Listowel Standard.

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THE JAMES BOYS.

An Attempt to Entrap Them That Did Not Succeed.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 1.—The Republican publishes a long account of the James boys' home and the late unsuccessful attempt to entrap them. It says:

THE HOME AND RENDEZVOUS

of the James boys for many years past has been within fifteen miles of Bardestown, Nelson county, Ky., bordering on the fork of Salt river, in a heavily wooded region, surrounded by rocky hills, barred by deep ravines. Although within fifty miles of Louisville, the outlaws were perfectly secure in the retreat, and they made for it after each raid. There their horses were trained, their booty divided, and they were

SURROUNDED BY FRIENDS,

who punished an intruder with death, and kept up a system of guards extending to Louisville. Any sign of a detective campaign was promptly reported to the James partners. Don Penn, sheriff of the district, owed his life to the James boys during the war, and he vowed that he would

NEVER GO BACK ON THEM.

The wife of Jesse James brought her children and took up her quarters last summer at Don Penn's house, where she was recognized, and then disappeared from the neighborhood about four days before the Winston train robbery.

SEEKING A PLACE OF SAFETY.

Shortly after the train robbery on the Chicago and Rock Island road in last July, a party consisting of the James boys, John Jarrett, Ed. Miller, Jim Cummings and a man named Leeth were seen moving towards the Bardestown hill.

A DETECTIVE'S TRAP BAITED WITH A PAY CAR.

Capt. Bligh, chief of the Louisville detective force, was posted on these matters, and on August 22 was told that the gang was in the Salt River hills, contemplating the robbery of a pay train coming from Louisville to pay workmen on the extension from Taylorville to Bloomfield. The tracks were laid as far as Smilleytown, not far from where some armed men of the James gang were seen asleep in the woods. Capt. Bligh determined to set a trap, and a pay car was attached to the passenger train on the following day. In it were placed fifteen armed men from the Louisville force, and the train steamed down the track awaiting the robbers. They, however,

HAD BEEN WARNED,

And watched the train from the hill-top. The mission failed of its purpose, and the armed force returned to Louisville. The gang, becoming convinced that it was unsafe to remain in the immediate vicinity, disappeared. It is believed that Governor Crittenden had knowledge of many of the facts detailed in this account prior to his interview here with railroad officials which resulted in the offering of the larger rewards some months ago.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

Mr. F. W. Breary, of the London Aeronautical Society, recently read a paper on aerial navigation, and explained with the aid of models the principles upon which attempts have hitherto been made and should in the future be made to effect artificial flight. The conclusion at which the Aeronautical Society had arrived was that flight was merely a mechanical action capable of imitation, that it was unassisted by air cells or other contrivances for effecting levity, that the balloon was incapable of being rendered useful to a man as a means of locomotion except in the way of waftage. The tenants of the air, great as was the variety of their size and form, resembled one another in possessing three important capacities, the association and proper adjustment of which constituted the property and power of flight, viz, weight, surface and force.

The weight of a body was due to the action of gravity, and the problem was how so to retard or regulate the action of gravity as to cause its influence to be infinitesimally distributed. Having explained what he wished to show by projecting some peculiarly folded pieces of paper across the theatre, he then left fall from a height a bat shaped model, which scon, taking a curve, shot out in a nearly horizontal direction for a time. Had force, the third great principal of flight, been employed, it would have neutralized the action of gravity so long as it continued, and the flights of the models would have been prolonged. In endeavoring to estimate the proportion of plane surface to weight, so that the one might carry the other by the application of impulsive force, we were not without significant data. So varied were the forms of flight and so widely different the conditions—in some cases a heavy weight being supported by small planes or wings and in other little weight by extensive surfaces—that if ever the subject should be mastered, flight would probably be effected in more ways than one. Great weight and small surface, as the observations of M. de Lucy showed, must be accompanied by great velocity, as in the flight of the common sparrow, while with small weight and great surface, as in the butterfly tribe, a reduced velocity only was requisite. If therefore, man could construct the necessary surface of strength sufficient to insure safety, he could certainly add, by the aid of engine power, sufficient velocity to obtain support from the atmosphere.

PRESBYTERIANS AND DANCING.

The Presbyterian Synod which was in session at Erie, Penn., a few days ago, rendered a decision, after a two days' debate, in the case of Heber Donaldson, a lawyer of Emlenton, Penn., who was expelled from the Presbyterian church to which he belonged, for dancing. According to Mr. Donaldson while at a private party last spring he attempted to walk through the figure of a quadrille—something he had never before attempted. He was expelled from the church, and the Clarion Presbytery refused to sustain his appeal. Consequently he appealed to the Synod which met at Erie. Mr. Donaldson urged his own case, occupying a whole day. He maintained that the Bible did not prohibit dancing. The sin consisted in the abuse of it. The amusement, he claimed, was not condemned by the laws of the church, and there was no precedent for his expulsion. His plea was long and elaborate. "His peroration," says a reporter, "was an eloquent and able resume of the case, and was listened to with the closest attention by a congregation that filled the church to overflowing. The next day David Lawson, a member of the Clarion bar representing the Clarion Presbytery, was the first speaker for the prosecution. Conscience, he said, was not always a safe guide. No line could be drawn between, promiscuous and social dancing. Mr. Donaldson committed an offence against the church because his example was liable to lead others to the depths of vice. Hence his act was calculated to bring discredit upon the church. Mr. Lawson also claimed that in no place did the Bible sanction the dancing of both sexes together. When the question was put to a vote reasons were given by all the clergymen for the way in which they voted. Only a few maintained that dancing was not a sin against the law of the church. The vote stood: for sustaining the appeal, 20; against sustaining it, 73. In the excitement which followed Mr. Donaldson announced his intention of appealing the case to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, which meets at Springfield, Ill., next spring.

DR. TALMAGE'S CONUNDRUM

"Is the world better or worse?" was the subject of the lecture of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage last evening in the Seventh Presbyterian church, Broome street near Ridge. The edifice was well filled by an appreciative audience.

"I once had a friend to dine with me," said Dr. Talmage, "and I felt myself wrong when I offered him a second piece of lemon pie, for he had the dyspepsia. After dinner I said: 'I feel first rate,' and he said, 'I feel miserable.' I said: 'This is a beautiful world; see how bright the sun is and how white is the snow; and he growled out, 'Yes, it will turn to slush and sleet.' 'Ah, yes, this is a beautiful world,' I said to him. How often and often in the summer night have I seen the dews of heaven wedded to the stars; how often at the sunset by the lake have I seen the flaming chariot of God driving along,' and he growled out something about somebody's dyspeptic bitters."

The lecturer told a story of a young minister who complained to an old minister that his congregation did not grow better, and the old clergyman told him he did not know how to fish.

"Now," said the old man, "when I go to fish I take a slender pole and a small hook, but when you fish you use a weaver's beam for a pole, a rope for a line and put on a pot hook and cry, 'Bite or be d—.' We cannot drive people into the Kingdom of God with the butt end of the catechism.

The lecture closed by showing that the world to-day was made better than at any previous time.

—A Texas judge knocked six months off a ninety-nine year sentence in order to show the prisoner's friends that he was willing to give him a chance.

JOSEPH'S COAT.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

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PROLOGUE.—CHAPTER I.

Old Joe and young Joe, sturdy sire and lissome son, trudged through the dust together—old Joe bent down a little earthwards, and gong rather like a carthorse; young Joe with his head well up, and stepping like a hunter that can carry weight. I see them in my mind's eye, as in a picture Old Joe, dressed in white moleskin of such weight and thickness that he looked like a polar bear, with his gnarled hands hanging lazily and solidly as if each carried a hundredweight which his gigantic strength made light of—blue eyed, grey whiskered, with deep blue scars like tattoo marks all over his face—tramped on serenely, pipe in mouth. Young Joe, with a sprouting bit of whisker downy as yet, and yellow like a callow fledgling's feathers; blue eyed, broad shouldered, lithe and limber, went springily at the old man's side. Young Joe was dressed like a gentleman of that period (it is nearly thirty years since the father and son walked side by side for the last time), and he and the old man made altogether a fine contrast. Old Joe was stolidly genial, as befitted a man who had beaten the world hollow and now took his ease with dignity. Young Joe had something of an aggressive air, or carried at least a sort of warning in his face—nemo me impune lacessit. This warning was perhaps a trifle sulky, as was natural, all things considered. How rich old Joe might be no man knew, but he clung to the dress and habits of his youth—dressed like a working miner on holidays, lived like a miner, looked like a miner, and was proud to talk like one. Young Joe, bred at a distant college school, and returning home only at holiday times, resented these things. His speech was of the finest, his clothes were of the best—the son of a baronet was his chosen chum, he had yearnings toward the world of fashion, and believed he could shine in that bright sphere, if he had but a chance. Old Joe cared for none of these things, and, except for a certain sturdy self possession, had no pride. He would have met the hereditary autocrat of all the Russias with a sentiment of equality so natural that he would not have dreamed of formulating it even to himself. Young Joe formulated his beliefs in the equality of mankind daily, and, with a natural want of logic, resented with great hauteur the approach of any of his father's old and less prosperous companions. He himself was "a man for a' that"—cela va sans dire—but "for a' that and a' that," the claims of one's social inferiors must be repelled and beaten down. He was the equal of any man above him, but no one below him had a right to a similar claim. This mental attitude is not uncommon.

Young Joe resented his name, and would have preferred Reginald, or Herbert, or Walter, or anything rather than Joseph, so easily susceptible of a vulgar abbreviation. He was not without pride in his father, but he resented the old man's clothes, and his house and his speech. And most bitterly and shamefacedly of all, he resented the spectacle he was now on his way to witness.

It was summer weather, in days when summer weather meant warmth and sunshine. There was sunshine even here, though the scene lay in the center of the Black Country. It is pleasant to notice how nature has reasserted herself in that grimy province after all the scars which labor has left upon her. Labor has dug deep into her heart, and has rifled her very entrails, and has set upon her breast such burdens as Enceladus lay under. Yet, wheresoever you see her face, she smiles; wheresoever her busy hands can move, she weaves her spells. Tall purple foxgloves lined the road, and the hawthorns were white with blossom, and the lark shook with the delight of his own song a mile above the smoke wreaths. It was Sunday also and the smoke wreaths were something thinner and even fewer than they would have been on any other day in the seven. Old Joe had a little of the quiet Sabbath feeling on him. Young Joe, pridefully resenting all things, resented Sunday terribly because of the shame it brought him.

Father and son were on their way to listen to the most popular preacher of the time and neighborhood. That preacher was a woman. Nay, the murder must out; that woman was Rebecca Bushell, old Joe's wife and young Joe's mother. On the subject of female preachers in general young Joe had incisive opinions, sharpened probably by some personal feeling. That his mother should preach, and be publicly advertised to preach, and that she should speak in public with no disguise of that picturesque and drawlinesse of accent which was her birthright, was an affliction which the lad's pride had borne with groaning many a day. And now, worse than all, here was his mother—in combination with greasy-complexioned professionals, whom he knew, in seedy black and ties of dubious white, and roomy shoes topped by toe-visible stockings of white cotton, also dubious in tone—conducting a camp-meeting, advertised far and wide in flaring posters, and sure to bring, with crowds of the pious, countless railers, to many of whom he himself was known. The reader will understand the term camp-meeting in a limited sense. It was a camp meeting with no encampment, and lasted one day only.

As father and son walked together, there was heard suddenly the bray of a band, drowning the lark's music, and far and wide the sound of the Hallelujah Chorus filled the fields. It was not ignobly played or sung, though band and choir alike needed a little fining here and there. The folk of the Black County are essentially musical, and here they played and sang with all their heart and soul and lungs. There was a little admixture of strings with the wind instruments, and a tailor led the violins. "Now, David," cried the drummer, as he grasped the sticks, "let thy elbow fly like a lamb's tail!" and David nodded to this encouragement, and led the way at a rattling pace. Whilst the band and choir were in the midst of their fervor, the late comers took their place at the edge of the vast crowd. There were some five-and twenty thousand people present, and the gathering could scarcely fail to be impressive. The place of meeting had some advantages and some disadvantages. For one thing, the crowd was sundered by the waters of a canal; but as a set-off against this, the lock over which the platform was built stood some ten or twelve feet above the hollow land in which the multitude had gathered, so that all could at least see the orators of the day. The platform was primitive but secure, and consisted of great beams of timber laid from wall to wall of the lock; and in the centre was another smaller platform on which the more prominent of the promoters of the meeting were gathered. They were a rugged set for the most part, and the presence of one or two massive women added little refinement to this central knot. Mrs Bushell sat in black silk—square, hard, uncompromising in face and figure—at the little unclothed deal table with red legs, on which were set a water-bottle, a glass, a Bible, and a few scattered hymn-books. Young Joe, discerning here and there an acquaintance in the crowd, blushed at the figure on the platform and revolted at its presence there. One gentleman, the son of a neighboring coalowner, beholding young Joe, waited until he caught his eye, and then, from his coign of vantage near the lock gates, elaborately winked at him. At this and a slight backward notion of the head, indicating the chief personage on the platform, the youngster turned scarlet, but he held his head erect and felt savagely defiant—not least defiant, perhaps, of his mother and the prominence of her place. Old Joe, with his massive hands depending downwards, smoked his clay calmly at the edge of the crowd by his son's side. These al fresco religious observances had one especial charm for the elder Bushell: they found room for a pipe; and without the soothing influence of his tube of clay, the old man found the best of sermons dull.

Young Joe's resentfulness of humor increased as he stood by his father's side. But he was there to brave the whole thing out, and to show to his friends that he was not ashamed of his father and mother and their ways. But why, in the name of all things abominable, would his father insist on wearing moleskin clothing and on smoking a clay pipe at such a place and time? and why should his mother sit there, the center of these vulgar orators, gazed at by all these vulgar eyes? He was not ashamed of them, he told himself. Was he not here of his own free will? He grew more and more wrathful and rebellious as he nursed these thoughts.

By and by, after the due introductory readings and prayers had been gone through, and when a hymn had been sung with rough and striking grandeur of tone, Mrs. Rebecca Bushell rose squarely up, and gave out her text and preached. I suppose that everybody who reads this will have some notion of what a revival sermon is like, and that there is therefore no need for me to set down Mrs. Bushell's utterances. The creed she unfolded was stern and ugly, though modified by some private tenderness of her own, and young Joe knew well enough that much of the discourse was levelled at himself. The presence her son gave her speech a passionate earnestness which it would otherwise have missed, and she preached at the crowd through him, and at him through the crowd. This also young Joe resented, and savagely endured. It came to an end at last, and twenty-five thousand pairs of lungs aided the band in giving breath to the Old Hundred, which rolled its slow grand stream of sound across the sunny fields, and was heard, soft and sweet with the distance, in the Sabbath streets of the town a mile away.

The crowd broke into scattered sections and took its devious way towards a mid-day dinner. The old man and his son passed to the platform.

"Joseph," said Rebecca, descending, "put that pipe away. For shame—on a Sunday, an' at meeting to."

"All right, missis," said Bushell senior. "There's no harm in a pipe." And he smoked on placidly.

His wife, knowing by old experience the uselessness of opposition, resigned the point with a sign and walked gravely away with the Reverend Paul Screed.

