Listowel Standard.

VOL. I.—NO. 38. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, OCTOBER 18, 1878. HAWKINS & KELLS, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Capturing Sea-Lions in Alaska.

A singular method is annually employed by the natives of St. Paul's Island, Alaska, for the capture of the sea lion. Here is an island which, instead of presenting an almost unbroken line of bold, abrupt cliffs to the sea, like its fellows in the North Pacific, offers to the landing seals a low, though gradually rising ground. Taking advantage of this topography, the natives of St. Paul's Island secure every season hundreds of sea-lions, with but a tithe of the labour and exposure by which their capture is attended at other places. Eleven miles north-east from the village on St. Paul's Island is a point upon which a large number of sea-lions annually repair for the purposes of breeding, etc., but as this animal is timid, and sure to take to water when brought into the presence of man, its capture requires much discretion and boldness on the part of its captors, who are chosen every season from the village people, with especial reference to their physical qualification for the work. The "sea-richie," as the natives name them, cannot be approached successfully by daylight; so the hunters, ten or twelve in number, rendezvous in a hut near by until a favourable night comes on, when the moon is partially obscured by drifting clouds and the wind blows in from the rookery. Then they step down to the beach at low water, and proceed to creep flat on all fours over the surf beaten sand and bowlders up to the dozing herd and between them and the water; in this way the small body of men crawling along in Indian file may pass unnoticed by the sea-lion sentries which doubtless in the uncertain light confound the forms of their human enemies with those of seals. When the creeping natives have all reached the strip of beach which is is left bare by ebb tide between the water and the unsuspecting animals, at a given signal, the hunters leap at once to their feet, shout, yell, and brandish their arms, while the astonished and terrified lions rear and lumber in all directions. If, at the moment of surprise, the brutes are sleeping with their heads pointed toward the water, they charge straight on in that way directly over the men; but if their heads have been resting pointing landward, they follow that course just as desperately and nothing will turn them, at first, either one way or the other. Those who charge for the water are lost, of course, but the natives promptly follow up the land leaders with a rare combination of horrible noises and demoniacal gesticulations until the first frenzied spurt and exertions of the terrified animals completely exhaust them, and then, panting, gasping, prone upon the earth they are extended at the mercy of their cunning captors, who gently urge them along up to the hut in which they have been keeping watch during several days past, for the night in which to make this effort. Here the natives have what they call their pen or cage, in which the lion-like seals, as they are captured from night to night, are collected and retained until sufficient numbers, or a drove of three or four hundred has been obtained. This cage is nothing more than a accession of small poles stuck at wide intervals over a circle in the ground; these poles are decked with fluttering strips of white cotton cloth, and light ropes are loosely stretched from one to the other. Within this flimsy circle the sea-lions are securely imprisoned, and though incessantly watched by two or three men, they scarcely make an effort to escape, but their roaring is almost deafening, while they constantly writhe and twist over and against one another, like a handful of angle-worms in a saucer.

All Sorts.

A GRACEFUL carriage is not always a good buggy.

"Send up more sugar," is the cry of the housewife.

A PLAIN speaker—One who is the reverse of handsome.

BEST thing with which to open a dead lock—A skeleton key.

How to skin Cupids—Walk twenty miles in a tight pair of boots.

How to procure an eclipse of the sun—Cut him off with a shilling.

WHO says there are no heroes? Chas. Brown, of Chicago, married a widow with twenty children.

THE head of a Boston man is broader than it is long. This shows what a lean diet will do for the brain.

A LADY traveller says that she never finds a newspaper or a clock in the ladies' parlour of a hotel, but that she always finds a mirror.

A YOUNG lady being asked where her native place was, replied; "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

"You can't make twice three seven, not by a good deal." "Yes, you can. You can come within one of it." The argument stopped there.

KEEP your eyes about you and you will see the sun diving into bed at 6 o'clock p.m. The old fellow is getting tired out with all this fall racket.

"I HAVE somewhere pawned my wedding ring for drink," is an advertisement in a German paper. "The holder will please send me his address."

BIRDS are entitled to justice. When a man is indulging in a frolic, to say he is "out on a lark" is a libel on that bird. He is really out on a swallow.

"WHAT is conscience?" asked a school teacher of his class. "An inward monitor," replied a bright little fellow. "And what's a monitor?" "One of the ironclads."

DON'T trundle your baby boy in a carriage with his face toward you.—*Com. Adv.* Thank you! So kind! But we never do, an fact, we don't use 'em at all. Baby boys, we mean.

IT may have been hot enough in Arizona this summer to melt a horse's hoofs, but it is safe to believe that it simply melted off his shoes and left him barefooted in a strange pasture.

IT was a funny but expressive way the five-year-old had of describing the decorated military officer he pointed out to his mother as, "The soldier with all those baggage checks on his coat."

A HANDSOME tablet, with an appropriate inscription, has been fixed in the transept of the cathedral at Bristol, England, to commemorate the philanthropic labours of the late Miss Mary Carpenter in that country and India.

THE Massachusetts papers are discussing the question, "May cousins marry?" We should hope so. We don't see why a cousin hasn't as good a right to marry as a brother or an uncle or a son or a sister.

FROM the way some of these girls look in their walking dresses, pulled back and tied tight around below the knees, two peanuts twice a day, and a grasshopper on toast twice a month would make 'em fat. Their waists look like the thin part of an hour glass with very little sand in it.

A YOUNG lady hesitating for a word in describing the character of a rejected suitor, said, "He is not a tyrant, not exactly domineering, but—" "Dogmatic," suggested her friend. "No, he has not dignity enough for that; I think pupmatic would convey my meaning admirably."

THERE are several new leaders of fashion in Paris, who, under the republic, adopt the most extravagant styles of dress, and rival any of the eccentricities for which women of the imperial court were noted.

"Lor' sakes," groaned an old lady in spectacles, as she hobbled out of a Plymouth church meeting recently, "how much wear and worrit we might have been spared if our dear pastor had been born a woman!"

MME. DEMOREST'S What to Wear says: "A badly-dressed woman who receives her husband in a well-kept apartment is no wise more pleasing than the woman who awaits the coming of a helpmate in the midst of disorder, herself well dressed. The scales hang evenly.

"THRIFT, thrift, Horatio." The Princess Royal of England and Crown Princess of Germany is a model of thrift. She blows out superfluous wax candles with her royal lips, has her children's dresses turned and dyed, and locks up delicacies where her servants cannot get at them.

A NEW beauty, which, like a new dish, is regarded as a blessing, has been discoved in England. She is an Irish girl from Limerick, with the rather unromantic name of Gubbins, the daughter of a retired officer of the British army. She is of the most charming type of Celtic beauty, and, pictured in evening costume picking a rose, completely eclipses the bevy of reigning belles by whom she is surrounded in the print sellers' windows on the Strand. It is profitable as well as pleasant to hold the place of beauty, for the stories of jewellery and other costly presents lavished by noble noodles, and, it is whispered, by sprigs of royalty, on the queens of society, are almost incredible. The tributes accepted by Miss Gubbins' predecessor, a beauty from Jersey island, are estimated at $150,000.

HIS FIRST LOVE

I remember
Meeting you
In September,
Sixty two
We were eating,
Both of us;
And the meeting
Happened thus:
Accidental,
On the road,
(Sentimental
Episode)
I was gushing,
You were shy;
You were blushing—
So was I;
I was smitten,
So were you;
(All that's written
Here is true.)
Any money?
Not a bit.
Rather funny,
Wasn't it?
Vows we plighted—
Happy pair!
How delighted
People were!
But your father—
To be sure—
Thought it rather
Premature;
And your mother—
Strange to say—
Was another
In the way.
What a heaven
Vanished then!
(You were seven,
I was ten.)
That was many
Years ago—
Don't let any-
Body know.

OCTOBER.

BY DORA REED GOODALE.

Oh, loosely swings the purpling vine,
The yellow maples flame before,
The golden-tawny ash-trees stand
Hard by our cottage door.
October glows on every check,
October shines in every eye,
While up the hill and down the dale
Her crimson banners fly.

A MAYFAIR MYSTERY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I.

INVITATION.

There are great people and great people in London. If any honest folk from the country should chance to pass Mrs. Patterini's door in Evelyn Lodge on any afternoon in the season, when that lady's splendid equipage is stopping the way there, and through the open portal should behold the powdered footmen who await her coming, they would doubtless think Mrs. Patterini a very great personage indeed; much greater than Mrs. Marmaduke Eyrenext door, for example, whose next little unpretentious brougham is cast into the shade by Mrs. P.'s magnificent vehicle, and whose footmen wear not even a shoulder knot. Yet Mrs. P. would give her ears—or at least her diamond earrings—to get an inclination of the head from the other lady, who unhappily had no inclination for her. There is nothing whatever against the character of Mrs. Patterini; she is fit to be Cæsar's wife, so far as any breath of personal scandal is concerned: and if she is not Cæsar's, she is the wife of a man who has probably as much money as that historical personage ever had, and is, in his way, as powerful. With a stamp (not of his foot—he makes not the least noise about it) he can raise legions. Duchess would kiss him on both cheeks to-morrow and give him all sorts of titles merely for his autograph; even the Comte de Chambord might think it worth while to give him his forefinger, in token of a legitimate friendship, in return for the same favour; and I do not think the Pope himself would hesitate to say a good word for him in certain quarters in return for his heretical assistance. Indeed, for assisting some struggling sovereign—or half sovereign—Mr. Patterini did once acquire a patent of nobility, which he has been known to exhibit to confidential friends in his smoking-room, and is entitled, he has a sured them, to write himself a Baron. Baron and Baroness Patterini! can anything have a finer or more harmonious sound? And yet, for the life of her, Mrs. P. dare not call herself Baroness. People a e so ill-natured, they will be sure to say Anthony—the good man's name is Anthony—procured it in some infamous manner; took ten per cent. off his commission upon the Monaco loan, perhaps; whereas, as everybody knows, a real nobleman is constructed in quite a different manner. He must be a gentleman first (though this is not absolutely indispensable); then he must have an estate in some county, and represent it in Parliament after a contested election: and even then, unless he "rats" at a political crisis, when the thing is often done at once, it is a tedious affair to get ennobled. It was the more to be regretted that such steps should be necessary, for the name of Patterini seemed to its female owner singularly adapted for a noble prefix; the word Mrs. in connection with it appeared to her a waste, a bathos, like a handle of bone prefixed to a silk parasol; it had a certain Norman ring about it, and even if it was Greek (as was the fact), the modern Greeks, as Cyril Clark assured her, resemble in their predatory habits the ancient Normans. Mrs. Patterini did not know what "predatory" meant, and she was quite satisfied with the assertion. She had the utmost confidence in Mr. Cyril Clarke as a gentleman and a gentile; for both those classes, to say the truth, were, among her immediate acquaintances, rather scarce. He was a barrister a "rising" one he called himself, but upon cross-examination would admit frankly that he only meant a young barrister—rising twenty-six. He was handsome, intelligent, and sprightly, but the attorneys had not fallen in love with him, nor had he fallen in love with an attorney's daughter. He had fallen in love with Miss Myra Patterini, who by rights should have been a Baroness like her mother, for one of the great charms of a foreign title is that it descends and spreads, so that one's whole stock is glorified, and one begets, not boys and girls, like the common herd of parents, but Barons and Baronesses.

Any thing more ludicrous than Mr. Cyril Clarke's pretensions to this young lady's hand it would have been difficult to conceive. His family, though respectable enough—his father was a minor canon of some cathedral or another, and had a living in the Fens—were by no means Norman; he had not a shilling in the world—that is to say, judged by an Evelyn Lodge standard; he had in reality an allowance of £250 a year, paid quarterly by his papa, and how he managed to clothe himself in the way he did, and smoke such excellent cigars, was a marvel except to those who knew that he paid nobody except the bankers of his club on the 1st of January. He was not a poet nor a novelist; he had discovered no new religion nor any flaws in the old ones. He had no distinction of any kind which could be supposed by the most charitable to bridge over the great gulf that lay between him and Miss Myra. And yet he dared to love her, and one of her parents knew it. Of course it was the female ono. Paterini *pere* knew nothing except the share list, British and foreign, and which of the great City houses was "shaky"—a piece of intelligence he always managed to acquire in time to prevent it shaking *him*. On thing more he knew—that under no circumstances whatsoever was he to interfere with the plans of Mrs. Patterini; his privilege was confined to paying for their execution. To look at him you would say he was the honestest man, I do not say in Greece, but in England. And far be it from me to hint that he was not honest. He looked like a highly respectable grazier, whose talk should have been of beeves when it was not of repairing his parish church, situated in a pastoral district. He had not only the air of a churchwarden, but of the parson's churchwarden. The keys which he was wont to rattle in his pocket when taking his wife's orders might have belonged to the vestry, instead of fitting desks full of mysterious documents, with seals and stamps upon them—mostly foreign—that represented tens of thousands of pounds.

He rather liked Cyril Clarke, and was pleasurably surprised that the young man had never asked him to lend him money. His calling was that of a lender, and nothing had yet occurred to him in the semblance of friendship with needy men that had not sooner or latertaken that professional term. He had done several "smart" things—a term in the the City for benevolent actions—to such persons during his commercial career, and would have been very willing to have given Cyril Clarke a hundred or two for the asking. If he had asked for his daughter, he would not have been angry, but would probably have offered to provide for him for life in a first-class lunatic asylum.

The Baroness, as I am afraid the young barrister was wont to call his hostess in the family circle, had even a higher ambition with respect to the disposal of her daughter's hand than her husband, and yet she permitted this young man to pay her Myra marked attentions. Nothing serious could possibly come of it, and Cyril was extremely useful to her, and could be retained by no other sor of fee. He was a pleasant, agreeable young fellow, and 'knew everybody.' He brought people—chiefly males, however—to Evelyn Lodge who would never have come thither of their own accord, and he relieved the otherwise insufferable tedium of her dinner parties.

There are three classes of society in London each of whom "entertain" in a magnificent fashion: the aristocracy, whose reunions are sometimes lively, but more generally dull; the Bohemian rich (a small body, who despise convention, and gather around them all those who have talent to recommend them, though it is essential that their ladyguests at least, should be of good character); and the millionaires. These last, of course, can give you everything that money can buy; but "good company" not being in the market, is rarely found under their roof. The table groans with delicacies, but the guest, if he likes to be amused as well as fed, groans also. When you have been told in a stage whisper that your next neighbour has four hundred thousand pounds, and that the man opposite has made a hundred thousand by 'an operation' upon Turks (by which is indicated the Turkish Loan), there is little else to learn. The old gentlemen are mere walking money-bags; they think but cannot converse. The young ones are hateful imitations of the real "gilt youth" of the aristocracy, and disgust as well as bore one. The ladies—well, the ladies are not nice. They are mostly very "fine women." I have an idea that their husbands buy them by weight. But they are not good natured, as all fat people are bound to be. To dine, in short, at Evelyn Lodge was a social martyrdom. The glare of the women's diamonds and of the men's studs; the glare of the gold plate; the enormous length of the entertainment, and the extreme tenuity of the small-talk; the stoutness of the people; their long noses; the absence of the letter h, and the substitution of the letter b for the letter p—the moral and material oppression caused by all this splendid vulgarity was overwhelming. Now, the Baroness was sagacious enough to perceive this; she remarked that when Cyril Clarke was present the heavy atmosphere lifted a little, that where he sat there was an oasis in this desert of dulness where laughter rippled. In time he grew to be indispensable. She had wit enough to see that he did not like it, that rich wines and a fine feast were not sufficient attractions to a man of his stamp, that he came, in short, after Myra; and yet the Baroness encouraged him. I will disclose to him, the men he had brought to the Lodge, and who leavened her parties so pleasantly, would in all lkelihood go away, and everything would be as it used to be—as dull as ditch-water. Moreover, she did not give up all hopes of getting into society—real society—through Cyril's good offices. He had procured invitations for Myra for a ball or two at houses of undoubted fashion, and the girl had attended them under the escort of a great lady, whose footman had left her card at the Lodge. But these fashionable doors had never opened for the Baroness herself, and to her they were the gates of paradise.

To have had a square card from the Duchess of Doldrum, requesting the pleasure of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Patterini's company at Doldrum House, she would have sacrificed half her fortune; to have procured her Grace's presence under her own roof, she would have bartered her hopes of heaven.

She had left no stone unturned to "get into society;" she had taken a house at Ascot every season, and thrown it open during the race week; she had actually ventured upon having outriders to her carriage—a distinction reserved by tacit consent for royalty and Lady Blanche Mildew—but had only got laughed at for her pains. Once she had been upon the very brink of bliss. Cyril Clarke had somehow arranged for her to be presented at Court; it was to cost a thousand pounds, "in fees, etc.," none of which, it is fair to say, was to go into *his* pocket. She would have been quite content to pay the money had it been twice as much. But at the very last moment the affair broke down, and even then, unless he "rats" at a political crisis, when the thing is often done at once, it is a tedious affair to get ennobled. It was the more to be regretted that such steps should be necessary, for the name of Patterini seemed to its female owner singularly adapted for a noble prefix; the word Mrs. in connection with it appeared to her a waste, a bathos, like a handle of bone prefixed to a silk parasol; it had a certain Norman ring about it, and even if it was Greek (as was the fact), the modern Greeks, as Cyril Clark assured her, resemble in their predatory habits the ancient Normans. Mrs. Patterini did not know what "predatory" meant, and she was quite satisfied with the assertion. She had the utmost confidence in Mr. Cyril Clarke as a gentleman and a gentile; for both those classes, to say the truth, were, among her immediate acquaintances, rather scarce. He was a barrister a "rising" one he called himself, but upon cross-examination would admit frankly that he only meant a young barrister—rising twenty-six. He was handsome, intelligent, and sprightly, but the attorneys had not fallen in love with him, nor had he fallen in love with an attorney's daughter. He had fallen in love with Miss Myra Patterini, who by rights should have been a Baroness like her mother, for one of the great charms of a foreign title is that it descends and spreads, so that one's whole stock is glorified, and one begets, not boys and girls, like the common herd of parents, but Barons and Baronesses.

