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Whimsicalities of Fortune.

The Way in Which Money Melts from Men Who Become Suddenly Rich.

(From the New York Sun.)

"Easy come, easy go," remarked a sportsman to his friend, on reading the account in the *Sun* of the drawers of the principal prizes in the late extraordinary French lottery.

"Then you don't believe," queried the friend, "that lucky hits in lotteries are of lasting benefit?"

"I never knew them prove so, and I have known of many so-called luck strikes."

"Can you mention a case in point?"

"Yes, half a dozen. There was Noah Taylor, of Jersey City. He drew $70,000 in a lottery years ago. At first he flourished. He built a large hotel in Jersey City. Then he laid in a heavy stock of whiskey before the war tax was imposed, making heaps of money out of that. Finally, however, his fortune dwindled away, it is said, until he has lost all.

"Then there was George Smith, of Chicago. He came here about the time the Crystal Palace opened. Within a month he won $100,000 cash. The next summer he had to borrow a dollar to get a dinner.

"Take John Morrissey for another example. He made a hundred lucky hits. After his death his estate amounted to little or nothing.

"The most remarkable case, however, is that of Mr. Penistan, the Philadelphia liquor dealer, who five years ago drew the largest prize ever paid in America."

"I remember his case," broke in the friend; "but I have heard so many conflicting stories that I don't know which one to believe."

"The facts are these," continued the sportsman, "as I have them from Mr. Penistan's associates: Mr. Penistan was doing a comfortable business in Philadelphia, but was not making money enough to indulge in his love for fast horses. One day in the spring of 1873 he read an advertisement of an extra drawing of the Royal Havana lottery, which was to take place April 23, in which the first prize was announced as $500,000. The idea struck him that he might draw that prize and show the boys what he could do in the way of fast horses. Acting on the idea, he wrote to Martinez & Co., agents of the Spanish lottery in this city, inclosing money for a ticket. On receiving the letter, a clerk of the agents took the top ticket (1,077) and sent it to Mr. Penistan. In a few days a dispatch came from Havana to the effect that ticket 1,077 had drawn the capital prize of $500,000. Martinez & Co., telegraphed to Mr. Penistan that his ticket had drawn the great prize. Mr. Penistan jumped for joy on hearing the news. Slapping the brother of his father-in-law, Thomas B. Whitney, on the shoulder, he exclaimed, 'If this is true, old fellow, I'll give you half of it.' Then he insured his life, and in company with the brother of his father-in-law, came on to draw the money. They found that they would have to wait about a week until the Havana steamer arrived with copies of the official drawing before the prize could be cashed.

"The party enjoyed themselves seeing the sights of the metropolis until the official drawings came. Mr. Penistan, who was then about 45, tall, slender, and gentlemanly, bore his good fortune with rare modesty, studiously avoiding any display. As soon as the drawings came Martinez & Co. paid over $410,000 in cash, the amount due after deducing the difference between American dollars and Spanish money. This was the largest prize ever cashed here. Two years previously ticket 9,444, drawing $200,000, had been paid.

"The fickle goddess who had smiled so blandly on Mr. Penistan now began her capricious capers. The brother of his father-in-law sued him for the alleged promised half of his suddenly acquired wealth, together with a claim for advances, or something of that nature. A lawsuit loomed up, and it is said that Mr. Penistan, nervous and worried, paid over $50,000 for peace and quietness.

"Then wide-awake horsemen received him with open arms. He was what they term an angel—one with plenty of money to expend on horseflesh. A few of his horses turned out well and made a noise at the time. One great and respected horseman, who will never a gamble a penny on a horse, paid Mr. Penistan $15,000 for a splendid stallion. He bought Fellowcraft after his great achievements at Saratoga. In the main, however, Mr. Penistan's ventures turned out poorly. The fickle jade seldom smiled; she seemed to have forgotten her old favourite. Mr. Penistan, however, was hail fellow well met with lovers of the horse. He kept extensive breeding farms, poured out money lavishly, while the best vintages moistened the lips of his many guests. A man fond of and willing to pay well for fast horses trots quickly into the affections of the aristocratic old breeders, especially in Kentucky. Here Mr. Penistan expended $200,000 on a stock farm. He had a theory that by blending the best racing with trotting stock, the fastest trotters in the world could be produced. Glowing statements were at times sent to him of promising colts that were to be the coming horses, but when the time came to try them they were found wanting. Indeed, it is said that he often paid extravagant prices for colts that he had never seen. At a sale of his trotting stock at Fayette county, Kentucky, early last fall, seventeen head, including stallions, mares, and geldings, which had cost round sums, the highest price realized was $400, and the lowest $85, for a single horse. The others averaged about $200. Then came tumbles in real estate, and the man who had become rich with a wave of fortune's wand found himself overwhelmed by waves from a sea of troubles. He sold out, after an experiment of less than three years in Kentucky, and animals that cost him heavily were sold for a song. His farm brought far less than the cost price. It only shows how soon a fortune of half a million can be got away with by fast horses and a bad run of luck.

"I am told," said the sportsman, in conclusion, "that Mr. Penistan remarked to an old friend recently: 'Major, it would have been much better for me if I had invested in 5.20 bonds instead of 2.20 flyers.' But then you see he was not the man to reverse the adage, 'easy come, easy go.'"

A GROCER found an egg in a lot just received from the country, with a landscape photographed on the shell, but he doesn't know where the scene was laid.

SPARE the rod and spoil the child—*Solomon.* The ancient paragrapher evidently believed that the first step toward making the child an angel was to make him sore.

OLD Lady (who has been buying eggs)—"'Deed, Mr. McTreacle, butcher's meat's sae dear nowadays, aw's no able to buy't!" Grocer—"You should turn a vegetarian—" Old Lady—"A vegetarian! Na, na! Ah was born and brocht up i' the Free Kirk, an' a'm no gaun ta change ma releegion i' m' auld days."

IN this beautiful land there is at least one poor woman who is in no solicitude sore and dubiosity dire. Her case is one that will excite the sympathy of all feeling people. She would like to ask, if it would not be considered an intrusion—she would be extremely gratified to learn—she would regard it as a very high favour if some one would advise her—that is, really now, oh! indeed, would you wear diamonds when you are washing dishes?

THE Abbe Debaize, sent out by the French Government, was, when last heard of, on the way from Unyanyembe to Ujiji. He is an energetic man and a quick traveller. It is reported that before reaching Unyanyembe he came into collision with some men of an Unyamwezi chief, a relation and rival of the present Unyambezi Sultan of Unyanyembe, much given to highway robbery. The Abbe found with these men ten tusks of ivory which they had plundered from an Arab caravan, and were spying out his position in order to bring down a gang of robbers upon him. This ended in the Abbe killing the men, and taking the ivory to Unyanyembe. After this a party of the Church Missionary Society—apparently under Mr. Stokes—came up, but having discovered that the chief Myunga was plundering, they took the road by Ituvu, and thereby avoided him. Another church missionary party, seemingly under Mr. Penrose, fell into his hands, and was attacked near a lake or pool of water, where the trees gave cover to the enemy. Mr. Penrose was killed, and also sixty-two of his men, chiefly Unyanwezi porters, but including ten Zanzibarians. Mr. Penrose is said to have fought bravely, holding the robbers in check so long as his cartridges lasted, killing sixteen with his own hand before he fell. Everything was lost; and a few days after the empty packing cases lay on the ground, and sixty-three dead bodies were counted, including that of a white man, supposed to be Mr. Penrose.

A Borrower.

BY W. P. A.

While Time, the cunning, mars
Surely all loveliness.

The sculptor's chisel mars
The marble's spotless snow;
But by those cruel scars
New loveliness doth grow.

A form of ideal grace
Slept in the smooth white stone;
The steel's relentless trace,
That nobler charm has won.

Time's chisels, hard and stern,
May youthful beauty slay;
But beauty they return
Most perfect every way.

We cared not for the stone,
Nor for its faultless white;
But on the statue grown,
We gaze in fixed delight.

THE ORDEAL OF FAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JENNIE OF 'THE PRINCE'S.'"

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

III.—(CONTINUED.

NIGHT.

"Beg pardon, madam," he answers, laughing, as he approaches the sofa on which I am lying. "I was watching a boat going out full sail, laden with excursionists, who are spending their Sunday in what appears to me very questionable enjoyment."

"Charley," I say presently, timidly, but quite firmly, you must give up that ball for both our sakes. Do not turn away again, dear, and don't mutter naughty words, that will help neither of us. Come and sit here beside me. Indeed, I have no wish to be unreasonable, or exacting, or in the very least to vex you. I have prayed God to give me strength to speak to you quietly, and to let my words touch that soft place in your heart that was once all mine, and that you are now wilfully hardening against me." I feel that the steady resolution in my tone has some effect upon him. He seats himself by my side, but he has not looked at me yet. "Charley, I will not say one word about your far past, that does not belong to me; and though I bitterly regret now that you did not fully trust me, and tell me all to me when we resolved to have no secrets from one another, still I will not even touch on it at all. But the present is mine. You are my husband, and if woman ever loved, I love you; there is nothing I could refuse you if you asked me, nothing I would not do to serve you. I have given my life into your keeping—oh! so willingly—and I have only one wish, to use it for your benefit, your comfort, your happiness!" Here Charley means to interrupt me, but I say quickly, "No, dear, I want neither a smile nor a kiss just now, I only beg a little patience from you, for I have not yet said all." My lips and cheeks are burning, and I can scarcely utter the next words. It is so hard to have to say them to him; but it has to be, so I continue, "You have not been quite true to me lately, husband. Old recollections have taken possession of your imagination, and she with whom they are linked, and who played with your love in the past, is playing with our present happiness. Dear husband, do not let us risk that, it is too great a good to trifle with, surely."

"This is absurd, Fay; we have had a stupid scene that ended badly once before. I decline to listen." With that he jumps up and walks towards the window; then, half relenting adds, "I am really sorry for you, child; sorry that a dear, sensible little woman like yourself should so blind herself to facts as to imagine——"

"Charley, indeed I keep to facts. I wish I could be blind. Here is a letter such as no woman should write to a married man who is not her husband. This letter was written to you by Mrs. Balfour, and she calls you, 'Dearest love of olden days'—Mrs. Balfour who, in my presence chose to lift her face to yours for a kiss, Have I not strong facts to go upon, Charley?" He is away at the the window again, with his back towards me. Is he watching more excursionists? I go up to him presently, and lay my hand upon his arm—timidly enough.

"My poor Fay, my poor little wife, oh! how you have suffered. I see my folly now. Will you forgive me?"

* * * * *

In the evening Charley and I go to church together, and peace seems once again to enter my heart.

Next day Charley does not go to town at all. He takes me for a long drive, away from the hot town into country lanes, and on to a beautiful place called Stanmer Park. Towards evening we return over the great open down, where we have to pick our way somewhat carefully over a jolty grass road. Brighton lies below us, in all its spreading "towniness." So I say to Charley, who reprimands me for the coining of such words. Truly this has been a happy day, and I only wish it could last on and on, for weeks. He is beside me, so loving, so kind once again, and he laughs at my small jokes and teases me, as was his wont in the old happy days that have seemed so long ago,—and now have begun for once again. When he and I are together thus, I feel there is nothing left me to wish for in all the wide world. Only a prayer comes that this may not change.

Next day Charley goes to town, but returns early, and we have a pleasant evening on the beach, he smoking, I sitting beside him in peace and idleness. On the third day Charley misses his usual train, and comes back to the hotel as he has an hour to wait.

"I shall walk up with you now to the station," say I, putting on my hat. Together we climb the station hill, and I go on to the platform with my beloved, and watch him as he takes his place in the carriage, and my heart is full of an aching tenderness, and I wish I might go with him. This is the eventful 30th—the day of the ball. It was on my lips to say so to him, but I checked the impulse. Since Sunday neither he nor I have in the most distant way alluded to Mrs. Balfour. I look after the train that carries him from me with a strange sinking of the heart. As I make my way home the July sun beats so hotly upon me that I feel almost faint, and creep wearily into the cool vestibule of the hotel. But though so warm and languid, I cannot keep still, I can settle to nothing. A sense of expectancy is upon me, and I wander restlessly from one room to the other and back. At four o'clock the waiter brings me what all along I seem to have been awaiting, for I take the telegram from the man quietly. I am not eager or hasty; I know the contents without looking. The message is from Charley, and reads thus:

"Unavoidably prevented from returning. Fear cannot catch last train. With you early to-morrow. Will explain all to your satisfaction."

I need no explanation, I know it only too well. There is eager haste in my movements now as I return to the bedroom and swiftly put on a black dress and shawl and a small bonnet that does service on rainy days. In my pocket I hide a thick veil, and thus prepared walk quietly out of the hotel.

There is no friendly darkness to hide me, even when I arrive at London bridge the sun is lighting up the world that seems to me now so wicked, and for which I have lost all love. A hansom takes me to the gate of Austin Friars. I walk quickly along the quaintly winding court and into Charley's private office, where I found the housekeeper sweeping. We know one another of old. There have been amicable passages concerning a silk gown, a Christmas dinner, etc., and Mrs. Stelling receives me with pleasure, though she is a little startled at my unexpected appearance at first.

"And are you sure Mr. Charles left after all the clerks?" I repeat. Mrs. Stelling unfortunately always loses the thread of her remarks and drifts vaguely. "And that was at six o'clock?" I ask, still divided between two routes in my mind.

