, after a few minutes of painful silence. "I must have turned the crank the wrong way—or maybe the linchpin is loose, or the safety valve has lost a screw or something." And perspiring at every pore, the deacon essayed another turn, and the machine yelled:

"Gee, Bill! Where in the dashnation are you going, you son of a mule! Peddi-whoa-a-a! Blast your eyes, can't you—"

The awfulness became more awful.

Three more sisters fainted, several brothers clapped their hats on their heads and their fingers into their ears, and started for the door shouting "police!" and the sexton hallowed "murder," while the deacon wildly clutched the phonograph by the neck and choked it till it was black in the face, and its eyes bulged out an inch.

But 'twas no use. The infernal arrangements of the machine were evidently demoralized, and the cylinder continued to revolve, grinding out the most frightful language ever heard outside of a political ward convention; and when the audience were saluted with "I'll knock your darned brains out, you long-eared—" they didn't wait for the remainder of the "address," but got as one man—and one woman—and made a dash for the door in a decidedly panic-stricken manner. The deacon, with his face the color of a small-pox flag, threw the phonograph over the pulpit, sprang after it and kicked it down the aisle into the street, where the sexton smashed it with an axe just as the deacon's address began to issue from its mouth-piece, and then placed it under the hydrant and let a stream of water run on it all night.

A committee was appointed on the spot to investigate what appeared to be the deacon's highly improper and painful conduct, and that well meaning person has concluded to move West and grow up with the country.—*Puck.*

The Young Folks.

The Butterfly Chase.

BY ELLIS GRAY.

Dear little butterfly,
Lightly you flutter by,
On golden wing.
Drops of sweet honey sip,
Deep from the clover tip,
Then upward spring.

Over the meadow grass
Swift as a fairy pass,
Blithesome and gay;
Toy with the golden-rod,
Make the blue asters nod—
Off and away!

Butterfly's dozing now,
Golden wings closing now,—
Softly he swings.
Tiny hands hold him fast,
Gently unclose at last,—
Fly, golden wings!

Quick! for he's after you,
With frowns laughter new,—
Mischievous boy!
Swift you must flutter by;
He wants you, butterfly,
For a new toy!

Sam's Birthday.

(CONCLUDED.)

Sam, however, was too true a philosopher to cry long over spilt milk—or soup. He reflected that the breakfast he had just taken would prevent his eating any soup, even if he had it. "I isn't injy rubber," said he to himself, with which beautiful and happy thought his frown was superseded by a smile, the smile developed into his normal grin, and he began to chant an appropriate stanza from one of his favorite lyrics:

"O-o-o-old Uncle John!
A-a-a-unt Sally Goodin!
When you got enough corn-bread
It's dee as good as puddin'."

The excellent Aunt Phillis was much affected by this saint-like conduct on the part of her son. She sighed; fearing that the boy was too good to live.

"Nommind, Sam," said she; "you nedn't tote no wood to day, or fotch no water, or do nuffin. Go down to de quarters, an' git Pumble to play wid you."

Pumble was a boy who in age and tastes corresponded closely with Sam, as he did in complexion. His real name, at full length, was Pumbleshook,—he having been so christened at the instance of Mahs'r George, in honour of the immortal corn-and-seedsman. Off went Sam in search of this boy; and he found him at the back of the paternal mansion, splitting up pine knots for kindlings. Sam approached him with a very slow, dignified step, and a look of commiseration.

"Hey, nigger!" said Sam, "dat's all you fit for, is to work. Why don't you be a gemman like me, whut ain't a-gwine to do a lick o' work dis whole day?"

"Done runned away, is you?" answered Pumble. "Well, I'll come 'round dis ebenin', when de ole ooman gibs you a dose ob hickory-tea."

"Dat'll do, boy;" said Sam. "Let you know dis is my buff-day, an' *I* won't work for nobody, on *my* buff-day. Go ax yo' mammy kin you come up an' play wid me; tell her *my* mammy sont word for you to come."

Pumble dropped the hatchet, stared ecstatically, and ran in to obtain the desired permission. It was granted. Then this dialogue occurred:

"Be a good chile!"

"Yes'm."

"Don't forgit yo' manners!"

"Nome."

"Member you's *my* son!"

"Yes'm."

"Don't you git into no mischief!"

"Nome."