Any thing more ludicrous than Mr. Cyril Clarke's pretensions to this young lady's hand it would have been difficult to conceive. His family, though respectable enough—his father was a minor canon of some cathedral or another, and had a living in the Fens—were by no means Norman; he had not a shilling in the world—that is to say, judged by an Evelyn Lodge standard; he had in reality an allowance of £250 a year, paid quarterly by his papa, and how he managed to clothe himself in the way he did, and smoke such excellent cigars, was a marvel except to those who knew that he paid nobody except the bankers of his club on the 1st of January. He was not a poet nor a novelist; he had discovered no new religion nor any flaws in the old ones. He had no distinction of any kind which could be supposed by the most charitable to bridge over the great gulf that lay between him and Miss Myra. And yet he dared to love her, and one of her parents knew it. Of course it was the female ono. Paterini *pere* knew nothing except the share list, British and foreign, and which of the great City houses was "shaky"—a piece of intelligence he always managed to acquire in time to prevent it shaking *him*. On thing more he knew—that under no circumstances whatsoever was he to interfere with the plans of Mrs. Patterini; his privilege was confined to paying for their execution. To look at him you would say he was the honestest man, I do not say in Greece, but in England. And far be it from me to hint that he was not honest. He looked like a highly respectable grazier, whose talk should have been of beeves when it was not of repairing his parish church, situated in a pastoral district. He had not only the air of a churchwarden, but of the parson's churchwarden. The keys which he was wont to rattle in his pocket when taking his wife's orders might have belonged to the vestry, instead of fitting desks full of mysterious documents, with seals and stamps upon them—mostly foreign—that represented tens of thousands of pounds.

He rather liked Cyril Clarke, and was pleasurably surprised that the young man had never asked him to lend him money. His calling was that of a lender, and nothing had yet occurred to him in the semblance of friendship with needy men that had not sooner or latertaken that professional term. He had too much for her, and his prudence was not misplaced.

She did not, however, faint, but she cried like a child, and wobbled all over like a jelly.

"If you do it, Cyril," gasped she—"if you bring his Imperial Highness the Shah of Persia beneath my humble roof, there is nothing—*nothing* that I can deny you. You have only to name your reward."

"Myra!" said Cyril, with his usual presence of mind.

The Baroness turned pale and swallowed something in her throat; but she was not one to go back from her word.

"If the Shah comes here," said she, "you shall have Myra."

II.

DUBITATION.

The excitement caused in London by the arrival of the Shah of Persia was greater that that produced by any other event since the visit of the allied monarchs after Waterloo. Indeed, in some respects it exceeded that, for the element of wonder and romance was wanting in the latter case. Moreover, the personal appearance of the Eastern despot wre itself attractive. A king in military uniform looks, after all, but like any other general officer; but his Majesty of Persia was in apparel, at least, all that could be expected of such a potentate. His frame and face, it is true, reminded our Indian officers so strongly of a low-caste native servant that it is said they felt scruples in paying him due honour but he gleamed with diamonns and precious stones, rode a horse with a painted tail, and was evidently a person of distinction. The way the little wretch was worshipped in my native land is a subject I must decline to dwell upon; it was humiliating to human nature. He was dirty, I have no doubt, but he looked much worse than what is implied by that moderate adjective; he ate like a savage and spilled his food like a baby; and wherever a young person of title (and he saw few others) took his fancy, he generally made an offer, if single, to her father, if married, to her husband, to buy her. But he was "the rage" for all that, and the ladies of fashion were dying to make him their guest for one half an hour. The Lord Chamberlain (through whom alone he was accessible) was importuned as he had never been before to grant a share of his company to my Lady This and my Lady That. If his Imperial Majesty could not come to dine with her, could he not come to lunch? and if not to lunch, could he not come to five o'clock tea? The Lord Chamberlain "consigned;" him to this great house and then, and very proud was the consignee when the precious article came to hand on loan. I think the happiest day of Mrs. Patterini's existence was that on which the *Morning Post* announced that his Majesty the Shah of Persia would honour her reception at Evelin Lodge on Tuesday next with his Imperial presence.

From her point of view she well might be so, for his promised visit had broken down the barriers between herself and the highest in the land. I do not know how much she paid to procure the honour, or in what proportions the bribe was divided between the gentlemen in the Foreign and the ministers of the Shah, but I have heard that the expenses of the entertainment itself were as nothing compared with what the acceptance of the invitation cost. The ball, however, must have cost something; for in the first place the Baroness "threw out" the drawing-room so as to extend half over the garden, and in the second she drove archways through all the partition walls, so that the whole floor should be *en suite*. But what were a few trifling alterations in Evelyn Lodge when taken in connection with the alteration in the feelings of good society as respected its mistress? It is scarcely too much to say that for a week there was no woman in London more "sought after" than the Baroness Patterini. She adopted her rightful title on the instant, and issued her cards of invitation with a baront's coronet embossed upon them in blue and silver. So far from there being any doubt of filling her largely increased ball-room, the only difficulty was to say "No" to those of her own personal acquaintances whose *h's* were too pronounced (or unpronounced), and whose *p's* were too obviously *b's*. The whole fashionable world was at her feet. Ladies of title (English) intrigued for an invitation; the Duchess of Doldrum signified, through a certain lady, herself of distinction, that she would come if she were asked. Her future hostess talked of her from that moment as her "dear Duchess"—a term which had more truth in it than her friends imagined who had not seen Mr. Patterini's cheque (drawn "to bearer," you may be sure), which Cyril Clarke had disposed of in the proper quarters. Not a shilling of it had soiled his hands, though if trouble be worth payment, he deserved all that could have been given him. He worked like a slave (Persian), and passed his days between Buckingham Palace, where H.I.M. was located, and the Lord Chamberlain's office. For the fact is, that the august sovereign of Persia was every bit as slippery as he looked. His word was never to be depended on, though at that time there were some people who believed in his bonds; and he did not know his own mind—and no wonder: for it was not to be detected by the microscope—for two hours together. It is true he had promised, or his chief minister and chibouk-carrier had promised for him, that he would be at Evelyn Lodge on Tuesday; but rumours were flying about that he proposed to quit England earlier than he had intended, and indeed on that very day. The mere report caused tortures to the Broness, and (what was very rare) made he lose her temper.

"Cyril, have you seen *this?*" cried she, pointing to the paragraph in the morning paper which stated that, in consequence of a special despatch from Ispahan, it was more than probable his Imperial Majesty would be compelled to leave the shores of England on the ensuing Tuesday. "Is it possible it can true?"

"Of course it is possible, Baroness; but I do not believe it. I have done everything——"

"I don't care *what* you have done," cried the infuriated woman; "but if this villain"—so she spoke of her expected Imperial guest—"should break his word to me, after all, mind, I break my word to you. You, penniless adventurer that you are, shall never marry Myra."

If it were possible for such a very handsome young fellow as Mr. Cyril Clarke to look ugly, such was the expression of his countenance at this speech; but he instantly recovered his good looks, and bowed profoundly. It is a very foolish thing in a vulgar person to take advantage of a gentleman's necessities to insult dim. The succesful Black should be careful not to make the White man dangerous.

"I didn't mean to say anything offensive, Cyril," cohtinued the Baroness, whose native sagacity had returned to her; "but the fact is, I scarcely know what I say. The bare idea of that odious monster throwing us over at the last moment almost deprives me of my senses. I positively believe everything that has been said against him—about his smothering people in blankets and sawing them asunder—and about his nine hundred and ninety-nine wives."

"I believe them all," said Cyril, coolly. "I hope you won't let him have Myra for the thousandth, if he should happen to ask you."

"Upon my word, I won't," said the Baroness earnestly, yet in a manner that convinced him that the idea was not a novelty to her. "She is of age, and of course, therefore, is her own mistress; but you know on which side my influence would be exerted, Cyril. Indeed, I look upon her, if all goes well, as engaged to yourself."

"And the Baron?" demanded Cyril.

"The Baron's views are my views!" answered the lady, in the tone of M. Agustus Comte when addressing his diciples; it was the whole science of Positivism in a single sentence.

On the day before she ball Cyril received formal news, while breakfasting at Evelyn Lodge, that the Shah's appointment would be kept, and in her ecstasy the Baroness kissed him.

"You are a duck and a darling," exclaimed she; "and I don't wonder that our Myra is devoted to you. I look upon you from this moment as our son-in-law."

Under these circumstances I think Mr. Cyril Clarke was justified in ratifying the agreement by kissing Myra. It was the first time he had attempted upon it—in public—and the young lady playfully remonstrated with him.

"Remember, sir, the Shah has not come yet."

"Pshaw!" answered Cyril; "he is as safe as the Bank."

"I don't quite agree with you *there*," said the Baron, looking up from the newspaper in which he was studying the prospect of the Persian Loan.

"Cyril means he is safe to come to-morrow night," observed the Baroness in explanation. "To tell the honest truth, my dear," continued she, with frankness, "if he had not come, I think it would have been the death of me. When he has once been, I don't care what happens. Persia may burst up, and the Shah be bow-stringed on Wednesday morning; but he will, so to speak, have consecrated Evelyn Lodge for ever, and the Duchess *must* ask us back again to Doldrum House."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Professional Jealousy.

Everybody is not jealous of everybody, but a great number are jealous enough of those in the same lines of ambition or business with themselves, and are generally not slow to show very unmistakeably that they are. The "generous rivalry" of schoolboys, and even of schoolgirls, is all very well to declaim about, but it is not so wonderfully common or so wonderfully pronounced as some would fain have us believe it is. These same schoolboys with all their generosity will readily enough take mean, unfair advantage of their rivals, and have often very bitter and very bad feelings towards some who may be pushing them pretty hard, but whom they are pleased to depreciate and whom they always affect to despise. It is not so common an occurrence as one could desire, to hear a boy with flushed gladness, say of a friend and competitor, "I did my best, but he beat me, and I am glad to say fairly." Even girls will hint very broadly at cheating, and may even sometimes insinuate that the examiners played false, and the teachers showed an undue amount of partiality. When boys become lads, and the University or the Counting-house takes the place of the school, does this jealousy go away like one of the weaknesses of immature years? Instead of that it becomes stronger than ever. Generous rivalry! Not manly! "Let us all start fair and let the best lead!" How often is that said? How often felt? Sometimes, no doubt, but in the great majority of cases, it is different. The war is unto death, with everything fair if it is not found out. How many brother clerks are sorry if one of their number falls into disgrace, or is likely to get his walking ticket? Is there no hypocrital pretence of zeal? Is there no sly insinuation about the negligence of some who shall be nameless? Is there no fawning or tale-bearing? Are there no deliberate plots? No convenient exaggeration? No professedly sorrowing hint? No selfish calculation as to what may be, supposing this one and that one out of the way? Everyone knows there is any amount of it. The one great work is to get up, and in order to do this it is a matter of no consequence how many go down, and too often of no consequence how this is accomplished. Is all this over when man's state is reached and the intellect and heart are at their best? Need we ask? Jealousy! Why, by that time it is everywhere and almost in everything. How do rival mechanics deal with the productions of their neighbours? With what grace do they acknowlege the ability or value of some competitor who is gaining fast upon them? Is there no jealousy among doctors? Do clergymen always with large-hearted generosity praise without reservation, and give credit to a more popular neighbour without one depreciatory "but?" What is to be said of politicians? Are authors entirely free from the soft impeachment? Nay, let any one but read the effusions of rival editors and mark how charity and good taste are alike cast to the winds. With what an air of pityingsuperiority is this one or that referred to! How his vanity is dwelt upon! How his assumption is ridiculed! How his acquirements are belittled! With what a grand wave of the hand is he dismissed to insignificance and contempt as his critic says "Poor ——! and he fancies he knows a thing or two!" Any one could mention twenty local or general politicians each of whom knew entirely how this and that thing would go! How they deal in "poor Mac" this, or "poor Mac" that! How calmly they intimate that they were the Sepulchers in this enterprize and that! How indignant that "this fellow" says he did most of that work, or that that other claims to have been the chief means of that triumph. "*My* speeches did it!" "*My* articles did it!" "I just hit the thing off!" "Oh, he's all very well in a small way, but when anything really important is to be done, he is no good." "Did you hear?" "Well! to be sure!" "And the fellow really had the impudence!" Yes, and that same "fellow" is "paying off" the other with the same measure and with equally good reason. Praise a brother of the craft, and see how difficult the listener finds it to swallow his saliva or to keep down the knot in his throat. There are exceptions, but the professional jealousy which is everywhere, is not a very attractive subject of contemplation, and the different ways in which it exhibits its presence and power are anything but exalted.

Dramatic Notes.

"The School for Scandal" is a permanent attraction at Wallack's.

"Henry VIII." a triumph of theatrical skill, may still be enjoyed at Booth's.

"Mother and Son" has proved an unequivocal success at the Union Square Theatre.

"Josh Whitcomb" continues to attract the lovers of good acting to the New York Lyceum Theatre.

Mr. J. W. Florence and wife take possession of the Grand Opera House, N.Y., this week, and play "The Mighty Dollar."

A new play called "Almost a Life," is underlined at the Standard. But a "False Title" is for the present presented.

Rose Eytinge will appear for another week at the Broadway Theatre, in her emotional play, "A Woman of the People."

A new comedy from the pen of Mr. Shannon, and called "Bouquets and Bombshells," was produced at the Park on Tuesday night.

"The Mulligan Guard Picnic" is a stunning attraction at the Theatre Comique. Lunch is furnished to the spectators by the guard.

Mr. John McCullough's *Othello* meets with more success in Cleveland than anywhere else. The local sheets say it is "madly appreciated."

The illness of Mr. Maurice Barrymore from diphtheria continues, and the "Diplomacy" combination is to go on its route, with a substitute in his place.

The Great Equescurriculum opened in Fourteenth street, for one week only, Monday. The original Bronchos, with other novelties, were being exhibited.

The Marie Roze-Mapleson operatic concerts commenced Monday evening at Steinway Hall. The assistant artists are Brignoli, Carleton, Blumenberg, and Dulcken.

Mr. Lester Wallack is to appear in the New Park Theatre in Brooklyn, this week, supported by the regular company of that theatre, and by Miss Kate Bartlett from his own theatre. The play is to be "Ours," with new scenery and appointments.

A concert by the Kellogg and Cary Combination Company is to be given at Steinway Hall on Thursday next, on which occasion the most prominent members of the Strakosch Italian Opera Company will appear in conjunction with these artists.

The Alhaiza Operatic Concert Company, consisting of Mme. Aline Alhaiza, prima donna; Matilda Tomasi, mezzo-soprano; Signor Luberti, tenor; Signor Boniveri, baritone; and Mr. Franz Rummel, solo pianist, will soon commence a series of concerts in New York, at which scenes from opera in costume will be a novel feature. Mme. Aline Alhaiza formerly sang in New York, in opera bouffe, as Mlle Lambelle.

For Sports Solely.

Dr. Carver, the rifleman, drives a pair of magnificent elks.

Polo playing has been inaugurated at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Trickett, the Australian oarsman, is said to be affected with rheumatism.

Wallace Ross, of St. John, N.B., has accepted the challenge of F. A. Plaisted, of New York, to row a two-mile race for $1,000 on the Kennebecassis river.

John McMahon, the champion wrestler, challenges any man in America to wrestle collar and elbow, best two in three, back falls, for $1,000 to $2,500 aside.

Horatio Delano, stroke-oar of the Chelsea four, has issued a challenge to Tom Butler to row three miles on the Charles river, Boston, within a month.

The Clipper is opposed to the "six-ball" game, but advocates, instead, the calling of every other unfair ball a "ball," and every other fair ball a strike, the idea being to increase the batting.

The Cleveland club will give a four days, trotting meeting, beginning Oct. 15, at which purses amounting to about $7,000 will be offered. There will be a special purse for Rarus, Hopeful, and Edwin Forrest.

The phenomenal trotter of 1879 is cropping up. The first is a gelding by Gen. Benton, out of a Messenger mare, owned by George Bautel, of Rochester. It is said that as a 5-year old, he trotted in 28, and now, in his 6-year old form, has done his half in 109, and his quarter in 33. Next.

Cricket.

THE AUSTRALIAN TWELVE.

The following is the description of the twelve players. The team includes two professions, Chas. Bannerman and T. Kendall, and ten amateur or non-professional players. The first on the list is

Chas. Bannerman, the W. G. Grace of Australia, a native of N. S. Wales, and a professional without a trial as a bowler in Australia; described by Lillywhite as "second only to Grace." He will show our cricketers how to bat. His memorable inning of 165 (retired hurt) against the All England Eleven in Melbourne last March, has never been equalled in Australia, not even by the great W. G., and could not have been surpassed by any cricketer the world has produced. A safe as well as a free batsman, scoring off all kinds of bowling, and yet playing the balls beautifully along the carpet. For one so short of stature, his freedom, and particularly his off-driving and leg-hitting are marvellous. An active fielder, with quick return. Not much of a bowler. Scored 83 and 24 against fifteen of Sydney in a recent match. About 25 years of age.

T. Horan (Victorian amateur) ranks next to Charley Bannerman as a batsman. The opposite of Bannerman, being most patient and defensive, and yet having brilliant hits. Played gallantly against the Englishmen in the first match, though he only scored 12 and 20. Trustworthy to an unusual degree, and always shows true cricket. Plays back and "places" balls. Has scored over a century several times during the past three seasons, and headed Victorian batsmen last year. Scored 37 and 18 at Sydney lately. Bowls fast round-arm; fields tolerably well.

P. Spofforth (New South Wales amateur), the fast bowler of the team. High delivery and terrific pace, but can drop short and send a slow one without perceptable difference in delivery. Favours "yorkers" with telling effect. Took eight English wickets for twenty-four runs in January last. Moderate batsman and fine field. Is said to be able to throw a ball with any man in Australia; has thrown one 120 yards

F. E. Allan, "the bowler of a century," is an amateur cricketer, being engaged in the civil service of Victoria. For many years he has taken a prominent part in the intercolonial matches between New South Wales and Victoria, and has more than once distinguished himself against an English eleven. Has a very high, left-handed delivery—easy and graceful, and, being over six feet in height, he is especially dangerous on a bumpy wicket. He has taken, yesterday—10.7 per wicket for eight wickets—against Lillywhite's Eleven. A fine field; a p or bat.

C. H. Bailey, the Tasmanian. A grand amateur batsman, a credit alike to the team and to the "island colony," where he has acquired his cricket. A dashing and pretty batsman, combining grace with power. A rapid scorer. Has frequently made his century against the best bowling in Tasmania. Average last year, 29. An active and untiring field; a good change-bowler.