"That I know for certain it were," says the old lady, "because my boy Jim, he fetched the cab to the gates. As Mr. Charles took his portmantle along with him, Jim offered to carry it, but the young master went off in a 'urry like, and then, as I was a standing and a looking, up comes Mrs. Bartholomew, and she say to me—says she——"

"Thank you, I also am in a hurry," I interrupt her.

"And you won't have a cup of tea, ma'am? The kittle's on the bile I do assure you——" I don't even stay to listen to the good soul, but hurry back in a hansom to London Bridge. My mind is quite made up now as to the route to be taken. It is striking nine as I reach the outer gates of Mrs. Balfour's house. Twilight has mercifully come to screen me, and I walk quietly over the sward that borders the broad gravel drive. It is the first time I see her home, and I clench my fist and draw my breath chokingly as I look on the walls that hold my enemy. Friendly trees overshadow me, and I creep close to the long French window that opens to the ground. I am satisfied now, and fearless, for I see her. She is in a well-lighted room, and I out in the soft summer darkness. Our minds are as unlike as the atmosphere about us. Artificial light surrounds her, night is in my soul and hides me too. I watch her moving to and fro, arranging the train of her exquisite ball-dress, and then I see her pause before a lounging chair. I thought she was alone, but now she extends her hand, someone rises from that high-backed chair and bends over the arm to fasten a glove or a bracelet, and bends lower and leaves a kiss upon it. That someone is my husband!

I stand there for half an hour. The clock tells me that—to me the time was measureless, each minute adding to the heaping agony that is crushing my soul within me. I cannot hear their words, but I can see—I can watch her gliding to and fro, and see his admiring glance following her every movement. I feel that to shoot her would be easy if a weapon were in my hand. Twice, thrice, I move towards the door thinking to knock fiercely, to shout, to cry help! to rouse the household and bid them witness her shame, and my bitter revenge. I bite my lips through. The warm blood madden me with a horrible fierceness. Warm, living, blood that is flowing—but only mine—while *she*. . .

As the carriage drives in at one gate, I make my way out of the other, moving with cautious, silent swiftness, like the wild feline creature I feel myself to be. Silent, strong, treacherous! I hide again under the trees and watch. I see my husband hand Constance Balfour into the carriage and seat himself by her side. I hear her low mocking laugh, and I know I should and could strangle her were that long throat in my grasp!

When it is all over—when they have really driven away together—a terrible reaction comes over me. Faint with deadly sickness I lean against the stone wall, and dread—oh! how I dread—that I cannot drag my weary limbs farther. But much has to be done yet to-night, by me, and no weakness shall conquer or prevent me. It must all be done before I really wake, as I repeat to myself, again and again; I can do it to-night, but to-morrow I *shall* awake and the chance will be lost. So with an intense effort I conquer the physical weakness and make my way back to the station. My course is clear, my resolution taken, the old life and all my happiness are dead, dead, and can never revive. But I will leave all that can remind me of other times, and rather die to the end of the world than live through more such agony as has frozen the heart in my bosom to-night.

When I enter the gate of my dear little home in Wimbledon it is nearly midnight. The startled servants stare at me as on one demented. I am past heeding appearances, and, refusing all offers for their services, go straight to my room.

"But you will let me make you a cup of good tea, ma'am, surely?" says kind old cook, dismay in her voice and face.

"Yes—you can do that, and bring it up in half an hour, that will give me time to undress." And then I look my door and hasten to the warbrobe and fetch from an upper shelf a bundle of black clothes, which with trembling hands I unfold. It is the garb of a French *sœur de charite*, worn by a companion of mine in the old days at a small fancy dress ball. To transform myself into a nun is the work of ten minutes, and then, again with that newly-acquired cat-like movement, I glide downstairs, through the breakfast-room, unlatch the window, creep stealthily down the stone steps into the garden, out of the small side gate into the deep, vague darkness of the night, and, and—— away.

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"Well, we've had a finish passage, Miss," says the steward cheerily, "and I hope you're feeling better now you're so near home." I say my thanks in broken English, and presently, clasping my rosary, step ashore. This—my home—as the man calls it, is Honfleur. I have come from Littlehampton; the route was one of the most circuitous, and in every sense depressing, but it is one that no one will imagine I should have chosen. Even if the disguise of a sister of charity should be suspected, I have taken the precaution to bring away with me the clothes I had worn during that day of agony, and if—if Charley does take any trouble about finding me—he will seek me in that guise and no other. If he does take any trouble? Will he? It can make no difference now. This step irrevocable. I have broken the chain that bound us, that fettered him, and have given him the freedom for which he must have panted. What can life be to me without his love? Why live on with him to feel myself a stumbling-block and a reproach? Thus I argue with myself as I walk on to the quay and along the dirty old streets of the town. We have arrived at eight in the evening after twelve hours' passage. I was the only woman on board, and this seemed satisfactory, for it is easier to deceive men than one of ourselves. I lay alone in such a cabin as the boat afforded; those Littlehampton steamers do not carry many passengers. In all this sudden journey my former knowledge of the French coast and of French life helps me, and in the dress of a lay sister I walk on—how heavy-hearted on the light French soil! Since I left Brighton yesterday—yesterday—oh! it seems months ago, no food has passed my lips. No wonder that I stagger as I walk up the steep hill that leads away from the town: no wonder that my head seems to swim as I pause before a high trellis work gate, and pull a bell that tinkles and echoes as only French bells can.

Pattering over the stone floor come the sabots of Marianne, who opens the door suspiciously and looks on the sister of mercy without much favour. I ask for Madame Lebrun, who I hear is "absent for the moment;" then I inquire for Madamoiselle Hortense, who is already peeping through the half-open door. I recognize the well-known shiny black hair and the kind brown eyes, and hold out imploring hands. Then, remembering that a hood partly hides my face, I throw it back and cry, "Hortense, you have not forgotten me?"

"*Grand Dieu!* but it is Fay, *la petite* Fay!" and then her overwhelming astonishment conveys itself in a long amazed "Ah!" such as only French women, to the manner born, can articulate. With hurrying steps she runs towards the gate to meet me, and kisses me on both cheeks and draws me with her into the *salle a manger*. "*Mais, au nom du ciel!*" she cries, "tell me what all this means?"

I feel that the readiest way to escape questions, to which at this moment I feel myself quite unable to reply, is to tell her that I am faint with hunger. On this she at once sets about preparing the table for me, and speaks no further word. With the assistance of Marianne a little impromptu meal, such as only French people know how to prepare, is placed temptingly before me. Exhausted nature asserts her wants. I eat, and feel that this restorative is what I needed most. There is nothing dramatic or sensational about me now, such as convulsed my quiet life some twenty-fours hours ago. Then, the current of my being seemed suddenly to rush into tempestuous floods on which I was ruthlessly buoyed up and swept along. *Then*, I thought never to eat or drink or sleep again; *now*, in this quiet peaceful room, with the shaded lamp and shining eyes of Hortense glimmering on me, with the inviting repast before me, I am reduced, thankfully enough, to the most ordinary level of nature by nature's wants. Some such quiet thoughts are in my mind, excluding those other maddening ones. Thankful for the momentary mental rest, I accept it, vaguely dreading the inevitable hour when those wild tormenting visions are sure to meet me face to face again. While Hortense is peeling and handing to me slices of pears, her mother enters. I know her well, though she fails to recognize me at first. She looks as I have always seen her look, and even the details of her dress are unaltered. There are the same prim grey curls, the close-fitting alpaca black gown, the Maltese lace *fichu* tied over her head, on her hands slate-coloured gloves, and hang-hanging over the one arm a black velvet bag. Thus, and thus only, had she always appeared to me, and I knew well the hearty tones of the voice that would presently come to me in kindly greeting, as her lips lent themselves to something like a smile, the only way in which this strong, self-contained woman ever betrayed any emotion. As for her healthy brown skin and the clear brown eyes, those had already represented themselves to me, when first I looked upon Hortense again.

"*Tiens!*" says Madame Lebrun, when she understands who this unexpected guest is; "*la voila la petite Anglaise. Ah! mais qu'est ce que cela veut dire, voyons.*" It seems impossible to put her quaintly-turned phrases into English, still this shall be done henceforth, though I feel how their piquancy is lost in translation. Hortense, who has been studying my face for the last hour, interferes and tries to save me from the recital of the troubles that must have set their cruel mark upon me, unmistakably. I feel and appreciate the kind forethought, but I also know that I must speak now, and to the point. I announce this intention, and when the maid has cleared the table I seat myself on the floor at the feet of Madame Lebrun, who protests against the lowliness of my position. But here I can lean my face on her knee, and hide it, if need be.

"You remember the time I spent here with Hortense after she left Paris?" I say, realizing how I am asking my small audience to go back with me four years ago, into an almost forgotten period of my existence. "In those days you were both so good and kind to me, that will account for my coming to you now for help. I have been married three years, and we were—entirely happy. That is all over." Hortense attempts to speak. Her mother stops her with upraised hand. With an effort I say the next words—"My husband loves another woman, and for me there can never again be a home with him. I feel that I owe to you both some details of this great trouble that has come to me. Spare me to-night. It is all too new, too awful to me yet. In a day or two I shall be able to speak more quietly. This one thing I must impress upon you, at once. Nothing will induce me to let my husband know my whereabouts. I fled from home in the night, disguised. He has no means of tracing me, even should he wish to do so, which is not likely. I have some money with me, and some jewels——" as I speak I remember my plain gold ring, which I had since I took from my finger for the first time since *he* placed it there. I have attached it to a ribbon and it hangs around my neck. I fetch it forth from under the nun's dress, and cannot resist putting that golden symbol of my happy wifehood to my lips. On this some hidden chord is touched, and I break into irrepressible sobs. Hortense, poor girl, cries too, not well knowing why, and Madame insists on my being put to bed immediately, and brings me with her own own hands some steaming "tisane," which cannot fail to make me sleep tranquilly. To-morrow she will listen to anything I have to say, but for to-night—not another word am I to speak. "Just one," I plead, and taking both her hands, look straight into her eyes. "Give me your word, Madame, that for the present you will keep my secret from every one."

"That is as though buried, until we have spoken further," she says.

"On no account must my stepmother know I am with you——"

"Trust to me, poor little one," she answers; "you know you can do so well. And now, for the love of God, I beg of you to rest tranquil—to sleep."

No doubt these good people have prayed for my peace, certainly in one sense it has come to me, for I sleep heavily all the night through and far into the next day. The sun is quite high in the heavens, and shines a hot welcome into my quaint little room, with its snowy curtains and old-fashioned furniture and miniature wash-hand-stand. Hortense is sitting in the panelled embrazure of the window. To my hardly awakened consciousness she presents a charming picture; the bright worsted work that lies idly in her lap contrasting well with the dim tone of the surroundings. On her glossy hair and on that scarlet wool a gleam of sunshine rests. I whisper her name, and she runs towards me.

"At last awake, little *paresseuse!*" she cries, kissing me.

Hortense and I were very good friends at my stepmother's school in Paris, and when Madame Lebrun came to fetch her daughter away I accompanied both to Honfleur for a month. Hortense and I had practised much together then, and my present hopes and plans were connected with the old experience and facility that long musical teaching had familiarized me with. If these kind, simple people would allow me to live with them quietly with them, and help me get a few pupils, I might be of use to Hortense and at the same time gain enough to pay for the expense my stay in the house would necessitate. Later in the day, as Madame Lebrun sat by my bedside, I tried to explain all this to her. I felt bruised and stiff, my limbs ached, and to rise seemed painfully difficult. Therefore I yielded willingly enough to the kind command that was laid upon me, to remain "tranquil" in bed. And thus, thinking, talking, and explaining all came easily. The story of my griefs got itself told by degress to sympathetic listeners. Hortense worked herself up into a state of ungovernable anger as she heard the miserable details. She would have flown at a rival on the seeing of that first fatal kiss, and had matters not been ended by that display of hostilities, would have broken into the window on the night of the ball, and annihilated *ce diable de femme* with a spade, or a rake, or a knife. Some weapon surely would have been ready to her hand. Madame Lebrun bade her daughter hush, and evidently looked upon us both as naughty, unreasonable children. Her practical sense, her perfect acquaintance with that outward decorum that is so far more rigidly kept in a French *menage* than we over the water have any idea of, precluded her from agreeing with or understanding anything I had done. It was all impossible, ill-considered, rash to madness, and only one immediate step on my part could now in some sort remedy the egregious folly of my conduct.

"You must write, and at once," she urged, "a friendly letter to monsieur your husband. In it you will tell him that you are willing to return to his roof and protection at once. Say that you regret having left it, and that it will be advisable for the future of both that you should live together hereafter under a certain definite arrangement. You must each keep to your own circle of friends, and meet only when the etiquette of society absolutely exacts such interviews. Thus scandal will be avoided, propriety in no sense be outraged, and your husband will be careful not to parade too publicly his *liaison* with Madame Balfour."

"But by-and-by your wish may change, and it will be all too late," says Madame Lebrun. "He may have become accustomed to and like the liberty which at present must be a curse to him."

When she uses such arguments I feel the wisdom of them, and wince. But, at the same time, my plans remain unchanged. Of course she can never wholly sympathize with me, and yet if she once realizes that my resolves are unalterable I am sure she will give me all the help in her power.

"And you will not permit me to write to Madame, your stepmother?" says my kind hostess, beginning to capitulate before the vexatiously obstinate woman she has found me to be by this time.