"Ef you dose, I'll w'ar you out, sah! Now, go 'long!"

The boys trotted merrily away together. But they had not gone fifty rods before they heard Pumble's mother calling him. They stopped to listen.

"*Tuke—keer—ob yo'—clo'es!*" she shouted, and then went back into her house.

Under a great pecan-tree, on the lawn before the "big house," Sam and Pumble sat down to consider and consult, or, as they expressed it, "to study up whut us gwine to do."

"Shill I tell a story?" asked Pumbie.

"Does you know a good one?" inquired Sam.

"Dis story's gwine to be a new one," said Pumble, "beakase I'll make it up as I go 'long."

"Tell ahead," said Sam.

"Wunst apon a time—" began Pumble.

"What time?" interrupted Sam.

"Shut up! Wunst apon a time. Dey wuz a man. An' dis beakn man lighted up he pipe, an' started out on de big road. An' he went walkin' along. Right street along. An' walkin', along, an' walkin along, an' walkin' along. An' *walkin'* along. An' walkin' along, an' walkin' along——"

"Dat man wuz gwine all de way, wusn't he?" interjected the listener.

"He hadn't got noway, hardly, yit," said Pumble, "but he kep' a walkin' along. An walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along——"

"Stop dat walkin' now," said Sam, "and tell whut he done when he *got froo* walkin'."

"He come to de place he wuz a-gwine to," said Pumble.

"Did he, sho' enough?" exclaimed Sam. "I wuz kinder skeered he wudn't nebber git dar at all. Whut did he do nex'?"

"Do nex' t'ing he done," said Pumble, impressively, "wuz to turn right 'round an go back whar he come from. An' dat' all!"

As was his invariable custom when deeply impressed, Sam began to sing, Pumble joining in:

"Jay-bird a settin'
On a swingin' limb,
He wink at Stephen,
Stephen wink at him:
Stephen pint de gun,
Pull on de trigger,
Off go de load—
An' down come de nigger."

That old lady of one hundred and five summers is still threading her needle without spectacles, all over the country. It is a burning shame, considering the vast number of her descendants, that none of them have soul enough to purchase the old thing a pair of glasses. She has been threading that needle ever since her counterpart, the hale old gentleman of one hundred and six, started to saw the cord of wood, and that must have been over fifty years ago. It must be extremely injurious to her eyesight, and if she keeps it up long enough she is sure to go blind finally, and won't be able to get the old man's dinner when he shall come in and put away his saw. Will not some of the benevolent editors who watch her career with such touching solicitude send the poor girl a pair of green spectacles? If not, they may find themselves very hard pressed for a lie.

The local politicians are warming into life by the myriad—men we never hear of except on the eve of elections, when one might almost suppose they had the running of the whole mundane machinery.

Oar, Foot, Trigger, Bridle and Cue.

THE OAR.

Courtney, the celebrated Union Springs sculler, is getting ready to go to Australia to pull with Trickett. Before he starts, however, he will pull a match with James Demosey, of Geneva, N.Y., at Geneva, June, 19, for $500 a side.

A despatch from St. John, N.B., says: The backers of Wallace Ross offer to match him to row the winner of the Hanlan and Plaisted race for $1,000 a side, the distance to be three, four, or five miles, and the race to be rowed in neutral waters.

Reagan declines to close a match with Plaisted.

The annual Harlem regatta will be held on June 22.

Frenchy Johnson has accepted Reagan's offer for a match.

The Dolphin Rowing Club is the name of a new organization formed in Boston, Mass., by members of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The latest bulletin as to the Cornell-Harvard eight-oared freshman race, says that it will be rowed on Owasco Lake, July 17.

HOOF-PRINTS.

Fifteen Russian trotters are *en route* for the Paris Exposition.

Budd Dobie has become tired of California and intends to break up his stable and return East.

Controller, who recently trotted twenty miles in 58m. 27sec., has been matched to trot twenty-one miles within an hour for a big stake.

Freeport offers $5,000 at a four-days' trotting meeting, to be given from the 28th to the 31st inst.

The great western circuit, including Minneapolis, Dubuque, Kansas City, and Quincy, offers $35,000 in premiums, and begins at the first-named place Sept. 2.

The report generally circulated, to the effect that Ten Broeck has gone amiss in his training, is altogether fabulous. The horse is in good condition., is taking his hard work kindly, and never was in better health.