A. Bannerman, an amateur, who takes the place of Evans, the great Sydney bowler, is looked upon by the New South Welshmen as the most brilliant young batsman of the colony; indeed, is spoken of as "the most promising batsman in Australia." Is said to be even more dashing than his brother Charles, particularly on the leg side. Is a magnificent field and fair change-bowler. He has made some very tall scores, his average last season being thirty-three per inning, and including one inning of 154.

J. McC. Blackham, the wicket-keeper. An amateur, a native of Victoria, and about twenty-three years of age. Less display than Pooley, but little if at all inferior in getting men out by catching and stumping. Perhaps he cannot take the ball from the field so neatly as "the wicket-keeper of the world," but he runs him very close, indeed, and is quiet behind the stumps. Therefore a curiosity as a wicket-keeper. An effective bat.

H Boyle, a Victorian amateur not unknown in South Australia, is one of the most useful members of the team. A fine medium-pace bowler with a high and easy delivery, possessing excellent judgment in varying pitch and pace. Backs up his bowling well. Played with Melbourne against Eleven of South Australia last March, and got five wickets for 18 runs and three for 23. Scored 15 to 13. In first-class Victorian matches last year took forty-eight wickets for 7 runs each. Fair batsman, grand field, safe catch.

T. Kendall (Victorian professional). A splendid bowler, with a break from both sides. Left-handed and easy delivery. Rarely off the wicket, and has great command of pitch and pace. Took seven wickets for 55, in one innings against Lillywhite's Eleven. Visited Adelaide in February, 1876, but only managed to get one wicket for 44 runs. A happy-go-lucky batsman, but generally scores. Not over active in the field, though a safe catch. [Twelfth man.]

D. W. Gregory (N.S.W.), amateur, was captain of the Australian eleven in their two matches, and is a sterling cricketer. A stout-hearted batsman, trustworthy against any bowling. He has not much style, but has a good deal of energy and judgment. Very good field; useful as a change bowler.

W. Murdoch (amateur), the wicket-keeper *par excellence* of New South Wales. Very useful batsman, with pretty style; dashing and energetic field.

J. Garrett (N.S.W.), an amateur of

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1878.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is announced that Sir John A. Macdonald has elected to sit for Victoria, B.C. A new election will therefore take place in Marquette.

THE Nova Scotia Government tendered its resignation on Tuesday. Simon H. Holmes is entrusted with the formation of the new administration.

A RECOUNT of ballots will be made in Muskoka. Cockburn's majority, according to the official return, is 63. Conservatives are sanguine that a recount will very much reduce it, if not secure the election of Mr. O'Brien.

IT is understood that Mr. Burke, the present member for West Durham, will resign to make room for Hon. Edward Blake. So says the *Globe*. Another sacrifice for the sake of principles—with a consideration attached, no doubt.

A GERMAN named John Hadir died in Toronto the other day from pure starvation—a remarkably rare occurrence in this land where "a rude plenty exists." It was a case where pride was too strong to let poverty be known.

THE recount in Centre Wellington has collapsed, owing to the ballots belonging to one of the polling divisions in Peel having been placed in the wrong envelope. Judge Chadwick ruled that the act of last session prevented him opening the package, consequently he could not proceed with the recount. So far as the recount had gone Dr. Orton had gained one additional vote.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great amount of abuse heaped upon Sir John A. Macdonald for the appointments which he saw fit to make prior to his retirement from office in 1873, and the recent assurances of the Grit press that no such "outrages" would be perpetrated by the dying Mackenzie Government, the Official *Gazette* furnishes us with a long list of appointments just made by Mr. Mackenzie, which illustrates the utter inconsistency of these professed purists. The last plank of the Grit platform has thus been surrendered, and the following list stands as a monument of the obliquity of the defunct Government: Judge H. E. Taschereau, of the Quebec Supreme Court, to be a Judge of the Supreme Court of Canada; R. L. Weatherbee, Q.C., of Halifax, to be Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia; H. Y. Taschereau, of Quebec, to be a Judge of the Supreme Court of Quebec; Hon. M. Laframboise, of Montreal, Judge of the Supreme Court in Gaspe district; A. Bell, of Chatham, to be Judge of Kent County; W. Buckingham, the Premier's private secretary, to be deputy minister of the interior; J. B. Beaudeau, of Cacouna, to be official assignee for Kamouraska; Mr. Boyer to be Flour Inspector for Moutreal; Mr. Webster to be Collector of Customs at Belleville; Jas. Patterson, chief clerk in the finance department, has been appointed assistant auditor, and H. Horton, M. P., for Centre Huron, has been appointed chief clerk in Mr. Patterson's place.

JACQUES CARTIER ELECTION FRAUDS.

The principal parties implicated in that greatest of election frauds ever perpetrated in this country—the late "sideboard" ballot-box manipulation in Jacques Cartier County—will in all probability receive the reward which justice demands shall be meted out to them. Zeal such as that displayed at the St. Ann's polling booth should not be permitted to go unrecompensed; the efforts of the poll clerk and his friends in *furthering the ends of Justice* Laflamme must therefore be duly acknowledged and accorded their most meritorious deserts. There is a possibility that the courts may take a view slightly at variance with the comfortable notions and prospective emoluments which doubtless actuated these very worthy representatives of the party of *purity* in their ballot-stuffing enterprise. We shall not have long to wait before learning the court's decision in the matter. On Friday last Adelard P. Forget, Alphonse Christin, Eustache Lemay, Apolphe Lamache, Isaac Pilon, and Godfrey Madore, were arraigned on the charge of "fraudulently putting into a ballot box papers other than the ballot papers authorized by law to be put therein." The accused severally pleaded "not guilty," and stated that they were ready to stand their trial. The case was fixed for hearing on Thursday, 17th inst.

CENTRE HURON.

Horace Horton, late elected member for Centre Huron, has resigned his seat and accepted an appointment in one of the Government departments at Ottawa. This was done to make room for the financial "mixer and muddler," the defeated of Lennox, who is now in the field as the nominee of the Reformers of that Riding. Mr. Cartwright will be opposed by Mr. Samuel Platt of Goderich, the gentleman who succeeded in reducing Mr. Horton's majority from 780 in 1874 to 371 at the late election. Centre Huron is still Grit no doubt, and desperate efforts are being made to secure the return of Mr. Cartwright, but unless the electors of that constituency, irrespective of party leanings, are prepared to have their privileges trafficed at the whim of unprincipled politicians, they will not submit to any such transactions as those which have set aside the member elect and foisted upon them a candidate in whom the electorate in his own constituency refused to repose confidence any longer. Mr. Cartwright has received the condemnation of the country for proving himself a totally incompetent Finance Minister; the people of Lennox have also condemned him, and as a *dernier ressort* Centre Huron is requested to make him its representative. We trust that the honest electors will resent this imposition.

THE STRATFORD POST OFFICE.

The Stratford Postmastership has been vacated by Mr. L. T. O'Loane, and Mr. Wm. Blair of Gads Hill, brother-in-law of Mr. James Corcoran, has received the appointment from the late Government of Postmaster in the stead of Mr. O'Loane. How Mr. O'Loane's resignation was brought about, and the conniving of numerous greedy applicants for the office, is made the subject of scathing articles in this week's issues of our Stratford cotems. The *Times* pronounces the transaction a bargain and sale, and says that the office was promised to Mr. Corcoran if he would use his influence to beat Dr. Hornibrook. It calls for the new appointee's immediate dismissal. The *Herald* says: "If Mr. Corcoran had taken the office himself he would have acted a manlier part than in putting up his brother-in-law to be knocked down again by public opinion. Mr. Blair has got to go. The general voice says so and we but echo it. Apart from the Grit wire pullers, and not a few of them are bitterly disappointed, all men, Reformers and Conservatives alike, are agreed that the shameful manner in which the old postmaster was hounded into resigning—the scheme only succeeding after the Mackenzie government had been defeated at the polls, let it be remembered—demands the summary dismissal of the new incumbent. We do not believe in the American system of dismissing public servants every time there is a change of government, but this is a case of no ordinary atrocity, and both justice and common decency require an example be made of Mr. Corcoran's nominee."

THOSE COUNTERFEITERS AGAIN.

Where the Bogus Coin came from—A Notorious Counterfeiter Jugged.

Some time since two men named Jackson, father and son, were arrested, charged with passing counterfeit money at Listowel and Stratford, and were lodged in jail at the latter-named place. The younger Jackson, a short time since, made a confession in which he says that the base coin was supplied by a Toronto butcher named Phoenix, who had an intrigue with his mother. Phoenix was arrested at Stratford, where he has been running a butcher shop since last Spring, by Detective O'Neill of Ottawa, and the preliminary examination into the charges preferred against him was opened before Police Magistrate O'Loane on Thursday of last week. The hearing of the case occupied several days. Friday the son and daughter of the old man Jackson, who was recently sent to the Penitentiary for a similar offence, gave evidence against the accused. Mr. Hays, Crown Attorney, prosecuted, and John Idington defended the prisoner.

Rowland Jackson, sworn—I first met the prisoner, George Phœnix, in a house on York street, Toronto, on the 26th November, 1875; my mother and sister lived then with him; Phœnix was then keeping a butcher shop; I went into the kitchen and saw there Phœnix, my mother, my sister, and George Thompson; there was a quantity of counterfeit halves and quarters on the table, probably about $100; Phœnix was filing the edges of the coin when I went in, and afterwards put them in an earthenware bowl to plate them; they were of a leaden color when they were put in, and were of a cream color when they came out; he cleaned them with a rag and rolled them up in paper and put them in a bag; I was introduced to Phœnix by my mother; that afternoon Phœnix and Thompson and I went to the Great Western railway station, and Phœnix asked me to go to Hamilton with him to help him get rid of the money; previous to my going to Toronto I had been working on my uncle's farm near Brantford; before then I had been working at Sarnia, and previous to that I was in London, living with my father, who worked for Hon. John Carling as a laborer; my father wes arrested in February, 1875, for being drunk, and when he was searched some four or five dollars in counterfeit coin was found on his person, which led to his being convicted for having counterfeit money in his possession; the first time I saw counterfeit money made was at Phœnix's house in Toronto, and when I went there I had no idea he was engaged in that business; I was not aware that my mother was living with Phœnix as his mistress; I went to Toronto to keep my mother and sister, if possible; Thompson and I went to Hamilton and returned in a few days; remained in Toronto several weeks; my business at that time was to buy counterfeit coin and pass it; I bought $100 and paid $20 on it, but I didn't get rid of the whole of it; I passed off a few of the coins and was arrested for that and acquitted; I threw the balance away when I was scuffling with the constable who arrested me; afterwards I went to London to see my mother and sister, who were living with Phœnix there; Phœnix wanted me to go into the passing counterfeits again, but I declined to do so, having had trouble enough already; I did not see any counterfeit coin from that time till I came to Stratford in August of the present year; I was arrested at Stratford on the charge of passing counterfeit money at Listowel, and there being no evidence against me I was taken to Napanee to answer a similar charge; I was discharged there and brought to Stratford by Detective O'Neil for the purpose of giving evidence against Phœnix; O'Neil told me there was no use of trying to get out of it, as we were all well known to the Police at Toronto; I told him I would give evidence and tell the truth; there were no inducements held out to me, that is in the way of being discharged; my reason was that prisoner had caused me to be arrested on a charge of which I was innocent; he helped the police and was also instrumental in getting my father arrested; I wrote the whole story out in the Napanee jail; did not give any names but told the detectives who was meant; I signed my name to the paper and gave it to O'Neil; when I was in Hamilton with Thompson and Phœnix, the latter handed me some $50 of counterfeit coin in a bag, and I carried it while they passed it; they principally bought tobacco and drinks, and threw the tobacco away as they got it; they didn't want the tobacco, but the money; Thompson was anxious that Phœnix should show him how to make the bogus money, but he would not give him any insight into the business; he said he learned from a man in the States; he never let anyone into the secret of the business. There was no agreement with Phœnix as to what I was to have for passing the money, but he was to give me what he liked. Thompson was passing the money on a commission—45 cts. on the dollar; I believe he told me that others were buying the money from him in the same way as Thompson. Phœnix told me on one occasion that the money cost him about ten cents on the dollar. At one time I was in jail with Phœnix, he told me that he made his own moulds, and that he had made the money; and the moulds were made of plaster of Paris, and he destroyed them when he had done with them.

Minnie Jackson and George Thompson, the latter being brought from the Penitentiary where he was serving a term for passing counterfeit money, also testified to Phœnix's counterfeiting operations. On Tuesday the prisoner was committed to Toronto jail. His trial will come off at the York Assizes next week. The charge against him of altering Dominion notes was not pressed, but an information was laid by Superintendent O'Neil, and will probably be gone into by the Crown Attorney at Toronto.

TRAGEDY IN GORRIE.

One man strikes another on the temple with a press-board, smashing the skull.—The blow proves fatal.

The *Enterprise* furnishes the following particulars of a melancholy tragedy which was enacted in a tailor-shop in Gorrie one day last week:

A crime of the most horrible character was committed in our usually quiet village on Tuesday last about 12 o'clock, noon, in which a John Sharpin, tailor, struck a Robt. McKilligan, cabinet-maker, on the left temple with a piece of board used in a tailor shop for pressing sleeves. The unfortunate victim was felled to the platform in front of the tailor shop insensible, and in which condition he remained till death reached him on Wednesday night about half past ten o'clock. Dr. McMichael was called in and on examining the skull, found it necessary to call in assistance. He then got Mr. Brown and the two held a consultation, both coming to the conclusion that the patient was beyond their reach, upon hearing which the criminal fled before a warrant for his arrest could be procured, but was recaptured by constable McIntosh before he had gone far. The unfortunate McKilligan leaves a wife and one child. The prisoner was arraigned before a bench of magistrates, and subsequently a coroners inquest was held, when the evidence of several who were witnesses to the sad occurrence was taken. From the deposition made by George Bone, a journeyman tailor employed in the shop at the time, it is plainly evident that Sharpin was under the influence of liquor when he struck the fatal blow. After a short sitting the jury returned a verdict to the effect that deceased came to his death by a blow on the head with a press board by the hand of John Sharpin. The prisoner was committed to jail at Goderich to await his trial at the fall assizes, which open on the 15th of this month. Sharpin is a young man of not more than 22 or 23 years and has set this example which should be a warning to whiskey drinkers. Great sympathy is felt for the widow in her sudden and sad bereavement, and what still more increases her sorrowful condition is the fact that, on last evening she was confined, and in the room adjoining the one in which her late husband lay a corpse, she gave birth to a daughter.

ELMA NEWS.

PLOUGHING MATCH.—The Elma Ploughmen hold their annual match next Tuesday, 22nd, on the farm of Henry Wilson, lot 14, 7th con., near Elma Centre. Prizes for both boys and men will be given. Ploughing will commence at 9 a.m.

SHOOTING.—A pigeon shooting match takes place at Corrie's hotel, Newry Station, this (Friday) afternoon. A number of prizes are offered, and some crack shooting is expected.

During last week's storm, Thos. Large, 1st con., lost a fine heifer by a tree falling upon her.

Now that the sound of the threshing machine is again heard, the usual complement of accidents may be reported. Wm Bell recently met with a very painful accident while assisting at a threshing at George Clelland's, in the 4th concession. His hand was so badly crushed by the separator that he has since been deprived of its use.

PALMERSTON.

Dr. Ogden, of Thamesford, has recently located here.—The English Church has been very much improved lately, and a substantial driving shed has been put up in rear of the building.—A new dry goods store has been opened out in Thomas' block by Pearce & Griffin, formerly of Simcoe.—The revision of the Palmerston voters lists for 1878, was presided over by Judge Chadwick; the name of one Conservative was struck off the list, and judgment reserved in two cases.—The annual ploughing match in connection with West Wellington Agr'l Society takes place to day (Friday) on the farm of James Best, on the Minto boundary.—Mr. Hearn and Mr. Leopard were up before the mayor and Dr. Stewart on Monday for selling liquor without a license, but owing to conflicting evidence the case was submitted to the Crown Attorney for decision.—Pott's brick block on Main street and the Oddfellows hall on the same street will soon be completed.—The Free Masons will build a brick block here early next spring, with hall and other offices on the second floor.—Since Sir John's advent to power everything here seems to be going on brisk.—The survey of the Great Western branch from Durham to Palmerston is completed and work will commence on the new line in a short time.

NEW HARNESS SHOP.—Mr. James Lee, of Listowel, had this week opened out a harness and saddlery shop in this town. The reputation which Mr. Lee has built up for himself in Listowel augurs well for his success here. Mr. John Anderson, a thoroughly competent mechanic, takes charge of the Palmerston branch.

SUDDEN DEATH.—On Friday morning last, Jeanie Knowles, a servant girl in the Queen's hotel, complained of feeling ill, and died in about twenty minutes. It is supposed by the doctors that she was poisoned, but by whom the poison was administered, remains a mystery.

DONEGAL.

ACCIDENT—Mrs. Wm. Wilson, of Milverton, met with an accident of a serious nature on Thursday, 10th inst. She, accompanied by her son, was driving home from Mr. Samuel Roe's, of Elma, and after passing through that gentleman's gate the horse started suddenly, causing Mrs. Wilson to lose her balance and fall backwards out of the buggy, striking her head with great violence. She was badly bruised and had to be taken back to Mr. Roe's. She has since so far recovered as to be able to be removed home.

SAW MILL—Mr. Passmore, of Milverton, is erecting a new saw mill on lot 31, con. 13, of Elma. As he has purchased nearly all the pine in the vicinity he is certain to do a large and profitable business.—COM.

MILVERTON.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Charles McKay, a railroad laborer, aged 43 years, died suddenly on Friday afternoon at his boarding house. An inquest being thought necessary, Dr. Hyde, coroner, was despatched for. He arrived on Saturday. A jury was empanelled, of which Mr. J. D. Whaley was foreman, who after hearing all the evidence attainable, returned a verdict that deceased came to his death through natural causes due to heart disease.

CONCERT.—A grand concert, under the auspices of I. O. O. F., was held on Wednesday the 9th inst., in Attridges' hall. A very pleasant evening was passed.—*Herald.*

WINGHAM.