"Oh, no—no!" I cry, eagerley. "Madame Lebrun, if you do this I should have to run away from your kind care and beg my bread in the streets. That I would rather do than cause Madame Grancour further trouble. When she had given me my trousseau and her blessing, she told me, and I felt with reason, that she had fulfilled her duties to me, scrupulously as though she were my own parent, and she added a hope that she had now seen the last of me, and that I should cause her no further expense. All she spent I felt as a debt, and by degrees I have saved up my 'pin money' and repaid her. You must feel with me, that she would not sanction my staying a day under her roof without my husband's knowledge and consent."

"In that she would judge wisely enough," says Madame Lebrun; "and if only you, my child, would be a little reasonable—*mais enfin*——" she then remarks, in answer to the entreaty in my face. Then the broad shoulders are shrugged, and Hortense says:

"Maman, let there be at least an end to these discussions. Let her remain with us quite tranquilly. She shall be made content, and you shall be maman to her too, but a—a—stepmother, no like that old Madame Grancour."

* * * * *

So a new life begins for me. The old sweet happy days are over, clouded in the far past, left in darkest shadows. It is irrevocable—dead to me—and yet I am always looking, how sadly—back! Of him who made my whole happiness, who was "the very life of me," I know nothing. Does he believe me dead? Has he perhaps sought for me, wished again to be forgiven? Would he, after another reconciliation have kept better faith with me? No. She has usurpmy place; she holds the chains of his destiny too willingly and too securely to loose them, as yet. The time may come, and then? Ah! then, as now, it will all be—too late. Nothing can ever again unite us who have been parted, torn asunder, by our own acts; as we now are. Has he taken her into our home to reign in my stead? or have they gone far away over land and sea together? Has *her* husband found his home deserted, as mine has done? In such bitter musings time drags on heavily, wearily. Could I but know how things really are—*at home!* The more I ponder, the more convinced am I that Constance would never forego wealth and position for anything Charley Alleyne could offer her. It was never his love she wanted. His admiration, his slavish submission to her caprice, his rendering of tribute in the way of jewels and fans, opera-boxes, laces, flowers—these were the proofs of the admiration which she desired; and more than this—his love—she neither cared for, nor could value.

These anxious thoughts bring about, by constant irreration, a painful mental wear and tear, and so injure my health that Madame Lebrun gets uneasy on my account. Hitherto she has ignored the possibility of my employing myself, but she now feels with me that in active mental occupation lies my only chance of bodily recovery and renewed strength. When pensive autumn comes and gives a lingering touch of kindly brightness to the summer foliage, I am pleasantly and regularly occupied. Madame Lebrun has introduced four pupils to me. Two of these are pleasant English girls, daughters of a clergyman who has for a time given up active duties and devoted himself to the children of the wife he has much loved and cherished and but lately—lost. His melancholy voice and grave manners are restful and sympathetic to me, and give me a feeling of peace when, tortured by doubts and regrets I come, as I have done two or three times, to him for counsel and help in the bearing of my weary burden. We have so talked together, but in no sense touched on personal matters. He knows, without words from me, that I am suffering from some great inward pain and trouble; he has his grief which is past mending in this world, and thus we are drawn together. At Christmas, he is going away with his daughters to spend that season "at home." Sorrowfully I have give the girls their last lesson, and sorrowfully, very, I go to the door of Mr. Herbert's study, to bid him a last good-bye. He speaks to me with his wonted sympathy, and then asks me as he is about to leave me in a foreign land, if some well-meant English advice may be of any use to me. "You may trust me—won't you tell me your trouble, Mrs. Alleyne?" he asks. And then impelled by a strong desire to hear his opinion of what I have done "for the best," I, trembling, and feeling for the first time the weakness of my confession, tell him all. He says no word of worldly wisdom or disapproval. He has nothing in common with etiquette, the *bienseances*, and the mundane aspect of deeds; but very solemnly, and very impressively, he points out to me the rash errors of my ways. He shows me clearly, that I, who thought myself blameless and above reproach, have erred, aye sinned. "Those whom God has joined together let no man put asunder!" That is the beginning and the end of his reproach. And there breaks upon me a new light in which the self-abnegation I had taken credit to myself for, bears the aspect of wicked pride, and I feel that I, with angry fingers, have snatched at the wielding of destinies beyond mortal keeping.

(TO BE CONTENUED.)

German and Italian Music.

Prof. Luigi Monti, in a recent lecture in Boston, said: "The reason for the popularity of the oratorio in the North is that the Northern Protestant races are wont to bring out their religious feelings on all occasions, even those of relaxation, while Southern Catholics can hardly bear solemn music even at their religious services, and as soon as these are over, are ready for something gay and cheerful.

He traced the progress of music in this country from the day of the Puritan proscription of the art up to the present era of gigantic jubilees, and questioned whether this progress had, after all, been in the right direction and for the improvement of popular taste. The idea that education in art is necessary for a critic was pronounced incorrect; professional musicians were said to be the poorest judges of music, and true progress was pronounced impossible until the people learned to judge of music for themselves.

Returning to the question of the symphony and the opera, Professor Monti mentioned the fact that all symphony music is but an amplification and adaptation of the forms in use in Italy for church music, and operas are German as much as Italian.

The difference between the music of Germany and that of Italy he attributed to taste, temperament and climate, and he gave a very clever illustration of this point, the conclusion drawn from it being that although an Italian serenade might sound well when heard by moonlight from the Bridge of Sighs, to appreciate Bach one needed three feet of snow, or a day like this, a great parlour with a bright fire, a pot of beer and a pipe, and absolute abandonment to the music.

The American preference for Bach, Schumann, and others of that silk, was ascribed to the national nervousness and need of soporifics, and the contrast between the American and Italian temperaments was alleged to be the reason why similar music at a concert would put the Italian to sleep, instead of arousing and exciting him as does the music of his own composers. The concert of classical music with the ruthless condemnation of all pieces signed by Italians received a little good-natured sarcasm, and a list of old Italian composers who have been imitated by modern Germans was repeated.

THE Empress of Japan takes great interest in the silk-spinning and other industries of the country, and it has been stated in the native papers that the tea shrubs growing in the garden of the Imperial palace at Akasaka were picked in the presence of her Majesty the Empress Dowager, by one hundred girls, all of whom were for the occasion dressed alike in holiday clothes, and were further regaled with cakes and tea at the conclusion of their labours.

THE St. Gothard tunnel beneath the Alps has been bored more than seven miles and a half, which is about seventy feet more than the length of the Mont Cenis. It is expected that the two gangs of workmen will meet in January next.

Tunis and Carthage.

Two Ancient Cities of Africa—The Palace of the Bey—Carthage and its Antiquities.

(Tunis Correspondence of the New York Times.)

Tunis, though deprived of its most lucrative trade by the suppression of piracy, has still a considerable traffic, carried on chiefly by the Jews, who form at least one-fifth of its 120,000 inhabitants. The city itself, with the exception of a few handsome streets near the main railway depot, is merely the "Arab quarter" of Algiers over again; but the approach from the sea forms an unsurpassed picture. In the brightness of the early morning you glide into a deep, smooth, land-locked bay, flanked on one side by the towering peaks of a magnificent range of mountains, and on the other by a succession of low, green slopes, in the hollow of which the broken remains of a splendid reservoir are all that is left to show where Carthage once stood. Across the deep blue of the bay, like a bar sinister drawn athwart some brilliant escutcheon, lies the sandy shoal that separates the open water from the shallow lagoon on which Tunis rests; while the little town of Goletta, on a low promontary midway along the great crescent, throws its dazzling whiteness into the panorama, although a small, round-shouldered fort, through whose embrasures a few rusty guns peep timidly, as if in terror lest some one should come and use them, is now the sole representative of the terrible batteries whith Admiral Blake's cannon blew to pieces in 1648. A twenty-five minutes run by train along the sandy beach of the lagoon, in a queer little car, with a railed gallery along each side of it, brings you to Tunis itself, which lies along the level shore in one great mass of white, like a drift of new-fallen snow. The bey's country palace of Bardo, four miles from the town, has a high reputation as one of the local sights; but, in strict justice, one can only say, "There was nothing to see, and I saw it." Anyone who has visited a decayed mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain, at Paris, in which a few old family portraits and tapestries still lingered as remnants of the former splendour, can imagine the interior for himself; while the exterior, with its base white walls and gaping doorways, looks exactly like a railway station smitten with leprosy. The most picturesque sight of all is precisely that which no one ever notices, viz., the great native cemetery on the outside of the town, on the slope of the ridge which overshadows the lower extremity of the bay. On the brightest and clearest morning that bare, bleak hillside, with its countless graves, would look gloomy enough, but seen beneath the fast-falling shadows of a December night, its desolation becomes absolutely overwhelming. The jagged rocks on one side, shelving steeply away down to the sandy shore; the ancient Roman wall on the other, looming out against the darkening sky in gaunt and ghastly ruin; the wilderness of broken headstones, crumbling tombs, low, white domes showing specially through the deepening gloom, with their one narrow entrance yawning black and grim in the centre; the dismal "Salt Lake" glimmering faintly amid the darkness far below; the plain of Carthage in the distance, with all its fearful memories; the dead, utter silence, broken only by the shriek of some passing night-bird, all combine to form the wildest and most dreary panorama imaginable, in the presence of which the most hideous fancies of Eastern mythology, the ghoul, the vampire, the afrit, appear not merely possible, but perfectly natural.

The New York of antiquity, as Carthage may fairly be called, is so essentially a thing of the past, that to approach it by railway appears quite a wanton sacrilege. Rome and Damascus are still living cities, and there is nothing unnatural in entering the one by train and the other by stage; but it certainly does seem incongruous to rattle up in a well-cushioned steam-car, with a first-class ticket in one's pocket to the site of a capital whose independent existence ended nearly two thousand years ago. Nevertheless, the spot is well worth visiting, if only for the sake of the cordial welcome and inexhaustible information given to all comers by good Father Bresson, of the French mission, whose neat little chapel of St. Louis, with its low white walls and embowering foliage, marks the spot where the last of the crusading kings of France perished fruitlessly in 1270. From the central point, once the actual citadel of Carthage, what is left of the famous city may be taken in at a glance. In the garden of the chapel itself, a few uneven blocks of fire-charred stone mark the site of the temple of Æsculapius, which the last defenders of Carthage fired over their own heads when all was lost. On the summit of the same ridge, one solitary fragment of crumbling masonry represents the Palace of Dido. The Temple of Jupiter, where Hannibal swore his oath of eternal enmity to Rome, shows its half-destroyed foundation through heaps of rubbish a little to the right; while all around the base of the hill lie, thick as hail, the smooth, round sling stones that dealt death among the Roman legionaries as they came charging up the slope on a bright summer morning in 146 B.C. Far out on the plain, the course of Adrian's aqueduct is marked by a line of broken arches, and a little Arab village stands on the spot where Regulus fought his last battle, while a vast hollow on either side of the railway betrays the site of Carcirna where the famous "Martyrs of Carthage" died for their faith. This smooth plateau sloping down to the sea, so thickly strewn with ruin that every step crushes some fragment of the ancient city, was once the fashionable quarter of the Punic *beau monde*, traversed by the Carthaginian Broadway, the Via Cœlestis, leading to the great theatre, whose circular basement is still visible beside the broken remnants of the gymnasium. On the brow of the hill above still linger a few traces of the fort that defended the harbour, and below it, last and grandest of all, is the splendid reservoir, whose mighty arches, overshadowing the deep, still water beneath, have all the effect of a Gothic cathedral built over a Venetian canal.

Moodiness in Women.

Moodiness in women may almost always be traced to an overtaxed condition of the system, too much care and too long continued monotony in daily pursuits. A wife and mother surrounded by family cares is acted and reacted upon by the same sights, sounds and labours until the freshness and vivacity of the spirit become worn out. We are so constituted that our natures demand for their enjoyment of life and for the vigourous exercise of our powers, change, variety and relaxation. For lack of these the interest in life diminishes, the mental horizon narrows, life becomes

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1879.

THE NATIONAL POLICY.

The National Policy is no longer a matter of speculation. It is now an accomplished fact. Mr. Tilley delivered his Budget speech before the Parliament on Friday last. Apart from the absorbing interest centred in it on account of the policy which it discloses, and upon which the future prosperity of the country largely depends, the budget speech as a mastery production would do honor to the most erudite British Statesman. Within its compass the financial position of the country, as left by his predecessor, Mr. Cartwright; the provisions which have been necessitated by successive seasons of deficits; the present year's estimates, and the measures which the new Government propose to adopt in order to meet the demands of the revenue, and at the same time redeem the promises made while in Opposition that the mining, agricultural, shipping and manufacturing interests of the country would receive such protection as will benefit, foster and restore prosperity to these struggling industries,—are each and all detailed with surprising minuteness. There are several general principles observed in the formation of the tariff which are particularly noticeable. While it has been found necessary to make a general increase from 17½ to 20 per cent., in order to place the revenue once again on a sound basis, the specific and *ad valorem* duties adopted are so arranged as to encourage the expansion of manufacturing and other industries, or certain classes of them that can be successfully operated in this country, by giving them the benefit of a high protective tariff. On foreign productions that do not enter into competition with the products of home industries, the tariff is as low as is consistent with revenue requirements. A judicious discrimination is made against the United States, the tariff in this particular being so adjusted as to effectually put an end to the "slaughtering" process which has heretofore proven so disastrous to Canadian manufacturers. The system of undervaluation by which the Canadian Government have lost an immense revenue, is no longer to prevail. Experts are to be appointed, whose duty will be to see that foreign goods are entered at the Customs at the full value. While the new tariff arrangement may be said to be somewhat retaliatory, Mr. Tilley is prepared to meet the Americans half way, by reducing the duty or removing it altogether on such articles as are natural products of the country, whenever Brother Jonathan expresses his willingness to reciprocate. The establishment of direct trade with the West Indies, China, France and Spain, will receive encouragement by the tariff arrangement in regard to sugars, teas, wines, etc.; while the drawback that is to be allowed on material imported for use in the manufacture of articles intended for sale outside of the Dominion cannot be otherwise than beneficial to the class of industries dependent upon a foreign market for its raw material and also for the sale of its manufactured wares. An outline of all the details of the new Governmental policy is out of the question in our circumscribed space, we therefore leave our intelligent readers to form their own conclusions as to whether the Government have or have not fulfilled their pledges to the people in inaugurating a policy that will relieve the country from long existing depression and benefit all branches of our industrial trade. The accompanying list, which embraces the principal articles subject to tariff regulations, and which presents both the new and old duties as far as practicable, will serve as a guide to our readers in doing so.