In these days in which I write the Reverend Paul is dead, and no truth can hurt his feelings any more. But it is true of him that he preached a vulgar gospel, worshipped a vulgar god, and had vulgar notions upon all things which came within the sphere of an intellect not too well instructed. He was always in remarkable earnest, and was very certain that all his beliefs were accurate and that all beliefs running counter to his own were sinful. He was incapable of doing a wilful wrong to anybody. In person he was gaunt and bony, and his general aspect was repellent. Young Joe, resenting most things, resented the Reverend Paul with a vehemence inspiring by direct hate. The Reverend Paul, for his part, looked on the young man with a stony severity of holiness which foresaw for him eternal pains and penalties.

Mrs. Bushell, arm-in-arm with the minister, walked homewards, and her husband and son followed at a distance. By and by came round a corner of the lane, facing this broken quartette, a youngster resplendent in the devices of the latest fashion, switching the hedges as he walked. The lane was fairly filled with scattered groups of homeward going worshippers, and all but the new comer were walking in one direction. He strolled along, a good deal stared at, and pausing suddenly before young Joe, thrust out a gloved hand, and said "Good morning," in a loud and cheery voice. The youngster, a little embarrassed, returned his greeting. The old man without pausing turned his head, and in a broadest drawl bade his son be home in time for dinner.

"Who's that?" said the new comer. He was one of those people who, without knowing it, are audible under ordinary conditions over a circuit of fifty yards.

"My father," young Joe answered, speaking in tones as loud as the other's, and with an air of injured pride.

"Who's that?" asked old Joe, returning, and joining the young men as they stood before each other.

"Mr. Sydney Cheston,' said young Joe; "Sir Sydney Cheston's eldest son. My father, Mr. Cheston."

"How be you?" said old Joe, pipe in mouth. He kept his hands in the pockets of his moleskin jacket, and nodded at the baronet's son with perfect naturalness.

"I am very well," returned Mr. Cheston. "How be you?"

"I m as right as a trivet," old Joe answered, unsuspicious of satire. For a moment he had thought the loud "Who's that?" a little impudent, but seeing the young man cheerful and self-possessed, forgot to notice it. Young Joe burned to knock Mr. Sydney Cheston down. "I've heerd Joe talk about you," said the old man comfortably. "Come an' have a bit o' dinner along of us. Eh?"

"Very sorry," the young buck returned, "I have an engagement."

"All right," said the old man, nodding. "Be in time, Joe. Good mornin," young mister."

"Good morning, governor," said Mr. Cheston with loud cheerfulness. Young Joe raged inwardly. "Queer old bird, the pater," the future baronet made comment, in a moderated voice.

"It occurs to me," young Joe replied, in rapid undertone, "that I am scarcely a fit repository for your opinions."

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Cheston lightly, "everything must have a beginning. You begin now, and we began a hundred years ago. That s all the difference."

"Possibly," said young Joe with great stiffness. His reply was somewhat vague, even to himself; but he felt that he had discharged a duty, while he relieved the gathered spleen of the whole morning.

"Don't be rusty," Mr. Cheston answered. "Anybody's welcome to tell me that my governor's a queer old bird. Gad, he is. A very queer old bird. Most men's governors are queer old birds. We shall be queer old birds ourselves some day."

Young Joe, a little mollified and a little in haste to be rid of that sore subject, asked what had brought his friend into the neighborhood. The out of door worshipers were still straggling by, and Cheston, taking Joe's arm, turned with him and struck across a by-path which led through cornfields, where the bright scarlet of thick growing poppies lent more beauty than value to the crop.

"I'm staying with old Moulding, at the Hollies," Cheston said; "and as they all went to church this morning, I ventured on a lonely stroll through the region. I'm glad I did it, for I've seen two things which impressed me vastly."

"Imprimis?" asked young Joe, trying to catch some little seeming of gaiety, if only for wounded pride's sake.

"Imprimis," answered Cheston, "the prettiest face I ever set eyes on. A Black Country beauty. A rose springing from an artificial Alp of slag and cinder."

"Oh!" said the other in a meditative way.

"Pleasing spectacle number one," said Cheston gaily, as though addressing an audience, "led to pleasing spectacle number two. Number one, dressed in the most becoming and least conventional fashion, was apparently bound for church or chapel, inasmuch as she bore a hymn book and looked devotional and demure. Having no fear of the proprietor before my eyes, and having a natural delight in the contemplation of beauty, I lit up a cigar and strolled after her. By-and-by we came upon an enormous outdoor meeting, where my little beauty met her mother or some other elderly female dragon, and I lost sight of her. But I know where she lives and I am going to have another look at her."

Young Joe, without seeing any clear grounds for apprehension, spoke with some anxiety, though with outer lightness.

"Who is this charming young person?"

"She dwells," said Cheston, simulating a melodramatic tone, "though in what capacity I know not, at the sign of the Saracen's Head, and her divine name is Diana—or Dinah, Yes, it's Dinah. I heard the guardian dragon scold her for being late."

A blush, partly of anger and partly of embarrassment, was on young Joe's face. He forced a laugh.

"Yes, she's a pretty girl;" then hurriedly, o escape further discussion of the topic, "and what was pleasing spectacle number two?"

"Pleasing spectacle number two," said Cheston, with noisy cheerfulness, "was a sort of she Boanerges in black silk who harangued the multitude. I protest," he went on, laughing heartily, "that she was worth a journey to the North Pole to look at and to listen to. But I dare say you were there and heard her. You were coming back that way. For myself, I walked off to the Saracen's Head and watched my little divinity in again before I turned to walk to the Hollies."

What with wounded pride and jealous fear, and his resentful rage at things in general, young Joe was very near to boiling point.

"You know everybody hereabouts," said Cheston, with obtuse good humor and unflagging enjoyment in the sound of his own voice—sweeter music than the spheres could make—"who was the she-Boanerges?"

Young Joe reached boiling point and bubbled over.

"She was my mother, sir! And in ten minutes you have insulted my father and my mother and have told me how you dogged my—my sweetheart home, and—and—I tell you what it is, Cheston. You cash that I O U I have of yours at your earliest convenience, and don't trouble yourself to know me any more. Good morning."

And off went the hapless young fellow in a great heat, with a face like a peony, and with smarting tears in his eyes. Cheston stood a moment, stunned, as though an invisible avalanche had fallen upon him. Then he raced after his late companion and caught him by the shoulder in the act of mounting the first stile.

"My dear fellow," he said pantingly, "pray forgive me. I was quite ignorant. I wouldn't have done it for the world. Pray do forgive me. I beg your pardon a hundred thousand times"

Young Joe swung himself out of the other's grasp and mounted the stile. He melted a little, notwithstanding. He wanted somebody's sympathy and companionship, and Cheston was evidently very sorry. But how could he turn and show the hot tears which were even then finding their channels on his face? The penitent vaulted the stile after him and pursued him with breathless apology, and at last took him by the shoulders and swung him fairly round. At that, in a sudden gust of added shame for the tears with which his eyes were filled, he gave his rage full swing, and launched a blow at the apologist, and stood waving his arms above him demanding wildly to know if the prostrate Cheston wanted any more.

"By Jove I do," roared the late penitent, and springing to his feet he threw his hat and coat upon the grass and awaited young Joe's onslaught. For a minute the two stood face to face, in posture of defense. Then Cheston dropped his hands. "It was quite my fault, Bushell," he said, "and I won't fight about it. I don't wonder at your striking me. Let us say no more about it. Shake hands, old man, shake hands."

Thereupon young Joe shamefacedly shook hands, stammered some broken excuses—"temper greatly tried," and so forth, and went his way.

"He's got hatsful of money," meditated the future baronet, as young Joe walked miserably away. "But ain't he paying for having it, poor beggar?—ain't he just, that's all?"

CHAPTER II.

Mr. and Mrs. Bushell and the Reverend Paul Screed sat at meat together. A pair of fowls and a leg of mutton cooked on the previous day, to avoid the desecration of the Sabbath by needless labor, decorated the board, whilst hot vegetables made a sort of concession from religious principle to hospitality.

"Shall we wait for Joseph?" the old man asked. Joseph was Joe in non-company hours. The conventional form was a concession to the presence of the Reverend Paul.

"If Joseph can't get home in time for dinner," said Mrs. Bushell, "Joseph must go without."

"Nonsense, missis," said the old man genially. "Nobody go's wi'out grub i' this house as long as there is any. But we'll go on wi'out him if you like

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1881.

After exhausting three panels, a jury has been selected to try Guitteau.

Captain Prince, registrar of the county of Wellington, died suddenly of apoplexy at Guelph on Monday last.

Dr. Hodgins, Deputy Minister of Education, opened an investigation at Owen Sound on Tuesday last under the authority of the Government, into the alleged irregularities in connection with the intermediate and other examinations at that place. The charges made in this connection implicate the school inspector Mr. William Ferguson, several members of the examining board, the classical master at the High School, and a number of the candidates.

Tenders are being invited by the Dominion Government for the erection of the new Post office and Customs House in Stratford. The people of Stratford are to be congratulated that their wants have not been given a deaf ear to by Sir John's Government. Had Mr. Mackenzie been in power, the chances are that the loyal town of Stratford would have waited a very long time before any Government funds would have been expended for her benefit. Great credit is due to the worthy representative of the North Riding, Mr. Hesson, to whose energy the prompt action of the Government is in a large measure due, and we have no doubt that the faithful manner in which that gentleman has looked after the interests of his town will be appreciated by its citizens.

CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION.

The Conservative Convention to be held in Toronto on Tuesday next promises to be a gathering of the party such as has not heretofore been witnessed in Ontario. All parts of the province are responding to the invitation to send representatives in a manner which shows the unanimity of sentiment existing in the Conservative ranks, and the unive sal desire to assist in doing honor to the party's worthy chief, Sir John Macdonald. So great has been the enthusiasm manifested, that the trouble will be to find accommodation for the hosts of delegates that are being appointed all over the province. While this manifestation of loyalty to the party and its leader is a positive assurance that the policy of the Government is heartily approved of, it is not surprising that the Opposition are much alarmed thereat, and that various rumours have been set afloat concerning the object of the Convention. Whatever Sir John's object may be in calling this Convention of his friends, of one thing the Opposition may be certain, and that is, that the Conservative party has lost none of its faith in its leader, and is prepared, at whatever moment it may be called upon, to vindicate its confidence at the polls.

At the meetings held simultaneously in Listowel and Stratford on Monday last, the following gentlemen were appointed delegates to represent the North Riding of Perth: Wallace, John McDermott; Listowel, R. Martin, F. W. Gearing; Elma, Moses Harvey; Mornington, M. Fang; Milverton, J. D. Pierson; Logan, Robt. Jones, Robert Keyes, W. Thompson, Geo. Rock; North Easthope, J. Nelson, W. Makins, McFarlane Bates; Ellice, Robt. Henry, Henry Vogt, P. McDonald; Stratford, R. Smith, David Scrimgeour, M. C. Carey, A. Monteith, Dr. Hanavan, A. McPherson, Thos. Yeandle, John Read, Thos. Stoney.

We are authorized to state that should any other members of the party in the Riding desire to attend the Convention, they will be furnished with credentials upon application to Geo. Draper, Esq., President of the North Perth Conservative Association.

Arrangements have been made with the Railways to issue tickets to delegates at reduced rates. Delegates will pay the regular single fare to Toronto, but on the presentation, on or before the 24th inst., at the Toronto office, of a certificate signed by the Secretary of the Convention return tickets will be furnished on payment of one third of the regular fare.

WALLACE.

To the Editor of the Standard: I notice that James Robinson, in a lengthy letter in the last issue of your paper, makes another abusive attack upon "John, the Trustee," as he puts it. Now, I can say for James Robinson's edification that I am not the party who exposes your tricky character over the signature of "Trustee." James Robinson has evidently got a little bewildered, and has allowed his temper to get the better of his judgement, and in this frame of mind indites a lengthy and curious epistle, in which "John," "Trustee," and every person in general, from the first persons who ever did any public work in the township, and those who let the same, even to the Listowel High School Board, come in for their share of abuse, and they are all charged by James Robinson with being bribed and bribing others. It is said that everything appears yellow to the party having the jaundice, and I am inclined to think that James Robinson is affected with the malady, or he would not be always impeaching others of the crime of bribery. Let us pause for a few moments and see what has been said of this James Robinson who accuses others of bribery. Has it not been said that he offered to assist the S. & H. Railway Co. to get $5,000 of the Improvement Fund, providing the Company would give him $250 for his share of the plunder? Now, if this be true, James Robinson is accused, not of bribing anyone, but he stands in a different and much more reprehensible position. But it is not my desire to say all that is reputed of J. Robinson. We are told that we cannot get good water out of a corrupt fountain. I shall pass on and briefly examine the character of this man as to truthfulness, and in order to establish his guilt or innocense, I shall refer you, Mr. Editor, and the readers of this letter, to James Robinson's written history of himself. You will find in H. Belden & Co's Atlas of Perth, published in 1879, on page 21, James Robinson's name and history inserted as follows: "James Robinson, J. P., of the township of Wallace," etc. Now, I find by calling on the County Attorney that James Robinson's name never appeared on the list as a Justice of the Peace; yet this very honest and modest young man James Robinson, councilman, and self-appointed J. P., has had his name published all over the county as a Justice of the Peace. And this self-appointed J. P. is the man who undertakes to abuse every person in the township and accuse them of bribery and being bribed. What could be J. Robinson "J. P.'s" reason for publishing his history, and the very first sentence of it a falsehood, if it were not to deceive the people of the township and county; and has his whole history in this township not been in keeping with his above mentioned action? I see that in my last I happened to style this self-appointed J. P. "Jimmy," which in his eyes appears to be a serious offence. Well, James Robinson, "J. P.," I will be more careful in future and give you the honors which you have so recently and so modestly obtained. To proceed, James Robinson, "J. P." says that he never insulted the ratepayers at Gowanstown. James Robinson, "J. P.'s" action at Gowanstown is yet fresh in the memory of hundreds of the people of Wallace, and needs no further reference to by me. When a person is once convicted of knowingly and wilfully stating and causing to be published what is untrue, such a person cannot be believed when he does speak the truth, and this self-made Justice of the Peace has gained for himself such notoriety as a falsifier that he will find it difficult to get anyone to believe him when he does chance to speak the truth. In conclusion I will just say to our new self-made J. P., not to let what "Trustee" has said to affect him so terribly, but to keep his head cool and his feet warm, and by so doing, if it would cause him to live long enough, to see the error of his ways, and he could get any respectable person to guarantee that he had become truthful, "John" might yet use his influence to have him receive those much coveted initials after his name. "John."