After many unsuccessful attempts, extending over a period of two years, the village of Wingham has been incorporated as a town, and will hereafter rank among the many other enterprising towns of Canada. The glad tidings were received on Monday of last week and the inhabitants set to work to get up a demonstration in honor of this event, which marks so important a step in the progress of the place. An immense torchlight procession paraded the principal streets in the evening, after which an enormous bonfire was lit and was kept going until late in the evening. Congratulatory speeches were delivered by members of the Council and other prominent citizens, which were listened to and frequently cheered by over 3,000 people. In connection with this matter too much praise cannot be given Mr. B. Wilson, Reeve, and Dr. McDonald, Councillor, for their zealous and untiring efforts against determined opposition to secure the incorporation of the town. That the citizens fully appreciate and will reward these gentlemen for their sevices there is no doubt.

ATTEMPTED ROBBERY.

A Hot Pursuit—Capture of the Prisoner.

For some time back a young man named Dan Sheppard has been paying his addresses to a young lady living within a few miles of Bayfield, to whom he recently presented a horse and covered buggy. He is supposed to have come from Petrolia, Wyoming or Parkhill. Suspicion has attached to his conduct recently, and on Friday morning he was discovered on the premises of Mr. Marks, Bayfield. The alarm was given and Mr. Marks, with a dozen men, surrounded the place, with the intention of capturing him. On entering Mr. Marks was fired at, the ball grazing his cheek, but he succeded in striking his assailant with a stick. Sheppard, however, again fired, and made his escape, but he was closely pursued, and several shots were exchanged between him and Mr. Robertson. Mr. Rutledge headed the pursuing party, and not withstanding the fact that several balls came very near hitting him, continued at Sheppard's heels and got up with him just as a lad named Johnson, who deserves great praise for his bravery, grasped him and held on although Sheppard put a revolver to his breast and twice pulled the trigger, but fortunately without doing any harm, as it missed fire. On being secured two revolvers were found upon Sheppard and also the key of Mr. Marks' safe, which was stolen from him about five weeks ago. His trunks were next searched, and in them were found two more revolvers and also a quantity of clothes and spoons, and other goods were found at the house of the young lady whom it is supposed he intended marrying. These goods are all in possession of the Constable awaiting owners. He was taken before Squire Connor on Friday and committed for trial, and will be taken to Goderich goal by constables Hoake and and Johnston.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The New System Perfected by Edison—An immediate Revolution in Prospect.

New York, Oct. 12.—The *Herald* says the alarm among the English holders of gas stock concerning Edison's electric light is well grounded. Edison has perfected his invention to secret, so that it will supersede gas, in one-third the latter's cost. A company of wealthy capitalists has been formed, and the new light will shortly be introduced to the public. Patents in the United States have been granted, and to-day papers will be dispatched to secure patents abroad.

Edison has successfully divided the electric light, and made it, for illuminating purposes as far superior to gas as gas is to the tallow candle of the past. His marvellous invention gives a mild, soft, yet brilliant light, pleasing to the eye, clear, steady and without blemish. Those who have seen the invention pronounce it wonderful.

A reporter learned yesterday the system proposed to be adopted after the patents are all granted. First the Professor will light up all the houses in Monlo Park gratis, and from his laboratory watch the light's progress from night to night. When all is in readiness for general introduction central stations will probably be established throughout New York city, each station controlling a territory of, perhaps, a radius of half a mile. In the central stations will be the magneto-electric generating machines run by engines. Wires will then be run in iron pipes under ground after the manner of gas pipes, connecting with dwellings, stores, theatres and other places to be lighted. The gas fixtures at present used, instead of being removed, will be utilized to encase the wire. In the place of the burner will be the invention, and meters will be used to register the quantity of electricity consumed. Their form is not yet determined upon. The light is to be of the bat wing, fifteen-candle power character. To light it a little spring is touched, and instantly the electricity does its work. The amount of light can be regulated in the same way as can that from gas. To turn off the light the spring is again touched, and instantly all is darkness. No matches being used, and there being no flame, all the dangers incident to the use of gas are obviated. The light gives out no heat. It is simply a pure white light, made dim or brilliant at the fancy of the person using it.

ISLAND OF SANTA CRUZ.

Terrible state of anarchy—Massacre and Devastation.

New York, Oct. 10.—Advices from Santa Cruz report that every estate between Fredericksted and Constitution Hill, a distance of eight or ten miles, has been ravaged by negro rioters. Fredericksted is in ashes, and great destitution prevails. The number of estates destroyed is 100. Two hundred negroes were killed at Anarshope. The number of white soldiers on the island is fifty. There are 25,000 inhabitants, and of these 22,000 are negroes. Thirty years ago slavery was abolished on the island. A Labor Act has been in operation which compelled the negroes to do a certain amount of work, so as not to be in absolute charge of the whites. A year since the officials formed a new Labor Act, by which a negro could do what work he pleased and be paid accordingly. They were obliged to support themselves. This act and the establishment of a steam sugar refinery on the island caused great dissatisfaction among the blacks. The Labor Act went into force Oct. 1st, and the succeeding day the massacre took place.

PANIC IN A LIVERPOOL THEATRE.

Thirty-Seven People Suffocated—Many Others Severely Injured.

Liverpool, October 11.—During a performance to-night at the Coliseum Theatre, now used as a music hall, a fight occurred under the gallery. The audience hearing, but being unable to see the disturbance, became alarmed. A cry of fire was raised, when a terrible panic ensued, the people rushing for doors and sliding down the pillars of the gallery on the heads of the occupants of the pit. A post impeded the exit. Thirty-five men and lads and two women were suffocated. Many persons were severely injured.

SHOCKING AFFAIR IN KEPPEL.

A Man Shoots His Brother in the Back.

Owen Sound, October 14—A shocking occurrence took place in the township of Keppel yesterday morning in an attempt of murder of a young man named James Arnold by his brother Isaac Arnold. The perpetrator of the deed laid in waiting for his brother on a road that he was to pass, and shot him in the back. The wounded man lies in a very dangerous condition, and is not expected to recover. Isaac Arnold was this morning summarily tried by the magistrates at Oxenden, and committed to Owen Sound jail to await his trial.

New York Wheat Market.

Lowest Price Known since the War.

New York, Oct. 12—Wheat touched to-day the lowest price known since the war, No. 2 Spring being quoted at 92½c.; No. 2 Red Winter, $1.03¼, and No. 2 Amber, $1.02. The receipts of wheat at this port thus far this year have shown an enormous excess over last year, being no less than 47,144,000 bushels, against 10,400,000 bushels during same period of 1877.

TERRIBLE NEWS.—A. Lang, butcher, Guelph, received word on Saturday from Kansas that his brother William and three sons have been murdered by Indians. The particulars so far as have been ascertained are as follows: Mr. Lang and one of his sons had left their home to go to the agency and pay an instalment on his property. When proceeding along the road, some Indians sprang from an ambush and shot the father and son in the wagon. After securing the wagon and contents and robbing the bodies of the dead, they went to the residence of the family, where they shot the other two sons. They then drove Mrs. Lang and her three daughters out of their home and took away $100 in gold besides destroying the property. Mrs. Laing and her daughters walked that night to the nearest settlement, which was some twelve miles distant. They were very thinly clad and suffered severely from the frost. Mr. Lang left Guelph some fifteen years ago and settled in Nebraska, about twelve miles from Omaha. Mr. Lang, of Guelph, has the sympathy of the community in this unexpected trouble.—*Herald.*

LYNXS KILLED.—On Tuesday of last week, Mr. Edward Hatcher shot three lynxs within 200 yards of Hatcher's saw mill, on the 3rd con. of Garafraxa. He first saw them all together on a road leading up to the mill. He fired his gun and wounded one, but a second charge was required to terminate his existance. The same process, two shots each, was required to bring down the other two. They were all matured animals, of fair average size. Mr. Hatcher has received a bounty of $4 each from the Reeve of the township, which amount is awarded for the extermination of these pernicious animals. These terrible brutes are said to be quite numerous in the swamps this fall.

WALLACE.

NEW BRIDGE.—The bridge on the 4th concession, at Shipley, has been rebuilt and traffic has again resumed its regular route. It is a substantial looking structure, and finished in a creditable manner. Mr Spears was the contractor.

Conservatives will bear in mind the meeting at Gowanstown on Saturday next, 19th inst.

COUNCIL.—The municipal council of the township of Wallace met at Gowanstown, Oct. 5, pursuant to adjournment. Present—the Reeve, and Councillors Mills, Ferguson, and Speers. The Reeve in the chair. The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed. The clerk read a letter from Marvin Howe, Esq, relative to Molesworth bridge. Moved by T Spears, seconded by J Mills, that S J Dickson be paid $14.18, for culvert on the 10th and 11th concessions, and a crossway on side-road between lots 6 and 7 on the 9th concession.—carried. Moved by J Mills, seconded by A Kennedy, that J McDermott, Esq, be a commissioner for the township of Wallace to meet with inspectors and others appointed to change and arrange school sections for the current year.—carried. J Mills moved, seconded by A Kennedy, that the clerk be instructed to notify the wardens of the counties of Huron and Perth with regard to a bridge broken down at Molesworth, on the boundary line between the said counties.—carried. T Speers moved, seconded by W Ferguson, that the Reeve be authorised to take steps to secure the immediate payment of the arrears of Land Improvement Fund due the township of Wallace.—carried. J Mills moved, seconded by W Ferguson, that John Warren be appointed collector for the current year, at a salary of $80, and that he return his roll by the 15th of January, 1879. Moved in amendment by A Kennedy, seconded by T Speers, that Wm Summerville, Esq., be appointed collector at a salary of $70 and make a final return of the roll on or before the 15th of January, 1879. The yeas and naye being demanded, there appeared for the amendment—Kennedy. For the motion.—Mills, Ferguson, Speers. The original motion was declared carried. J Mills moved, seconded by W Ferguson, that the Reeve be authorised to issue orders to the contractor for Shipley bridge, on receipt of a final certificate from the inspector.—carried. J Mills moved, seconded by W Ferguson, that a grant of $5 be made to the Molesworth Agricultural ploughing club, and the Reeve issue an order for the same.—carried. A Kennedy moved, seconded by T Spears, that John Wallace be paid $8.50 for grading on the gravel road, and the Reeve issue an order for the same, payable on the 1st of January, 1879.—carried. By-laws Nos. 197 and 198 were then read three several times and passed, levying a rate of 7 4-10ths mills in the $ for county purposes, 2 3-10ths mills in the $ for railway debentures and interest, and 4 3-10ths mills in the $ for township purposes; also on Union S S No 1, 7 6-10ths ms.; No 2, 16ms; No 3, 11 6-10ths ms; No 4, 17 ms.; No 5, 9-10ths ms; No 10, 12 6-10ths ms; also on S S No 1, 8 ms; No 2, 7 4-10ths ms; No 3, 8, 9-10ths ms; No 4, 7 ms; No 6, 4 8-10ths ms; No 7, 8 5-10ths ms; No 8, 8 ms; No 9, 9 9-10ths ms; No 11, 14 ms, in the $. Council then adjourned to meet at the Dominion Hotel, Gowanstown, on Saturday, November 23.

R. G. ROBERTS, Clerk.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

The assessors' returns give Toronto's population as 74,000.

Rev John Wilkie, of Guelph, goes to China as a missionary.

The fine new Lutheran Church in Berlin was dedicated on Sunday, 6th inst.

Rev Father Dougherty has left Arthur for California.

Diphtheria is raging in the township of Wilmot, and many deaths have occurred.

Two hundred and twenty-five buildings were destroyed by fire in Edinburgh, Pa., last Sunday.

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Ontario will meet on the first Tuesday in December, in Galt.

A number of the friends of union Sunday school, 12th con. Maryboro', surprised Elder Prosser, at the parsonage, and left him several presents.

This season's crop of black squirrels is large. The animals will be gathered in or harvested when sufficent powder is imported into the country to shoot them.

Arthur village laments the departure of T. W. Fields, a young man who located there ten months ago as a jeweller. He sold his stock for $200 and departed. The stock was afterwards seized for rent.

Rochester *Express*:—The excitement over the victory of Hanlan having somewhat subsided, our neighbors across the lake are now vigorously singing:—

Blow gentle winds o'er the bright blue sea,
And bring Lord Lorne to Canada.

At a recent meeting of the Directors of the Seaforth Mechanics' Institute, it was unanimously agreed to establish in connection with the Institute a recreation-room. In the recreation room it is intended to have two billiard tables, and chess, draughts and other games.

The most interesting exhibit at the Southern fair, Brantford, was that of the Blind Institute of that city. Sewing machines doing plain and ornamental work, and a type-writer were shown in operation by the pupils.

The rumor that Lieut-Governor de St. Just intends resigning shortly is credited by some of the Rouge journals. They say he will resign to avoid decapitation. But why should he fear decapitation if he has done nothing to deserve it?

The Government of South Australia offer a reward of £4,000 to the inventor of the best machine uniting within itself the various operations at the same time of reaping and cleaning, fit for bagging on the field, the various cereal crops of the country.

The elections which come off in Newfoundland next month will apparently be almost entirely run on personal issues. There is very little excitement over them but much indifference and inaction compared with former elections in that colony.

On the occasion of Lord Dufferin's departure from Quebec next Saturday, the steamship down the river to accommodate a large number of citizens, who desire in this manner to bid his Excellency farewell. A band of music will be on board.

General Sir Patrick Macdougall will probably arrive at Quebec at the end of the week and be sworn in Administrator of the Government on Saturday morning. The General and his staff will then, in all probablity, take up their quarters at the citadel until the landing at Halifax of the Marquis of Lorne.

John Schrebert, of Logan, in the employ of Gottleib Hennickle, went to feed a bull belonging to the latter on Tuesday of last week. The brute turned on him goring an eye out and disfiguring his face and breaking his ribs. The poor fellow lingered on in great pain until the next day, when death released him from his sufferings.

Jno. Maclean, for some time past one of the principal writers on the *Mail* staff, has in preparation a tariff hand book which will be issued at 25c. per copy, or 5 for $1, orders for copies to be sent to Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto. From the prospectus it is evident the work will be a very valuable one and the statistics and other information it will contain must be of great service.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN CANADA.—At the Sunday School Convention in Peterboro' the follwing statistics were reported:—Number of schools in Ontario, 3,838; teachers and officers, 27,933; scholars, 231,155; number of Sunday schools in Quebec, 487; teachers and offices, 4,260; scholars, 28,388; number of schools in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, 1,020; teachers and officers, 9,230; scholars, 77,500; number of schools in Manitoba, 50; teachers and officers 270; scholars, 2,950.

HORRIBLE CASE OF TORTURE.—The *Herald's* Tazewell, Tenn., letters give the details of the horrible torture and death of a negro, who was detected in improper intimacy with a prominent young white lady, wife of Jesse Rogers, Clerk and Master of Chancery Court, of Clarborn county. Her relatives seized the negro, tied him to a mule, dragged him over mountains, occasionally letting their horses step upon him, then burned his hands off, severed his muscles, hanged and shot him.

Some time since a petition was circulated in Guelph, and largely signed, for the commutation of the sentence of Louisa Sturdy, who was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for aiding in the abduction of a young lady. The petition was forwarded by Dunbar & Johnston, barristers, and has had the desired effect. Dunbar & Johnston have received from the Secretary of State a communication which announced that Louisa Sturdy would be released at the expiration of one year from the date of her sentence. The girl will therefore be released on the 29th inst.

THE Ottawa Free Press, the organ of the Mackenzie Government at the capital, has more common sense than some of its cotemporaries. It says: "We cannot see any good reason for objecting to a delay sufficient to enable the new Cabinet to mature their policy—a policy which will require an extraordinary amount of both time and talent to make satisfactory to all the parties concerned, if such a feat be at all within the bounds of possibility."

New lot of straw and felt hats, Berlin wool and lace goods, just arrived at
MRS. T. GOODFELLOW'S.

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

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

Dr. Michener is offering wall paper very cheap, at his Book and Drug establishment.

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

AGENCY.—Mr. John Page has been appointed as agent for the Galt Nursery for Listowel and vicinity, and all orders sent in, and all moneys paid to him for trees, shrubs, &c., will be acknowledged by us. D. CALDWELL & SON, Galt. 29c

Children's carriages at a sacrifice, in order to run off stock—from $2.50 up—at Dr. Michener's Book and Drug store.

GLASS, GLASS.—I have just received spring stock of window glass, all sizes, which will be offered at very low prices. Call and see. J. A. HACKING.—21

Call and inspect the stock of fancy goods, stationery, etc., at Dr. Michener's Book and Drug Store on Main street.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LISTOWEL MARKETS.
October 17, 1878.

Wheat, fall, per bush.	$0 78	to 0 80
Spring Wheat, "	0 65	0 82
Barley, "	0 50	0 78
Peas, "	0 50	0 55
Oats, "	0 25	0 30
Butter, per lb.,	0 04	0 13
Pork, per cwt.,	5 00	6 00

TORONTO MARKETS.
PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS.
October 17, 1878.

Wheat, fall, per bush.,	$0 78	to 0 92
Wheat, spring, "	0 65	0 87
Barley, "	0 60	1 00
Oats, "	0 30	0 32
Peas, "	0 60	0 66
Rye, "	0 50	0 52
Butter, lb. rolls,	0 15	0 18
Butter, large rolls,	0 00	0 00
Butter, tub, dairy,	0 13	0 16
Eggs, fresh, per dozen,	0 14	0 16
Potatoes, per bag,	0 65	0 75
Hay, per ton,	9 00	11 00
Wool, per lb.	0 23	24

Millinery and Fancy Goods!

MRS. T. GOODFELLOW

wishes to thank the ladies of Listowel and vicinity for their liberal support in the past, and asks them to call and see her

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY

before purchasing elsewhere. In stock will be found all things new and stylish. Wools and all kinds of stamped work constantly on hand.

Agent for the Bazaar Glove-Fitting Patterns, of which a full stock will be kept constantly on hand. Also, Stamping done on the shortest notice.

BUTTER and EGGS taken in EXCHANGE.

MRS. T. GOODFELLOW.

Listowel, Oct. 3, 1878. 36

ENGLISH
HAWTHORN HEDGE PLANTS

MR. GEORGE McKAY,

Nurseryman, Bradford, Ont., is prepared to supply the public with

ENGLISH HATHORN HEDGE PLANTS,

which have been thoroughly tested and proven a success in this country, making an excellent fence, growing rapidly, and bidding fair to be lasting and at the same time an ornamental fence. The English Hawthorn Hedge is highly recommended by a number of the most prominent gentlemen of the County of Simcoe, who, after three years planting, give it their unqualified approval.