	New Tariff.	Old Tariff.
Barley, per bushel	15c	free
Buckwheat, per bushel	10c	free
Indian corn, do	7½c	free
Oats, do	10c	free
Rice, per pound	1c	1c
Rye, per bushel	10c	free
Wheat, per bushel	15c	free
Peas, do	10c	free
Beans, do	15c	free
Buckwheat meal or flour, per lb	1c	free
Oatmeal, per pound	1c	free
Cornmeal, per barrel	40c	free
Rye flour, per barrel	50c	free
Wheat flour, per barrel	50c	free
Rice and sago flour, per pound	2c	1½ p c
Agricultural Implements not otherwise specified, *ad valorem*	25 p c	17½ p c
Ale, beer and porter, when imported in bottles, 6 quart or 12 pint bottles, to be held to contain one Imperial gallon, per Imperial gallon	18c	17½ p c
Do, when imported in casks, or otherwise than in bottles, per Imperial gallon	10c	18c
Animals for improvement of stock, under regulations to be made by the Treasury Board and approved by the Governor in Council	free	free
Animals brought into Canada temporarily, and for a period of not exceeding three months for the purpose of exhibition or competition for prizes offered by any Agricultural or other Association, but a bond shall be first given, in accordance with the form to be prescribed by the Minister of Customs, conditioned that the full duty to which such animals would otherwise be liable shall be paid in case of their sale in Canada or if not reexported within the time specified in such bond	free	
Animals, living, of all kinds not elsewhere specified	20 p c	10 p c
Apparel, wearing, and other personal and household effects, not merchandise, of British subjects dying abroad but previously domiciled in Canada	free	
Artificial flowers	30 p c	17½ p c
Ashes, pot and pearl	free	free
Bells, for churches	free	17½ p c
Books, printed, periodicals and pamphlets, bound or in sheets, not being foreign reprints of British copyright works, nor blank accounts, cooks, nor copy books, nor books to be written or drawn upon, nor reprints of books printed in Canada, nor Bibles, prayer-books, Psalm and hymn-books	6c per lb	5 p c
British copyright work, per lb	6c & 12½ p c	12½ p c
Books, pamphlets, &c., Bibles, prayer-books, Psalm and hymn-books	5 p c	5 p c
Books, periodicals, and pamphlets imported through the post office: for every two ounces in weight or fraction thereof, per ounce	1c	
Blank books, bound or in sheets	25 p c	17½ p c
Newspapers coming by mail	free	free
Printed, lithographed, or copper or steel plate bill heads, cheques receipts, drafts, posters, cards, commercial blank forms, labels of every description, advertising pictures, or pictorial show cards or bills	30 p c	17½ p c
Maps and charts	20 p c	17½ p c
Advertising pamphlets per 100	$1.00	5 p c
Music, printed, bound or in sheets	6c p lb	17½ p c
Playing cards	30 p c	25 p c
Billiard tables, without pockets, 4½ ft by 9 ft specific duty, $22.50 &	10 p c	17½ p c
Brass in bars, bolts and sheets	10 p c	free
Manufactures of brass not elsewhere specified	30 p c	17½ p c
Brick, building	20 p c	17½ p c
Broom corn	free	free
Brooms and brushes	25 p c	17½ p c
Butter, per lb	4 cts	4 cts
Corsets	30 p c	
Carriages, cars, railway carriages wagons, sleighs & wheelbarrows	25 p c	17½ p c
Cabinets of coins, medals, and all collections of antiquities	free	free
Portland or Roman cement	20 p c	17½ p c
Cheese per pound	3 cts	3 cts
China and porcelain ware	20 p c	17½ p c
Clays	free	free
Clocks, or parts thereof	35 p c	17½ p c
Coal, anthracite or bituminous, per ton of 2,000 pounds	50c	free
Coffee, green, per lb	2c	2c
Roasted or ground, and all imitations of and substitutes for, per pound	3c	3c
Copper	10 p c	free
Cotton, manufactures of, viz:— Grey or unbleached, bleached cottons, sheetings, drills, cotton or Canton flannels, not stained, painted, or printed	1c p sq yd & 15 p c *ad v.*	17½ p c
On all cotton jeans, deuims, drilling, bed tickings, ginghams, plaids, cotton or Canton flannels ducks and drills, dyed or colored cottonades, plantation stuffs and goods of like description, 2c p sq yd & 12 p c *ad v.*	17½ p c	
On all cotton wadding, batting batts and warps, carpet warps, knitting yarn, hosiery yarn, or other cotton yarns under number 40, not bleached, dyed or colored	2c per lb, and 15 p c *ad v.*	10 p c
On cotton shirts and drawers woven or made on frames, and on all cotton hosiery	30 p c	17½ p c
Clothing made of cotton, or of which cotton is the component part of chief value	30 p c	17½ p c
Cotton sewing thread in hanks	12½ p c	17½ p c
On spools	20 p c	17½ p c
All manufactures of cotton not elsewhere specified	20 p c	17½ p c
Drain tile	20 p c	free

Earthenware and stoneware, brown or colored, and Rockingham ware, *ad valorem*	25 p c	17½ p c
Electro-plated and gilt ware of all kinds, *ad valorem*	30 p c	17½ p c
Feathers, ostrich, vulture, undressed	15 p c	17½ p c
Felt, adhesive, for sheathing vessels	free	17½ p c
Fish (fresh, salted or smoked, except fish free of duty as provided by the Treaty of Washington, per pound	1 ct	free
Flax, fibre, scutched, per pound	1 ct	free
Tow, of scutched or green, per lb	½ ct	free
Flax seed, per bushel	10c	free
Fruits dried, viz:—apples, currants, dates, figs, plums, prunes, raisins, and all other not elsewhere specified, per lb	1 ct	17½ p c
Fruit, green—apples per barrel	40c	10 p c
Blackberries, gooseberries, raspberries, and strawberries, per quart	2c	10 p c
Cherries and currants, per quart	1c	10 p c
Cranberries, plums and quinces, per bushel	30c	10 p c
Grapes, per pound	1c	10 p c
Peaches, per bushel	40c	10 p c
Oranges and lemons, *ad valorem*	20 p c	10 p c
Glass, and manufactures of, viz: on carboys and demijohns, or pressed bottles, flasks and phials of every description, on telegraph and lightning rod insulators, and on fruit jars and glass balls	30 p c	*ad v.*
Fur caps, hats, muffs, tippets, capes, coats, cloaks, and other manufactures of fur	25 p c	17½ p c
Furniture, household or cabinet	35 p c	17½ p c
Hair, curled	20 p c	free
Hides, raw, or not cured, whether dry, salted or pickled	free	free
Honey, bees in the comb or otherwise, per lb	3c	17½ p c
Hoofs, horns and tips	free	free
Hops, per lb	5c	5c
Hubs, spokes, felloes, and wheels	20 p c	17½ p c
India rubber, unmanufactured	free	free
On boots and shoes and other manufactures of leather	25 p c	17½ p c
Iron and manufactures of, viz., old and scrap, per ton	$2	free
Pig, per ton	$2	free
Iron ware	20 p c	*ad v.*
Fire engines	25 p c	*ad v.*
On stoves and other finished castings	25 p c	17½ p c
Rails, for railways, carriages, locomotives, or for tramways or street railways	15 p c	10 p c
All other iron not elsewhere specified	17½ p c	
Locomotive engines	25 p c	17½ p c
Wood screws	35 p c	17½ p c
Hardware, viz., builders', cabinet makers', carriage makers', saddlers', upholsterers' and undertakers'	30 p c	17½ p c
Horse shoes and nails	30 p c	17½ p c
Tacks, brads and sprigs	30 p c	17½ p c
Ivory	free	free
Jewellery and other manufactures of gold and silver	20 p c	17½ p c
Lard, untried, per lb	1½c	1c
Lard, per lb	2c	1c
Lead, pigs, block and bars	10 p c	free
Leather, sole, tanned but undressed	10 p c	10 p c
Leather, Morocco skins, tanned but rough or undressed	10 p c	17½ p c
Leather, sole and belting, tanned and not waxed, and all upper leather	15 p c	10 p c
Do. dressed and waxed	20 p c	17½ p c
Leather, japanned, patent and enamelled	20 p c	17½ p c
Leather, all other and skins tanned not otherwise specified	20 p c	17½ p c
Boots and shoes and other manufactures of leather and leather belting	25 p c	17½ p c
Lemons and lemon peel in brine	free	free
Lumber	free	free
Malt, per lb	2c	2c
Marble in blocks, rough or sawn in two	10 p c	free
Marble, finished, and all manufactures, if not already specified	25 p c	17½ p c
Meats, fresh or salted, except bacon and hams, per lb	1 ct	1 ct
Meats, bacon and hams, dried or smoked, per lb	2 cts	1 ct
Meats, other	2 cts	1 ct
Mustard, seed unground	15 p c	17½ p c
Mustard, ground	25 p c	17½ p c
Nails and spikes, cut, 5c per lb & 10 p c	*ad v.*	17½ p c
Nails, wrought and pressed, galvanized or not, per lb, 5c & 10 p c	*ad v.*	17½ p c
Nails, composition, and sheathing	20 p c	free *ad val.*
Nuts of all kinds, except cocoa nuts	20 p c	17½ p c
Oilcake	free	free
Oil—Coal or kerosene, distilled, purified and refined, naphtha, benzole & petroleum, products of petroleum, cold shale, and lignite, not elsewhere specified, per wine gallon	6cts	6cts
Oil—Cod liver, medicated, lard, neatsfoot, olive or salad, sesame, sperm	20 p c	17½ p c
Oil, linseed or flax	25 p c	17½ p c
Oilcloth for floors, stamped, painted or printed, not otherwise specified	25 p c	17½ p c
Opium, crude	20 p c	17½ p c
Opium, manufactured, per pound	$5	17½ p c
Ores of metals of all kinds	free	free
Organs—Cabinet or reed, having not over 2 sets of reeds, each	$10	17½ p c
Do. over 2 and not over 4 sets, each	$15	17½ p c
Do, over 4 and not over 6 sets, each	$20	17½ p c
Do, over six sets, each	$30	17½ p c
Do, additional duty on all kinds	10 p c	
Paints and colors, not elsewhere specified	20 p c	17½ p c
Paintings, drawings, engravings, prints, etc	20 p c	free
Paper of all kinds not elsewhere specified	20 p c	17½ p c
Paper hangings	30 p c	17½ p c
Envelopes and all manufactures of paper not elsewhere specified	20 p c	17½ p c
Paper collars, cuffs and shirt fronts	25 p c	17½ p c
Perfumery, including toilet preparations, viz, hair oils, tooth powders, washes, pomatums, pastes, and all other perfume preparations for hair, mouth or skin	30 p c	25 p c
Pianofortes, all square pianofortes whether round-cornered or not, over 7 octaves, each	$35	17½ p c
On all other square pianofortes	$30	17½ p c
On concert or semi-concert or parlor grand pianofortes	$50	17½ p c
Upright pianos	$50	17½ p c
In addition to the above specific duties, on fair market value of all pianofortes	10 p c	10 p c
Pitch, coal and coal tar	free	free
Plants—Fruit, shade, lawn and other ornamental trees and shrubs	20 p c	10 p c
Plaster of Paris, ground, calcined or manufactured	20 p c	17½ p c
Plated and gilt ware of all kinds	30 p c	17½ p c
Plumbago, unmanufactured	10 p c	17½ p c
Plumbago, manufactures of	20 p c	17½ p c
Printing presses of all kinds	15 p c	free
Proprietary medicines or patent medicines in liquid form	50 p c	25 p c
Do, all other kinds	25 p c	25 p c
Pumice stone, ground or powdered	20 p c	17½ p c
Putty	25 p c	17½ p c
Quinine, sulphate of	20 p c	17½ p c
Rennet, raw or prepared	free	free
Resins, gum crude	free	free
Salt—for the fisheries	free	free
Salt—in bulk	8c per 100 lbs	free
Salt—in barrels, bags and other packages	12c per 100 lbs.	free
Salt, coarse, imported from the United Kingdoms, or any British possession, or imported for the use of the sea or gulf fisheries	free	
Saltpetre	20 p c	free
Seeds—Flower, garden and other seeds for agricultural purposes, in bulk or in large parcels	15 p c	10 p c
Shingles	20 p c	17½ p c
Spirits—Geneva rum, gin, whiskey and unenumerated articles of all kinds, per imperial gallon	$1.33½	$1.20
Brandy	$1.45	$1.20
Old Tom gin, per imp. gallon	$1.33½	$1.20
Spirits in bottles or flasks not weighing more than 4 oz. each	40 p c	$1.80 per gal
Spirits in bottles or flasks containing over 4 oz., per gal, $1.80 and	20 p c	$1.80
Stationery, not otherwise specified	20 p c	17½ p c
Steel and manufactures of, viz: steel in ingots, bars, coils and plates	10 p c	free
Steel shovels, spades, hoes, hay, manure and potato forks, rakes, by No teeth	30 p c	17½ p c
Steel, carpenters', coopers', cabinet-makers', and all other mechanics' tools	30 p c	17½ p c
Steel, edge tools of all kinds, including axes, scythes, saws of all kinds	30 p c	17½ p c
Steel skates	30 p c	17½ p c
Steel, cutlery and other manufactures of, and of iron and steel not otherwise provided	20 p c	17½ p c
Steel, firearms, viz: muskets, rifles, pistols, shot guns	20 p c	17½ p c
Stone, rough freestone, sandstone, except marble, per ton of 13 cubic feet	$1.00	free
Stone, grindstones in the rough, per do	$1.50	17½ p c
Stone, water limestone or cement stone	$1.00	free
Stone, dressed freestone, and all other building stone, except marble, and on all manufactures of stone and granite	20 p c	17½ p c
Sugar, above 14 Dutch standard, per pound	1c and 35 p c.	1c and 25 p c
Sugar, equal to No 9 and not above No 14, per pound	¾c and 30 p c	¾c and 25 p c
Sugar, below No 9, per pound	¾c and 30 p c	¾c and ¾c and 25 p c
Sugar, imported direct, no addition to value for hogsheads or other package, or for charges or expenses		
Sugar, glucose or grape sugar, same as sugar of same color and	35 p c	
Sugar, melado, &c, per pound	¾c and 30 p c	¾c and 25 p c
Syrups, cane juice, refined syrups, per pound	¾c and 30 p c.	¾c and 25 p c
Molasses for refining purposes, imported direct	25 p c	73c per 100 lbs
Do, not direct	30 p c	73c per 100 lbs
Do, not for refinery, imported direct	15 p c	25 p c
Do, not direct	20 p c	25 p c
Sugar candy, per pound	1c and 25 p c	1c and 25 p c
Steam engines and boilers, and other machinery of iron, or of which iron is the component part of chief value	25 p c	17½ p c
Sewing machines, whole or on heads or parts of heads, $2 each, and in addition	20 p c	*ad v.*
Seeds in small papers or parcels	25 p c	*ad v.*
Sewing silk and silk twist	25 p c	
Silk velvets and all manufactures of silk, or of which silk is the component part of chief value not elsewhere specified	30 p c	*ad v.*
Silver, German, in sheets	10 p c	
Slate, for roofing	25 p c	
Soap, common, brown and yellow not perfumed	1c per lb	
Soap, castile and white	2c per lb	
Soap, perfumed or toilet	25 p c	
Spices, ginger and spices of all kinds except nutmegs and mace unground	20 p c	*ad v.*
Silk, raw, or as reeled from the cocoon, not being double twisted or advanced in manufacture, any way, silk cocoons and silk waste	free	
Tanners' bark	free	free
Tea, black, per pound	2c and 10 p c	5c
Tea, green and Japan, per pound	3c	6c
Tins, in blocks, pigs and bars	10	free
Tin, in plates or sheets	10 p c	17½ p c
Tinware, stamped and japanned ware	25 p c	17½ p c