Council.—The municipal Council of the township of Wallace met at the Queen's hotel, Gowanstown, 12th November, 1881, pursuant to adjournment; all the members present; the Reeve in the chair. The minutes of last regular meeting were read and confirmed. Communications—From J. Hickson, Esq., General Manager G. T. R., Montreal; from J. Idington, Q. C., Clerk of the Peace, Stratford; from M. Scherer, publisher "Volksfreund," Listowel; from Colonel Tisdale to the Reeve. J. Robinson moved, seconded by J. Willoughby, that the Clerk cause a notice to be inserted in the Standard and *Banner*, setting forth that all parties holding claims or contracts on roads and bridges, or for gravel, present them to the Treasurer for payment on or before the fifteenth of December next—carried. J. Willoughby moved, seconded by J. Robinson, that William McDermott be paid two dollars for gravel, and the Reeve issue his order, part of said gravel having been used in 1880—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by W. King, that A. McIlwraith be paid $7.25 for a road scraper ordered by J. McDermott, Esq., in 1880—carried. W. King moved, seconded by J. Willoughby, that Barbara Siebert, an indigent, be granted the sum of fifteen dollars, to be placed in the hands of John Kurtz, with whom she is at present residing—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by W. Ferguson, that William Warren be paid $20.60 for gravelling part of sideroad 18, con. 8, through a beaver meadow, and the Reeve issue his order—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by W. Ferguson, that Edward Anderson be paid $3 for repairing a culvert on gravel road, and the Reeve issue his order—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by W. King, that Daniel Berlet be paid $3 culvert on gravel road, and the Reeve issue his order—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by W. Ferguson, that on receipt of the Inspector's certificate of the completion of Greer's bridge and approaches thereto, the Reeve is thereby authorized to issue his order for payment—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by J. Willoughby, that Adam Hunt, J. P., and the selectors of jurors for Wallace, be paid four dollars each, and the Reeve issue his order—carried. J. Willoughby moved, seconded by J. Robinson, that the Reeve issue his order for labor on the gravel road as follows: To Edward Aderson, $7; John English, $6; Nathaniel Fennell, $7; Geo. S. Holtzman, $5; Nicholas Wenzell, $8; William Wilson, $5; George Willis, $2; David Gallagher, $2; Robert Willoughby, $1; and to John Karges for 100 yards of gravel, $5—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by W. Ferguson, that John Willoughby be paid the sum of $2 for superintending the repairing of the gravel road—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by W. King, that Hugh Corrigan be paid $25 for contract of grading and culvert on sideroad between lots 6 and 7, con. 12, and the Reeve issue his order—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by J. Willoughby, that John McIlroy be paid $2 for a take-off drain on gravel road, and the Reeve issue his order—carried. J. Willoughby moved, seconded by W. Ferguson, that the Clerk be paid $5 for making plan and specifications for Greer's bridge, and the Reeve issue his order—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by W. King, that Henry Markle be refunded $10 on tavern license, the same as last year, and the Reeve issue his order—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by W. Ferguson, that $4 be placed in the hands of the Reeve to provide the necessaries of life for Alfred Robertson and family, who are in very destitute circumstances, and the Reeve issue his order—carried. W. Ferguson moved, seconded by J. Robinson, that the Council adjourn to meet at Gowanstown on the 17th of December, to wind up the business of the year and prepare an annual statement—carried.

MARYBOROUGH.

Council.—The Municipal Council of the township of Maryborough met at Moorefield, November 7th; members all present; minutes of last meeting read and adopted. A by-law to provide polling places and appoint Deputy Returning Officers for holding elections during the year 1882, also to appoint a place for holding nominations, received its final reading. John Paterson moved, seconded by John Corbett, that five days statute labour charged against Wm. Wells be struck off the collector's roll, he having performed the work in road division between lots 15 and 16, in the 6th con.—carried. John Paterson moved, seconded by Wm. Long, that the taxes charged against the lands of Messrs. Schneider and Grosz be struck off the collector's roll, in accordance with a resolution of Council dated 24th November, 1877—carried. On motion, the following accounts were ordered to be paid: Wm. Greenwood, for 734 yds of gravel, $36; Thos. Welsh, for 180 yds of gravel, $9; Thos. Welsh, for building culvert on sideroad between lots 15 and 16, in the 6th con., $10; Thos. Welsh, for ditching and gravelling on 6th con., $6, (from grant); Guthrie, Watt & Cutten, for legal services for the years 1876, 1879 and 1881, $26.77; Michael Shatz, for stumping on town line between Maryborough and Mornington, (half cost) $3.50; Robert Carter, for ditching on 3rd con., 75c.; Joseph Snelling, for repairing culvert on 3rd con., $2; do. do., for raking in gravel on 3rd con., $1.25; Stephen Velie, for repairing culverts on 3rd con., $2; Stephen Velie, pathmaster, to pay for gravel used in his road division in 3rd con., $4; Charles Keller, for repairing culvert in 3rd con. $1; John Riddols, for stumping on centre side road, $1; Noah Cober, for planks, 64c.; Joseph M. Jackson, for taking out stone on hill at Moorfield, $1; Chas. S. Forrest, for putting new stringer in Hollen bridge, $4; John Hamilton, for earthwork on approaches to culvert on 6th con, $1.50; James Corrigill, for digging drain across sideroad between lots 3 and 4, con. 12, 75c.; George Schneider, for planks used repairing culverts on 1st con., $8.57; John Alexander McLaughlin, for spreading gravel on townline between Maryborough and Mornington in the year 1880, $6. John Paterson moved, seconded by John Corbett, that the Clerk give public notice for all persons having claims against this municipality to send in a statement of the same to the Clerk, before the 19th day of December next—carried. Council adjourned to meet in the Queen's hotel, Moorefield, on the third Monday in December, at the hour of 10 a. m. Edward Dynes, Clerk.

DORKING.

Ploughing Match.—The second annual ploughing match of the Dorking Agricultural Club was held to day, 10th November, on the farm of Mr. Willis Hill. The ground was in good condition. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, which was dark, lowering, and very windy—cold enough for snow, of which we had a little—there were a large number of people present. There were a number of entries in the different classes of ploughmen. 1st class was opened to all competitors within a certain area of country. 2nd class was opened to those who never took a first prize. 3rd class was opened to boys under 18 years. 1st class, men—William Calder, 1st prize; Charles Johnston 2nd; Willis Hill 3rd. 2nd class—Alex. Johnston 1st; Chas. Hogg 2nd. 3rd class boys—Archie Calder 1st; Jno. Mawhinney 2nd. The judges were Messrs Hammond, Kelly and Coleman, who seemed to deal with the matter in an able manner, all seeming to be well pleased with the manner in which the prizes were awarded. After the work of judging and ploughing was finished, the ploughmen and judges were entertained by a dinner served up by mine host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, in a very satisfactory manner. After seeing the ploughing and the manner of distributing the prizes, I would simply challenge the man who took the first prize in the first class, that is Wm. Calder, for the sum of $500 to $1,000 a side, to be ploughed in any good sod field any time between the 1st day of April and the 15th May, 1882, $100 of the sum to be placed in your hands by 1st of December, 1881, as a forfeit, if he accepts the challenge and then fails to put in an appearance. This challenge remains open for two weeks. Onlooker.

CARTHAGE.

Phrenological.—Mr. T. W. Smith, phrenologist, was in town a few days last week, engaged in the pursuit of vocation. Mr. Smith is a graduate of Fowler and Wells Phrenological Institute, New York, and a credit to the profession. Mr. Smith during his stay here made many friends and taught us to know ourselves and neighbors as well as could be expected.

Personal.—Mr. H. G. Hamilton, principal of the public school, having resigned his position, Miss Mary A. Lennox, of St. Marys has been chosen to succeed him. Miss Lennox is a young lady of high scholastic attainments, and will no doubt maintain the high standing and usual high position of the school.

Daily Mail.—Owing to the inconvenience arising from a lack of proper means of communication with Listowel and other northern towns, agitation has been commenced for the purpose of obtaining a daily mail to this place. The promoters of the scheme have the best wishes of the community that they may be successful in their attempts to promote the public weal.—Com.

CHESLEY.

Serious Fire.—At half-past one o'clock on Monday morning, Messrs. Ruhl Bros. woolen mills and felt boot factory, with its contents, were totally destroyed by fire. Loss about $10,000; insured for about $4,000. The fire was caused by one of the hands leaving an oil can on the office stove, after he had kindled a fire in it, which caused the can to explode. This is the most serious fire that has ever taken place in this village, as besides the loss of property it has thrown 60 hands out of employment.

BRITTON.

New P. O.—Through the exertion of the member for the North Riding, Mr. Hesson, a Post-office has been established at Britton's Corners, Elma, and will be known as Britton P. O. Mr. W. W. Stevenson has been appointed post master. For the present the new office will be served by the tri-weekly mail running from Listowel to Hammond. The people are thankful to Mr. Hesson for his success in getting them increased mail facilities.

NORTH EASTHOPE.

Suicide by Hanging—A day or two since a man named Joseph Armstrong was found by Alex. Forest, hanging to a tree on Lot 17, Con. 6, North Easthope, and it is supposed he had been there dead some ten days. When the body was taken down there was upon it $18.45 in money and papers showing who the dead man was. He had relatives in Berlin and Wallace.

A FATAL ROW.

A West Williams Farmer Killed by a Drunken Rough.

Parkhill, Nov. 12.—A man named John McKinnon, living on the 14th concession of East Williams, about four miles from here, died this afternoon from wounds received in a bar-room fight at the Bob Roy tavern, about two miles south of Parkhill, on Friday night. His assailant's name is Ned McLellan, of West Williams, a rough character, who, it appears struck McKinnon about the head while under the influence of liquor. Both parties are well known here. The deceased, although a hopeless inebriate, was a harmless man and of a respectable family. McLellan is under arrest.

Save 2 cts. a loaf by buying your bread at H. D. Murray's.

Gents for your Shirts, Collars, Cuffs Ties or a stylish Hat go to the Glasgow House.

12 cts. a loaf—the cheapest and best bread in town—at H. D. Murray's bakery.

Car load Standard White American Coal Oil at Hacking's. Call and get price and sample gallon. You will be sure to like it. 48

Ask your dealer for "Castorine" Machine Oil and see that the barrel is brande "Castorine" as none other is genuine.

D. W. Palmer & Co are sole agents in town for Carling's (Milwaukee) Lager. Hotels supplied at manufacturer's prices.

Use "Castorine" Machine Oil for all kinds of machinery, it is also excellent for harness and leather. Makes it water and weather proof. For sale by dealers.

To the Ladies.—Our stock of Millinery is now fully assorted, and we respectfully invite you to call and have a look through our Show Room. We have some very stylish goods, and you will find our prices moderate.

Sign of 777, Roy, McDonald & Co.

Trowbridge.—Ladies' button boots, overshoes and rubbers—a large stock just received; also gentlemen's long and short frost-proof boots—at bottom prices. Not to be undersold by any house in the county. Wm. Welch. 4tb. Trowbridge Boot & Shoe Store

Mantle Making.—We are now showing a large stock of mantle cloths, ornaments and trimmings. We are also prepared to cut or make mantles to order. Our stock of ready made mantles is large and prices low.

Sign of 777, Roy, McDonald & Co

A General Stampede.

Never was such a rush made for any Drug Store as is now at J. H. Michener's for a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. All persons afflicted with Asthma Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, can get a Trial Bottle of this great remedy *free*, by calling at above Drug Store.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine is an unfailing food for the Brain and Nerves, and by its rejuvenating effect on these organs never fails to cure nervous exhaustion and all weaknesses of the generative organs. See advertisement in another column. Sold in Listowel by J. A. Hacking.

True to her Trust.

Too much cannot be said of the ever-faithful wife and mother, constantly watching and caring for her dear ones, never neglecting a single duty in their behalf. When they are assailed by disease, and the system should have a thorough cleansing, the stomach and bowels regulated, blood purified, malarial poison exterminated, she must know that Electric Bitters are the only sure remedy. They are the best and purest medicine in the world, and only cost fifty cents. Sold by J. H. Michiner.

Bucklen's Arnica Slave.

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

ARE YOU?

Are you a Dyspeptic? Have you Indigestion? Is your Liver sluggish? Does your food trouble you? Does sleep fail to refresh you? Is your appetite and energy gone? Zopesa (from Brazil) will cure you, tone you up, and invigorate your whole system. It is a gentle purgative, acts as a wonder upon, and gives strength and energy to the Digestive apparatus. It is strongly anti-bilious, carries off all surplus bile, tones the Liver, gives sound Digestion and speedy health to the Dyspeptic and the Bilious. Try a 10 ct. sample at least of J. Livingstone, jr., Druggist.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

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

MAGIC'S WONDERS.

"While in London, England, a short time ago," said the Professor, "our Oxford-street waiter was made the victim of a practical joke. One morning as this tonsorial artist sat reading his newspaper, he was startled by seeing a young man enter in a very excited manner, who throwing rather than seating himself in the chair, demanded a shave *instanter*. The barber, who was a ready fellow, at once set about obeying the commands of this excited and hurried guest. With a rapidity that surprised himself, he shaved the right side of his customer's face, and then immediately turned to the left. That side he also shaved with cleanliness and despatch, but judge of his surprise, when his customer demanded to know in tones anything but pleased why he did not shave the right side. The poor bewildered barber was almost sure that he had done so, but perceived to his surprise that the side in question was covered with jet-black hair. Again he shaved it, but while he did so, to his surprise and horror the hair was growing on the other side. Thus it continued for an hour. While he shaved one side, he could actually see the hair growing on the other side. Terrified beyond expression, he stood motionless; hereupon the young man leaped from the chair, and, snatching the razor, drew it across his throat, and fell to the floor covered with blood. The barber flew into the street hallooing "Murder!" at the top of his voice. A crowd soon gathered, and, with the affrighted barber, beheld the supposed corpse quietly arranging his tie before the mirror—turning very pleasantly he paid the barber and departed. A theatrical gentleman among the lookers on soon gave it out that it was Professor Herman the Great American Magician. I went to my hotel and awoke next day to find myself the talk of London," concluded the Professor, for it was he who did it. I gave the poor barber fits. "Did you ever hear how I gave a friend of mine the snakes?" asked the Professor. On receiving an answer in the negative, he said; "A friend of mine, who was as great a drunkard as an actor, and this is saying a great deal, was one morning seen by me to enter a drinking-saloon when he was almost on the verge of delirium tremens, and knowing his horror of 'snakes,' as *mania-a-potu* is vulgularly called, I resolved to save him. I entered just as he raised a glass of whiskey to his lips, and rushing forward I snatched the glass from his hand, crying at the same time: 'Hold C., until I take this fly out.' Pretending to take the fly out, I held up a serpent. C. cried out: 'My God! that is a snake!' 'Not at all,' said I; 'it is a simple house-fly. See? you are covered with them,' saying which I approached, and from his sleeves, and hair, etc., I proceeded to pull snakes, protesting all the time that they were flies. 'They are snakes, cried C. again. 'My God! that is a snake; I tell you, Hermann, they are snakes!' 'Nonsense,' said I, 'they are but flies.' 'Then,' said he, 'I have the snakes myself!' and he rushed from the saloon. He was not seen for more than a week after; but when next seen he was sober, and has been so since." "Protessor," asked the interviewer, "were you, who are so fond of surprising others, ever surprised yourself?" "Once," was the answer, "then the surprise was a very great and agreeable one, I assure you. It came about in this way: I was for a number of years a sufferer from cramps in my left side, immediately under the heart I suffered regularly at the close of each performance, and very often was compelled to cancel engagements which I had made, owing to my inability to fill them, being prostrated by cramps, and being in a very weak condition. I entertained very serious thoughts of giving up my profession and spending some years in travel, and would have done so but for an attendant of mine, whose head I had cut off occasionally while performing my wonderful decapitation act. The individual to whom I complained of the pains and the cramps in my side on one occasion said it was curious—that I who could decapitate another and place the head at will, ought certainly be able to cure myself. I told him how some of the best doctors in Europe and America had failed. He laughed at me, and said he could cure me in a week. That night he presented me with a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil, the Great German Remedy, saying that its use would produce an effect more magical than I could readily believe. I laughed at the idea of St. Jacob's Oil doing what had baffled the greatest doctors, but said that I would try it, simply to convince him that trying it would do no good. That night, on retiring, I rubbed my side with the Oil, and sure enough, its good effect was instantaneous—magical, in fact; I felt relief at once. I slept better that night than I had done for a long time before. Again in the morning I rubbed with the Oil, and at the close of the afternoon performance I noticed a great diminution of the painful cramps. Was I surprised? Well, I was very much surprised, and I told my attendant so. In less than a week, and before I had finished my third bottle, I was entirely and permanently cured. The effect of St. Sacob's Oil was indeed magical, so much so that I could scarcely believe my senses. I have never felt a cramp since—nor is there prophet, seer, soothsayer or magician who can perform such wonders as St. Jacob's Oil."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A "devil fish" ran ashore at Portugal Cove, N. F., and was captured by the fishermen. This is the first specimen of the Octopus ever secured in an unmutilated condition. The one referred to measures 83 feet from the tail to the end of one of its tentacles.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Little Falls, N. Y., Nov. 14.—The market was half a cent lower than last week. Sales—Factory cheese, 5,000 boxes at 10c to 11¼c; 650 boxes farm cheese, 10½ to 12c. 175 packages of butter sold at 30c to 32c.