Directions for planting, and all other information will be furnished by local agents.

Listowel, September 24th, 1878. 35c

COUNTY OF PERTH.
BY-LAW NO. 232.

A By-law to authorize the Municipal Council of the County of Perth to raise the sum of twenty thousand dollars to redeem outstanding debentures.

WHEREAS, the Municipality of the County of Perth have received to raise the sum of twenty thousand dollars by contracting a debt for that amount, such sum being required over and above the ordinary expenditure of the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, for the purpose of redeeming outstanding debentures of the said municipality.

And whereas, for such purpose it is necessary for the said municipality to raise the said sum of twenty thousand dollars in the manner hereinafter provided.

And whereas, it will require the sum of two thousand five hundred and thirty dollars to be raised annually by special rate for the payment of the said debt of twenty thousand dollars and interest on the debentures to be issued therefor, as herein provided.

And whereas, the amount of the whole rateable property of the said municipality, irrespective of any increase of the same, and also irrespective of any income in the nature of tolls, interest or dividends from the work, or from any stock, share or interest in the work upon which the money so to be raised, or any part thereof, may be invested, and also irrespective of any income to be derived from the temporary investment of the sinking fund hereinafter mentioned, or any part thereof, according to the last revised and equalized assessment roll, being for the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven, was twenty-four million, ninety-nine thousand one hundred and eighty dollars.

And whereas, the amount of the existing debt of the said municipality is for principal the sum of two hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and for interest, nothing; no part of which principal is in arrear, and of which interest no part is in arrear.

And whereas, for paying the interest upon and creating an equal yearly sinking fund for paying the principal of the said debt of twenty thousand dollars, it will require an equal annual special rate of one-ninth of a mill in the dollar in addition to all other rates to be levied in each year in the said municipality.

Be it therefore enacted by the Municipal Council of the corporation of the County of Perth, and it is hereby enacted as follows:

First—That it shall and may be lawful for the said municipality to raise the said sum of twenty thousand dollars for the purpose above mentioned.

Second—That for the purpose aforesaid it shall be lawful for the Warden of the said municipality and he is hereby authorized and required to cause any number of debentures, of the said County to be made and issued to the amount of the said twenty thousand dollars in sums of not less than one hundred dollars each, which said debentures shall be signed by the Warden and countersigned by the Treasurer of the said municipality and sealed with the Corporation

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1878.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Newest styles of dress goods, at Bean & Gee's.

Can this balmy weather be Indian summer?

The provident husbandman now harvesteth his root crop.

It is said that Lady Dufferin will accompany Princess Louise to Canada.

Lord Dufferin will leave Canada tomorrow. His Excellency sails in H. M. ship Sirius.

Heavy rain storms, with thunder and lightning accompaniments, have visited Listowel this week.

Wanted at the Ontario House, 1,000 tubs of good butter. *No Inspection fees to pay.* Geo. Draper.

It only takes $6,425 per annum to pay the salaries of civic officials in Stratford. The lamplighter receives twice as much as the Mayor, the latter only getting $200.

Knox Church.—Owing to unforseen circumstances which call Rev Mr. Bell away from home, unexpectedly, there will be no service in Knox Church next Sabbath.

Harvest is past, the summer is ended, and James Armstrong sells cheaper than ever. Teas, cutlery, crockery, glassware, etc., at greatly reduced prices. Call and be convinced.—36.

Fell among Thieves.—W L Trumbull, of Mornington, asserts that he was drugged Friday night in a saloon near the Michigan Central Depot, Detroit, after which he was robbed of $150.

Our thanks are due to a very old friend, Mr. Ahdrew Moore, of Wallace, for a bag of apples, left at this office last week. May "old Andie"—who is already a centenarian—"live long and prosper."

Baptist Service—The time of holding service in the Temperance Hall has been altered from 11 a.m to 3 p.m. Service will therefore be conducted by Rev. Mr. McGregor on Sabbath afternoon next at the newly appointed hour.

Last week Messrs. Little Bros. shipped another bus from their carriage works. It was ordered by Mr. Bishop, proprietor of the Woodstock hotel, at Woodstock Ontario. Listowel busses continue to grow in favor as their numbers multiply.

Accident.—Mr. Wm. Martin of Mornington had the misfortune to be thrown from his wagon while at Tyrone one day last week, sustaining injuries of a very serious nature. His spine was fractured by the fall. It is feared that his injuries may prove fatal.

Millbank.—Mr. Geo. Magwood has returned from an extended tour to Ireland, where he has spent some months among the friends and scenes of his childhood, and in feeding on the cheerful atmosphere of the right little, tight little Emerald Isle.

Hotels.—Mr. Stephen McLean has made application for a tavern license for the temperance hotel at the P. D. & L. H. Ry. depot. It is likely to be granted. Mr Thos Headley late of the Grand Central, has assumed control of the Dominion hotel, Mr. Chas. Newton retiring from the business.

Auction Sales.—Parties wishing auction sale bills printed on short notice and at most reasonable rates, should call at the Standard Office. Orders sent by post or otherwise will receive prompt attention. Arrangements for sales can be made at this office. Posters will be turned out in first-class style, and a free notice given in the newspaper.

Autumn.—A day in the woods is very pleasant at this season of the year. Nature's dyes are gorgeous and she bestows them lavishly upon her productions, thereby enhancing the beauty of the season. And then the sun shines so beautifully and the air is so bracing that everything tends to make it pleasant for the wood visitor at this time of the year.

Gone West.—During the last few days Mr. Jas Algar and wife and John Algar from Elma, and Mr. David Wark and family from Wallace, in all nine persons, left town by Great Western Railway for Oregon. Mr. J. C. Kidd and Adam Watson jr., also went by same line to Manitoba. Through tickets at lowest rates were obtained from John Livingstone, jr., Town agent Great Western Railway.

Dancing Classes.—Prof. Rhodes, of Erie, Pa., purposes opening a dancing class at the Grand Central Hall on Wednesday evening next. We understand that a goodly number of young gentlemen of Listowel have signified their intention of attending. No doubt the opportunity will be a good one for becoming schooled in the Terpsichorean art. The Prof. contemplates organising a select ladies class, also a juvenile class, in the afternoon of each day of school.

Base Ball.—The Browns of Harriston visited Listowel on Tuesday, and played a friendly match with the Red Stockings in the Agrl. Park. Owing to the previous rains, the ground was not in "apple-pie order," but this did not prevent a very interesting game from taking place. The Browns are a good team and contested the game well. Hunter is an excellent catcher, and their pitcher is by no means an inferior one. The Reds found themselves pretty evenly matched, and all their "latent powers" were called into action in order to control the game. Following is the score.

Listowel.	O.	R.	Harriston.	O.	R
Newton, 1b	4	1	Hunter, c	2	2
Hay, 2b	3	1	Savin, 3b	3	1
McCurdy, 3b	4	1	Empey, p	1	2
Kidd, ss	3	2	Wilcox, 2b	1	1
Gibson, c f	3	1	Gordon, 1b	4	0
Sangster, c	2	1	Barker, r f	3	0
Thompson, l f	3	2	Pennington, l f	4	0
Smith, p	3	1	Lennox, c f	5	0
Davidson, r f	2	1	Wette, s s	4	1
	27	11		27	7

Innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Listowel—	2	4	0	0	0	1	0	2	—11
Harriston—	2	0	1	0	4	0	0	0	—7

Journalistic.—The Woodstock *Review* and *Sentinel* have been consolidated. The *Sentinel-Review* is the name of the joint paper, and it enters upon its career with a circulation of nearly 6,000 copies. Its management is in the hands of able journalists, Messrs. R. Laidlaw and G. R. & A. Pattullo, who no doubt will keep it in the front rank of Canadian weeklies. A new weekly journal, the *Catholic Record*, has made its appearance in London. It aspires to be the Catholic organ of the Diocese of London. The prospectus of *The Standard*, another London venture, is out. In politics it will be "independent Liberal," which now-a-days may mean almost anything to suit the times. The *Tribune* is the name of a new claimant for public favor in the County of Grey. It is published at Owen Sound by Mr. J. J. Simpson, formerly of St. Mary's. Temperance is its chief characteristic.

Town Council.—A special meeting of the municipal Council of Listowel was called by his worship the Mayor on Monday evening last. Present, Mayor Scott, Reeve Hay, and Councillors Binning, Austin, Freeman, Dillabough, Heppler, Towner, Deavitt and Nichol. After confirmation of minutes of last meeting the subject of granting a license to the Temperance house at the P D & L H Ry station was discussed, when it was moved by A. Austin, seconded by A D Freeman, that no more licenses be recommended to be granted until it can be shown that we have population sufficient to entitle us to another license. It was moved in amendment by A S Deavitt, seconded by Dr Nichol, that this Council recommends the granting of a license to Stephen McLean for the house now used as a temperance hotel at the P D & L H Ry station. The amendment being put, it was carried on the following division: Yeas, Messrs Nichol, Deavitt, Towner, Heppler, Dillabough and Binning; nays, Messrs Austin and Freeman. It was moved by Dr Dillabough, seconded by G Towner, that the chairman of the board of works be instructed to build a three feet sidewalk on Bay street from Victoria street to railway crossing, on condition that the inhabitants on said street pay one-half the cost of building—Carried. It was moved by Dr Nichol, seconded by A S Deavitt, that this Council fully sanctions the building of the fire hall and lock-up as arranged by fire hall committee—Carried. It was moved by Dr Dillabough, seconded by J Heppler, that the road inspector be instructed to build the sidewalk on Elma street on the south side, and that former motion be rescinded—Carried on division: Yeas 5, nays 4. Council adjourned.

Hamilton Corbett.—The entertainment given by this talented Scotch vocalist in the Grand Central Hall on Tuesday evening was not attended by a large audience, but those who were present enjoyed a rare treat in the "twa hours wi' Scotchmen." Mr. Corbett has an excellent voice, of great depth and power, and a large fund of anecdote. His rendition of Scotch songs—pathetic, humorous and patriotic—was simply grand, while his interpretation of Scottish humor was perfect. The audience was alternately held spell-bound, convulsed with laughter or roused to heroic enthusiasm during the entire evening. Mr. Corbet intends re-visiting Listowel sometime in November. We trust that a much more capacious and attractive hall will be available, as the impression which he has left behind is certain to command a hearty reception upon his return.

"Rhyme and Reason."—On Friday evening last, Mr. James Fahey, of the *Herald*, Stratford, delivered his erudite lecture, "Rhyme and Reason," in the Grand Central Hall here. Owing to the wet weather the attendance was limited. The Mayor, J. W. Scott, Esq., occupied the chair, and in introducing the lecturer he regretted the small attendance, yet he felt a satisfaction in knowing that the "cream" of the town, at any rate, was present. Mr. Fahey delivered his lecture in an inimitably eloquent manner. The subject matter was rich with historical reminiscence and replete with characteristic humorisms. The entire lecture was an intellectual treat, and were it not that Mr. Fahey has signified his willingness to return at some more favorable time the people of Listowel would have lost an opportunity of improving their literary tastes such as has not heretofore been offered them from a public platform. We trust he will be heartily welcomed back again. D.D. Campbell, Esq., moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer which was seconded by Rev. Mr. Cooper.

Slightly Astray.—The last issue of the Brussels *Post* contains the following: "At the Listowel Show on Friday last, Messrs. T. & J. Watson, of Brussels, swept the course in carriages and buggies. So fine a turn-out did their display make that, we understand, Mr. Little, of Listowel, did not enter into competition. Brussels may well feel proud of possessing such an enterprising firm as that of T. & J. Watson." We do not wish to detract in the slightest degree from the Messrs. Watson's deserved reputation as carriage builders; their display at the Listowel Exhibition was a credit to the firm, and proved a very attractive feature of the Show; but in justice to the manufacturers of Listowel, the above item should not be allowed to pass unnoticed, seeing that it is liable to convey a false impression. In the first place, Messrs. Watson did not "sweep the course in carriages and buggies." In carriages there was no competition, consequently the first prizes were awarded the Messrs. Watson, and deservedly; in buggies James Lowry of Listowel carried off both first prizes, and for phaeton James Lowry took first and Messrs. Watson second. The Brussels firm took no first prizes were competition was offered. In reference to the Messrs. Little Bros. it is only necessary to state that they did not have a carriage of any description in stock, their time being so fully taken up with ordered work that they were unable to prepare anything for the show. All credit to the Brussels firm, but honor to whom honor is due, please.

The Phonograph—An exhibition of that marvellous invention, the Phonograph or "talking machine," was given in town on Monday evening by an individual who claimed a close relationship to the Apostle of Invention, Prof. Edison. The instrument exhibited was not one of the most perfected productions of Edison's fertile brain, but served very well to illustrate the principles upon which the sounds of the human voice are repeated "by machinery." The instrument consisted of a hollow metal cylinder about six inches in diameter and eight or ten inches in length, the outer surface of which was grooved with a fine spiral line. A sheet of tin-foil was attached to the cylinder, and a sensitive needle adjusted in proximity to its surface. This needle was fastened to the obverse side of a "mouth-piece," a thin plate of mica intervening between the needle and the operator. The cylinder was surmounted on a small shaft, also spirally grooved, to which was attached a crank. By means of this the cylinder was revolved as the operator "spoke his speech" into the trumpet-shaped mouth-piece, the sounds produced causing the needle to register the modulations of the voice by light or heavy indentations upon the foil. When the instrument was sufficiently "primed," the needle was re-adjusted at the commencement of the indentations, and as the cylinder was again revolved, the sounds of the voice were reproduced quite distinctly. The articulation of words was accompanied with a slight huskiness, but there was a striking similarity between the operator's voice and the sounds produced by the machine. The same sounds, whether words, phrases, musical tones or audible imitations of any kind, can be reproduced as long as the indentations remain on the foil. Its simplicity is what most astonishes one, and the wonder is that it remained for the inventive genius of Prof. Edison to call it into existence.

THAT TERRIBLE VISITATION.

We are indebted to the Guelph *Herald* for the following "additional particulars:" That terrible visitation alleged to have overtaken the man in Peel is again the subject of much discussion. A man called at the City hotel last week. He had seen the man and proceeded to give a vivid description of his awful appearance. He was asked whereabouts this man was, and he gave the number of concession and lot, in the township of Peel, County of Wellington, Province of Ontario and Dominion of Canada.

Whereupon up jumped a farming man who had been listening to the recital, and he said, said he:

"What! Do you mean to tell me that man's on my place?"

Then the company ceased to marvel, and voted the reciter of the story a first class liar.

Mr. Barber was up at Walkerton. He got back, and to-day was asked if he had heard angthing about it.

"O yes," said he. "It's all the talk up country. I saw a man who saw another man who saw another man who heard another man say he knew a man who seen "the man."

There be sceptics who consider this to be hearsay evidence, and refuse to take it.

Meanwhile "the man" continues—In the imagination of some—to sit on the ground. Better get a mandamus, or an injuction, or something, and remove him before he takes cold.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

An American Opinion of Listowel.

Editor Standard,—Permit me to say, as a stranger, that Listowel deserves the credit for more ambition and "go-aheaditiveness" than any place I have seen in three months traveling through Canada. It revives my spirits to see the "hum" of a stirring business, and a thoroughly alive community. It is well worth the pecuniary consideration to get here to gratify the occulars with the zeal and ambition so manifest among Listowel's energetic citizens. Capt. Rhodes.

Dean Stanley is in Toronto.

Dean Bond has been elected to the Episcopal Bishopric of Montreal.

A choice assortment of dress goods very cheap at the Ontario House. Geo. Draper.

The newest styles and the cheapest hats in Listowel, at Bean & Gee's.

Just received a large stock of ladies mink and seal fur goods at the Ontario House. Geo. Draper.

If you have a Farm for sale, advertise it in the Standard—the best and cheapest means of securing a ready purchaser.

Large stock of men's winter under clothing which will be sold at lowest dossible prices, at Bean & Gee's.

For Sale.—Louis S. Zoeger will sell by private sale a good 4 year old bay mare, good second-hand top buggy and harness, suitable for private or other purposes; a good bargain to be had. Call at his jewelry store, Wallace street.—31

BIRTHS.

Knapp—In Listowel, on the 17th inst., the wife of Mr Peter Knapp, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Elliott—Sarvis—In Mitchell, on the 8th inst., at the residence of the bride's father by the Rev. J. W. Mitchell, M.A., Mr. Alex. Elliott, of Logan, to Carrie L., eldest daughter of Mr. Richard H. Sarvis, of Mitchell.

Glenn—Stewart—In Listowel, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. J. G. Scott, Mr. William Glenn, of Huron Co., to Miss Margaret, daughter of Geo. Stewart, Esq., of Listowel.

DEATHS.

Smith—In Listowel, on the 11th inst., James Smith, aged twenty-three years.

HEIFER ASTRAY.

Came into the premises of the subscriber, lot 25, 5th concession of Elma, about the 1st of September last, a

TWO YEAR OLD HEIFER,

red, with white above each front knee and star in forehead. The owner is required to prove property, pay charges and remove the animal.

JAS. STEWART.

Elma, Oct. 15, 1878. 38b

COUNTY OF PERTH.—The Warden will be in attendance at the Clerk's Office on the first and third Tuesday in each month, from ten to three o'clock.

The Clerk will be in attendance at his Office on Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, from one to three o'clock.

The Treasurer will be in attendance at his Office on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, during same hours. WM. DAVIDSON, County Clerk.

County Clerk's Office, Stratford, 1878. 38

GOOD NEWS.

MONEY CHEAP and PLENTY.

Property owners who want to

BORROW MONEY

on their

REAL ESTATE

will find it to their advantage to apply to the undersigned, who still lends "the needful" at

LOWER RATES OF INTEREST,

more favorable terms for reducing mortgages, better and more expeditious facilities for putting through their loans than any other Appraiser in this section of country. The

VERY HIGHEST PRICE,

paid for existing mortgages on Real Estate.

For further information apply at the office, Main Street, Listowel, where all business transactions are held strictly confidential.

GEO. SUTHERLAND.