Tobacco, leaf or unmanufactured for excise purposes	free	free
Tobacco, manufactured, per pound	25c and 12 p c	25c and 12½ p c
Tobacco, cigars and cigarettes, per pound	50c and 20 p c	50c and 20 p c
Tobacco, snuff, per pound	25c and 12½ p c	25c and 12½ p c
Turpentine, raw and crude	free	free
Turpentine, spirits	20 p c	17½ p c
Trunks, satchels, valises and carpet bags	25 p c	17½ p c
Type, printing	20 p c	5 p c
Vegetables, viz, potatoes, per bush	10c	10c
Tomatoes, do	30c	10 p c
Vegetables, all other	20 p c	10 p c
Vinegar, per im. gallon	12 cts	12 cts
Veneers of wood and ivory, sawn only	free	
Wines, champagne and all other sparkling wines, in bottles containing not more than 1 quart and more than one pint	$3 p doz	$3 p doz
Wines of all kinds, containing 28 per cent. spirits or less,	25c per gal	and 30 p c
Watches, watch movements and watch cases	20 p c	*ad v.*
Wood and manufactures of, viz: woodenware, palls, tubs, churns brooms, brushes and other manufactures of wood not elsewhere specified	25 p c	
Wool	free	
Wool, on manufactures composed wholly or in part of wool, worsted, the hair of the alpaca goat, or other like animals, per pound	7½c and 20 p c	17½ p c
Wool, on clothing, ready-made and wearing apparel of every description, per pound	10c and 25 p c	17½ p c
Wool, on all manufactures not herein provided for	20 p c	17½ p c
All unenumerated articles	20 p c	17½ p c

A DROWNED CITY.

SZEGEDIN, IN HUNGARY, SWEPT AWAY.

Over 2,000 Lives Lost and about 10,000 Houses Ruined—Widespread Desolation.

CAUSE OF THE CALAMITY.

London, March 12.—The *Times* correspondent at Pesth telegraphs that for well nigh a week Szegedin, the second commerical town in Hungary, had been in imminent danger of inundation from the River Theiss, which flows through the town. Several large dykes protecting the back of the town had been burst and the safety of the town depended on the embankment of the Alfold railway, to strengthen which all efforts were concentrated. As, however, in the upper course of the river the water had begun to fall rapidly, it was thought that if the embankment held a day or two longer the danger might pass, but at last aided by the fall, the water broke through the dam and rushed in broad streams toward the town.

THE LATEST PARTICULARS.

The lowest estimate now current fixes the number of drowned at 2,000. Many persons believe 4,000 perished, as the gale prevented the majority of the inhabitants from hearing the first alarm. Some of the largest houses fell on Saturday. One is said to have overwhelmed eight families, and another 56 persons. To-night many people are still on the roofs of the houses and trees. Diptheria has broken out among the fugitives in Szeged. Thirteen thousand horses and cattle and nine thousand sheep have been lost. The water falls very slowly, only receding three inches on Saturday night. The frost is causing great suffering. Fearful tales are told of individual distress. The women on board the rescuing steamers refuse to part with the corpses of their children. The refugees on the embankments are eating seed corn. Accouchements occur in boats and on railway tracks.

The official statement shows that of 9,700 houses in Szegedin, all except 361 have been destroyed. Most of the habitations destroyed were of the lower classes of the population.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

The Presents—The Room Ablaze with Diamonds and Gold—What the Queen Gave—The Ceremony.

London, March 13.—The weather is fine affording ample facilities for the preparations at Windsor for the celebration to-day in St. George's Chapel of the nuptials of the Duke of Connaught, son of Queen Victoria, and Princess Louisa Margaret, daughter of the Prince and Princess Frederick Charles, of Prussia. The marriage presents are displayed in the white drawing-room of the Castle. The officers of the Royal Artillery, in which the Duke of Connaught held a commission, after leaving Woolwich Academy yesterday, presented him with a handsome silver centre piece, representing a squad of artillery serving a gun. The presents were visited by many of the Royal Family and party staying at the castle. Some of the most valuable jewelry presented had no cards. The room was filled with costly gifts and works of art. Diamonds blazed in one corner on a special table reserved for them. The centre table was occupied by plate, and the candelabra, couches and guerdons had furs, cloaks, lace and embroidery disposed upon them. An excellent portrait of Princess Louisa Margaret, by Von Angeli, stood close by the table of jewels. The Queen gave a magnificent diamond tiara, with brilliants hanging down in sparkling peaks from a central wreath of brilliants, also a pearl and diamond pendant, the jewel of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, a medallion of the Queen and Prince Consort and jewel of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, Her Majesty's royal and impartial cipher, "V. R. and I" in diamonds, pearls and turquoises, encircled by a border set with pearls and surmounted by the Imperial Crown, jewelled and enamelled in heraldic colors, attached to light blue watered ribbon, edged with white.

The procession from Windsor Castle to St. George's chapel was divided into three portions. At half-past eleven the Archbishop of Canterbury and bishops of London, Winchester and Oxford, and other prelates who officiated, took their place within the rails of the altar. On their arrival the royal family were received by the Lord Steward and Vice-Chamberlain, and conducted up to the chapel in processional order to their seats upon the dais. The bridegroom was received by the Lord Chamberlain in full ceremonial and conducted to a seat on the right of the dais leading to the altar. The bride left the Castle at half-past twelve, accompanied by her father and the Crown Prince of Germany with a numerous suite. The bride was received by the Lord Chamberlain. The bridal procession immediately moved up the nave to the choir, the train of her Royal Highness being borne by eight unmarried daughters of Dukes, Marquises and Earls. As the procession passed up the chapel Handel's Occasional Overture was given. The bride was conducted to a seat in the choir on the left of the dais her supporters to seats near her, while bridesmaids stood behind, and the Lord Chamberlain and the Vice-Chamberlain next to them. The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the service, and the bride was given away by her father. At the conclusion the choir sang Halleluah chorses, and Mendelssohn's Wedding March pealed forth as the bridegroom left the chapel. While in the long walk a salute of guns announced the termination of the ceremony. The Royal family and guests left the chapel in reversed order from which they entered. All the royal personages returned to the Queen's entrance of the Castle where the registry of the marriage was signed in the green drawing-room, and duly attested by the Queen and other distinguished personages.

The bride wore a white silk dress, trimmed with myrtle flowers and a long veil. The bridesmaids were similarly attired. The Queen wore a black corded silk dress, richly embroidered and trimmed, white veil, tiara of diamonds, cloak of royal ermine, and the insignia of the Garter. The Princess of Wales wore a black dress trimmed with white and a tiara of diamonds. The Duke of Connaught wore the uniform of the Rifle Brigade, the Prince of Wales the uniform of the Field Marshal, and the Duke of Edinburgh that of an Admiral.

Gentlemen of Listowel, why send your orders outside for your Shirts when you can get them made as well and cheaper at home? Bean & Gee guarantee a perfect fit. Give them a trial and be convinced.

STRATFORD.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—About six o'clock on Wednesday afternoon of last week, while a man named Daniel McPherson was engaged near the railway track about four miles north of Stratford in felling a tree, it suddenly fell upon him killing him instantly. Deceased was in the employ of John Corrie. He was about 35 years of age and leaves a wife and family.

DORKING.

The Commercial hotel in this village was destroyed by fire about a fortnight ago. A defective flue was the supposed cause. The property was owned by Hugh McGuire and occupied by Michael Mc Guire. The loss is about $1,500. It is insured in the Berlin Economical for $600. The village comprises only twenty buildings, yet within the past eighteen months there have been four large fires.

DONEGAL.

Mr. McNichol, of Grey township, has leased the farm of the late Mr. Shatford. He takes possession immediately.

Messrs. David and James Watson intend taking their departure for the "Prairie Province about the 1st of May.

Electors in this neighborhood would like to know if their "eight hundred dollars worth of representation" (?) in the shape of the great D. D., survived the Mowat banquet.—COX.

ETHEL.

POLITICAL.—Those who are capable of reading the "signs of the times," politically, and there are many such in this vicinity I am happy to say, [illegible]prehend the meaning of the member for East Huron's haste in entering the field and holding meetings through the riding. It means that the Ontario elections are near at hand, and that "Tom Gibson," as one of the Mowat salary grab retainers, feels that this constituency can no longer be counted upon to give him its generous support and receive nothing in return save its share of the burden consequent on a government whose aim and ambition is to promote the financial welfare of its members. Retributive justice is awaiting her recalcitrant representative, and the honor of the next seat in the Legislature will assuredly be conferred upon another and a more worthy representative of the people. The election of Dr. Holmes and the consequent redemption of this riding is a foregone conclusion, and Mr. Gibson's puerile efforts on the stump will only serve to aggravate the discomfiture in store for him.

NEMO.

WALLACE.

EDITOR STANDARD.—Will you please publish the following "receipt for making Tattlers" which has lately been discovered by an observer of a certain scandal mongering fraternity not a hundred miles from here:—Take a handful of the vine called rumabout, the same quantity of the root called nimble tongue, a sprig of the herb called back-bite, at either before or after dog days, a spoonful of don't you tell-it, six drachms of malice, and a few drops of envy, which can be purchased in any quantity at a certain neighbor's tea table; stir them well together and simmer them for half a year over the fire of discontent, kindled with a little jealousy, then strain it through a rag of misconstruction, hang it upon a skein of street yarn, shake it occasionally for a few days, and it is ready for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the subject will be enabled to speak all manner of evil talk continually.

Z. T.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Sebastian Kammer, a highly respected farmer of this township, met with a sad and fatal accident on Saturday morning last, while chopping down a tree on his farm, lot 31, in the 3rd concession. In falling, the tree appears to have lodged in another; the top breaking off and descending upon the unfortunate man's head, killed him almost instantly. One of his sons was with him at the time and witnessed the sad death of his father. Mr. Kammer had been a resident of Wallace for a number of years, and was held in esteem by his neighbors and friends. He was in his 46th year, and leaves a wife and family to mourn his untimely end. His funeral which took place on Monday, was largely attended.