Utica, N. Y., Nov. 14.—2,500 boxes of cheese sold at 10½c to 12c; leading price 11c; 1,600 consigned.

Stratford, Nov. 10.—Nine factories registered 3,735 boxes cheese, Sept. and Oct. make. One factory registering Aug. Market dull. No Sales. Cable steady at 58s. It has been decided to hold the last fair of the season on Thursday, Nov. 24th.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Reader,—Dear Sir:—I would be very glad to get your measure for a suit of clothes. I do a large trade in this line.. I have a first-class Cutter, and will guarantee a good fit to all who will kindly favor me with their orders. My stocks of Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, Worsted goods, &c., were never better than now, and the prices will be found as reasonable as any in the County. Please give me a call when you require clothing, or anything else in General Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., and everything in our power will be done to make the deal pleasant and satisfactory. Give me a call, *and in the meantime, I am,*

Yours respectfully,
JOHN RIGGS.

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

November 17, 1881.		
Wheat, fall, Treadwell per bush.,	1 20	to 1 24
Clawson	1 22	1 25
Spring Wheat, "	1 22	1 25
Barley, "	0 65	0 75
Peas, "	0 70	0 70
Oats, "	0 36	0 36
Flour, per brrl.,	6 00	6 00
Oatmeal, "	2 75	3 00
Cornmeal, "	2 00	2 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 20	0 29
Eggs, per dozen,	0 18	0 18
Potatoes, per bag,	0 60	0 65
Apples, per bag,	1 00	0 60
Wood, long,	2 50	2 75
Wood, short,	1 25	1 50
Hides, per cwt.,	7 00	7 00
Sheepskins	0 00	1 00
Wool, per lb.,	0 00	0 00
Turkeys, per lb,	0 00	0 00
Geese, " "	0 00	0 00
Chickens, per pair,	0 00	0 00
Pork, cwt.,	6 50	6 50
Hay, per ton,	10 00	12 00

TORONTO.
PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS
November 17, 1881.

Wheat, fall, per bush.,	1 25	to 1 28
Wheat, spring, "	0 93	0 95
Barley, "	0 80	0 94
Peas, "	0 80	0 85
Oats, "	0 37	0 40
Rye, "	0 90	0 96
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.,	7 75	8 00
Beef, hind q. "	5 50	6 00
Mutton, per carcase "	5 50	7 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 25	0 26
Butter, large rolls,	0 00	0 00
Butter, tub, dairy,	0 19	0 21
Eggs, fresh, per dozen,	0 23	0 25
Potatoes, per bag	0 85	0 90
Hay, per ton,	12 00	17 00
Wool,	0 23	0 24

GUELPH.
November 16, 1881.

White wheat	$ 1 24	to 1 27
Treadwell	1 24	to 1 26
Spring wheat (Glasgow)	1 26	to 1 28
Red chaff	1 24	to 1 26
Oats	0 37	to 0 45
Peas	0 70	to 0 80
Barley	0 78	to 0 85
Eggs, per dozen	0 18	to 0 20
Butter, dairy packed	0 18	to 0 20
Butter, rolls	0 20	to 0 26
Potatoes, per bag	0 80	to 0 85
Wood, per load	3 50	to 4 00
Hay, per ton	11 00	to 15 00
Wool, per lb	0 23	to 0 25

STRATFORD.
November 16, 1881.

Wheat, fall, per bush	$1 27	to 1 28
Wheat, spring, "	1 26	1 27
Barley, "	0 65	0 85
Oats, "	0 36	0 37
Peas, "	0 74	0 75
Flour, per brl	6 50	7 00
Potatoes, per bag,	0 75	0 80
Butter, lb. rolls,	0 20	0 22
Eggs, per dozen,	0 18	0 20
Hides, per cwt.,	8 00	8 50
Hay, per ton,	9 00	9 50
Wood, per cord.,	3 00	4 50
Wool per lb.,	0 24	0 25

PALMERSTON.
November 17, 1881.

Fall Wheat, per bush	$1 20	1 23
Spring Wheat, "	1 20	1 25
Flour, per cwt.	3 10	3 25
Barley, per bush	0 70	0 80
Peas, "	0 70	0 75
Oats, "	0 36	0 37
Hay, per ton,	6 00	8 00
Potatoes, per bag,	0 60	0 75
Butter, per lb.	0 18	0 20
Eggs, per doz.	0 03	0 18
Pork, per cwt.	0 00	0 00
Cordwood, per cord,	2 00	2 50
Wool, per lbs.	0 21	0 24

NORMAN'S
Electric Belt Institution,
No. 4 Queen Street East, Toronto.
ESTABLISHED 1874.

There is nothing so permanently beneficial to the sufferer as Norman's Electro-Curative Belts, Bands and Insoles. They immediately relieve and permanently cure
ASTHMA,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
LUMBAGO,
NERVOUS DEBILITY,
INDIGESTION,
RHEUMATISM,
SWELLINGS,
INJURIES,
NEURALGIA, ETC.,
And a host of troubles over which medicine has little or no control. Circulars and consultation free.
Medicated and other baths always ready for ladies and gentlemen.
J. H. MICHENER, M. D., Druggist, &c., agent for Listowel. 35y

Mack's Magnetic Medicine

(TRADE MARK.)
Is a Sure, Prompt and Effectual Remedy for *Nervousness in ALL its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Sexual Prostration, Night Sweats, Spermator-Seminal Weakness, and General Loss of Power.* It repairs *Nervous Waste, Rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, Strengthens the Enfeebled Brain, and Restores Surprising Tone and Vigor to the Exhausted Generative Organs.* The experience of thousands proves it an INVALUABLE REMEDY.
Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to mail free to any address.
Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by Druggists at **50** cts. per box, or **12** boxes for $5 or will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of the money, by addressing
MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO.,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.
Sold in Listowel by J. A. Hacking, and all Druggists everywhere. 45y

STATE LINE!
Lowest Through Rates to EUROPE
Ocean and Inland Combined.
The elegant Steamers of this Line sail from NEW YORK
EVERY THURSDAY,
—FOR—
Glasgow, Liverpool, and Belfast
Passage.—Cabin, $60 to $75. Return tickets, $110 to $120. Second Cabin (everything furnished), $35. Return tickets, $75; Steerage at lowest rates.
Tickets Good for One Year.
Passengers going to the old country or parties wishing to bring out friends will find it to their interest to call on
J. LIVINGSTONE, jr.,
AGENT AT LISTOWEL. 15.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Post Office, &c., Stratford, Ont," will be received at this office until WEDNESDAY, the 23rd instant, inclusively, for the erection of Post Office, &c., at Stratford, Ontario.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of J. R. Kilburn, Esq., Architect, Stratford, and at this Department, on and after Friday, 11th instant.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 8th November, 1881. 46b.

St JACOB'S OIL
TRADE MARK

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

DEXTER LIVERY STABLE.
The subscriber has opened a new livery stable in Listowel, in R. R. Hay's old stand on Dodd Street. It will be known as the "Dexter" stables, and is the place to hire good horses and first-class rigs. A number of new wagons and buggies on hand for sale, and will be sold cheap. JAMES LOWRY.

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, 7.45 a.m.; Express 1.55 p.m.; Express 8.24 p.m.
For Palmerston—Express at 6.34 a.m.; Express 1.09 p.m.; Mixed, 10.00 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
GEORGIAN BAY AND LAKE ERIE DIVISION.
Trains leave Listowel station daily as under:
GOING SOUTH.
Express, 8.00 a.m.; Express, 1.05 p.m.; Mixed, 4.45 p.m.
GOING NORTH.
Mixed, 9.45 a.m.; Express, 1.12 p.m.; Express, 9 p.m.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address—True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

CIGARS in endless variety and at prices that suit the times, at B. W. PALMER & CO'S. Hotel Keepers purchasing Cigars will do well to give us a trial. 18

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.
4 Houses on Dodd Street, (Formerly owned by W. Hagon.) As the owner is going to Muskoka he will sell cheap. Great bargains may therefore be had. Title good. Terms to suit purchaser, or parties renting. Apply to FENNELL & GEARING, Barristers, Listowel. 34.

FARM FOR SALE.
Being west half of lot 22, 4th con. Elma, containing 50 acres 40 acres cleared and in good cultivation; good house; frame stable and granary; log barn; young orchard of about 40 trees; well watered, small creek running across it. School house quarter mile from property; three miles and a half from Listowel. Will be sold at a reasonable figure. Terms, half cash and balance to suit purchaser. For further particulars apply to NATHANIEL HARRIS. Listowel, P. O., Oct. 20, 1880. 39.

FARM FOR SALE.
The North-east 50 acres in the 7th con. of Wallace. The land is in a good state of cultivation; all cleared but 4 acres, and fit for a proper to run on it. A good frame barn 38x52 frame house 18x26, well finished; barn and house new; good well and pump at door, and a never failing spring creek on the place. Terms, $750 down; the balance can run for a term of years at 7 per cent. Also 50 acres will be rented along with the 50 for a term of years. The land is first-class; within 3 miles of the town of Palmerston. For particulars apply to the proprietor,
JAMES LITTLE,
Rothsay Ont.

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

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1881.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

DENTISTRY.—J. G. Yemen, M. D., L. D. S., of Stratford, will visit Listowel every Thursday of each week. Rooms at the Grand Central Hotel. 44c

MR. JOHN SUTHERLAND has removed his stove and tinware depot to Large's block, one door west of Tatham & Co's. See advertisement.

H. D. Murray sells his bread at 12cts. a loaf, notwithstanding the late rise in the price of flour, and he continues to take the lead for excellent bread.

PARTIES having accounts against the corporation of Listowel are requested to present them at the next regular meting of Council. See advt.

☞ Don't forget the Toronto Tea Store when in town, for Cheap Teas; good value for the money. D. W. Palmer & Co.

TOWN TAXES.—Pay your taxes on or before the 15th December and save 5 per cent. See notice to that effect in another column.

☞ For a good suit of Clothes either Ready made or Ordered at prices to astonish you go to the Glasgow House.

APPLES are selling at $3 per barrel. Several local dealers are bringing in large quantities, and find ready sale at that price for good fruit.

☞ For a beautiful pair of Ladies Kid Boots and Slippers or Goat Boots go to the Glasgow House.

FINGER TAKEN OFF.—On Thursday afternoon Mr. Andrew Kay, an employee at Hess Bros. furniture factory, had one of his thumbs taken off above the first joint by a circular saw.

NOTICE.—My accounts are now made up Please call and settle. J. A. HACKING. 43c.

ABOUT 150 fine young maples were planted this week around the High School grounds. It is the intention of the Board to have the grounds laid out with other ornamental trees, shrubs and flowers in the spring.

WE REGRET to hear that D. P. Clapp, Esq., Public School Inspector, is now lying very ill from a severe attack of bilious fever. We trust that he may soon be able to be around again.—*Harriston Tribune.*

NEW CONFECTIONERY.—Messrs. George Huber and David Sutherland have entered into partnership and are opening a confection and fruit store in the masonic block. The business will be under the management of Mr. Huber, who is an experienced baker.

FATHER O'CONNOR, who professes to be a converted Romish priest, harranged before a promiscuous audience in the town hall on Monday evening. The main object of the "lecture" appeared to be the admission fee at the door, and this was not a very encouraging success.

MR. GEO. ZILLIAX's new grain elevator adjoining the mill sidings is about finished. It is a substantial looking structure of considrable capacity, its dimensions being 40 ft. square and 30 ft. high. The contract price was $1,500. Mr. E. B. Sutherland was the contractor.

MISSIONARY SERMONS.—On Sunday, 27th inst., Rev. W. F. Campbell, missionary agent of the Diocese of Huron, will preach missionary sermons in Christ Church, Listowel. It is intended that these sermons will take the place of the customary annual missionary meeting. The collections will be devoted to missionary purposes.

ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.—As will be seen by advertisement in another column, the entrance examination to the Listswel High School will be held on the 21st and 22nd days of December. Intending candidates are required to send their names to Mr. McCallum, the head master, previous to the 1st December.

CLOSING EXERCISES.—We understand that it is intended to have a public entertainment in connection with the Listowel High School, at the close of the Christmas examinations. Dr. McLellan, High School Inspector, is expected to be present and deliver an address, and a good programme will be prepared, of which further notice will be given in due time.

MR. J. S. DRAPER, son of Mr. George Draper of this town, was accorded the position of vice-chairman at the eighth annual dinner of the Toronto Medical School students, held at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on Thursday evening of last week. The leading representatives of the medical profession in the city and other prominent gentlemen were present.

MASONIC BALL.—The annual Masonic ball, under the auspices of the Listowel lodge, will take place on the evening of the 28th December. These annual assemblies have had the reputa ion of being very brilliant affairs, and it is intended by the committee who have the management that the ball this year will be superior to anything of the kind hitherto held in town.

CALEDONIAN CONCERT.—The Caledonian Society's annual concert, which will eventuate on Friday evening, 2nd December, promises to be highly entertaining. In addition to the best vocal talent in the town, the Misses Bricker, of Port Elgin, who are said to be very accomplished singers, and Mr. Drumgold, of London, whose musical ability is already well known here, are expected to take part in the programme.

M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. Dr. Rossvally, a converted Jew, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will preach in the M. E. Church of this place on Sabbath the 27th inst., and will deliver a lecture on Jewish Rites and Ceremonies, on each of the two following nights—Monday and Tuesday 28th and 29th. The Dr. and his accomplished daughter will give a sacred concert before and after each lecture. The Dr. will appear in Jewish costume.

ART INTERCHANGE.—Attention is directed to the advertisement in another column of the *Art Interchange*, a fortnightly art journal, published by the Art Interchange Publishing Co., of New York. The departments of this journal embrace decorative art, music, drama, belles lettres, fine art, notes and queries, all art work, and news of the art world. The wealth of information which the *Art Interchange* contains about all branches of art commends it to everyone who is desirous of improving his knowledge in this direction.