October 17th, 1878. 38c

FITS EPILEPSY, OR FALLING SICKNESS

Permanently Cured—no humbug—by one month's usage of Dr. Goulard's Celebrated Infallible Fit Powders. To convince sufferers that these powders will do all we claim for them we will send them by mail, **post paid, a free trial box.** As Dr. Goulard is the only physician that has ever made this disease a special study, and as to our knowledge thousands have been **permanently cured** by the use of these **Powders, we will guarantee a permanent** cure in every case, or **refund you all money expended.** All sufferers should give these Powders an early trial, and be convinced of their curative powers. Price, for large box, $3.00, or 4 boxes for $10.00, sent by mail to any part of the United States or Canada on receipt of price, or by express, C.O.D. Address,

ASH & ROBBINS,
360 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

CONSUMPTION Positively Cured.

All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured should try **Dr. Kissner's Celebrated Consumptive Powders.** These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure **Consumption** and all diseases of the **Throat and Lungs**—indeed, so strong is our faith in them, and also to convince you that they are no humbug, we will forward to every sufferer by mail, post paid, a **free trial box.** We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative powers. If your life is worth saving, don't delay in giving these **Powders** a trial, as they will surely cure you. Price, for large box, $3.00, sent to any part of the United States, or Canada, by mail, on receipt of price. Address

ASH & ROBBINS,
38y 360 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

HORSES FOR SALE.

THREE GOOD YOUNG FARM HORSES for sale on liberal terms, cash or credit. They can be seen on my Farm any day.
37 D. D. CAMPBELL.

LISTOWEL PORK PACKING HOUSE.

F. CHAPLIN,

Late of Dundas, has fitted up the premises opposite the Commercial Hotel, Listowel, for the purposes of a Pork Packing House, which he is now opening out in all its branches. He will keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Sugar Cured Hams,
Smoked Hams,
Spiced Meat, Lard, etc.,

Also good fresh

PORK AND SAUSAGES.

Wholesale and Retail.

Having had an experience of a number of years in the Pork business, he feels confident that all will be satisfied who patronize his establishment. A call is respectfully invited.

F. CHAPLIN,
Opposite the Commercial Hotel.
Listowel, Oct 11, 1878. 37

UNION FLOURING AND GRISTING MILL,

INKERMAN STREET, LISTOWEL.

The undersigned have now their mill in full running order, and

FARMERS AND OTHERS

can have their

Gristing,
Exchange,
Chopping,
Etc.,

done with promptness.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

FLOUR AND FEED

always on hand at the

LOWEST MARKET PRICE,

and will be delivered free to any part of the Town.

MOYER & BRICK.

Listowel, Sept. 19th, 1878. 34

CAN'T AND WON'T BE UNDERSOLD.

D. McFARLANE & CO.,

Having received and daily receiving large consignments of

Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES.

We are determined to sell them

At Prices that are Bound to make them go.

The cheapest and best

READY - MADE CLOTHING

Ever offered in Listowel.

ALL SIZES, COLORS, STYLES AND QUALITIES. GOOD FIT GUARANTEED.

Fine Tweed Pants from $1.50 upwards.

BOOTS AND SHOES

For the million, and at prices that no person can undersell.

COMPETITION DEFIED.

Large assortment of

FALL AND WINTER MANTLES

at prices from $2.00 to $20.00. Ladies, inspect them before purchasing.

OUR MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING

has always taken the lead, and all the NEWEST NOVELTIES will be open for inspection in a few days.

No trouble to show goods.

D. McFARLANE & CO.

LISTOWEL, Ont., September 19th, 1872. 34

EXECUTORS SALE.

The Executors of the

LATE JOSEPH PEFFERS

offer for sale the south half of lot four, in the ninth concession of Mornington, containing

NINETY-NINE ACRES.

There are eighty-eight acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation. There are on the premises a good bank barn, 36x56, nearly new, also a small frame house; there is also a number of fruit trees bearing. The farm is situated on the S. & H. R. R., eight miles from Listowel. There is likely to be a station on the corner of the place. For further particulars and terms, etc., enquire of the undersigned.

J. E. TERHUNE, Barrister, &c., Listowel.
or to WM. L. KELLS, Listowel.
Listowel, Sept. 3, 1878. 31

LISTOWEL MARBLE WORKS.

A. M. MORROW,

Dealer in American and Foreign Marble,

GRANITE MONUMENTS IMPORTED AND FINISHED TO ORDER.

English and American Grave Stones, Mantle Pieces, Table Tops, Counter Tops, etc.

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed. Shop—Opposite the Commercial Hotel, Listowel, Ontario.
31 A. M. MORROW.

L. O. L. No. 617.

The members of this Lodge meet in their Lodge Room on Raglan Street on the 1st Thursday of every month, at 7.30 p.m.—Brethren from other Lodges are cordially invited to visit us whenever convenient.

WM. LITTLE,
1y Master.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his farm, being lot No. 1, 3rd con. Elma, 100 acres; about 75 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation; balance covered with timber. New bank barn and frame house. Excellent orchard of plum and young apple trees. Land high and rolling; well adapted for fall wheat, roots, and spring grains. Abundantly watered; well very convenient to house; 6 miles from Listowel, 1 mile from Trowbridge. This is a desirable property and should be inspected by parties in want of a good farm. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. For full particulars apply on the premises to WM. COATES.
Trowbridge P.O. 31

DISSOLUTION.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between us, the undersigned, as general merchants in the town of Listowel, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The new firm will continue the business in the same premises under the name and style of

ROY & RIGGS,

who assume all book accounts and will settle all claims against the late firm of McDonald & Riggs.

Dated at Listowel this 26th day of June, 1878.

A. McDONALD,
JNO. RIGGS.

With reference to the above, the undersigned have great pleasure in announcing to the many friends and patrons of the late firm, that they have formed a co-partnership under the name of

ROY AND RIGGS,

and will continue the business as heretofore, and trust they will receive that confidence and support so liberally bestowed on their predecessors.

They also take pleasure in intimating to their many friends and the public generally, that their

STOCK IN ALL LINES IS

Complete and Well Assorted,

having been bought in the best markets, and on the

MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

We feel confident that with our long experience in mercantile life, we can offer as good inducements to purchasers as can be offered by any other house in the trade.

D. ROY.
J. RIGGS.

Listowel, June 27th, 1878. 22

TO FARMERS, BUILDERS, and all who want cheap

HARDWARE,

call at the old and reliable firm of

TATHAM & CO'S.,

where you will find goods marked at bottom prices. We call your attention to the following lines:

KNIVES AND FORKS, TABLE AND TEA SPOONS, a NICE lot of CRUET STANDS, CHEAP, GRAIN SCOOPS, TUBULAR LANTERNS, COW CHAINS, ROPE HALTERS, MOUSE and RAT TRAPS, WHITE-WASH and OTHER BRUSHES, POWDER & SHOT, SHOT GUNS, REVOLVERS, GLASS AND PUTTY, VERY LOW,

PAINTS AND OILS.

Call and buy what you want at

TATHAM & CO'S.

Listowel, Ont. 1

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS

FOR SALE

ON

MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS.

Terms to suit buyers.

10 GEORGE DRAPER.

WAR! WAR! WAR!

Come to JOHN A. TREMAIN

For Good Building Lots,

and save fifty per cent.

CLOSE TO THE P. D. STATION.

14 JOHN A. TREMAIN.

JOSEPH CONGDON,

Builder and Contractor,

LISTOWEL, ONT.,

is prepared to contract for the erection of every description of building.

Stone work, Brick work, and Plastering

receive special attention.

THE CELEBRATED GUELPH LIME

constantly on hand and for sale.

Sole Agent for the STILLWHOY COMPOSITION STONE WORKS. 1

HARD TIMES MADE EASY.

ROBINSON & DUNHAM,

Taking advantage of the hard times, have purchased a large amount of

First-Class Machinery,

of the most improved kind, and are now conducting an extensive

SASH, DOOR, AND BLIND MANUFACTORY,

where they keep constantly on hand a full supply of Sashes, Doors, and Blinds.

Patent School Desks of the latest and most approved designs made to order.

A LARGE STOCK OF DRY LUMBER AT REDUCED RATES.

All kinds of building and repairing promptly attended to.

Plans and specifications drawn up and estimates given.

The subscribers, being practical men and employing only first-class workmen, guarantee satisfaction.

Factory—Corner of Elma and mill streets, near the Foundry.

A CALL RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

C. H. ROBINSON, W. H. DUNHAM
Listowel, March 28th, 1878. 9

MISSES TRIMBLE, Dressmakers, beg to announce to the ladies of Listowel and vicinity that they have removed to the rooms over Bean & Gee's store, on Main Street, where they will be pleased to wait upon their lady customers. Dress and mantle making of all descriptions. The latest fashions always at command. Terms reasonable.

R. MARTIN,

AGENT FOR

Selling Lands, Lending Money,

doing a general Fire Insurance business, writing Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, Agreements, Registering documents, and obtaining Abstracts of Titles; buying Mortgages and Debentures.

MONEY.

Money to lend on Farm Property, 6½ per cent. Expenses moderate.

Such sums as $400, $900, $800 of $1,200 can at any time be obtained at the above rate, or larger amounts if security is good. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

MONEY LENT

at 8 per cent on Town and Farm property, with a privilege to the borrower to repay at any time without cost to the borrower. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

MORTGAGES.

Mortgages bought and the highest price paid for either Farm or Town mortgages. Apply to R. MARTIN.

INSURANCE.

THE WESTERN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Stock sells at $153. Annual income over $900,000. Paid $94,000 in the St. John's fire. Established 1851. This old established and reliable Company is prepared to accept Fire risks at the lowest current rates. Policies issued on farm and private dwellings and contents for three years at very low rates.

THE LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Capital $10,000,000. Paid in the St. John's fire $300,000.

S. C. DUNCAN CLARK & CO.,
Chief Agents for Ontario.
R. MARTIN,
Agent at Listowel.

$5,050 WILL PURCHASE 100 ACRES, four miles from Listowel, in the township of Elma; 80 acres cleared, balance hardwood land. For terms of payment, apply to R. MARTIN.

$4,500 WILL PURCHASE 100 ACRES in Wallace; 75 acres cleared, balance good hardwood bush. A good frame barn and house. For terms apply to R. MARTIN.

$3,000 WILL BUY 100 ACRES IN the Township of Minto; 40 acres cleared, balance a good hardwood bush. For terms apply to ROBERT MARTIN.

$750 WILL PURCHASE ONE-FIFTH of an acre on the south side of Inkerman street, with a good Frame Dwelling, containing seven apartments and kitchen attached. Apply to R. MARTIN.

$1,200 WILL PURCHASE 100 ACRES in the Township of Morris; all bush land, with good cedar and pine swamp. Apply to R. MARTIN.

$1,925 will buy two-fifths of an acre on Division Street with a new brick house and kitchen, also a frame stable. Apply to R. MARTIN.

$1,500 WILL PURCHASE TWO-FIFTHS of an acre on north side of Alma st., with a good frame dwelling house, with nine apartments. Apply to R. MARTIN.

$325 WILL PURCHASE 4¼ ACRES on Wark's Survey of farm lot number twenty-three, on the second concession, adjoining the noted building lots of W. G. Hay, Esq., on the Davidson property. Apply to R. MARTIN.

Office on Main St.,

LISTOWEL,

Opposite the Grand Central Hotel. 1

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

AT THE

ONTARIO HOUSE.

I am receiving a choice and well selected Stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

which cannot fail to suit buyers in quality and price.

MY MILLINERY AND MANTLE

DEPARTMENTS

will surpass (as usual,) in Style, Quality, and Cheapness, any ever offered in Town.

GEO. DRAPER.

LISTOWEL, September 24, 1878. 1

REMOVAL

D. D. CAMPBELL

Has great pleasure in notifying his customers and the public that he has removed to his own premises, lately occupied by Mrs. MAYNARD, and next door to Scott's Bank, on

WALLACE STREET.

He is now receiving more than usual full lines in

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Most of which are direct importations. PRINTS, BLACK LUSTRES, DRESS GOODS, DUNDAS COTTONS, TWEEDS, and all kinds of Goods usually kept by first-class Houses.

GROCERIES

Of the freshest and purest. His stock of TEAS is particularly good.

READY-MADE CLOTHING AND BOOTS & SHOES

are a specialty. Any one in need of a good fitting Coat or Boot should buy them from him. If you require a

First-class Suit of Clothes made to order,

Go to D. D. CAMLBELL'S and get the best in town. No matter what you are told, don buy till you examine my goods and prices.

Wallace Street is Determined to take the Lead

in good goods and cheap goods, and keep it too. Come along with your butter and eggs or with anything else you have worth money and we will give you great bargains. Don't put it off till the roads get better, come right away.

D. D. CAMPBELL.

WALLACE STREET, LISTOWEL, Ont., March 14th, 1878.

NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY —AT— BEAN & GEE'S.

ALL THE NEWEST STYLES AND SHADES IN

DRESS GOODS,

Including Black and Colored Cashmeres, Merinos, Lustres, Cobourgs, Melita Cords, Melange Repps, Costume Cloths, &c., &c.,

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST.

—OUR STOCK OF FLANNELS IS NOW COMPLETE—

In Channelly Grey, White, Scarlet, Checks, Plaids and Stripes. THESE GOODS WILL REPAY YOUR EARLY INSPECTION.

HATS & CAPS.

Our Stock is now fully assorted in all the NEWEST STYLES AT PRICES WHICH CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL.

BEAN & GEE.

LISTOWEL, September 3, 1878. 7

GREAT REDUCTION.

The greatest possible reduction in the prices of

SEWING MACHINES

has been made by

ALEX. MORROW,

Who is agent for several of the best machines in Canada.

LADIES, LOOK HERE!

A. MORROW will sell you a

$40 Sewing Machine for $25,

and guarantee you a

Good Machine for $20.

Clothes Wringers from $4.50 to $6.50.

Formerly sold from $6.50 to $8.00.

DELF, AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

Farmers, Take Notice,

That A. MORROW has on hand a quantity of

SALT—always kept under cover, only 80 to 85c. per barrel.

And tell your wives that his groceries, of all kinds, are as good, if not better, and as cheap as any other in town.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES

Cash for Butter and Eggs.

ALEX. MORROW.
West End, Main street, Listowel. 1

REMOVAL.

JAMES LEE,

while thanking his numerous customers for past favors, wishes to inform them that he has removed into Bonner's Block, two doors west of Hay & Devlin's office, and has on hand a large stocck of

HARNESS, COLLARS, WHIPS, TRUNKS, AND SATCHELS,

and, in fact, everything in his line, which he will sell at the lowest prices for cash.

A CALL SOLICITED.

JAMES LEE.
Main street, Listowel, April 24th, 1878. 13

MONEY TO LEND.

Private money to lend on farm property, at 8 per cent. No commission charged. Terms to suit borrowers. Apply to

SMITH & GEARING,
20 Barristers, &c., Listowel.

HENRY T. THRIFT,

Builder and Contractor.

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

PERSONAL.

MR. D. ROY,

having resumed business by taking MR. A. McDONALD'S place in the late firm of

McDONALD & RIGGS,

takes pleasure in saying to his old friends and acquaintances that he will be happy to see them at his place of business, where he will show them and sell them Goods on the most reasonable terms, as in days "lang sine."

Listowel, June 27th, 1878. 22

WILLIAM JOHNSTON,

Builder and Contractor.

Tenders taken at low prices. Orders solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address Listowel P. O., or enquire at Grand Central Hotel. 7y

REMOVAL TO NEW PREMISES.

WM. FISHER,

Has just removed into his new premises, a FEW DOORS WEST of the old stand, which he has fitted up for a first-class store, and having made large additions to his stock, is now prepared to supply the public with all kinds of

FRESH GROCERIES, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE FLOUR, FEED, PORK, AND GENERAL PROVISIONS.

Teas a specialty. Salt and Coal Oil always on hand.

☞ CASH FOR BUTTER AND EGGS.

Everything sold cheap for cash.

COME IN AND SEE HIM.

WM. FISHER.
Main street west, Listowel. 1

PARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.

PAUL HARVEY,

TAILOR AND CLOTHIER.

In returning thanks for past patronage, wishes to inform his many old friends that he is now managing the business himself, and will be pleased to have a continuance of their orders.

Call and see him at his new stand, opposite the Commercial Hotel,

MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL.

MRS. T. W. RILEY

Wishes to inform the ladies of Listowel and surrounding country that she is now prepared to do over

STRAW WORK

in all the latest styles. Also feathers, flowers, silks and ribbons for trimming and millinery purposes.

☞ Third house from A. Morrow's corner

RAGLAN STREET. 9

PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!

500 TOWN LOTS FOR SALE

Also a number of

PARK LOTS

situated in the best part of the town.

14 Apply to PETER LILLICO

"HIE UPON HIELANDS."

Hie upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he;
Hame cam' his gude horse,
But never cam' he!

Out cam' his auld mither,
Greeting fu' sair;
And out cam' his bonnie bride
Rivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he,
Toom hame cam' the saddle [empty],
But never cam' he!

"My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to big [build],
And my babie's unborn."
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam' the saddle,
But never cam' he!

Our Paris Letter.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

The Catholic Workmen's Clubs in France are based on the principle of making the best of both worlds; they are specially under the wings of the bishops, ex-captain de Mun being secular director in chief. A recent meeting of the Club at Chartres has drawn attention to the associations in general; it was held under a tent, pitched in the garden of the episcopal palace, which like the cathedral alongside, is of course the property of the State. In presence of the bishops and the diocesan clergy, the Captain ventilated a few new dogmas. The restoration of Henri V., of the temporal power, and the Syllabus, from the bone of his bone and the flesh of his flesh, since some years; but it is only lately that he has expounded additional doctrines, and taken a "new departure;" strange for a professed Conservative, being rank Communism, only we know he is playing the chief *role* in a screaming farce, and hence, there is no danger about him. He tells the working man that he is the victim of bloated capital, and that his miseries and his agonies, are farmed by employers. Old Socialists have renounced this stuff and nonsense; even Kearney & Co. cannot galvanize the disappeared Frankenstein, and there is nothing absolutely novel in kid gloves and *salon* crusaders making political capital by turning the heads of the working classes, and rousing the appetites where the speculations themselves become the first victims. Lamennais ended, where modern clericals commence. Professor Perin who was present, showed up the Captain's miserable economical tactics; while the Republic, with its principles based on sagacity and patriotic Conservatism, can laugh and note the vituperation launched, ægis—alas!—of the church, against freedom of opininion and secular society.