TROWBRIDGE.

ACCIDENT.—A very severe accident befel one of the much respected young men of this neighborhood in the early part of last week. Mr. John Cosens is the person referred to, who had the misfortune to cut a very deep gash in his foot while engaged chopping on Mr. Stull's farm in Elma. The axe struck his foot with such force as to almost sever it from him. He was immediately taken to Listowel, where surgical aid was procured. Notwithstanding that the wound was dressed as well as the circumstances would allow, he has since suffered very much from it; it has also bled a great deal, which has left him in a very weak state. It is hoped, however, that it will soon commence to heal, and that he will speedily recover.

INFLAMMATION.—We regret to record that Wm Heppenstall, son of Mr. Heppenstall, shoemaker, of this place, is very low with inflammation of the bowels. His friends entertain little hope of his recovery. However, he is under skillful medical treatment, and "while there's life there's hope." The family have many sympathisers.

The case of Noble Oliver, which was to have been disposed of at the Assize Court in Stratford last week, fell through, no one appearing to prosecute. The bailsmen were of course liberated from their bonds. Mr. Oliver threatens an action against the company for damages.

SPRING TRADE.—Mr. Chas Cosens is laying in such a stock of spring goods that he evidently is anticipating a lively trade this season. Business in general is looking up, and now that the National policy has been proclaimed, and farmers are getting $1 and upwards for their wheat, the return of good times is looked for with the utmost assurance by all, except a few chronic grumblers, whose minds are too narrow to see good in anything that owes its origin to the statesmen in whose hands the country's destiny has most fortunately been placed. But the worst we wish them is that they may be enabled to see the error of their former way after becoming large sharers in the general good.

"N. P."

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Harriston is taking steps to secure a high school.

St. Mary's has taken a step forward and established a free market.

Gen. Sherman died at Newport on Sunday. Mrs. Sherman died last week.

T. W. Cooper, an engineer, was killed at Guelph on Saturday by a freight train.

Jacob Beck, the founder of Baden, has been compelled to make an assignment.

Oysters served up at any hour, at Barnes' fruit store.

Newest styles in Oxford and Regatta Shirtings, at Bean & Gee's.

Chas Sproat, C. E., of Toronto, has been appointed chief engineer of the Georgian Bay and Wellington railway.

Johnston Bros' steam tannery at Fergus was partially destroyed by fire Sunday morning; loss about $4,000, partly covered by insurance.

The Seaforth High School is a neat two-story brick edifice, and presents a very attractive appearance externally, while the interior is well arranged, commodious and comfortable. There are four large class rooms in it.

WHAT THE COUNTRY NEEDS.—Fewer dogs and more sheeps; fewer fences and more pastures; fewer bar rooms and more schools; fewer scrub cattle and more good ones; fewer wire-pullers in convention and more people who attend to their own business; fewer men who seek office and more men whom the office seeks.

LUCKY.—The Berlin *Telegraph* understands that by the death of a rich bachelor uncle in England, recently, Mr. Jos. E. Seagram, of Waterloo, and his brother, Mr. E. Seagram, of Galt, have been left a handsome fortune, said to be $50,000 each.

THAT HORSE THIEF.—The man Angus, who was arrested at Shakespeare for stealing a horse from John Ketchie, of Galt, turns out to be the same party that stole horses from Benjamin Faulkner, of Mornington, and Mrs Ewing, of Pilkington, and escaped from the London police a short distance from that city about a month ago. He is now safe in the Berlin jail and will probably be sent back to penitentiary from which he has only lately emerged. He has passed recently under the name of Wilson, but his real name is Angus, and he has been known as a professional horse thief for many years.

TO PERSONS GOING TO MANITOBA.—Some one having advised that new settlers of Manitoba should leave this district in April, Mr. J. N. Warren, of High Bluffs, formerly of Palmerston, writes:—"I say to *all men of families* not to start before the first of June, as the roads are impassable until then, and the weather is not certain; but after that the roads are good, the weather fine, and the nights warm. If persons come to Winnipeg and cannot get out of it, it will cost them a good deal. A small room rents for ten or twelve dollars a month. Wood costs from six to seven dollars per cord. In regard to stock you will buy ten per cent. cheaper in June than in April. Young men could get along in April or May.

The London papers tell of a new invention of a peculiar character which has just been made by E. A Cowper, the well known English mechanical engineer. It is a real telegraphic writing machine. The writer in London moves his pen and simultaneously at Brighton another pen is moved as though by a phantom hand in precisely similar curves and motion. The writer writes in London and the ink marks in Brighton. Those who have seen the instrument at work pronounce that it is marvellous and quite as startling as the telephone. The pen at the receiving end has all the appearance of being guided by a spirit hand. The apparatus is shortly to be made public before the Society of Telegraph Engineers. A facsimile of the writing produced by this telegraphic writing machine shows words formed without any lifting of the pen and perfectly legible.

Cigars only $1.50 per box, wholesale, at Barnes'.

New styles in Hats, just opened, at Bean & Gee's.

Oranges 25 cts. per dozen and lemons only 20 cts., at Barnes' Fruit Store.

TO DRIVERS.—As a number of my customers have neglected to call and settle their accounts, they will accept this second notice to do so as final. Accounts must be squared by the 1st of April.

6 WALTER MCMILLAN, Grocer, &c.

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

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

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

A full line of Skates, at rock bottom prices, at S. Bricker & Co's new hardware.

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

COAL OIL.—Go to S. Bricker & Co's for your coal oil, 20 cents per gallon.

The Enterprise Sad Irons, patented by Mrs. Potts, are the best, cheapest, most perfect and practicable ever invented. They have a cold detachable handle made of polished walnut, which does not burn the hand. For sale at S. Bricker & Co. hardware.—46.

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

First-class chopping axes, only 75cts, at S. Bricker & Co's new hardware.

Coal oil, 20 cts.; 5 gallons 90 cts.; medium sized crimp top chimnies, 5 cents; good burners, 10 cts., at Hacking's drug store.

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

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

		March 20, 1879.
Wheat, fall, per bush	$0 90	to 0 96
Spring Wheat, "	0 75	0 88
Barley, "	0 48	0 50
Peas, "	0 55	0 65
Oats, "	0 36	0 38
Flour, per cwt.	0 00	2 50
Oatmeal, "	2 25	3 00
Cornmeal, "	2 00	2 25
Butter, per lb.	0 17	0 18
Eggs, per dozen	0 09	0 12½
Pork, per cwt.	4 50	5 00
Beef, per cwt.	4 00	5 00
Geese	0 25	0 35
Ducks, per pair	0 35	0 40
Chickens, per pair	0 20	0 30
Turkeys, each	0 40	1 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 75	0 90
Apples, per bag	0 70	0 80
Hay, per ton	7 00	8 00
Wood, per cord, long	1 50	1 75
Wood, " short	0 75	1 00
Hides, per cwt.	5 50	0 00
Sheepskins, each	0 40	0 80
Wool, per lb	0 00	0 00

TORONTO MARKETS.
PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS.

		March 20, 1879.
Wheat, fall, per bush	$0 90	to 1 00
Wheat, spring, "	0 85	0 96
Barley, "	0 45	0 60

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1879.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Oysters 15c., 20c. and 25 cts. per can, at Barnes'.

THE National Policy takes like a charm in this neighborhood.

MRS. T. Goodfellow is at present in Toronto selecting her spring and summer Millinery.

Fresh fish of all kinds constantly on hand; orders left promptly attended to.
J. H. BARNES.

WALLACE Township Council proceedings and a quantity of other local matter have been unavoidably held over.

LOST.—Anyone finding a gold seal, with the initials "J. H. B." will be suitably rewarded upon leaving the same at this office.

PROF. HILLYER, wizard and wonder worker, occupied the Osborne hall two evenings this week. His entertainments were not very extensively patronized.

APPRENTICE WANTED.—An active intelligent lad of about 16 years, wanted, to learn the printing business. Apply personally at the STANDARD office.

MEETING.—A meeting of the Listowel Conservative Association will be held in Martin's hall this evening, at 8 o'clock. All Conservatives are earnestly requested to attend.

THE debate on the Quebec outrage resulted in Mr. Mousseau's motion of censure on Governor Letellier being carried on a division of the House by a majority of 85, the vote standing 136 yeas to 51 nays.

AUCTION SALE.—Mr. David Watson, (lot 30, 8th con. Elma,) who intends leaving for Manitoba shortly, will dispose of his farm stock and implements by auction on Tuesday, 25th inst. He has engaged Mr. R. L. Alexander as auctioneer.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE for April has arrived. It is as spicy as usual. The ladies department, conducted by Mrs Woods, contains a great deal about spring fashions, which will no doubt be of absorbing interest to its fair readers.

MANITOBA fever is still spreading. The railway officials here are hourly besieged with anxious enquiries about the departure of the first excursion train. Note Mr. Flaherty's communication in this paper.

ATTENTION is directed to the advertisement of Mr J J Moore, the new occupant of Mr. R. Bass' old stand. Mr. Moore is just receiving a new stock of fresh goods, which he purposes selling at low prices. In doing so he hopes to secure a liberal patronage from the public.

FIREMEN'S HALL.—The new firemen's hall will be formally opened on Thursday evening next with a grand social assembly, under the auspices of the fire brigade. The members of the town Council and leading citizens generally are expected to be present. The occasion will doubtless be a pleasant one. We understand that the tickets of admission have been placed at 50 cents a couple.

THANKS.—Mr. Hesson, M. P. for North Perth, will accept our thanks for late parliamentary documents. The representative of this riding is by no means a mere voting machine in the House. He has already given expression to his views in debate on more than one question of public interest, as well as assisting in committee work. The honest manner in which he gave his opinions on the insolvency law meets the approval of his constituents generally.

MISSIONARY MEETING.—The missionary meeting of Knox Church was held on Monday evening last. Revds. McLeod, of Stratford, and Stewart of North Easthope were the deputation expected to attend the meeting, but the latter gentleman did not come at all, and Mr. McLeod only arrived at a very late hour. However, the absence of these gentlemen did not interfere so very much with the meeting, as their places were filled by Rev. Mr. Renwick, of Newry, and the worthy pastor of the congregation, Rev. Mr. Bell, who entertained the meeting with appropriate addresses.

SIMULTANEOUS with the advent of the National Policy, the grain market took an upward bound. On Saturday last fall wheat brought $1.04 on the Listowel market. Perhaps the recent acquisition to our market of a "National Policy" buyer had something to do with the sudden rise. The farming community no doubt heartily appreciate this double blessing. With the encouragement afforded by a 15 cent protective tariff to each bushel of their wheat, and the assurance that Mr. D. D. Campbell will keep the market price up to the highest notch, farmers about Listowel have good reason to don cheerful countenances once more. We trust that their next great blessing will be an abundant harvest, in which event even "Geordie Brown"—the "Geordie" up the boundray we mean—may be found doing homage to Sir John.

LISTOWEL PUBLIC SCHOOL.—Result of an examination in History held in the senior department of Listowel Public School on Friday last; maximum, 100: *1st Class*—Wm Green 94, John Philp 94, Wm Lochhead 94, Kate Sproat 93, St. Clair Nichol 92, Geo Douglas 92, Wellington Knox 90, Wm Phillips 88, John Lochhead 83, A J Edwards 83, Albert Hawkins 82, Susie Hunt 80, Lottie Sanderson 79, Maggie Climie 74, Emil Hess 70, Wm Hunt 68, Frank McDowell 64, Eddie Hunt 61, Esther J Irwin 50. *2nd Class*—Mary Climie 94, Helena Bradley 93, Alfred Craig 93, Hattie Hawkins 88, Benj. Gray 85, David Douglass 80, Moses Brendle 79, Richard Armstrong 77, Norman Bradley 75, Lillie Climie 72, Thomas Austin 70, Florence Nichol 64, Edward C. Stewart 62, John Watson 57, Henry Hay 55, Lizzie Draper 54, Addie Clayton 51, Mary Irwin 50, Willie Rogers 49, James McIlwraith 46, Richard Peardon 45, Lizzie Edmondson 38, Thos Forbes 35. *3rd Class*—Harry Dillabough 95, Fred Bradley 74, Jessie Climie 74, Alex Ferguson 69, Bella McDowell 69, Jennie Green 64, Maggie Wallace 63, Minnie Walker 57, Maggie McIlwraith 55, Sarah Large 51, Emily Draper 49, Wm McIlwraith 47, Mary J. Evans 42, Minnie Philp 35, Victoria Veilie 35.

TOWN CLERK.—Owing to recent developments implicating the Clerk of this town in some questionable transactions, that functionary was given to understand that his resignation would be accepted. By the proceedings in Council on Monday evening, which are reported in another column, it will be seen that Mr. Devlin has been displaced, and Mr. Wm. Hamilton appointed Town Clerk in his stead. As Mr. Hamilton possesses the reputation of being thoroughly trustworthy, and a person of good business qualifications, we have no doubt that his appointment to the Clerkship will prove satisfactory. Though cognizant of some of the dishonorable transactions of the late Clerk, we have thus far refrained from making any allusion to them whatever, partially for the reason that an exposure coming from us might have been wrongly attributed to partizan motives, and perhaps partly on account of reluctance to meddle with personal character, however deserving of exposure the subject may be. The accusations made against Mr. Devlin are of a most serious character, and while compassion may have restrained those who have hitherto placed confidence in him from taking criminal action, the gravity of his offence makes anything short of justice in his case almost if not a crime. We are not aware that any of the parties interested in his "business transactions" have instituted proceedings against him so far. It is now understood that he has left town, probably for good. Even should he escape punishment, the disgrace which has already overtaken him should be a warning that the way of the transgressor is an unenviable path to tread.