CLAN CAMPBELL.—The representatives of the clan Campbell in Canada have resolved to present the Marquis of Lorne, upon his return from England, with an address containing as many signatures of Canadian residents who claim kinship to the "noble house of Argyle" as can be obtained. For the information of the representatives of the clan Campbell in this vicinity, we are requested to intimate that our worthy chieftain o' that Heilan' clan, Colonel D. D. Campbell, of this town, has been deputed by the Hon. Alexander Campbell, Minister of Malitia to collect their autographs. The signatures will be taken on sheets of parchment, which will afterwards be attached to the address, which is to be handsomely engrossed and illuminated. The Colonel will be pleased to have all who claim kinship to the Campbells call and leave their signatures with him.

BIBLE SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Listowel branch Bible Society was held in the Congregational Church on Thursday of last week. There was not a very large attendance. Rev. Mr. Clarris, of Sarnia, Bible Society agent, was present, and delivered a very interesting address, giving a short history of the Bible, and also of the British and Foreign Bible Society, of which the Society in Canada is a branch. Short addresses were also delivered by Rev. J. W. Bell, of Knox Church, and Rev. G. B. Taylor, of Christ Church. The following officers were appointed for the ensuing year: President, Rev. G. B. Taylor; Vice-presidents, the resident ministers of the town; Secretary, Mr. B. Rothwell; Treasurer, Mr. J. P. Newman; Depositary, Mr. Wm. McMillan. A committee was also appointed, consisting of two members from each of the churches in town. The committee will meet on Monday evening next, when the collectors will be appointed.

SULKY PLOW.—Quite a number of persons collected on the farm of Mr. John Barber on Monday afternoon, to witness the trial of a sulky plow. The work done by this new implement was quite satisfactory. It certainly greatly lightens the work of the ploughman, who can ride about the field on one of these implements enjoying comparative ease and at the same time turning over the soil quite lively. The price of the sulky plow, which we believe is $65, may, perhaps, prevent them from rapidly superceding the ordinary implement. These plows are manufactured at South Bend, Indiana. Messrs. Philip Gable, of Wallace, and C. W. Baker, of Listowel, are agents for this vicinity.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—A movement is on foot to revive the Mechanics' Institute. We understand that upwards of one hundred members have already been enrolled. There is abundant reason for believing that a public library, under efficient management, will be liberally supported by our townspeople. We have no doubt, also, that the Town Council, notwithstanding its refusal to appropriate public funds to liquidate the debt on the Institute, will, upon being assured that the Institute has in reality been revived and is likely to prove a public benefit, make a liberal grant towards supporting it. We trust that the matter will not be allowed to flag until a thorough canvass of the town has been made, as we are confident that a very large membership is obtainable.

MUNICIPAL matters have up to the present remained in comparative quietude, at least so far as anything of a public character is concerned. It would appear, however, that our Grit friends, with their usual penchant for doing things in secret, and in accordance with their policy of running municipal elections on purely party lines wherever they consider it policy to do so, have already held their little caucus, selected their candidates—all of the Grit stamp of course, and formulated their plans for capturing the reins of municipal government next January. This secret caucus, we are informed on very good authority, was held at Messrs. Livingstone's flax mill. The isolated position of the mill, however, does not appear to have prevented the cat from escaping from the bag. As other "secret" meetings of the "pairty" are quite probable, we would caution all respectable farmers living within a few miles of the town to see to the fastenings on their barn doors. There is no telling, you know, whose property may be trespassed upon next. We are in possession of the names of the candidates selected at this great rally at the flax mill, but shall withhold them for the present, awaiting further developments.

GARDINER BROS. are doing a good business in Pianos and Organs in Listowel. On Tuesday, 15th inst., they sold five Organs, wholesale) shipped to different parties in Perth and adjacent counties.

TOWN COUNCIL.—An adjourned meeting of the Town Council was held on Monday evening, 15th inst. Present, the Mayor, Reeve, and Councillors, Woods, Fennell, Scott, Binning, Dingman, Gibbs ane Riggs. A communication was read from Jacob Abbot, chief engineer Teronto Iron Bridge Co., in reference to iron bridges. The Finance Committee reported, recommending payment of the following accounts: J. W. Brisbin, stationery, 70c.; Hart & Co., stationery, $1.60; J. J. Large, repairing cemetery fence, $4.29; R. McElveney, coal oil and chimneys, $2; R. G. Roberts, Tp. Clerk Wallace, abstract roll, 50c.; W. J. Stewart, supplies to indigents, $5; D. D. Hay, postage re mail facilities, $4c.; J. A. Hacking, coal oil and sundries, $8.15; J. J. McConnell, lighting street lamps, $8; do., services as constable, $1; S. Bricker & Co., hardware, $3.50; Tatham & Co., hardware, $10.46; Austin & Co., engine supplies, $2.55; A. Morris, coal, $81.11; W. Woods, work on streets, $93.50; M. Scherer, printing, $4.25; Wm. Bright, salary etc., $45.87; Geo. Lortz, lumber, $27.00; A. Morris, grading, $3; Press Band, quarter grant, $25; Jas. Green, blacksmi hing $35.19; W. J. Stewart, nails, $1.40; A. D. Freeman, pails, $5.25; J. S. Tremain, watering streets, etc., $9.40; Edward Poole, refund of dog tax, $1. On motion the report was adopted. D. B. Dingman moved, seconded by R. Woods, that the consideration of printing account of Ferguson & Elliott be laid over until Mr. Savin, the assessor, be heard in explanation of items in said account—carried. Mr. D. D. Campbell and others applied to have drain on Edgar street properly opened—referred to Road and Bridge Committee. D. B. Dingman moved, seconded by J. A. Hacking, that the application of E. B. Sutherland for exemption from taxation be referred to By-laws Committee, with power to confer with Mr. Sutherland as to particulars concerning same, and to report at next regular meeting of Council—carried. The Mayor made application at this meeting to rent the old school buildings—referred to the Public Buildings Committee. A deputation consisting of Rev. J. W. Bell, Rev. G. B. Taylor, and others, addressed the Council in reference to the Mechanics' Institute. J. W. Scott moved, seconded by R. Woods, that the application of the officers of the Mechanics' Institute for sixty dollars to relieve the Institute from financial embarrassment be granted. Moved in amendment by J. A. Hacking, seconded by F. E. Gibbs, that when this Council are assured that the Mechanic's Institute have a *bona fide* membership of one hundred, paid up, this Council shall further aid them by a grant of $60. Both motion and amendment were negatived on the following division: For the motion—Scott, Woods, Riggs, Dingman, Hay; for the amendment—Deavitt, Fennell, Hacking, Gibbs, Binning. Council adjourned.

BIRTHS.

MCLELLEN—In Listowel, on the 10th inst., the wife of Donald McLellen, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

LOCKHART—MORRISON.—At the residence of the brides father, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. J. W. Bell, M. A., Mr. Andrew Lockhart, of Wallace, to Margaret, second daughter of Mr. James Morrison of Wallace.

DEATHS.

BOND—In Wallace on the 12th inst., Margaret Bond, aged 68 years.

TOWN OF LISTOWEL.

TAKE NOTICE.

That all accounts due by the Corporation of the Town of Listowel must be sent in at the next regular meeting of the Council, to be held on MONDAY 5TH DECEMBER next.

WM. BRIGHT, Clerk.

Listowel, Nov. 17, 1881. 45a

TOWN OF LISTOWEL.

TAXES.

Take notice that Taxes will be received at my office up to the 14TH DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, after which date 5 per cent. will be added to all taxes not then paid in.

LEWIS BOLTON,
By order. Town Treasurer.

Listowel, Nov. 16, 1881. 45b.

TOWNSHIP OF WALLACE.

NOTICE.

All parties holding claims for contracts on Roads and Bridges or for Gravel against the Municipality of Wallace are requested to present them to the Treasurer on or before THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF DECEMBER next. By order of Council.

R. G ROBERTS, Clerk.

Wallace, Nov. 14, 1881. 45a.

ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.

The Examination for admission to

THE LISTOWEL HIGH SCHOOL,

Will be held in the High School,

On Wednesday and Thursday, December 21st and 22nd,

Commencing at the hour of nine in the morning of each day. Candidates must notify A. B. McCallum, Esq., M. A., Head Master of the High School, not later than the 1st of December, of their intention to present themselves for examination.

DAVID P. CLAPP, B. A.,
Town Inspector.

Listowel, Nov. 15th, 1881. 45b.

TEACHER WANTED.

For S. S. No. 15, Township of Mornington. One capable of teaching German preferred. One holding a 3rd class certificate, sufficient. Duties to commence 1st of January, 1882. Address all communications to

DAVID McCLOY.

Carthage P. O. Nov. 8, 1881. 46c.

CATTLE ESTRAY.

Came into the premises of James Robinson lot 6, con. 6, Wallace, about the middle of September last, 2 heifers and 2 steers. The heifers: one nearly all red, and the other red and white. Steers red and white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and remove the animals.

JAS. ROBINSON.

Wallace, Nov. 8, 1881. 46c.

STEERS ESTRAY.

Came into the premises of the subscriber, at the Collison House, Listowel, on Friday last (fair day) two steers coming 3 years, both red and white, short horns and white faces. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and remove the animals.

PEARSON COLLISON.

Listowel, Nov. 9th, 1881. 46c.

CALF ESTRAY.

Came into the premises of the subscriber, west end, Listowel, about two months ago, a spring calf, dark red with white spots. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and remove the animal.

THOS. EDMONDSON.

Listowel Nov. 7, 1881.

VALUABLE BUILDING LOT

FOR SALE BY AUCTION.

Being town lot No. 84, on west side of Wallace street, in the town of of Listowel, containing one quarter of an acre, will be sold by Public Auction, on

Friday, 2nd December, 1881,

at the hour of one o'clock, p. m. The above lot is splendidly situated for a business stand. Terms cash.

T. E. HAY, Auctioneer. H. HEATHERS, Proprietor.

Listowel, Nov. 2, 1881. 43a.

HOME ART WORK.

THE ART INTERCHANGE,

AN ILLUSTRATED HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL.

$2.00 a year. Twenty-six Numbers.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY ON THURSDAYS.

The only art journal published oftener than once a month.

LEADING FEATURES:

Instructions and suggestions in all art methods, including silk and crewel embroidery; painting on silk, wood and china: wood carving, glass painting, mural decorations, art furnishing, modeling, etching, glass staining drawn work, sketching on linen, tapestry painting, etc.

Notes and Queries give expert advice, supplying readers with information that it would be difficult to obtain in any other manner. The answers cover a wide range of topics and are practical. They are useful to all readers and are very interesting. Great care is taken with them that they may be authoritative.

Supplements of working designs giving decorative patterns with directions for their practical application, are a regular feature. Colored and extra-double sheet supplements will be issued occasionally.

PICTORIAL AND DECORATIVE ART NEWS. EXCELLENT BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NEWS. DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL CRITICISMS AND NEWS. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, POSTAGE FREE. SAMPLE COPY FREE. Issued fortnightly.

A New Practical Art Monthly, entitled

ART WORK MANUALS,

ISSUED

ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH,

BEGINNING WITH

OCTOBER 1881,

Edited by CHARLES G. LELAND, Director of the Public Industrial Art Schools of Philadelphia; Author of "The Minor Arts."

Each number will contain full, clear instructions how to begin and continue the practice of some form of hand art work by which a livelihood may be earned, besides illustrations and supplementary sheets of working designs for practical application. The designs in every number will be generally applicable to all the arts.

October, 1881,....."Ceramic Painting."
November, 1881,....."Tapestry Painting."
December, 1881,....."Wood Carving."
January, 1882,....."Art Needlework."

AND OTHERS TO BE ANNOUNCED.

$2.00 a year. Postage free. Single numbers, 20 cents; or, if paid in postage stamps, 35 cents.

Published by

THE ART INTERCHANGE PUBLISHING CO.,

140 Nassau Street, New York.

"A National Authority."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

ALL ART NEWS.

FOR SALE.

A thoroughbred Suffolk Boar Pig, about 3 mos. old; also a Leicester Ram Lamb. Apply to—

D. D. CAMPBELL.

Listowel, Nov. 8, 1881. 44.

USED ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

JOHNSTON'S

SARSAPARILLA

—FOR—

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia

And for Purifying the Blood.

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

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

It is sold by all responsible druggists at one dollar for a quart bottle, or six bottles for five dollars. 42F.

Sold in Listowel by Dr. Michener.

MONEY TO LOAN

AT 6 PER CENT.

—ON—

FARM AND TOWN PROPERTY.

THE BEST OF

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT

AND GUARANTEE COMPANIES REPRESENTED.

Office—Montreal Telegraph Office, Main St., Listowel.

29. S. M. SMITH.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Emery's Bar to Port Moody.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

TENDER FOR WORK

—IN—

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY the 1st day of February next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West-end of Contract 60, near Emery's Bar, a distance of about 35 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on applications at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st of January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge of the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R." F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881. 43c.

EXPRESS NOTICE.

The Canadian Express Co'y

having extended their business over the line of the

The Georgian Bay and Lake Erie Division of the G. T. R.,

are now prepared to offer unsurpassed facilities for quick and safe despatch to and from all points on said line, and throughout the Dominion, United States, and Europe

Safety to all money offered for transportation guaranteed; and low rates offered for all goods of a perishable nature.

For particulars enquire of Supt. Montreal; or E. Bishop, Toronto; or any of our agents along the line.

42a G. CHENEY.

REMOVED

TO LARGER PREMISES.

JOHN SUTHERLAND

Has been compelled by the rapid increase in his business to seek more commodious premises, and has removed his

STOVE AND TINWARE DEPOT

TO LARGERS BLOCK,

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

where he has opened out a very extensive stock of

COOKING, HALL & PARLOR STOVES,

TINWARE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

LAMP GOODS, COAL OIL. &c.

WHICH HE WILL SELL

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

He is in a much better position than heretofore to wait upon his customers.

Eavetroughing and Repairing promptly attended to. Stoves set up and cleaned. All orders filled with dispatch. Don't forget the new stand—one door west of Tatham & Co's., and

GIVE HIM A CALL.

OYSTERS! **OYSTERS!** OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

—BY THE CAN OR DISH—

SERVED IN ALL STYLES AT ALL HOURS

—AT—

H. D. MURRAY'S

BAKERY.

Hot Tea and Coffee and all kinds of Hot Lunches always ready at H. D. Murray's Bakery.

The best spot in town for good Bread—white and brown.

THE CELEBRATED CHRISTIE BISCUITS ALWAYS IN STOCK. BUNS, CAKES AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF PASTRY!

CONFECTIONERY

of every description, from the best manufacturers.

CANNED GOODS

Canned Fruits, Canned Vegetables, Canned Fowl and Fish—large stock and selling at lowest prices.

FRESH FRUITS IN SEASON!

Socials and Parties supplied at special reductions. Orders for Weddings, Balls, &c., filled on short notice in first-class style.

STAND—ONE DOOR EAST OF BRICKER'S HARDWARE, MAIN ST., LISTOWEL.

H. D. MURRAY.

A FACT!

We have received a Job Line of

Colored Cashmeres,

worth 45 cents, which we will close out at 20 cents per yard,

LESS THAN HALF PRICE,

Everybody should see them.

JUST OPENING

183--GROSS OF BUTTONS--183,

NEW SHADES AND DESIGNS.

We are selling Wincey for 12½ cents, really worth 18 cents per yard. Examine them and you will admit.