AT HALF-COCK.

The Thomas Post club is arranging for a glass-ball shot with rifles, *a la* Dr. Carver.

In the recent competition for the Sharp's $250 prize, L. Weber led with the suberb score of 215 at the usual long-range distances.

Creedmore has one thousand one hundred and one thousand two hundred yards ranges, secured through a recent lease of the grounds in the rear of the range.

A three-days' shoot at pigeons and glass-balls will occur under the direction of the Logan gun club, at Logansport, 28th to 30th inst. About $2,000 in prizes will be offered.

In a recent competition in the "shot-gun match" at Boston, W. H. Jackson, of the Massachusetts Rifle Club, made 218 out of a possible 225 at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, being one of the three best scores on record.

CROSS CUES.

Maurice Daly is looking around for a location to open a public house.

R. E. Wilmarsh, a New York player, was reported dead and buried, a few days ago, but he afterwards turned up and proceeded to explain that the report was without foundation in fact.

The Turf, Field and Farm is indulging in a series of things about crookedness in the late fifteen-ball tournament.

FOOT NOTES

S. A. Smith, of Albany, is reported to have recently walked ten miles in one hour and eighteen minutes.

G. J. Rose recently won a fifteen mile walk for a silver cup and the championship of the city, at Buffalo, N.Y. He made the distance in 2h. 35m. 36sec.

On May 13 a match was made between C. A. Harinan and George Guyon, respectively first and second man in the recent New York rink tournament, to walk thirty-six hours, for the champion belt and $250 a side, Aug. 9 and 10, in Chicago.

George Guyon, of Milwaukee, is backed for a six days' walk against John Ennis.

On Saturday, April 20, at Hull, England, Wm. Gale brought to a close another of his long distance exhibition walks, the task he is alleged to have performed being that of walking a quarter mile in every 7½ minutes from 3:30 P.M., on the previous Monday.

A little 9-year-old daughter of Millie Roze, the pedestrienne, was recently advertised to walk twenty-five mile at the Globe Theatre, Columbus, O., and it is said, actually covered five miles inside of fifty-six minutes, when the officers of the law put a stop to the inhuman exhibition.

'Kettle Drum Gossip"

[Toronto Saturday Night.]

Surely kind readers this should be the warmest greeting I have yet had, for chilly days are disappearing and sunshine makes us forget that even reflections can be cold. In fact, just about noon I cease to look at the linen suits with the same lack of interest I did last week, fancying that some day they may, like Mrs. Thompson's purchases (in the laughable farce) actually prove "handy things to have round a house."

However, let me remove my wrap and then we will commence our weekly review of all the leading topics of the last Kettle Drum. Yes, we discussed every affair worth mentioning; the Queen's Birthday and her subjects' behaviour. The former subject recalled to my mind that only four other sovereigns of England have reigned as long as she has: namefy, Queen Elizabeth and King Henry, Edward, and George, all three, strange to relate, being the third kings of their name. Also, no reigning sovereign of Europe has sat so long on the throne, if we except two German princes. But even this matter of rejoicing should not have made so many citizens of Toronto get noisy over the fact, and declare "they would not go home till morning," for the Queen being a Christian lady would rather her loyal subjects had drunk her health in a milder form.

On the art easel, surrounded by a wreath of roses, stood a photograph of Her Majesty, beautifully taken, in Philadelphia, from the only oil-painted portrait ever executed of the Queen by an American. The artist's name is Sully, and the joyous young Queen of nineteen summers was so pleased with the pretty picture that she gave him her thanks and autograph which, framed hang under the original study. Victoria's youthful bloom was then her chief charm, and the painter has done full justice to the fair round cheek, coral lips, glossy brown hair, lustrous eyes and dimpled shoulders.

The difference between carriage and promenade bonnets is more marked than formerly; the latter must be simple and less elaborate. No pearl bandeaux or lace lappets; these should be reserved for receptions and carriages. But the prettiest hats are the Courtnay and Lowestoff, both admirably adapted for summer journeyings and Toronto wear. The former is *very* charming and universally becoming. A soft lisse veil crossed behind and tied coquettishly under the chin, converts it into a most comfortable yet heart-breaking head gear for boating and pic-nic excursions. The Lowestoff will replace the popular Gainsboro' and is particularly suited to tall picturesque elegantes. The Modjeska's popularity is on the wane, whilst "the English walking hat" is now allowed to look dowdy and be unbecoming.