The Club consists of 200 members, employed in a lime factory; they receive every Monday only, tickets, representing a determined quantity of bread, meat, and wine, equal in daily value to 1fr., and which are placed against the monthly salaries. The men take their meals in a refectory well heated and lighted; the dormitories secure a bed to a single occupant—the aged sleep in a special room. No meat is consumed on Fridays, and the canteen is closed during religious exercises, which all must punctually join.

At Annecy, a pilgrim-fete was lately held in honour of St. Francois-de-Sales, a man worthy of his niche in the calendar by all accounts, but whose asceticism, to judge by his statues and portraits, would be sufficient to make a man join some of the three hundred forms of Protestantism—*chacun son gout*—for life. At this fete, Baron Dallemagne, colonel of a militia regiment, drank to "Leon XIII., Pontiff and King;" he eulogized Pius IX. and his noble dogmas, whom God had spared to witness the death agony of Victor Emmanuel, his gaoler—that God who, making nothing useless, will not cause Italian unity to crumble into dust. All this, almost in the frontier of Italy, is not calculated to cement the unity of the Latin races programme.

The Ministers of Finance and Public Works, are travelling through France, with the rapidity of a Cook's excursionist; the voyages have for end, to inaugurate part of the Republican programme, of investing the savings of France into French loans, and expending the nation's money on works of public utility, and not criminal invasions and dynastic adventures. It would be an error to suppose, that French engineers do not know what they are about, or that they contemplate making crooked untrodden paths straight, railways where there is no traffic, and harbours destitute of commerce. All plans rest on profit and loss estimates, and further, only 500 million frs. are to be annually expended, and if frittered away, the Chambers can stop further supplies.

It is a wonder no Frenchman ever brings out a "Growlers' Chronicle:" any three Bohemians, if fledged in their teens, with enough of pocket money to buy paper and pens, and sufficient credit with a waiter for absinthe and books, can produce "copy," and if they can only hit on a fantastic title, they will catch a printer, the hare, according to Kitchener's receipt, for all cooking. There are periodicals devoted to poets, who can climb Parnassus as high as they please, and sleep till doomsday with Clio, by paying so much a line for the insertion of their immortal verse; and to tradesmen, who can pen their own puffs and have them printed according to a tariff, if they but abstain from alluding to "the house over the way." Nay, more, the *Journal des Guillotines* has appeared; it has the executioner for head editor, and his aids for subs; a vignette of heads after being cut off, in every phase of agony, and on a black ground, ornaments the first page, and on the printed sighs, groans, last words, and sensations of the condemned, fall crimson tears. The journal is only supplied to guillotined subscribers, and is evidently an opposition sheet to *L'Autre Monde*, which represents the world of shadows; boasts of Charon for chief editor, and has the most stupid of letters from Elysium, the dullest from Purgatory, and the wittiest and merriest from Hades. The *Growler* is called to "supply a want," to receive the confidences of the 23,000 hearts sorely charged of unrewarded and badly requited exhibitors. While the decisions of the American, English, and Danish juries are common property, though not official, French exhibitors have to endure the torments of Tantalus till 21st October, when the "crownings" will formally come off. Too late, say exhibitors for the visitor-purchaser to transact business and to give orders at our stands. They must only fall back on Lord Beaconsfield's consolation for Greece—patience, and faith in the future.

The national teachers who came in rotation to visit the Exhibition, and that have returned to their schools, have been practically improved by what they saw and heard. Some of their reports to the Minister are reported to be most valuable, and their criticisms on the foreign educational exhibits ingenious and suggestive. There is positively nothing extraordinary to record at the Exhibition. A sculptor shot himself in the park, close to the pretty Monaco pavilion; he failed to have the honour of committing suicide from the captive balloon, but he has taken "a first" in the Palace Grounds; he gave a few hours' employment to the ambulance corps, that placed 32 beds at his disposal, two medicine chests, a box of surgical instruments, two *brassard* men, and a sister of charity. The Chinese have presented their charming padoga on the Trocadero, to the French nation; the Celestials are thus the first in the work of making *cadeaux d'adieu*. The Palais de l'Industrie is nearly ready for the 24,000 spectators to witness the distribution of the prizes; a novelty to be recorded, each invited will have a numbered place.

The Spanish governmental tobacco factories, at Seville for example, are proverbial for the number of pretty girls employed rolling the weed into cigars and cigarettes. It is rarely that male visitors are allowed to enter the work-hall, because the atmosphere is maintained at a high temperature, which necessitates the sonoras to appear in costumes either extremely light or remarkably short. On the banks of the Seine, the tobacco factory girls differ from their sisters of the Guadalquivir; here they are dressed in black with blue aprons, feeding and directing machines; nothing can be less practical; they are as silent as a Quaker's meeting; there is no hum of prattle, no sheep's eyes thrown at you. All the result of the introduction of machinery. Perhaps in our next International, fixed in the centuries of the future, manikins will be shown in the loss of retrospective arts, of work girls and boys of the primitive period of 1878.

Tobacco has been described as the "fifth power of the State;" in France it produces one-tenth of the total revenue, and it is said, that the etchings in the portfolio of the Minister of Finance, consist of tobacco leaves. The pavilion in the Champ de Mars, owned by the government, and where cigars, &c., are manufactured under the spectator's eyes, seems to be the favourite of favoured spots for visitors, who in addition to buying goods, can have them at once delivered. This exception applies to the Shah of Persia's sugar candy factory, and to dates and perfumed peas from Tunis, the Bey and France being Cyprus friends. Around the pavilion flourish specimens of the weed, in the green stage, "ole Virginny" being luxurious. The anti-tobacco society has not erected a counter-kioscque to protest; it might have for example displayed a collection of potatoes, as that tuber, also like tobacco, belongs to the *solanum* family. M. Krantz it is said objected, fearing he would have the Colorado beetle to his already long list of enemies. The American savages have the honour of teaching Europeans how to smoke and chew the weed; but we discovered the accomplishment of snuffing. The latter is on the decrease, while the "naked beauties" of the cigar augment in favour. It is only since 1840 that the consumption of tobacco has largely increased; under the Restoration it was tabooed: Louis XVIII. was too occupied gormandizing and making Latin calembours, and Charles X. had not sufficient time to count his beads, sign the *ordonnances*, and prepare his hair shirts. The Orleanist dynasty eclipsed in the tobacco-consuming view, the real House of Bourbon; the Imperial regime beat both, but the Third Republic has surpassed them all. Hence, why French anti-tobacconists despine every political party alike. Most phenomena are now traced to spots on the sun; Professor Jevons connects commercial crises with them. Byron believed the devil to be in the moon for mischief-making; well, less tobacco is consumed in France during the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, than pending the summer and winter solstices. Perhaps Mr. Edison will favour us some day with a "phone" to measure these coincidences. The late astronomer, Le Verrier, was a director of one of the 19 state tobacco factories, which employ a mean of 1,000 hands—mostly feminine—and produce 1,500 tons of prepared weed annually. Germany and the United States consume the most tobacco. France comes next. England and Russia are about equal; in smoking, chewing, and snuffing, they are not divided.

The "settlement" of the Eastern question, which was to revive business, has produced just the contrary effect; the spasmodic effects at amelioration have brought about a relapse. People believe little in Austrian disinterestedness, and avow she is receiving her desserts for her previous vaccillations. A close eye is being kept on the Shah of Persia, and the Afghanistan move of England is followed with interesting anxiety. The French of course do not love Prince Bismarck, but they not the less estimate his ability very high; they study his policy in the Reichstag with the curiosity of a problem; not with feelings of pleasure at his home difficulties—there is always something gratifying in the misfortunes of even our best friends—but of a simple zest to witness how his great mind will extricate him from an *impasse*.

The autumn manœuvres of the French army continue to be very satisfactory. The column have been punctual in taking up their assigned positions. The necessity of making some changes in equipment, has been demonstrated; the white gaiter must give way for a boot capable of resisting stones, dust, and mud; the shako and kepi, must be superseded by the helmet, and the knapsack made less squarish, so that corners shall not surpass shoulders, and embarrass the men in "bush" movements. The tent carrying nuisance having been abolished, the soldiers have rugs, one side woollen, the other india rubber, serving as a bed by night, and a coat by day.

An English pickpocket escaped from his guards at the Assize Court here, and the Bonapartist *Pays* has had its nitro glycerine editor condemned to a fine of 3,000fr., and three months, imprisonment for "blackguarding" the Marshal. The indicted article reflected on his decorating a Jew—the chief of the three Paris correspondents of the *Times*. A little boy aged 6, is to be decorated with the Legion of Honour: his brother, 8 years old, fell into the Seine; the little fellow jumped in to save him, and a sailor rescued both. Senor Morales, special correspondent of a Madrid newspaper, will be tried for theft: invited to an evening party given by the Princess de Rattazzi, he entered her bedroom and stole some of her diamonds.

Captain Boynton amuses the Parisians—but he takes no orders. After a late performance, a swindler made a collection among the bystanders in the name of the Captain and bolted with a hat full of coppers.

"How Berthe and Alice resemble each other—Berthe above all," said a mother to a visitor.

PARIS, France, Sept. 14th, 1878.

Humour in College Journals.

The wit and humour that abound in the college journals are of a most commendable and genuine character. College life, it is needless to say, is fertile, in comparison with business or professional life, in the ludicrous; and many of the witticisms that appear in the college papers are reports of the table-talk of an eating club, or of the happy retorts of a professor to a jesting student. Not a few humorous verses, also, bright and rollicking, have come from college pens. One of the earliest, as well as one of the best, parodies ever published in this country appeared in the "Harvard Lyceum," in the first years of college journalism. Joel Barlow's "Columbiad" was the object of its pleasantry; and, written by Edward Everett in 1810, it has both a literary and an historic interest. The following extract describes "the vexations of a person who finds, in the midst of a dance, that his hose are swinging from their moorings."

"And while he dances in vivacious glee
He feels his stockings loosening from his knee;
The slippery silk in mind-benumbing rounds
Descends in folds at all his nimble bounds.

* * * * * *

Thy partner wonders at the change. No more
She sees thee bound elastic from the floor;
No more she sees thine easy, graceful air;—
Each step is measured with exactest care."

Of the many bright verses that have of late years appeared in the college papers, the following, from the "Harvard Advocate," of May, 1870, are pre-eminent. They were written by Mr. Charles A. Prince, of Boston, when a Harvard student, and are addressed "To Pupils in Elocution:"

"The human lungs reverberate sometimes with great velocity
When windy individuals indulge in much verbosity,
They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times a minute,
And push and pinch the diaphragm as though the deuce were in it.

CHORUS.

The pharynx now goes up;
The larynx, with a slam,
Ejects a note
From out the throat,
Pushed by the diaphragm."

A WASHINGTON lady who sent one of her husband's coats to the yellow-fever sufferers, pinned a note to the collar requesting that if it didn't fit it should be sent back.

AN editor with nine unmarried daughters was recently made justly indignant by the misconstruction his contemporaries put upon his able leader on "The Demand for Men."

LAST week a Hamilton boy got angry with his mother, and went to bed without supper that he might wring her heart with sympathy. When he was creeping down stairs to get some pork and beans after the family were asleep, he collided with a door casing and broke his toe! Moral.

PARISIAN beggars have become so audacious since the Exhibition that one of the fraternity the other day, on receiving from a benevolent stranger a bad half franc by mistake, threatened to hand the donor over to the police if the coin was not immediately changed.

A MAN may sneer at a woman all he will because she can't sharpen a lead pencil, but she has the smile on him when he stands holding an unoccupied suspender button in his hand, and wondering whether it will hurt less to pull the needle out of his thumb the same way it went in or push it on through.

EDMUND YATES, in a recent number of the London *World*, alludes to Earls Rosebery and Dunraven, both well known in New York, as proprietors of and writers in certain London weekly journals. Lord Rosebery, he says, is "good all round," and the time he can devote to journalism, after giving due attention to matrimony, the House of Lords, managing his estate, and running his racers, will be well employed.

A YANKEE mandarin is not a bad idea. Jeremiah Yocum, a tarry mariner of Cape Cod, who cometh back to his native country as an attache of the newly-arrived Chinese embassy. The story goes that his father, the captain of a whaler, rescued a disabled junk in 1841, containing five Chinese mandarins of high rank, and towed it into port. The captain was loaded with presents at the time, and, when he returned with his orphaned son on the next voyage, the boy was sent to the royal preparatory school at Canton. At seventeen he entered the imperial college, and spent eight years mastering the Chinese language, after which he taught and translated Chinese geography into English. Last year he was made a mandarin, and attached to the Chinese mission to the United States.

THE ISLE OF PINES.

A Romance of Constantinople.

(From the New York World.)

A shelving beach, a summer's day, the low rippling of waves sliding up in brignt succession to an emerald sward; overhead a thatch of ragged pine boughs, and a sky pure and calm and blue—such is the Isle of Pines. Before you the Asian shores stretching in gentle undulations, dotted with flat-roofed cottages, with clumps of cypress or solitary sycamores, crowned with white-sailed water-towers, and sinking into verdant valleys that sweep into dim perspectives of green repose. On the right, Mysian Olympus and the lands of classic song; on the left, the spires and domes of an Eastern capital. Under the pine roof grey *cafejees* bend over braziers of glowing coals, and the fumes of the fragrant mocha steal subtly through the air. Around, the gay carpets of the indolent, pleasure-loving Greek, at home in his fairest of islands; in the background, a row of mud-built hovels, with swarming children silent in the sun; with tethered donkeys, wise over a wayside thistle, like many another fellow-philosopher; about you, the sea, like a band of sapphire, setting this gem of Grecian isles.

The hour is noon, with sky and mountains and waves and distant minarets all quivering in the midday heat—the hour for reverie and dreams. Talk of the vale of Tempe, the aisles of northern woods, the glens of mountain lands, the rush of waterfalls, the quiet of lakes, the gleam of rivers and streams—no land is perfect without the sea; no sea is so perfect as that of Greece; and the tint of its waves, the lapse of its azure tides, the rise and fall of its indolent billows are the perfection of the land it encircles, and to which it gives its culminating charm. On some idle summer day—those halcyon days of which the ancients spoke—in the light caique, darting like a swallow over the swell of the tide, with shores classic as they are fair, and with the soul surrendered to the spell of the time and the scene, no lover of reverie can wish for a sweeter lapse from the cares and wearying emotions of life than when his boat keel grates the sands of the Isle of Pines, and the carpet of repose is spread under the pine boughs of this haven of rest. The old *cafejee* silently beckons to the cushions he has neaped near the stand of blossoming balsams, the rugs are unrolled, the fragrant coffee steams from its filigree cup, that lies like the shell of the Lushoo nut in the delicate coil of his brown fingers, and the goblet of cooling sherbet—violet or jasmine or rose—stands in its cherry-wood case by your side, with the wild bees clustering and clinging to its juicy lips, and the indolent hum of the winds and waves and whispers in the pine-needles overhead lull you to a bliss-ful repose such as even the dreams of the lotus-eater never gave. This is the perfection of mere physical life—a *Dolce far nuente* more engrossing than Italy ever knew—in these far-off, sea-begirt, romance-haunted lands. The legends of history, the tales and recollections of the past, lend to the loveliness of nature a soul that gives life and being to that mere outward beauty which is common to other climes beside. But there, on those Persian rugs, with the lithe step and subtle face of the old Greek beside you, the heart goes over a level of untroubled thought, and slides with light-poised keel over those shining waves, and finds in this quiet rapture of repose a recompense for much to be forgotten, and of much to be yet endured.

The line of the bright horizon curves like the crescent moon, quivering in silvery vapours and flecked with sun-touched sails, like the fleecy clouds in the blue above. The sharp outlines of the hills are mellowed and dimmed with a golden haze, the scent of the thyme and heath and blossoming oleanders comes mingled with the murmur of bees and the pebbly music of the shore, and words, if uttered, are slow and softly-spoken and full of long-drawn breaths. The old *cafejee*, with that dexterous sleight-of-hand which only an Eastern knows, offers you a cup of coffee, while his Arab lad, wiry as desert grass, lurks at his foot-heel, with the word *backsheesh* trembling on his lips.

"There," said our companion, leaning back on the couch after a long and honeyed sip at his sherbet, "there, on yonder point of land, just at the tip of the bay, where that little kiosk seems dancing on the water, there happened a tragedy and ended a tale."

The *cafejee*, one of those polyglot Greeks who speak half the languages of the globe, pointed to the building and shook his head. "True, Effendi, he said, "there ended a life, but the other remained behind."

"In the mad house of Istamboul," said our friend.

"True again," answered the old man; "these withered eyes beheld it."

"Tell us the tale, good friend; though one would sooner wed love and eternal youth to these bright scenes than the tragedy of hate or death."

"Love," said the old man, "is crueller than death; but if you command it—listen!"

He settled himself with that strange familiarity characteristic of the East on the edge of our cushion, and told, as well as we can recall it, the following tale:

"In yonder city dwelt a wealthy merchant, a Greek of Athens. He had houses and lands, merchandise and ships; a wife whom he had loved from youth, and every thing that heart could wish, save one single possession, for which he would almost have exchanged lots with the poorest of his slaves. He had no children. At length, on the persuasion of his wife, he adopted a beautiful girl of his own nation, and she was declared the heir of all that he possessed. Years passed, and this child of a happy star grew up to be the pride of her old protector, the favourite of all her young companions. They called her the 'Rose of Istamboul.' At length the time came when a noble of our people sought her hand, and, as is the custom in our country, the nuptials were to be immediately celebrated. The first two days of feasting passed; the house of the old merchant was thronged with guests; the wine flowed, and joy was in every heart. The third day, on which the marriage bond is sealed, dawned on a happy household. The great and noble of the land were assembled to greet the beautiful bride and the rejoicing bridegroom. The holy patriarch waited to conclude the ceremony with his benediction, when—the bride was missing from her chamber. You know, perhaps, that it is an old custom in the East for the betrothed maiden to feign reluctance and hide from the embraces of her bridegroom; but the custom is falling into decay with the better classes, and the guests wondered much at this ill-timed jest. Search was made, but in vain. Her waiting-maids had left her but an hour before, and now she had disappeared. All day they sought, till every one knew that it was no longer a jest. The guests departed; the Sultan's janissaries were sent on the quest, for your excellencies know, perhaps, that the old Greek was high in the employment and esteem of his Royal Highness. But it was of no avail; no tidings, no clue, no dream even of the wherefore of this mysterious disappearance: no bride was to be found; and even the discomfitted bridegroom at length was forced to retire, to hide his chagrin and grief as best he could.