20 DOZ. SHIRTS AND DRAWERS

just received, which we will sell at 45 cents, and 32 dozen at 50 cents—Excellent value.

Our stock is full and complete in every department, and we have just the articles you want.

☞ Gents' American Cuffs and Collars a full supply. ☜

JOHN C. BURT.

$5,000.00

We are opening out in our show rooms in

LISTOWEL AND MT. FOREST

—OVER FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF—

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

which we have purchased for cash. Intending purchasers will save money by calling and inspecting our stock. We sell Organs and Pianos at a small advance over cost.

CALL AND SEE US & BE CONVINCED.

We are selling Pianos and Organs on

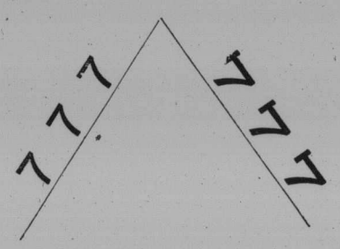
MONTHLY PAYMENTS

—on a Piano a payment of $10 a month, on an Organ $5 per month, till paid. Do not say you are not able to buy when you are offered payments as above. If you make a dollar per day you can save five dollars per month, and buy an organ and never feel paying for it.

SHOW ROOM: OSBORNE'S BLOCK, LISTOWEL.

GARDINER BROS.

DIRECT IMPORTATIONS.



This season we are importing the greater part of our goods direct from one of the Leading Dry Goods Houses in Glasgow, and we have to announce that our stock has arrived, and is now open for inspection, and we fell confident in saying that we have one of the finest stocks ever shown in Listowel. We cordially invite all to call and get a share of the piles of cheap goods that we are now showing. Hoping to be favored by an early call.

We are, Yours Truly,

ROY, McDONALD & Co.

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

Friday, Dec. 2nd, 1881.

THE BEST VALUE IN

STAPLE GROCERIES!

—AT—

JAS. ARMSTRONG'S

next to McDonald's Bank, Main St.

SPECIAL VALUE IN TEAS.

Large stock of

CROCKERY, CUTLERY & GLASSWARE

will be sold very cheap for one month.

Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Buckwheat Flour, &c., constantly on hand.

Farmers, bring your Butter and Eggs, and dried meat this way. Highest market price allowed in exchange for goods. 3.

IN NEW PREMISES!

WM. McKEEVER,

Has pleasure in announcing that he has fitted up a

First-Class Butcher Stall

in his new Brick Block on west side of Wallace street, opposite the old stand, where the

Choicest Meats of the Season

can be had at all times, and at moderate rates.

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS!

to Hotels and Boarding Houses.

Will not be Undersold.

WM. McKEEVER.

Listowel, 1881 46.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS

FOR SALE!

ON

MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS

Terms to suit buyers.

10. GEORGE DRAPER.

E. B. SUTHERLAND,

BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR,

having leased the

DOOR AND SASH FACTORY

from Mr. Milne, is now prepared to offer inducements to builders and contractors, in

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS

MOULDINGS, ETC., ETC.

Custom Planing Done:

Contracts for all kinds of Building taken.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LUMBER.

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

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Etc.

Will be kept.

☞ *ORDERS SOLICITED* ☜

FACTORY—Elma street, near Climie's Mills.

E. B. SUTHERLAND,
Proprietor.

GLASGOW HOUSE

THIS WEEK

Our stock will be found very complete in all Departments, viz:

DRESS GOODS,
DRESS TRIMMING,
VELVETS,
CLOAKING,
MANTLE CLOTH,
MANTLES,
SHAWLS,
WOOL WRAPS.

SCOTCH TWEEDS,
CANADIAN TWEEDS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
GENTS FURNISHINGS,
HATS AND CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES, ETC.

EVERYTHING NEW IN MILLINERY.

These goods will be sold at the lowest possible prices.

Call and see that we mean business.

WM McMILLAN.

Campbell's Block, Main St

TORONTO TEA STORE.

JUST RECEIVED A FRESH STOCK OF

GROCERIES, CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE, CANNED GOOD,
TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES,
SUGARS, EXTRACTS. &c., of all kinds.

WHICH WILL BE SOLD

CHEAP FOR CASH OR TRADE.

LAMPS! LAMPS!

The finest assortment ever brought into town. All the latest designs, and varying in prices from 25 cents upwards.

You can also find at same store a large assortment of Foreign and Domestic

ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS,

WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Remember our Terms are strictly Cash or Produce.

REMEMBER THE STAND,

TORONTO TEA STORE.

D. W. PALMER & CO.,

MAIN ST., LISTOWEL.

THE ONTARIO HOUSE!

I am daily receiving consignments of my

NEW FALL GOODS,

—IN—

MILLINERY, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, BOOTS SHOES, AND LIQUORS.

I cordially invite inspection of same, feeling confident that no house, doing a legitimate trade, will sell goods cheaper than I will.

GEO. DRAPER

Ontario House, Main St., Listowel.

A NEW DEPARTURE!

JOHN GABEL,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,

Takes pleasure in calling public attention to his very large and complete stock of

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
FINE GOLD JEWELLERY,
FINE PLATED JEWELLERY,
SILVER & ELECTRO PLATED WARE,
CLOCKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
FANCY GOODS, TOYS,
STATIONERY, SCHOOL BOOKS, &C.,

Which he has recently opened out in his new premises on

WALLACE ST., OPPOSITE SCOTT'S BANKING HOUSE.

—He carries one of the largest and most valuable stocks of genuine—

GOLD AND SILVER WARE

of any retail house in the trade, and as he buys and sells for cash, he is in a position —to offer—

THE VERY BEST INDUCEMENTS TO BUYERS.

Having a thorough practical knowledge of his business, and employing only first-class workmen—

IN MAKING AND REPAIRING WATCHES & JEWELLERY

HE DEFIES COMPETITION.

The rapid increase in his business is the best evidence that satisfaction has been given.

ENGRAVING AND ORNAMENTATION A SPECIALITY.

In addition to his extensive stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewellery, he has lately opened out a splendid assortment of

FANCY GOODS & TOYS,

—ALSO A STOCK OF—

SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

These goods have been bought to advantage, and are offered at prices that CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD.—

☞ AN INSPECTION OF OUR STOCK AND PRICES IS INVITED. ☜

JOHN GABEL,

Watchmaker and Jeweller, Wallace St., Listowel.

H—U—R—R—A—H—!

—FOR—

BRICKER'S MAMMOTH HARDWARE.

LARGEST AND CHEAPETS SPOT IN TOWN.

The following lines are complete, and we are SELLING THEM AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES:

Nails, Glass, Putty, Spades, Shovels,

FORKS, HOES AND GARDEN RAKES.

We also keep full lines of

PAINTS, OILS AND VARNISHES

MACHINE OILS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

☞ BIRD CAGES LOWER THAN EVER. ☜

Give Us a Call and Strike the Nail on the Head.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

CHAPTER LXII.

Ted Ackroyd came into Doctor March's consulting room on the day after his queen's surrender, with such an unusual glow of excitement about him that even poor George, sad and preoccupied as he was, did not fail in a very few moments to discover the young fellow's secret.

The house in the square was a good deal upset. Geordie's ailment had taken a more serious turn during the night; and in presence of this new trouble George had felt constrained to meet his wife with outward composure, and to ignore as best he could the smiling allusions which were provoked by Lucy's devoted watch at the child's bedside and his own necessarily frequent meetings with her.

Ted's radiant face came dazzling like a stray sunbeam through the gloom of the divided household. Was there really a world, George found himself wondering, outside of his dark and hopeless one, where joy and loving and asking and giving in marriage still went on? He had almost forgotten its existence. He felt terribly old as he congratulated the good fellow he had known and liked so long.

How many hundred years ago was it that they had met every day in the dear old brown room, and tall Bee Throgmorton had played for them and defied them and been spoiled by them both.

George March spoke a few kind and loyal words about his pretty enemy of old times, and then he proceeded to ask after Jack's progress.

"It is that which brings me to you so early," said Ted. "Mr. Witer—the Bainbury surgeon, you know—has given us leave to move Jack, and of course they are all very anxious to get home again."

Is it not rather premature?" said George gravely. "He is doing very well; it would be a pity to risk anything."

"That is just it, old fellow. Mrs. Throgmorton wants you to have a look at Jack before she takes the step; and she thought if you would run down with me for a day——"

George hesitated for a moment.

"If it were not for Geordie," he said; and he explained to the good natured young fellow his anxiety about his son. There were symptoms which pointed to scarlet fever. His wife was about to leave home, and Lucy—"Still," he said more cheerfully, "Stetson would look after the little lads for me—I should be only a few hours away. I dare say I shall be able to manage it, Ted. We will run down together."

Young Ackroyd took himself off on obtaining this promise—he had a call to make on good Mr. Worthington the jeweler, on his own account this time, and was trying to calculate how long it would take to have two names and a date engraved inside the diamond and saphire ring which he was going to take back as his queen's pretty badge of submission. George went up stairs to his wife's bed room, and explained what he had undertaken.

The poor fellow seemed sadly to take it for granted that the child's increasing illness would cause no delay in his wife's plans, her enormous imperials being almost packed for her visit to Normanhurst.

"I presume however," he said, as he was about to cross the wide oaken landing to Lucy's room, where Geordie's cot had always stood since her return, "that, if any change should occur in the boy's condition during my absence, you will hardly think of leaving Lucy alone in the house?"

"My dear George, of course not," replied Mrs. March, who was as busy as a bee, flitting round her airy old bed room in a charming white peignoir, and with her flaxen hair falling about her shoulders in graceful disarray. "I will be as solicitous of Lucy's comfort as even you would be. Geordie has only got a cold, I feel convinced. You know dear Lucy likes to coddle him—it is her metier."

"I have already told you that it is more than a cold," said George gravely. "Perhaps you will allow me to be the best judge in such a matter. I do not presume to interfere with your flounces. I repeat in the plainest terms that the boy is sickening for a fever."

"Oh, it cannot be very serious," his wife said gaily, "since you contemplate leaving him, and when poor Jack Throgmorton is quite out of danger too! I find the fact of your journey to Ashburn very reassuring, dear George!"

Without a word George turned on his heel and went across the landing to knock at Lucy's door. He came out after a few minutes looking graver still, and went back to his wife.

"You will not leave the house until I return from Ashburn—that is understood," he said, with so much sternness that Ada for the moment was startled out of her smiles.

In her eagerness over her packing, and not expecting perhaps to see her husband so soon again, she had twisted her hair up in a knot and pushed it behind her ears. The result was trying to her face, which looked fagged and old as she turned it towards him.

"That is understood, of course, dear George, if you wish it," she answered gently. She was directing Tucker where to bestow the exquisitely laced and frilled white petticoats which had just come home from the French laundry, and how to distribute the little embroidered velvet sachets among their crisp folds. She interrupted this occupation to ask, with a smile, "How soon do you start?"

"In half an hour."

"And you will return——"

"To night, if possible. And I tell you once more that I do not think you need finish your packing. You will have to give up your visit for the present. Send Edwards with a telegram to Mrs. Solomons. Even she will understand that it would be hardly decent for you to leave home just now."

"Of course I shall not think of doing so if there is any cause for alarm, dear George," Ada returned thoughtfully. She had her hands full of beautiful old lace which she went on folding. "Never mind the rest, Tucker; I may not require them you know."

George looked at her sharply; but her expressions of disappointment seemed genuine. Audacious as this woman was, he felt that she had not courage enough to brave public opinion by forsaking the bed of her sick child.

"It will be a relief to Lucy to know she can count on you," he said more gently. "Your mother naturally makes heavy demands on her time; if you can contrive to relieve your cousin of that charge during Geordie's illness——"

"All will be right, dear George," his wife answered gently, as she finished folding her lace and laid it away in a satin lined box. "You can go to your friends with an easy mind. Did I not hear Ted Ackroyd's voice just now in the hall?"

"Yes, he was here. He is very happy. He is engaged to Miss Throgmorton."

"At last!" cried Mrs. March with a little laugh. "Now I can understand, dear George, the generosity which prompts you to offer your congratulations in person, and to get over an awkward situation as quickly as possible. I began to think really that poor Miss Throgmorton was doomed to braid St. Catherine's tresses. She has just saved herself fortunately from that fate. Let us hope that matrimony may act as a corrective of the slight acidity she was beginning to develop She has had a narrow escape!"

"I must be off," said the Doctor curtly and, picking his way through the overflowing trays and bonnet boxes with which the bedroom floor was littered, he went away without any further leave taking.

Lucy heard the brougham drive off to the station as she sat in her darkened room, and a wistful smile parted her pale lips. The news which George had told her of Bee had set her heart beating with a sad and happy restlessness. She made all sorts of bright pictures in her mind about Ted and Bee in their home together. They were to live at Croome. What letters Bee would write to to her when she was far away from Barlaston again! What good she and her kind hearted young husband would do! What a bright and beautiful life was before them!

Happiness had passed her by, Lucy thought with a little sobbing sigh; but it was always in the world for some one; and she was glad that it had come to her tall beautiful warm hearted Bee.

"She was the first to have pity on me and to love me," the girl thought, as she watched Geordie's heavy sleep. "I pray that her goodness may be returned to her and to her children a hundredfold."

Her thoughts went back sadly then to the early days of her coming to Barlaston. She remembered how eagerly she had looked forward in the convent to being at home again with her own people.

If she had known all that was to happen!

"I wanted too much from the world," she thought. "I wanted to be loved and sheltered from trouble and to have a great deal of pleasure and praise; and the world had nothing but sorrow and disappointment to give me. I have been a trouble and a grief to every one who has cared for me, and most of all to George." A great shudder passed over the girl as she thought again of the talk at midnight in the drawing room. She had lain awake till daylight thinking of it. "I often say to myself that I wish I could have died to save George from all that has happened through me," the girl thought with a melancholy smile: "but it is harder to live. And I know now, once and for all, that I cannot devote my life to him any longer. I have told him my secret. I can never come back to his house again. When Geordie is well again, I must go."

The child stirred in his feverish sleep as she was thinking of him, and began rapidly to mutter her name, and the words of a little prayer she had taught him to lisp for papa and mamma. Lucy stooped and laid her cool lips gently on his brow.

She had seen her cousin that morning. Tucker had been sent, with her mistress's love, to inquire after the little patient; but Mrs. March herself had not appeared in the sick room.

Tucker, who was fond of children in her consequential and fussy way, lingered to look at the sleeping boy and to ask a good many questions; and then she went back to her mistress's bed room.

Lucy had greatly dreaded meeting Ada while the remembrance of George's anguish was still keen and smarting within her, and it was a relief to know that she was to be spared for a while from that pain.

Morning wore into afternoon. Lucy had Mrs. Ludlow's dinner to see to, and she contrived to steal a few minutes from Geordie's bedside to sit and talk with the poor lady during her lonely meal.

"It is very strange," complained the invalid fretfully, "that George should forbid poor Ada to leave the house when he has known all along of her engagement to Minnie Solomons, and yet go off on a railway journey himself. Men are all alike."

"George will be back this evening, aunt Letitia," Lucy answered patiently. "A doctor must attend to his patients." In her heart she was thinking, with a great and bitter pain. "There is no man like him; there is no one half so strong or so good."

The girl was worn out and excited. She could hardly keep from crying.