Our brunette readers will rejoice in my information that amber is very fashionable this season. Lady Rosebury has a suberb set of these ornaments, and has displayed them on several occasions. Gold circles in the hair and Greek fillets of silver are much worn, the hair being gathered on the top of the head and a few short curls escaping from the knot being the most *distinque* mode in Paris.

Standing in the hall, I admired a magnificent tree which somebody told me was a fig; it was over five feet in height and yet was frozen this winter and died down to the roots, so that its growth must have been very rapid. I hear it had sprang up from a dried fig taken by our hostess from a box in the grocer's. She had planted it in ordinary mould, and sprinkled it daily with tepid water. As soon as new figs arrive in Toronto, which will now be in a few weeks, I intend to make the experiment, and advise my readers to do the same, and procure one of the handsomest trees I have ever seen.

I must not overlook mentioning a set of doyleys in a work now most popnlar in England. They were very pretty, and had been sent out for my hostess, already stamped and arranged for execution by the Decorative Needle-work Society, Portman Square, London. They were on fine linen, and simply outlined in blue, the design being the old willow pattern to match her dinner and tea services. Another set was copied from rare old china, she also showed me some tidies from the same institution, to be worked in crewel, they were favourite nursery rhymes illustrated, some being very grotesque—Simple Simon meeting the pie-man being most laughable, and enough to disperse all moody thoughts and dismal "blues" from the one whose chair was decorated with such a mirth provoking article.

My hostess showed me several beautiful pretty azaleas for the decoration of her dinner table; she had produced a good effect by wrapping the pots in very white cotton wool, tying it on with fine white thread; she had laid small pressed ferns with their heads downward, and the thread passing over them was not discernable. She had touched them with gum and sprinkled on a little diamond dust; the result was excellent.

On a side table I observed some works in French, and as it is pretty difficult to obtain pretty and nice books in this language, I will mention their names, "La Petite Duchesse," by Lenaide Fleuriot, "Scence d' Histoire et de Famille," by Madame Guizot, and "L'Oncle Placide," by Ginardin, all suitable for young ladies to peruse. Indeed, kind readers, I never felt more reluctant to leave our Kettle Drum than I did this afternoon, still I knew you would blame me at least I hoped you would, if my column remained like Viola's life, "a blank," and I saw every chance of its being so. Consequently I left much unseen, and bidding all hastily adieu, thus hurriedly commit my words to paper, and my manuscript to press. Good night.

J. S.

Cookery's Vernacular.

A Vocabulary of the Most Commonly Used Cooking Phrases.

(Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in the Christian Union.)

Many of the French terms, now so extensively employed in some of our most valuable household manuals, are often a hindrance and a source of discouragement to young and inexperienced housekeepers, and, indeed, to older ladies not familiar with foreign words.

The following glossary will be of little service if not preserved for future use: and with it also should be collected whatever receipes or directions may have been found serviceable. If these are cut out and pasted into a home-made receipe book, they will be found of lasting service:

A VOCABULARY OF COOKING PHRASES.

ALLEMANDE—The white sauce known as veloute, thickened with cream and whites of eggs, and seasoned with nutmeg and lemon juice.

ANGELICA—A plant preserved in syrup, used to ornament pastry, tarts, &c.

ASPIC JELLY — Transparent jelly made from meat, and used to garnish fancy dishes

AU-BLEU—Fish dressed so as to give a bluish tint.

BLAIN-MARIE—A loose bottomed vessel or cistern to be put on a hot hearth, or stove, and partly filled with hot water, to keep sauces, soups, etc., up to scalding heat without burning or reducing the quantity.

BARD—Thin slice of fat bacon to cover any meat or game where "larding" is not preferred.

BECHAMEL—A French white sauce made from ham, veal, onions and a variety of seasoning; similar to veloute, save that the latter is made of poultry, etc., instead of meats.

BEIGNET—A fritter of any kind, fruit, vegetables, meats, etc., that is dripped in butter or egg and fried.

BLANC—A white broth in which to boil poultry, lamb, etc., to make them look white.

BLANQUETTES—Thin slices of white meat warmed up in white sauce, and thickened with yolks of eggs.

BOUDIN—An *entree* or side dish prepared with any