"That night a storm came up—one of those dreadful storms when no boat dares trust the waters; but in its height a little caique stole out from the pier and dared the tempest. In it were but two persons closely wrapped, and but one strong boatman. Towards morning there was a rapping at the gates of that old monastery that your excellencies see on yonder crag; the good monks rose in haste and opened their doors to the flying pair. One was our beautiful Greek and the other a handsome lover—a man of the people, whom she had seen and met in the bazars; 'tis a thing often done, my masters, and the poor child loved him. But light had by this time began to creep in at the old Greek's mansion, and jewellery and other things were missed, and traces of meditated flight detected; and it was not difficult to discover, in the public interest the affair had roused, that a boat had left the wharves in the midst of the storm, and the boatman, who had returned, was brought to bay. The storm had not wrecked them, but a worse storm was yet to come. It has always seemed to me," said the old man simply, "that if Heaven spared them, man might have done the same, but it rarely is so! And now the police were on their track; they had offended the high authorities of the city, and there was no mercy for them; even the Sultan himself swore that they should be punished. They were dragged the next day from the sanctuary of the convent; the young man was thrown bound into a loathsome dungeon; the bride, whose parents refused to receive her, perished in these waves—whether by design or not, no one dare say; it was convenient that she should not return; it's a way they have at Istamboul; but there, over there, by the bright kiosk, the boat that bore her from the island was overturned. The boatman swam ashore, and none dared ask why the young bride was not rescued. Now," added the old man with a shrug of relief, "your excellencies have heard it all."

Thus ended the *cafejee's* story; but there was a drearier sequel. Had anyone some twenty years ago entered the mad-house at C—— they would have seen in one of the little sheds built round its filthy court, a young man chained by the neck to a rusty iron bar in the window. Children who came there to play and laugh at the caprices of the madmen, used to pull at the chain to see him wince and rave; otherwise he was motionless and silent. It was the handsome lover, now a shattered heart-broken wreck, with only a memory and a name.

Swindling Adepts.

One Leonard Thurneiser tried his swindling skill upon the elector John George of Brandenburg, with very indifferent success, as he had to fly for his life. Berlin altogether was not propitious to adepts and their doings? One of the last of the class, Casetano (styling himself Count Ruggiero), the son of a Neapolitan peasant—a kind of a precursor of Joseph Baltamo—after having successfully swindled the courts of Munich and Vienna, came to a premature end in the city on the Spree in 1709, being hanged on a tall gallows ironically plastered all over with gold-leaf.

John Frederick Bottger, or Bottiger, or Bottcher, who gave the world Meissen porcelain instead of gold, was born at Schleitz, in Germany, in 1682. His father was master of the mint at Magdeburg, which naturally directed the attention of young John Frederick to metallurgical researches, which again led the youth to the study of alchemy. Apprenticed to an apothecary at Berlin, a distinguished pharmaceutist named Zorn, he secretly pursued his alchemistic studies in the dead of night, using his master's chemicals with no sparing hand. Being found out, he fled in 1699. Starvation drove him back a year after. Zorn generously forgave his delinquencies upon his sacred promise to drop alchemy forever. This promise he broke, of course, and had to leave Berlin once more. He went to Wittenberg, where he found a protector in Prince Egon of Furstenberg, who took him to Dresden in 1701, when he was only nineteen, and built a laboratory for him. Here he experimented at the expense of his patron, and of the Elector Augustus II. of Saxony, King of Poland, who at last got tired of spending his money for nothing, and pressed the would-be adept so hard that the latter again tried his old game of running away. He was brought back, however, and the indignant Augustus demanded, in the most peremptory manner, a written statement of Bottcher's scheme of gold-making. The interesting youth furnished his angry Polish Majesty with a long, unintelligible rigmarole, and was forthwith sent to prison in consequence.

Now at this very time Count Tschirnhausen had conceived the project of turning to useful account, for the manufacture of porcelain, borax, etc., certain minerals and clays lying about unused in certain parts of Saxony. Tschirnhausen, who thought he detected in young Bottcher, beneath the crust of empiric charlatanry, much solid chemical knowledge and vast ingenuity and aptitude, begged the elector-king to hand his prisoner over to him. As early as 1705 the young man fonnd that a certain brownish-red clay about Meissen would produce a finer and more durable porcelain than his new chief had as yet been able to obtain. The lucky discoverer was rewarded with rich gifts, but he was kept a prisoner under strict over watch and guard, the elector-king having still a notion that the talented young chemist could really make gold if he would but choose to do so. When the victorious Swedes invaded Saxony in 1706, Bottcher and three asaistants of his were packed off to the Koninstein. In 1707 they were brought back to Dresden.

In 1708, after Tschirnhausen's death, Bottcher succeeded him as administrator of the porcelain manufacture. The year after he discovered the white porcelain clay. Detected, some ten years later on, in a treasonable correspondence with certain parties in Berlin, it would have gone hard with him had not death stepped in to shield him from the penal consequences of his offense. He died on the 13th of March, 1719, in his thirty-eighth year.

The last would-be transmuter of metals, with a brief allusion to whom this paper is brought to an appropriate close, was Dr. James Price, an English physician, who declared before the Royal Society of England that he had discovered a red and a white transmutation powder, which would convert the baser metals into silver and into gold. Hard pressed for explanations and details in support of his bold assertion, he—poisoned himself in the year 1783.

In our own time promoters of more or less limited joint stock swindles have successfully taken the place of the cheats who impudently paraded before the world as adepts and professors of a great and glorious science.

An Instance of Indian Daring.

The *Beaver* (Utah) *Square Dealer* says: An instance of what an Apache Indian will do in the way of cool daring, when the prize is worth the risk, once occurred on a ranch in Arizona. The owner of the ranch was an American. To guard against the Apaches he had built a block-house, and, adjoining it, a court yard and corral, surrounded by an abode wall 8 feet high and 2 feet thick. In the corral the herd was nightly secured. He had a contract to feed and guard 400 head of beef cattle belonging to the United States fort, some thirty miles away. More than one attempt had been made by the Apaches to capture the herd, while feeding two or three miles from the block-house. But the vigilant herdsman had driven the cattle at a gallop into the corral, before the Indians could "stampede" them. One night there came a fearful storm. A solitary Apache, unarmed, and with nothing to protect him from the cold rain, climbed over the corral wall; crouching in the corner, he waited for day. Early in the morning, the storm having passed away, eight herdsmen, mounted and armed, waited at the corral's gate for the herd to be turned out. The gate was opened. The stock poured out. Suddenly up sprang the Apache; vaulting on the nearest horse, he clutched the mane with his hand, while with the other he wavedostrd red blanket, and yelled like a demon. In an instant every hoof made a rush, and the stampede began. The horse, frightened, darted into the midst of the flying cattle. As in a frenzy they went through the gateway, the Apache clasped his arms around the horse's neck, and, throwing his body on one side of the maddened animal, disappeared from view. A thousand men ranged in column could not stop that rush of the crazed herd down the valley. The herdsmen fired a volley which wounded and killed some of the cattle. Two bands of Apaches, darting out from opposite sides of the valley, closed up from behind the herd. Four hundred head of cattle were thus captured and run off by the daring and cunning of one Apache.

Jottings.

The bishop of Hong Kong has ordained three Chinese clergymen.

SOME men prefer Row-dy hats; others go in for Sunday hats. Some-day we will come out strong ourselves.

"AERATED BREAD" read the hungry man; "alas" quoth he "all my food has been aerated lately." A passer-by bought him a loaf in compassion; and he blessed the giver ere-he-ate-it.

WE often see papers speak of "Our reporter;" now judging from some of the fiery articles we read, would it be a misnomer to say—our revolver?

How many oaths does it take to darn socks? Scotchy says "sox," (six.)

WIFE.—Charles dear, do you know Tuesday will be your birthday?

CHARLES.—So it is, my dear; I quite forgot it.

WIFE.—Now Charles dear, I want you to give me $20. I mean to get you a real handsome present.

CHARLES.—$20! Oh! but say, dear, that's too much to spend on a present.

WIFE.—Well, but dear, you—ah—I—ah—you know, dear, I want to get that duck of a bonnet—its really cheap at $17.50!

"I'LL be even with you yet," was the stinging reply of the wasp to the boy who caught him barehanded.

I OFFERED odds to a fellow on the Hanlan-Courtney race, but the fool would not bet; so I got hold of a right smart looking fellow, but found soon that he was no better.

JUST now the fly goes buzzing by,
A cold in his nose, a tear in his eye,
Seeking a place where he may die
And go to his mansion in the sky.

The Independent hopes that the revisers of the Bible will put in the margin all passages of doubtful authenticity. *The Interior* wants the Bible as it is, authentic or not. It says: "It was not nominated in the bond that they were to supply a new canon. If, however, the highly improbable supposition should prove true, that the committee are thus amusing themselves, their work will fall so heavily from the press as to smash some of them. A steam derrick could not hoist an emasculated Bible into a single evangelical church."

French Executions.

How The Guillotine Does its Terrible Work at La Roquette.

Great excitement has been occasioned by the execution of the two murderers, Barre and Lebiez. Their crime was a most cowardly one. They decoyed an old milk woman into Barre's lodging, murdered her with a hammer, cut her body into pieces, and then plundered her house of £600, the savings of a lifetime. The sum seems the more miserable when it is considered that both convicts are well-educated and well-connected young men. They were ornaments of the College of Angers; and Monsignor Freppel, Bishop of that town, who presented both of them with laurel crowns and books at a public distribution of prizes some years ago, memorialized the Government that one at least of the pair might have his sentenced commuted.

The date of a French execution is never known before hand. The processes which follow upon sentences of death take from three to six weeks, but all is done in private, and the convict only hears that his appeals have been rejected when the Governor of the prison wakes him up on the morning of the execution. Executions constitute one of the sights of Paris, which fast-living tourists are expected to witness. The waiters at Brebant's and the Cafe Anglais inform joyous young roysterers that the guillotine is to be at work at daybreak, and opera hats, dust coats, and the fumes of Cuban cigars will be found mingling with flat caps, blouses, and the smoke of clay pipes on the Place de la Roquette at the fatal hour. La Roquette is the Newgate of Paris.

It has only become so since 1852, for of old men were taken from the Bicetre to be executed on the Place de Greve (now Place de l'Hotel de Ville), at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to the great hindrance of public business. Subsequently, the Place St. Jacques was used for the fell purpose, and the hour of execution fixed at 10; now the headsman performs his work at 5 in summer and at about 7 in winter. Five flagstones fixed in the roadway at some twenty paces from the prison door mark the spot where the guillotine rises. Its tall posts are no longer red, but a dark green, and there is no scaffold platform, so that the convict has no steps to climb. When he has passed through the innermost circle of soldiers who surround the instrument of death, he finds himself suddenly opposite the bascule. The headsman's three assistants seize him and push him against this board, which forthwith pivots and assumes a horizontal position. At this moment the doomed man, who has been taken in some sense by surprise, invariably struggles, and has to be forced forward by the shoulders and hard till his neck protrudes through a semi-circular aperture under the knife. Being bound hand and foot, the man cannot offer much resistance, but he might roll off the bascule, and so must be held with an iron grip, until a second semicircle closes upon the first, and so imprisons his neck. The instant this has been done M. Roch touches a spring, and the broad, triangular knife, weighted with fifty pounds of lead, glides down the grooves like a carriage window, slices the head from the trunk, and rebounds with a dull thud on two india-rubber cushions. One assistant, who has held the head by the hair, drops it into a small wicker basket, half full of sawdust; the two others seize the headless body from which blood is flowing in torrents, and which kicks in convulsive convulsions, and fling it into a longer basket. Then both receptacles are hoisted into a close carriage, which trots off to the Cemetery of Clamart, attended by a mounted police escort, and followed by the prison chaplain in a cab; after which the executioner's assistants begin washing down the "bois de justice" with mops and pailsful of water. Within a couple of minutes from the time when the convict shows himself under the archway of La Roquette the whole performance is ended.

Now what preparation have French convicts to meet their fate? "In England, it is considered just to let a man know the date of his execution, in order that he may purify his soul to meet his Maker; in France the mistaken kindness is shown of allowing the convict to hope on till the very end. He spends all his time in a cell with two other prisoners and two warders, and may smoke or play cards to the top of his bent. How can the ministrations of a chaplain have any serious influence under such conditions? The sight of aces and knaves, the company of prisoners under sentence for some piece of roguery, the fumes of tobacco, and the buoyant talk of the warders who are expressly bidden to say everything that may encourage the criminal to believe that he will be respited. These are not incentives to true repentance. It is much to be feared that too many French convicts go to their doom wholly impenitent. The hasty shrift which they make on the morning of execution cannot count for much, because they are half insane from terror when they make it.

Few men can stand with composure the awful announcement coming at a moment when they are quite unprepared for it; "Your appeal has been rejected, and you are to be executed now at once." Now at once! There is no delay from that moment. The man who goes to bed hoping awakens to be told that death is waiting outside his cell door. A glass of brandy, a hasty prayer on the knees in cold sweat and trembling, a pause for a moment under a whitewashed vault, where the convict's back hair and shirt collar are cut off, and then, through the portals of the prison, suddenly swung back, a sight of the guillotine with the knife gleaming in the grey dawnlight of morning. All this takes but twenty minutes at most, but these minutes are the only ones during which the French convict is allowed to feel for certain that he is going to meet his God.

The Great Bank Failure.

The failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, which has caused so great a sensation in financial circles, is the second severe shock which has been given to the well-tried stability of the Scotch banking system. The failure is described as being by far the heaviest that has occurred in Scotland since the great crisis of 1857, when the Western Bank of Scotland was submerged, carrying the City of Glasgow under with it for a time. The suspension did not last long, however, and the bank ultimately recovered from the shock, although its stock has never since been at as high a premium as that of other banks in Scotland. The management of the bank, however, having been both prudent and skillful, it was able to resume business with but little detriment to its reputation.

The numerous creditors of the bank are not likely to suffer more than a temporary inconvenience; its 1,300 stockholders, or partners rather, being individually liable to the full extent of their means, are likely to suffer very severely.

The bank was established in 1839, and, although by no means one of the oldest banks in Scotland—the Royal Bank has been in operation since 1725, and the bank of Scotland since 1695—yet it has always been regarded as managed with a happy combination of sagacity and enterprise, ability and caution. It had paid up capital of £1,000,000, with a reserve fund of £450,000, and a circulation, according to the latest statement of £589,217. At the same time its deposits were reported at £6 684,781, and its net profit for the year at £125,762. Its last yearly dividend was one of 11 per cent., which is 2 per cent. below the average of its sister institutions for the same time. Its stock was then, (July, 1877,) quoted at 229, but it has since risen to 239, and finally fallen to 237½.

Among the devices resorted to by the Western Bank in 1857 to save off failure was the rediscounting in London of bills which it had discounted in Glasgow, and the probable recurrence of this feature in the case of the City of Glasgow may entail some little disturbance in the London money market. So far as published reports give an indication of the condition of the City of Glasgow Bank, there is nothing to indicate any element of weakness, unless perhaps the reaching out after new business indicated by the fact that its number of branches is the largest of the eight great corporations which, along with three smaller institutions, monopolize the business of banking in Scotland.

The causes of the failure of the Bank are reported to have arisen from advances to the amount of £6,000,000 to four firms of East India merchants, who have been unable to meet their engagements. Much sympathy is felt for the unfortunate shareholders of the bank. Much of the stock is held by ladies and gentlemen who lived retired on a moderate competence, and now find themselves reduced from circumstances of comfort to absolute poverty. Seven hundred and fifty persons employed by the bank and its branches are affected by the failure.

THE paragraphist of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* has written a song entitled, "Hug Me to Death, Darling." It is intended for a duet, and no audience.

A Famous London Beauty.

Rather more than a year ago it was well-known to the polite world, and still better to his creditors, that Lord Suffield, a fast bosom friend of the Prince of Wales, had, after a mode of the fast people, somewhat "outrun the constable." He therefore determined to retire from the modern Babylon. He thus let his house and went to vegetate for a time in the tiny island of Jersey. Being however, a popular man, some of his friends found opportunity, after the London season had expired, to go to the Channel Isles and look up their self-banished old comrade. And so in Jersey last autumn there was assembled a rather racketty set of people. Of course they could not enjoy existence without picnics, balls and other parties of pleasure; and to these were invited all that Jersey could show in the way of the prettiest and most attractive girls and their chaperones. Among the pretty and attractive girls was counted Lily LeBreton, daughter of the Dean of Jersey, a scholar and recluse, who like many another of this sort, had married a wife utterly unsuited to him, a woman devoted to dress and dissipation. His sons had already sorely tried the poor man, but the fair Lily seemed always an unaffected, simple girl enough, though scarcely by her fellow-islanders considered of very much account in the way of good looks. But it chanced on a certain day that Mr. Langtry, one of Lord Suffield's fast acquaintances, and an inconsolable widower, cast an eye of favour on the fair Lily, proposed, was accepted, and married her. Through the instrumentality of Lord Suffield she was not long afterward presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales, was greatly admired by the former, and at once became the fashion. "I never was thought pretty," says the Lily, "in my own country; and, oh, what a thousand pities I ever married there. I ought to have come to London as spinster," she adds, with a pathetic sigh, and with visions of a choice of coronets to let matrimonially haunting her mind's eye. However, though she is but plain "Mistress," instead of "My Lady," it is surely something to be acknowledged beauty in chief of the London season, and to have whole cabs full of lovely flowers sent to her, exquisite articles of jewelry, strings of splendid pearls, etc., and all anonymously, so that they cannot possibly be returned.

But for the accident, then, of Lord Suffield's pitching upon Jersey as the place wherein to live on the quiet and economize, and for the further accident of the inconsolable widower going to the same island to see his friend and drown grief in balls, picnics, and yachting excursions, the beauty of the season, the cynosure of the eyes, the heroine after whom a new fashionable hat has been named, the original of a thousand eagerly sought-after cartes devisite adorning countless shop windows and albums, might have been still the comparatively little-known and little-thought-of Lily LeBreton, daughter of the Dean of Jersey. Now—that is, till the death of the London season drove everybody "in society" out of town—she has held her little court on Sundays and on other days at the foot of the Achilles statue in Hyde