PASSED HIS INTERMEDIATE.—The well wishers of the Listowel High School will be pleased to learn that upon a reconsideration of the examination papers of Angus McKay, a pupil of this school, by the Examining Board at Toronto, it has been discovered that he was entitled to pass the "Intermediate." His papers were sent down in December last, but not having been announced among the successful candidates, as the Head Master was confident he should have been, Mr. Crozier undertook the trouble to find out the "wherefore," and the result, as will be seen, has justified his enquiries. This makes *six* pupils who have passed the December Intermediate examinations, which speaks well for the management of the school. If proof of this assertion is wanting, reference might be made to Stratford High School, which only succeeded in passing *one* pupil at the December Intermediate, notwithstanding that the number of scholars in attendence is about double that of Listowel. The comparison is certainly in favor of the Listowel school. While alluding to the Stratford High School we should like a little information from the Educational Department or from any other reliable source. The government grant to the High Schools is awarded (or is supposed to be) on the basis of the Inspector's report, the grant being proportioned in accordance with the rating of the various branches of the school. In the schedule under the letter (*C*) is stated the character of the work done in the lower school (below the Intermediate.) The number of pupils who pass the Intermediate must be the proper criterion of what has been accomplished in that department; yet we notice that for the latter half of 1878, the Stratford High School, with but *one* successful Intermediate, receives a government grant of $15, while the Listowel School with *six* successful Intermediates, receives only $11. As Listowel gets no government allowance at present for "School accommodation"—a fact which should be borne in mind when the ratepayers will be afforded an opportunity to vote a sufficent bonus to erect a school building that will be entitled to receive something better than a brace of ciphers from the government—there is all the more reason for seeing that in other respects the school is not deprived of the full grant that its qualifications entitle it to. Upon the "Intermediate" basis, it is evident that either Stratford receives too much, or Listowel too little. Perhaps someone who knows will explain.

CHARITY CONCERT.—The charity concert given in the Osborne hall on Friday evening last, under the direction of Mr. B. B. Sarvis, was the best amateur entertainment that has taken place in town this winter. In every particular it was worthy of being pronounced a success. The audience was large and appreciative, the programme was well arranged and well executed, and the chairman was a perfect "master of the situation." The first part of the programme commenced with a double quartette, "Carnavale," (Rosini,) by Misses Hampton and McDowell, Mrs. Sarvis, and Messrs. Wilson, Bell, Wright, Large and Sarvis, which was well rendered. This company of choristers appeared again at intervals during the evening, their selections being "Serenade," (Smart,) and "Thus spake one summer day," (Abt.) Mr. B. B. Sarvis sang "Broken Down" in good style. A piano solo, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," by Mrs. Sarvis, was sang very sweetly and elicited hearty applause. Miss Morey contributed two solos, "The Valley of Chamouni" calling forth a well meritted enchore. Miss Henderson's rendition of the solo, "Send me one flower from his grave," was well received, and in response to an enchore she sang the somewhat popular ballad, "He's got the money too." Mrs. Barnes favored the audience with several solos. In her rendition of "The Bridge," her reputation as an accomplished singer was fully sustained. In response to the hearty enchore that it called forth, she sang another favorite solo. A piano duet was exceedingly well executed by the youthful musicians, Masters Hess and Sarvis; their performance was warmly enchored. Miss Huxley rendered an instrumental solo by Sydney Smith, entitled "Par Redouble," in very fine style, displaying a high degree of musical taste and proficiency. "Thou art so near and yet so far," a solo, by Miss Bolton, was pleasingly sang. The same remark will apply to the duet, "Two wand'ring stars," by Mr. and Mrs. Sarvis. The last piece upon the programme was a solo and chorus, in which Miss McDowell took the principal part, being assisted by the ladies and gentlemen comprising the double quartette choir. We mustn't omit mention of the "mysterious bagpipes," by "unseen hands," which excited general curiosity; the performance—on the organ it is presumed—was a very good imitation of the Highland bagpipes, and did no discredit to "Sandy's" favorite instrument. Another pleasant feature of the entertainment deserving of special mention was the excellent music furnished by the string band, in which Messrs. Shields, Bolton, Hess, Sarvis, Clippardt and Wilson took part. These gentlemen are all good musicians, and capable of producing a "harmony of sweet sounds" that it is a delight to listen to. The duties of pianists and organists were discharged by Miss Huxley and Mr. Chas. Shields in a most satisfactory manner, while the functions devolving upon the chair could not have been managed better than in the able hands of Mr. B. Rothwell. The hearty votes of thanks which were tendered to all who had taken part in the performance, indicated that the audience was thoroughly well pleased with the entertainment. The object being the most worthy one of Charity, each contributor to its success is deserving of praise, and in this connection it is only right that special credit should be given to Mr. John Osborne, who gave the use of his fine hall free of charge; to Mrs. Barnes, who not only volunteered her excellent services, but also gratuitously furnished the piano used on the occasion; and also to Mr. Sarvis, to whose able direction complete success was in no small measure due. The proceeds, amounting to between $30 and $40, have been placed in the hands of a relief committee for judicious disposal.

TOWN COUNCIL.

An adjourned meeting of the Listowel Town Council took place on Monday evening 17th inst. Present, J W Scott, Mayor; T E Hay, Reeve; J A Hacking, Deputy-Reeve; and councillors Dr. Nichol, Jacob Heppler, James Lee, J G Tremain, A D Freeman, John Binning, A Austin, A McDonald. Mr. B. Rothwell having been invited to act as clerk *pro tem*, the minutes of previous meeting were read, approved and signed. A communication from J W Devlin, resigning the office of Town Clerk was read, when it was moved by Dr. Nichol, seconded by J A Hacking, that the resignation of J W Devlin as Town Clerk be and is hereby accepted—carried. A motion appointing Mr. Rothwell clerk *pro tem*. was then passed. The following tenders were read for furnishing material and building about 60 rods of board fence at the cemetery: Oran Philip, $1.20 per rod; Thos Wood, at 99 c.; W J Nelson, at $1.08; Geo Zimmerman, at $1.20; T G Lighthart, at 94c; Wm Freir, at $1.24; John Fursden, at 94c; Chris Ash, at $1.25; W B Johnston, at 98c. It was moved by Dr. Nichol, seconded by J A Hacking, that John Fursden's tender be accepted on condition that proper security be given for the fulfillment of the contract. It was moved in amendment by A McDonald, seconded by A D Freeman, that T G Lighthart's tender be accepted—amendment carried. It was moved by T G Hay, seconded by A Austin, that Rule 41 of this Council with regard to election of officers by ballot be and is hereby suspended—lost. Applications were read for the office of Town Clerk from Wm Hamilton, salary $150; from C H Hacking, salary $125; and from J E Terhune, salary not stated. The candidates were balloted for, the first ballot resulted as follows: Terhune 5, Hamilton 4, Hacking 2. Second ballot, Hamilton 6, Terhune 5, Mr. Hamilton was declared elected. It was moved by Dr. Nichol, seconded by J A Hacking, that the thanks of this council be and are hereby tendered to Mr. B. Rothwell for acting as clerk this evening—carried. The architect's plans for the new High School were submitted for the inspection of members of the Board. A communication was read from Oliver Gee offering his services as street commissioner at $1 per day. The communication was referred to the Road and Bridge Committee. A petition was presented from Frame Gooden and others asking that a sidewalk be built on the north side of Inkerman street from McDowell street to Maitland street, and requesting that the same be completed at the earliest possible date—referred to Road and Bridge committee. The Reeve gave notice that at next meeting of Council he would introduce a motion to rescind clause 41 of the Rules of this Council. The Finance Committee reported, recommending payment of the following accounts:—Wm Walker, blacksmithing etc., $12.70; J. Livingstone jr., ticket for indigent, $2.60; Wm Gall, achitect, fire hall, $67.75; Wm Dixon, cleaning hose, $5; J W Brisbin, stationery; $1.85; A Austin, cleaning engine, $11.25 W M Climie, mattrasses for lock-up $7.80; *Globe* Printing Co. $2.60; John Hampton, constable fees, etc., $2.75; Wm Bond, drain and spout, $4.50. The committee also recommended that Edward Hammond be refunded $9, error in assessment; that Robert Woods, collector, be credited with $3.15, error in assessment of C Wilcott's lots on N. John street; that W S Garrock be refunded $9, error in assessment; that J P Newman and W H Hacking be refunded $1 each, amount paid by them for tenants' dogs, and that the collector be instructed to collect the same form the owners; the committee further recommended that the grant of $100 to the Listowel brass band be allowed. It was moved by J Binning, seconded by J G Tremain, that the report of the Finance Committee be received and the amounts paid—carried. The Board of Works Committee reported that they had fixed the price of breaking stones at $4.25 per cord, and for small stones, 75cts. per yard. An applicattion was read from the Secretary of the Elma & Wallace Agricultural Society, praying that a grant of $100 be made to the Society for the current year—referred to Finance Committee. Accounts from J W Devlin, for 2½ months salary, $31; R. Martin, for use of hall $9; and R Hemphill's claim for services, were also referred to Finance Committee. The collector was allowed until the first meeting of Council in April to return the assessment roll. On motion the Council adjourned.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

As the partnership of the undersigned has expired, and the firm is to be dissolved, we have decided to offer the whole of our stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, &c., &c., at *cost for cash* or approved notes, maturing 1st October, 1879. Sale to commence at once and continue until 1st of May. As the stock is good, has been well bought and well kept, and this being a genuine sale, the greatest bargains ever offered to the community may be had at the Golden Lion. Notes not taken for amounts under $25.00.
FREEMAN & CARSON.

FOR MANITOBA.

The following information, handed us yesterday by Mr. John Flaherty, Chairman of the Manitoba Committee, contains intelligence of the latest arrangements which the committee have made in order to reach Manitoba before the opening of navigation:

"The trouble on the Canada Pacific is not settled yet. A small section of our party, taking horses and wagons, intend starting from Listowel on the 25th inst., and will drive from St. Vincent to Winnipeg. Anyone anxious to go forward on that day will be sent through by regular trains with the best possible despatch, and all necessary arrangements will be made for Customs at Detroit. Should a few families join, an official of the G. W. R. will go with them to Detroit, where they will be met by an agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, who will see them through with all possible comfort and despatch. At the earliest possible moment we will arrange for the special through train. All interested will have due notice.
JOHN FLAHERTY,
Chairman Com.

BIRTHS.

ROOT—March 9, on con. 10, Wallace, the wife of Robert Root of a daughter.

BILLINGS.—March 2, at Teviotdale, the wife of Mr. Henry Billings, of a son.

BELL.—In Listowel, on the 18th inst., the wife of Rev. J. W. Bell, M. A., of a daughter.

BELL—In Grey, on the 13th inst., the wife of Mr. Wm. Bell, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

GREY—WILSON.—On the 5th inst., in the C.M. Church, at Teviotdale, by the Rev. E. Teskey, Mr. George Grey, of Minto, to Miss Martha Maria, youngest daughter of Mr. Samuel Wilson, 11th con. Wallace.

KIDD—WILSON.—On the 19th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev J. W. Bell, M. A., Mr. Samuel Kidd, of Benton, California, U. S., to Wilhelmina, daughter of Mr. Robert Wilson, of Listowel.

DURRANT—GOODING—In Newbridge, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. *Mr.* Hazzard, *Mr.* Stephen Durrant, to Hannah Gooding, both of Listowel.

JOHNSON—TOUGHAN—In Molesworth, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. T. T. Johnson, *Mr.* Joseph Johnson, to *Miss* Ann Toughan, both of Trowbridge.

THOMLINSON—EBY—On the 19th inst., at the Methodist parsonage, 3rd con., Wallace, by the Rev. R. Berry, Mr. James Thomlinson, to *Miss Mary*, daughter of *Mr.* John Eby, all of Maryborough township.

DEATHS.

TAYLOR—On Tuesday, the 5th inst., in Maryboro', Robert Taylor, of the 12th con., aged 85 years.

GRIERSON.—In Elma, on the 15th inst., Albert son of Mr. Thos. Grierson, aged 16 months.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership of the undersigned firm will be brought to a formal dissolution on the 31st of May next, 1879. All accounts against the firm are requested to be handed in previous to that date, and all debts owing them, either by open account or overdue note, must be settled or they will be sued. On expiration of the partnership as above, the property will be, in terms of articles of partnership, inventoried and put up for sale.
McILWRAITH & AUSTIN.
Listowel Foundry.
Listowel, March 20th, 1879. 8

TENDERS WANTED.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the Secretary of the Listowel High School Board till the

25TH DAY OF MARCH, 1879,

for the erection of a

HIGH SCHOOL

IN THE TOWN OF LISTOWEL.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the residence of the Chairman, Mr. George Draper, on Main Street. The Board does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. Parties on being awarded the contract will be required to furnish two satisfactory sureties for the faithful performance of the work. By order of the Board.
D. D. CAMPBELL,
Secretary L. H. S. B. T.
Listowel, March 12, 1879. 7a

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between us, the undersigned, as Sale and Livery Stable Keepers in the Town of Listowel, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said Partnership are to be paid to James Swan, and all claims against the said Partnership are to be presented to the said James Swan, by whom the same will be settled.
Dated at Listowel this Fourth day of March, A. D. 1879.
Witness, D. B. DINGMAN. } 7c JAMES SWAN. THOMAS SWAN.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.