Later Mr. Stetson came in, to find the pale little nurse very anxious for his appearance. There had been a change in Geordie. He had began to wander in his talk. The girl's face was white with terror.

"I shall not faint," she said quietly to the doctor, as he looked at her in some concern. "I am very strong, and I have seen sick children before, but not—not one that was so dear!" She controlled the quivering of her lip bravely, and added, "Please tell me what to do. I will follow your directions faithfully."

Sober Mr. Stetson, who had often talked to his nice wife about Miss Thrale, did his best now to tranquillise and reassure the young lady. There was nothing in the boy's condition to cause especial alarm. All was going as well as could be wished. He would return in the evening, if March had not got back by then.

"You will tell my cousin?" Lucy said, following him eagerly to the door. "She does not know that Geordie is so ill. She——"

"Lucy, Lucy!" cried the child suddenly, in his little choked voice. "Cousin Lucy, hold me—hold Geordie! I falling—falling through the floor!" He sat up wildly and stretched out his little arms.

The girl ran back to him and took him to her breast.

"Lucy will not let you go, darling," she said, gently reasoning with his terror. "Lucy is holding you close. See—Geordie is quite safe now!" Tears were dropping on the little scorched beloved face as he clung to her. "Please tell my cousin," she whispered, turning her head to the doctor. "I cannot leave him, you see."

Half an hour later, when Geordie had again fallen into a troubled sleep and Lucy was sitting near him, with her blotting book on her lap, writing a long and loving letter to Bee, a housemaid came to the door with a note for Miss Thrale.

Lucy recognized the stiff gray paper and the brilliant monogram at once. Why should Ada write to her? The girl began to tremble.

"Dearest Lucy,—Mr. Stetson having confirmed my opinion that there is nothing serious in dear little Geordie's attack, I think it better to keep my original intention of starting this afternoon for Normanhurst, feeling sure that I shall receive to-morrow a perfectly satisfactory account of our small patient. I take Tucker with me, knowing now little use she is in a sick room. Pray take good care of yourself, dear Lucy, and pity me for the infliction I have brought upon myself through my foolish amiability in taking up Mrs. Solomons. My love to dear George when he returns. To dear Darby, I ought to have said, you dearest little Joan.

"ADA."

The letter fell from Lucy's hand. It had not surprised her; but she would have been glad to spare George this additional pang. It seemed now as if nothing further could happen—that her humiliation had reached its lowest depth.

When George came back, he did not speak to Lucy of his wife's flight, often as they stood together by the little sick-bed; but next day he brought lame Maria to share the girl's watch and to attend a little to poor nervous, crying Mrs. Ludlow.

"We must not lay too heavy a burden on cousin Lucy's shoulders," he said kindly. "Maria will be very glad to lighten it for you, my dear."

Indeed the lame girl could not conceal her delight at being near Miss Thrale again. She was jealous if one of the servants lifted a finger for the young lady. Lucy had nothing to think of in the house after that day. She could devote herself entirely to Geordie.

Once the girl did ask George timidly for news of Ada, and begged him to send her word that the boy was pronounced out of danger. But even her sweet and piteous pleading could not soften the bitter wrath that was swelling in George March's heart. It only marked more painfully the contrast between Lucy and the woman he called his wife—the woman who had bartered her motherhood for a few fine dresses and compliments and who had left her child perhaps to die in her absence.

"The fact would not interest her," the young man said coldly. "When she has displayed all her new dresses, she will come home and smile over his recovery."

"But she has written to you?" Lucy urged, flushing. "Surely she has written, George?"

"No," he replied, unmoved; and he turned to leave the room. He was met by Edwards, who held a telegram in his hand.

"Ah, it is from Ada, I am sure!" Lucy exclaimed in her anxiety. "Now we shall know why she has not written!"

She watched breathlessly as Doctor March opened the envelope, and saw him turn pale.

"Oh, George, what is it?" she cried, clasping her hands. "Let me see it—please let me see the message!"

He handed her the paper, which shook in his fingers.

"William Johnson, Angel Hotel, Ruffield to Doctor March, Beaudesert Gardens, Barlaston Regis: Your wife is lying here, dangerously ill. Her maid has left her. Come at once—no time to be lost."

CHAPTER LXIII.

It was a dying woman who opened her heavy eyes as Doctor March was shown into the inn bed room at Ruffield. He saw that with a remorseful stirring at his heart, for which there was no reason perhaps, but which he could not repress.

Ada's flaxen hair had been cut off close to the head; her face was terribly sunken and wasted, but something like a gleam of satisfaction came into the darkening gaze as the young man bent over her and spoke her name in his kind sad voice.

She had recognized him at once; but her eyes wandered restlessly beyond him and fixed themselves on the door. She seemed to be watching for someone else.

"I am alone, my poor Ada," George said gently. "Your mother was not able to undertake the journey.

She moved her head from side to side on her pillow. It was not of her mother she was thinking. Then her lips seemed to form a word, and he bent over her and listened.

"Lucy."

It was certainly Lucy she had asked to see.

"You would like to speak to your cousin?" George returned. "Can you not trust me, my dear, to bear the message? Lucy is with Geordie."

The lips moved again.

"Bring Lucy. I shall live until she comes. Lucy."

George was perplexed. How could he refuse such a demand? He thought he knew what the confession was which the unhappy woman wished to make. She did not know that Lucy had already learnt the truth.

Ada's eyes were following him eagerly as he walked away, thinking what it would be best to do. He met the haggard gaze as he turned; and he went back and spoke some reassuring words.

"Lucy will come," he said gently. "I promise you to send for her."

He sat down then and wrote a message to young Ackroyd. Ted had got back from Ashburn with Mrs. Throgmorton and her children. George knew that he could depend on him, though he was to take a midnight journey and to leave Bee for a while.

"Bring Lucy here at once," he said. "My wife is dying. Break the news as gently as you can."

Doctor March dispatched the message at once and then, seeing that Ada had fallen into a sleep, he sat down to watch through the hot September night in the little inn bed room.

The overworked village doctor had gone home to take the rest he sorely needed; the hired nurse was dozing in her chair; George was alone with the dying woman. There was not a sound in the house or in the village street as he sat by the bed in the shadow of the white curtain, with his eyes fixed on her face. Once or twice during the night she turned and looked at him as if wishing to speak. But, when he bent over her it was always the same word, "Lucy," followed by the same haunting eager gaze at the door.

"Lucy will soon be here," the young man would answer soothingly; and then she would sleep again and leave him to his heavy thoughts. How was it possible to help thinking of a similar scene in which he had been concerned not very long before, or wondering at the terrible and swift retribution that had followed upon wrongdoing.

Two lives which had crossed his own to darken it—his wife's and that poor crippled boy's—had drifted asunder by no deed of his; and now the dark tide of death was carrying one away from the world's half tasted delights and leaving the existence it had marred to live on.

George March's soul was filled with a painful awe as he remembered this. All bitterness and wrath were dead, and kinder feelings came to him as the clock slowly ticked away the moments of the warm sweet night, and the face on the pillow grew grayer and more sunken in the first faint glimmer of dawn.

A few words on his arrival with the inn keeper's wife had explained to him how he came to find his wife in the village of Bay field, which was but a few miles from Normanhurst.

The lady's maid had informed them that her mistress was a lady from London who had arrived on a visit to Mrs. Solomons of Normanhurst, but that feeling herself threatened with illness, she had, at the urgent request of her hostess, whose house was full of company, set off to return home.

The lady had however been able to get no further than the inn where she now lay, the fever having been aggravated by her persistent refusal to admit that she was ill, and by her imprudence in the matter of exposure and insufficient clothing during the few days of her stay at Normanhurst.

This was the account which the lady's maid had volunteered, who had then set off, taking with her the greater number of her mistress's trunks and imperials, to convey the intelligence of the lady's illness to her family in London.

The inn-keeper and his wife had called in the doctor, expecting every day to see the poor lady's friends arrive; and at last convinced that they had been wilfully misled they proceeded to examine the remaining luggage of the abandoned sufferer, by which means they had discovered her real name and address. What a history of selfishness and treachery and cold-hearted worldliness! George sickened as he heard it. The poor dying creature, who had brought him so much misery, had lived contentedly enough without loving or being loved, and she was even to die among strangers and tended by hired hands. The awful loneliness of her fate struck the poor fellow watching by her side with an immense yearning and pity.

"If she could only know that I am sorry for her!" he thought simply. "If she would speak to me and take my pardon with her."

The night light had burned out, and shadows from the latticed windows began to define themselves on the white blinds as the sun arose, and a cool breeze blew into the sick-room.

Ada had hardly stirred all night, even when her husband from time to time administered the unavailing restoratives, lifting her tenderly in his strong arms; but, as a burst of sunshine streamed into the room and a bird began to twitter in an elder-bush outside the window, she suddenly opened her eyes and spoke his name.

"George, you are there?" she said in a faint hoarse voice.

"Yes: I am here."

He laid his hand kindly on hers.

"Come nearer—nearer still."

He half guessed at the words, they were so weakly uttered; and he knelt down by the bed and brought his kind tired face on a level with hers.

"I—I heard them talking—yesterday," the faint voice went on—"they did not think I did—and they said I was going—to die. But what does a country doctor—know? George"—the wasted hand clutched feebly at him—"you always tell the truth; tell me now—did he say right? Am I going to—die?"

George bowed his head upon the hand he held. He felt it quiver; a ghastly change passed over the woman's face.

"Are you glad?" she said hoarsely, with a horrible mockery of one of her old smiles. "You never understood me—you did not consider what a dull life it was for me. Are you glad now that I am dying?"

"My poor Ada," cried the young man in a broken voice, "why do you speak of such a thing? I am not glad. We have been very wretched together, my poor wife; but I would joyfully save you if I could."

"I am very young to die!" she said piteously. "Mine has been such a hard disagreeable life—almost always. I would have liked to enjoy myself a little before——"

A shudder broke ever her.

"Hush, my dear; you must not speak so much!" pleaded George. "Rest a little now; I will wait until you are able to tell me more."

"Until Lucy comes," she assented eagerly. "I want to speak to Lucy. You must give me—something—to make me strong when she comes. I have something to say—to her."

"My poor girl," George whispered gently, "if you have ever wronged Lucy, let your heart be at rest. Don't you know that you have her forgiveness as freely as—as you should have mine if you has ever injured me?"

"Hush!" she said impatiently, clutching at his arm as he still knelt beside her. "Don't you hear wheels? Is it Lucy?"

George stood up, gently releasing his hands from her cold grasp.

"I will see," he said; but Ada held him back with a weak pressure.

"Do not be—in such a hurry—to go to her!" she panted out. "You will have her—all your life—when I am dead!"

"My dear—my dear—hush!" the young man pleaded, with tender pitifulness.

"Oh—I know!" she went on, fixing her wild and hollow eyes on his. "Some men make promises to their wives on—on their death beds—but you, though you kiss me—and have tears in your eyes—you will marry Lucy when—I am dead! You would not promise me not to marry her if I asked you, would you? Would you?" she urged; and she tried to raise herself on her elbow in her eagerness, but sank back exhausted by the effort.

It was horrible!

Her relentless mocking eyes seemed to burn into George's brain with their malignant light. He hated himself for the feeling of repulsion which seized upon him; but he was powerless to resist it, even at such a moment.

The dying woman read it in his face.

"I—I see you would," she whispered hoarsely; and again the ghastly mockery of a smile passed across her colorless lips. "But—I—do not ask it—dear George—I—do not ask it."

She lay still then for a few minutes with closed eyes. The sun was rising higher in the sky; there was a stir of waking and of renewed labor in the house and in the village street, cocks were calling hoarsely from farm to farm; the creak of a distant cart was heard, and the whistle of a train.

Ada was sleeping again when the sound of wheels was heard before the door of the inn; but, as George stole to the window and looked out, she stirred uneasily and called to him.

"Is it Lucy?" she said, in a voice of extreme exhaustion. "You said you would—make me—strong. Bring her here. I want—to speak—to her—first."

George raised her tenderly and moistened her lips, making a sign to the awakening nurse to admit Miss Thrale.

Pale and travel-stained from her hurried journey, Lucy came into the dying woman's presence.

Her young face looked blank and strange She was not feeling anything but the vague chill and dread of the shock which poor Ted had done his best to spare her, and which had sickened her all night as they sped through the darkness and into the gray light of dawn. It seemed as if she had too much of late to bear, and that she was incapable even of suffering any more.

But, at sight of the gray and awful face on George's arm, the face which she had last seen covered in mocking smiles, but which was one of the earliest memories of her life, and which had once had only kind looks for her, a great sharp pang of anguish and regret smote the poor child to the heart.

"Dadie!" bbed, calling on her cousin by the little name she had given her when they were children. "Oh, Dadie, Dadie!" —and she fell on her knees by the bedside and buried her face in the clothes.

"Hold me—up!" Ada panted out to her husband, who was supporting her dying head against his breast. "Why does she—cry? Tell her to come here. You are not afraid?" she said, as Lucy looked up and took the cold hand in both of hers. "You will not take the—fever. You—always were the lucky one; and—I have something to say—dear Lucy."

"I am listening, Dadie! I will do whatever you ask!" Lucy sobbed.

The poor livid lips parted in a smile.

"I have been talking to my poor George," she went on, speaking with the greatest difficulty and struggling for breath—"I have been—asking him—to grant me a last—request; but he—refuses."

"Ada, for the love of Heaven," poor George said, pressing the poor falling head closer to his cheek.

She made a little imperious gesture with her feeble hand.

"I—appeal to you, dear—Lucy," she went on, "Promise me that—you will marry George. He shall not—sacrifice his life—to my memory as he—speaks of doing. You will conquer this resolution—in time. He will make you—his wife—but it will be at my desire. Remember!"

She feel back exhausted; and Lucy, appalled, sprang up to George's assistance. As the two stood side by side, Ada rallied. She felt vaguely for their hands, and brought them together.

"For—for my sake, dear George!" she said, as a gray and awful change fell on her face "Remember—it will be for my sake!" And with the lie upon her lips she died.

CHAPTER LXIV., AND LAST.

When Geordie was quite strong again, he went with cousin Lucy, in his little black frock, to stay for some weeks with the children at Croome.

To Mrs. Ackroyd's great delight, Lucy had consented to remain with her all the winter, and to teach Pamela and Dotsie their lessons.

The girl felt that it was right to carry out the resolution she had formed before her cousin's melancholy death, and to leave the house in the square.

But, now that poor Ada could no longer be made unhappy by her choice of a home, she did not persist in banishing herself from all those who were dear to her. To be at Croome was to be near Geordie and Bee and all the pleasant old duties she had made for herself in Barlaston; she thought humbly that she was not wronging the poor dead woman by yielding to the impulse which bade her stay.

Mrs. Batters, who had taken up her old position in Doctor March's household, was the kindest of nurses to Mrs. Ludlow, who had been sadly affected by her daughter's fate. The poor thing often spoke at random, and seemed to be living entirely in the thought of long past years, before her husband had become ambitious, and while she was happy with her baby girl in their narrow home.

It was a sad, and yet not an altogether unhappy, time for them. Before long George had little son to keep him company again.

The little man had sturdily refused to leave cousin Lucy until his father had himself come to ask for him, and then the two little arms went round George's neck in a close tight squeeze, and the little cheek—round again now and rosy with the sweet country air—was pressed fondly against the young man's dark and haggard face.

Lucy smiled up at them both; but her blue April eyes were wet.

"Cousin Lucy must come too!" the boy cried wistfully. "Perhaps mamma is out; and Geordie may play with cousin Lucy and papa."

Poor George turned pale at the child's words; but just then Pamela and Dotsie pulled Lucy by the hands, declaring that they would not let her go, that she had promised to stay, and so, between smiles and tears the girl was carried away, and George and his little lad went home to the lonely house in the square.

It was like the old house of his bachelor days, he thought, save for the sad memories that peopled the empty chambers and the merry shout of the child at play in the nursery. There was the same clock work regularity, the same decent and unostentious comfort up stairs and down, the same solitary dinners in shooting jacket and slippers, and with only the pictures on the walls for company.

George sighed and was ashamed to think that he found it comfortable; but he was restless and dissatisfied too; and in the evenings, when there were no outdoor calls on his time and the boy was tucked up in bed, the hours seemed longer than he remembered them in the old days.

This was after a time. At first there had been many painful matters to occupy him.

The maid Tucker, being sought out in London by Doctor March's orders and brought face to face with him had made some disagreeable revelations. She declared boldly that the few dresses and bits of lace she had taken would not begin to pay her what her late mistress owed her.

Mrs. March had not only failed to pay the woman her wages, but had also, as she proved by papers to that effect, borrowed money from her at an exorbitant interest—money which Tucker professed to have obtained from a brother who was in business.

Tucker further volunteered the information that the unhappy lady had on more than one occasion used her jewels as a means of obtaining money for her expenses, and indicated the place where some of them were at that moment to be found.

George March turned from the woman in weary disgust and directed that all her claims should be satisfied without further questions.

Mrs. March would have died at home if she would have been led by me," Tucker cried, loosing her head; "but she was afraid to go back with the fever on her after running away from the child. She wanted to get well and hide her illness from you, sir, and Miss Thrale. She was awfully jealous of Miss Thrale."

Many other debts poured in afterwards. The number and extent of them bewildered the young man. He also became aware how Lucy's little income had been absorbed each year in his unhappy wife's extravagances; and he no longer wondered at the poor child's persistent plainness of attire and nervous dread of charitable applications.

The debts were paid; and, if they left Dr. March somewhat crippled for money during that winter, when his step-sister' lessons on the piano and the school-bills of his step brothers went on with the usual regularity, he did not complain. He had only to work a little harder; and it was a relief to know the worst in this as in other things. His long suspense and anxiety were at an end.

He put down his carriages and horses at once, quite unmoved by the consideration of what Barlaston would say, and consulted with Mrs. Batters as to a temperate reduction of expenses in the household.

"When I can honestly afford it," he said, smiling, to Mary Throgmorton, who was a little bit scandalised and thought these steps imprudent, "I will set up a brougham again Meanwhile I shall walk when it is fine, and take a cab when I am in a great hurry. You must ask me very often to dinner too, my dear old friend, and give me a bottle of good wine. I have taken to beer at home, with an occasional glass of whisky and water at night."

People did not talk so very much after all. Somehow the sight of George's seedy overcoat and steadfast cheerful face and of the many silver threads that had begun to show themselves among the dark hair seemed to silence all vulgar comment.

The old affectionate regard which had existed between him and his patients, and which had been chilled by his marriage and all its unforseen consequences, seemed to be renewing itself daily.

The ladies he attended took an immense interest in Geordie, who was often to be seen trotting by his father's side of an afternoon when George went to smoke his cigarette in the dear old brown room.

This was another of his bachelor habits which the Doctor had resumed; and he often thought that those hours were the happiest of his whole life.

For sometimes Ted Ackroyd brought his little sisters to see Miss Throgmorton, and to romp with Geordie and Will the Second; and then of course the young governess came to look after charges. The meetings between cousin Lucy and George's little lad were pretty to see, and brought tears of joy into the girl's blue eyes. There was no danger of her boy forgetting her, she would say, with a little touch of fond jealousy, to Dr. March.

There never were such happy parties as Bee's baby kettledrums. The big silver teapot was perpetually in demand. Lucy could hardly cut brown bread-and-butter fast enough for all the hungry little mouths. The fire glowed generously, the children chattered, and Pamela, who was the tallest, was allowed to carry Jack's cup of tea to the sofa, which had been wheeled in from his room on the other side of the big oak-pannelled hall.

The little ones had been rather afraid at first of poor Jack's pale and melancholy face, and had stood solemnly at a distance; but the poor fellow during the hours and hours that he lay on his back, had developed a wonderful skill in wood carving; and he coaxed the children to him by all the pretty little things he made for them and kept hidden under his pillows.

Bee's piano, besides, would discourse excellent music for them all when the pangs of hunger were appeased, and all Mrs. Jordan's baskets of fruit and sparkling cut glass dishes of honey and jam had been rifled and brought low.

Ted would sit at her side, whispering in the dusk. George would lean back in his old chair near Mrs. Throgmorton's gipsy-table and pink knitting, puffing dreamily at his cigarette and watching the slow motion of Lucy's hand as it stroked Desdemona's back in the firelight.

The girl would be sitting almost at his feet perhaps, with her charming bronze head against the dark waistcoat, and Geordie curled up luxuriously in her lap.

It was all so happy and peaceful and still. There were no jarring words now to startle them, no lurking gnawing anxiety to disturb the tranquillity of that hour of rest. It was almost like the pictures he had drawn long ago in his bachelor study of his own hearth, when Lucy should sit in the little blue velvet chair.

Almost. The girl's black gown had not been in his picture, nor the little child tremor that passed over her when they met. Lucy was afraid of George now; she was thinking of the secret she had told him.

The lights would be brought into the sweet dusky old room, the carriage from Croome would roll up to the door, and George would help Ted to bundle the drowsy children in and to wrap them up warmly for their drive.

When the winter was over and the weather began to grow green and mild, it was at Croome that the little gathering was held. The wide pleasant gardens pleased the children still better than firelit rooms and soft music on the piano. George enjoyed the clear spring air after his day's work in town. Mrs. Ackroyd was never so happy as when her handsome old house was full.

Ted was the only one who seemed a little discontented. It was some months now since the harvest moon had shone down on his betrothal among the bee hives and hollyhocks; but as yet Miss Throgmorton was fighting very shy of all mention of their marriage.

The bullying she had suggested to her lover seemed to be equally long deferred. Ted certainly felt incapable of more than a growling remonstrance, pretty often repeated, over the delay.

"We do not care a fig for that unfortunate Mrs. March," he said one evening, as he sat in the oriel window of the library with Bee, watching her sew. "Why should we put off our marriage on account of her death?"

"No; we did not care for her, poor thing!" assented Bee. "But my old darling cares for her mother, Ted; and patience is a virtue, you know."

"Only in copy books," groaned the young man. "Bee, you know very well your mother is on my side; she—"

"She says so just to keep you quiet," explained Miss Throgmorton, scornfully; and then she hung her dark head, blushing a little, and stitching away very fast. "Do you know, dear," she added, "I have always thought it such a pretty foolish old notion of my mother's to be married on the same day as her oldest friend."

"I am your oldest friend," urged Ted. "Let us be married on the same day next week—do, Bee!"

"You goose!" cried Bee, lifting sweet eyes full of love and laughter, but blushing brightly too. "Lucy is my friend; you are——"

"What, Bee?" eagerly. "Tell me what I am, and I will wait another week!"

"Only my lover," the young lady returned superbly. As which Ted growled again and snatched a furtive kiss behind her little ear.

"It is not my fault if I am not something more," he said in an aggrieved tone.

"Oh, Ted"—the tall proud beauty turned her cheek to his and let him take her into his arms—"could you—would you very much mind waiting till—till Lucy's wedding day?"

Ted's face expressed the profoundest dismay.

"Now, Bee," he said, giving her an angry little shake, "a joke is a joke; and I tell you plainly that I am not going to stand it much more! Wait for Lucy Thrale's wedding day! Why that may never be! It is a shame. She is the sweetest girl I know; but I do not think she will ever marry. I think she has been disappointed, Bee."

"But disappointments can be healed and mistakes atoned for!" cried the young beauty eagerly. "Oh, Ted, I gave you a cruel answer, once, and was sorry! What if I had never taken it back?"

"Bee, Bee!" the kind young man murmured fondly. "But—I don't quite understand. Is Miss Thrale really going to be married?"

"Look," said Bee softly, drawing a little bit of the velvet curtain aside and giving him a peep into the garden beyond—"don't you see how the trees are budding, Ted? The lilacs are almost blown; and yet it was winter only a little while ago. In a few months more we shall have the roses blossoming again, and then——"

She ended with a little eager nod. Ted followed her glance, and saw George March coming along the garden walks towards the house, with Geordie on his back. Lucy, in her black gown, was at his side, and her hands were full of young green leaves and buds, some of which the child had stuck into her pretty bronze hair.

They were talking earnestly together. Lucy's face was pale with feeling. All the faint primrose of the evening sky was glowing beyond her slender black shape and drooping head. As they drew nearer to the library window, she dropped some of the leaves, and George stooped to pick them up. Their eyes met in a long grave gaze.

"It is a shame to look," said Bee, blushing, and letting the curtain fall from her hand. "But it is not winter always, you see, Ted; and the grass is growing on poor Ada March's grave; and some day Lucy will take off her black gown, poor little thing! And so——" JESSON.

THE END.

FABULOUS WEALTH.

The Sea to Give Up $52,000,000 in Money and Jewels.

(From the Reading, Pa., Times.)

The International Submarine Diving Company, whose vessel, the Mary D. Leech, has been quietly engaged in searching for the location of her Britannic Majesty's brig, De Brook, which foundered June 10, 1798, off Lewes, has been rewarded with unmistakable evidences of the lost vessel. During the past eighty-three years no effort, with the exception of that made by the British Government, in 1800, has been made to recover the fabulous treasure which is known to have been sunk. It has been abandoned as being irrevocably lost, because the depth of water is so great that all appliances heretofore invented for raising heavy bodies, were useless. The International Company, which was organized in Philadelphia for no other purpose than to raise the abandoned treasure, is fitted up with all that ingenuity can devise. The most wonderful piece of mechanism on board is an immense diving bell, in which a diver might live comfortably for a week. He has communication with the upper world by telephone wires. He is supplied with the means of making his own air, and for light in his exploration he is provided with a powerful electric flame, which, when in operation, reveals to him every outside object with vivid distinctness. At the side of the bell is a mechanical arm with machinery so perfect that in every movement it resembles the action of the human arm, even unto the picking up of a pin.

According to papers in the possession of Samuel S. McCracken, a pilot, whose grandfather was the only survivor, and who was engaged in piloting the vessel into the harbor, about $52,000,000 of specie and jewels went down with her. The money was taken by the De Brook from an intercepted Spanish fleet while on her way to Halifax, England, from a successful cruise on the Spanish main. With the specie were taken 200 prisoners. When the vessel foundered the prisoners were in irons on the lower decks, and were all lost, Captain James Drew, who commanded the vessel, and whose body was recovered two days afterward, lies buried in St. Peter's churchyard, in Lewes. Two years after the wreck the British Government sent two frigates to raise the De Brook, but without success. Forty years ago, while McCracken was on a cruise circulars were posted around Sussex county offering $50,000 for information that would lead to the discovery of the sunken vessel. It had been supposed up to the present that the hull had been swept away by the action of the tides. The International company, to keep its real object from view, had been since September working at another sunken vessel, near where the De Brook was supposed to have foundered, McCracken, who is to receive a majority of whatever treasure is discovered, in an interview, says that the De Brook lies in fifteen fathoms of water. The divers, in going down, found a long, irregular ridge, about 15 feet high, 18 feet wide, and 60 feet long. On each side are piles of loose stone, supposed to be the ballast thrown from the frigate in the effort to raise the wreck in the year 1800. Rough weather interfering with further operations the company was compelled to postpone further investigation, and on Wednesday the divers returned to Philadelphia. The work, however, will be vigorously pushed forward as soon as favorable weather sets in.

FIVE AND FOURTEEN.

The following article, containing a wise and helpful suggestion to mothers, appears in the Home and Society department of the Century Magazine for November (late Scribner's).

There are two periods in the moral and intellectual development of a girl which cause the profoundest anxiety to a mother. At five years old or thereabouts, the period of babyhood is past, while the period of girlhood is not reached, and, between the two, comes a time of anarchy and chaos. The little soul is now bursting its shackles and trying to readjust itself to new conditions. The child is ceasing to be a mere pet and plaything, and is beginning to live an individual life. Nothing is more common than to see a docile well trained child suddenly develop, without any apparent reason, a willfulness and insubordination entirely at variance with its previous habits. The mother, who has been dreaming of a sweet daughter who is to walk beside her all her days, making life fragrant and beautiful to her by sharing with her all her youthful hopes, and joys, and trusts, turns heart sick at the naughtiness of the half fledged termagant. For it is the good, cherubic little girl who usually manifests the change; a spoiled child is so thoroughly disagreeable all the while that any accession of badness is not noticeable. A great deal of self condemnation and unhappy foreboding would be spared the mother if she would only recognize that much of what is so very unlovely is not essentially wrong—that it is merely what is good in a state of unripeness. The fragrant blossom has withered and fallen away, leaving in its place the hard and acid embryo fruit. A wise mother will be very careful to distinguish between those qualities which promise evil in their developed form and those which are mere crudities, and her aim will be to foster all the unfolded possibilities in her child's nature, and help to bring them to a beautiful maturity.

Every one knows how tiresome and unattractive a little girl usually is when she has outgrown her infantile sweetness. The little impertinences and saucy retorts and unflattering personalties, which have won for her smiles and caresses, or, at worst, an admiring reproof, all at once become intolerable, and are rebuked with acerbity. The very ways which she has been taught to consider charming become subjects for displeasure when the baby roundness and dimples are gone. Her sense of justice is outraged, and the unwarped sense of justice in a child is often very strong. She becomes a little Ishmael, her hand against every man's, and every man's hand against her. In a certain sense this storm scarcely be avoided, but if the mother's love be unfailing, and her sympathy always ready, she can keep sweet the fountain of love and trust which, without that refuge, might become very bitter. Just when this new life is unfolding, a mother's wise care is mostly needed. The soul which has seemed to draw its life from hers is beginning to lead an individual existence. It is to the perfect development of this individuality that the mother should bend all her strength. Each human soul contains within itself the germ of its own life. To make of it all that may be made, the mother should only guide the growth, leaving it free within the limits of moral probity to grow into its fullest possibility. She cannot lop it off here and there, or suppress its growth yonder, without maiming and stultifying the whole nature.

The dangerous quicksands of this period safely past, the mother begins to breathe freely again. She again begins to see visions, and to dream dreams, till the second and more serious season of anarchy comes to try her faith. Childhood is over, and womanhood is yet far away. The whole being, moral, intellectual, and physical, is in a state of ferment. New motives, new principles, new emotions, are battling for predominance, and, until these relative claims are adjusted, no peace can be hoped for. This second chaotic period—which comes at about fourteen years of age—lasts longer, and brings a more hopeless and radical overturning of that which had seemed so firmly established. If a mother's care were needed in the earlier change, it is infinitely more needed now. New traits seem to be starting into life, new developments are manifested. Changes not only in purposes and ideas are taking place, but changes in temperament, in dis