The undersigned has much pleasure in announcing that he has sold out his business to R. McMillan & Co. He would request the same confidence in the new firm as has been given to himself, and hopes the continued patronage of the public will be granted. Friends and customers will kindly accept thanks for past favors.
D. D. CAMPBELL.

Referring to the above, we are pleased to state that we have purchased the Stock and good will of the business lately carried on by D. D. Campbell, on Wallace street, and that we are receiving a very superior stock of Spring Goods. We solicit the continuance of the custom so liberally bestowed on our predecessor. We ask an inspection of our Goods from all. We will do our best to meet the views of our customers in quality, variety and price.
R. McMILLAN & CO.
Listowel, March 12th, 1879. 7

CAUTION.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.

Whereas, I am informed that one JOSEPH HAYDOCK, of New York, is making and selling Pills and Ointment under the name of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, and that the same are being sold by certain parties in the British Provinces of North America, to the detriment of the Public, and also to my injury and loss.

Now I declare that the said Joseph Haydock has no authority whatever from me to use my name in any way. He is not my Agent.—He holds no power of attorney of mine, nor have I any connection with him whatever.

Persons publishing the said counterfeit medicines of Joseph Haydock, or keeping for sale, or selling the same in any part of the British Provinces, will be prosecuted according to Law.

I have no Agent in the United States, nor are my Medicines sold there.

Every Pot and Box of my Genuine Medicine bears on the label the address, 533, Oxford street, London, and has affixed to each, the British Government Stamp, with the words Holloway's Pills and Ointment engraved thereon.

The Trade Marks of my said Medicines are registered at Ottawa, and also at Washington.

Signed THOMAS HOLLOWAY.
533, Oxford Street, London. 7A

REWARD.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

Reward will be paid by the Corporation of the Township of Elma for the apprehension and conviction of the person or persons who on the night of the Twenty-first of January last, wilfully set fire to the Elma Joint Stock Company's Cheese Factory.
THOS. FULLARTON,
Clerk.
Elma, March 5th, 1879. 6c

20,000 CEDAR POSTS

And any quantity of first-class

CEDAR TIMBER

FOR SALE.

Timber hewn or unhewn as desired. Will be delivered in any part of Listowel. Parties wishing to obtain Cedar Posts for fencing, VERY CHEAP, will please apply at the STANDARD office, or to
ALEX. HAMILTON,
5 Lot 12, 3rd con. Elma.

TO RENT—CHEAP.

A Comfortable Dwelling House

on Victoria street, in excellent condition, containing six large rooms, kitchen, pantries, closets, wood shed, hard and soft water, and other conveniences. Apply on the premises to
WM. BINNING.
Listowel, Jan. 30, 1879.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST

SEWING MACHINES in Town

—AT—

ALEX. MORROW'S.

EVERY MACHINE GUARANTEED.

Sewing machines repaired on shortest notice.

The cheapest

TEAS

in quantity west of Toronto.

SALT, 85 cents per barrel, under cover.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.
ALEX. MORROW,
West End Grocery.
Listowel, Ont. 1

LISTOWEL

PORK PACKING HOUSE.

F. CHAPLIN.

IN STOCK:

SUGAR CURED HAMS,
PALE DRIED HAMS,
BREAKFAST BACON,
SPICED ROLLED BACON,
PURE LEAF LARD,
&C., &C.
Wholesale and Retail.

CASH PAID for GOOD BUTTER & EGGS.

Remember the place—
F. CHAPLIN,
Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel.
Listowel, Feb. 26, 1879. 37

RED CROSS Temple Royal Black Preceptory, Royal Black Knights of Ireland, encamped at Listowel. Regular night of meeting—last Monday in each month.
T. G. FENNELL,
4 Registrar.

NOT DEAD YET!

JAMES LEE

Has not succumbed to the late fire, but has taken possession of the building two doors east of the Montreal Telegraph office, where he is ready to meet with his old customers and all comers. He has purchased a new stock of goods, and is now prepared to sell

FIRST-CLASS HARNESS, of all kinds,
COLLARS, WHIPS,
TRUNKS, SATCHELS, ETC.,
marvellously CHEAP FOR CASH.

Don't forget the stand, north side of Main street.
Listowel, Feb. 12, 1879. JAS. LEE.

NEW GROCER IN TOWN.

J. J. MOORE

Having purchased the premises and Grocery business of Mr. R. BASS, on Wallace Street, is now prepared to supply the public with all kinds of

FRESH GROCERIES

as cheap as any house in town.

TEAS of all grades—remarkably cheap in quantities.
COFFEES, SUGARS and SYRUPS—pure and low priced.
Biscuits, Spices, Pickles, Tobaccos, etc., etc.

FRUITS.

Fresh, Canned and Dried—all varieties and in any quantity.

Family Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, etc., etc.

Remember the place and give him a call. Bass' old Stand—Wallace Street.
J. J. MOORE.
LISTOWEL, March 20, 1879. 8

NEW FIRM!

R. McMILLAN & CO.,

(Successors to D. D. Campbell)

Have pleasure in informing the many patrons of this old established house, and the general public, that in addition to the valuable stock of Staple Goods purchased from Mr. Campbell, they have received and are opening out an entirely

NEW STOCK OF SPRING GOODS,

consisting of

DRESS GOODS:

Prints, White and Grey Cottons, Ducks and Denims, Cottonade Tickings, Fancy Goods, &c.

SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS.

Ready-made Clothing, Gent's Furnishings, &c., &c.

Also a large Stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

And all other commodities to be found in a well stocked general store.

A CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

R. McMILLAN & Co.

WALLACE STREET, LISTOWEL, Ont 7

Great Bankrupt Sale!

MESSRS. BURRELL and BOULTON

Have pleasure in informing the people of Listowel and neighborhood that they have purchased the BANKRUPT STOCK OF D. McFARLANE AT 46 CENTS ON THE $, and are determined to give the public the benefit

FOR 30 DAYS!

Commencing on Tuesday, 18th day of March.

The entire Stock must be cleared out. Behold the marvellous reductions: Good Tweed Suits, only $6.00. Good Overcoats only $5.00. Good Felt Hats, only 50 cents. Gent's Furnishings just as low. A First-class Stock of BOOTS and SHOES. Ladies fine Leather Boots, only 75 cents, Men's No. 1 Top Boots, only $2.00, and all other wares in proportion.

MILLINERY AND MANTLES almost given away! Clouds and all kinds of Fancy Goods at about 50 per cent. less than cost.

GROCERIES and Sundries included in the general slaughter.

These Bargains available for 30 Days only!

Fail not to call at the "Emporium," D. McFarlane's old stand, and secure Goods at prices never before dreamed of in Listowel.

Burrell and Boulton.

The London House Still Ahead.

BEAN & GEE

—ARE STILL TAKING THE LEAD FOR—

CHEAP GOODS.

They are selling the balance of their Winter Stock of Dry Goods VERY CHEAP in order to make room for

SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

They also keep constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of

GROCERIES!

Selling at prices to suit the hard times. Please note some of their prices:

30 lbs. of good Currants for	$1.00.
12 lbs. Sugar for	1.00.
A good Tea, worth 75 cts., selling at	50c. per lb.

An early call is solicited.

BEAN & GEE.

GO TO THE

New Hardware,

(Osborne's Block,) to buy your

ELECTRO PLATED WARE,

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,

SKATES (Bamey and Berry.)

Best Canadian and American CHOPPING and BROAD AXES.

SAWS:

Cross-Cut and Machine—Best in the Market.

HORSE SHOES AND NAILS.

In fact we have everything in the

HARDWARE, STOVE AND TINWARE

Line required.

We have also a full Stock of

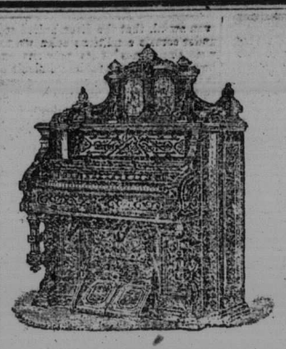
PAINTS AND OILS,

Which we offer at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

No blow—Goods will speak for themselves.

S. BRICKER & CO.

LISTOWEL, December 12th, 1878. 43



NONE LIKE THEM!

BELL'S ORGANS

are the

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Instruments manufactured.

B. B. SARVIS

Is prepared to supply the public with these justly celebrated Organs at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Call and get particulars before dealing anywhere.
B. B. SARVIS.
Musical Instrument Dealer.
Listowel, Ont. 46

FOR 30 DAYS

YOU CAN BUY

COOKING STOVES
PARLOR STOVES,
COAL STOVES,
Of all kinds.

AT COST. AT COST.

AT COST FOR CASH.

We have an immense stock on hand, and mean what we advertise.

SKATES, AT LOW PRICES.

LIME-LIGHT COAL OIL FOR SALE.

G. S. CLIMIE & SON.

SIGN OF THE MAMMOTH MORTAR, WALLACE STREET.
LISTOWEL, ONT. 46

GREAT CLEARING CASH SALE

AT THE

ONTARIO HOUSE.

ON MONDAY NEXT, 25TH INST.,

I will commence to

SELL OFF AT AND UNDER COST PRICE

(FOR CASH ONLY,) the whole of my stock of

MILLINERY GOODS.

My whole stock of Men's and Boys

READY - MADE CLOTHING,

And a large stock of men's and boys

BOOTS AND SHOES.

I am determined to clear out the whole of these Goods

WITHIN THE NEXT TWO MONTHS,

And cash buyers may rely on getting the

GREATEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED IN TOWN.

GEO. DRAPER.

LISTOWEL, November 20th, 1878. 1

WAR! WAR! WAR!

Come to JOHN A. TREMAIN

For Good Building Lots,

and save fifty per cent.

CLOSE TO THE P. O. STATION.

14 JOHN A. TREMAIN.

R. MARTIN,

AGENT FOR

Selling Lands, Lending Money,

doing a general

FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS.

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, Agreements, written at low rates. Legal Documents registered and Abstracts of Titles obtained.
Apply to R. MARTIN.

MONEY.

Money to lend on Farm and Town Property at 8 per cent., with the privilege given to the borrower to repay a part or the whole loan at any time, without any additional expense.
Apply to R. MARTIN,

MORTGAGES.

The highest price paid for good mortgages.

INSURANCE.

The best Companies represented, such as the WESTERN, LANCASHIRE & RELIANCE.
Apply to R. MARTIN.

Office on Main St.,

LISTOWEL,

Opposite the Grand Central Hotel. 51

NEW JEWELRY STORE.

C. J. GUNDRY, having purchased Messrs. Diggins & Sellin's stock, would invite the inhabitants of Listowel and surrounding country to call and inspect his stock of

Gold and Silver Watches,
Gold, Silver and Plated Chains,
Gold and Plated Broaches and Ear Rings and Sets,
Plain and Fancy Gold and Silver Finger Rings,
Gold and Plated Studs,
Plain and Ornamental Clocks,
Fancy Goods and Toys,
Spectacles a Speciality.

All will be sold much cheaper than ever offered in Listowel before.

C. J. G. pays particular attention to repairing, and warrants his work.

Remember the Stand—East of Grand Central Hotel, and next to Maynard's Millinery Rooms, Main Street.

A GOOD CLOCK FOR ONE DOLLAR

C. J. GUNDRY.
Listowel, March 28th, 1878. 9

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

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.

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Listowel, Nov. 7th, 1878. 41

Let It Pass.

Be not swift to take offence;
Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind;
Let it pass!
Any vulgar scoln that live,
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

If for good you've taken ill;
Let it pass!
Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass!
Lay these homely words to heart,
"Let it pass!"
Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing the cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Mortality.

How do the roses die?
Do their leaves fall together,
Thrown down and scattered by the sky
Of angry weather?
No, the sad thunder-stroke
O'ersweeps their lowly bower;
The storm that tramples on the oak,
Relents above the flower.

No violence makes them grieve,
No wrath hath done them wrong,
When with sad secrecy they leave
The branch to which they clung.
They yield them, one by one,
To the light breeze and shower,
To the soft dew, cool shade, bright sun,
Time and the hour.

GHOST STORIES.

An English family, who lived for years in the Rue Neuve at Calais, were constantly annoyed by ghostly visitations, mostly from a little withered-looking old woman, who obtained in the family the *sobriquet* of "the old woman of the pear-tree," from her often disappearing at a pear-tree which stood close to the spot where an old stone staircase had been discovered leading down to a large subterranean vault. The house and garden stood upon part of the old site of the great Capuchin convent, and though the vault was at this time closed all round, with no visible mode of egress, yet tradition whispered that there were passages leading from it in all directions, one in particular extending as far as Fort Neuilly, a considerable distance off. The old pear-tree had been blighted while in full bloom, or, as the French curiously phrased it, "moonstruck." Soon after the family took possession of their apartments, the visits of the old woman began. They saw her in the bedrooms, they met her on the staircase, and often, when the four young ladies of the family stood talking at twilight in the garden, they would find one more than their number standing with them; but if they ventured even to whisper a remark about her presence she would glide away, turning an angry look upon the young party, and vanish by the pear-tree. At first they were much alarmed, and the eldest daughter mentioned the circumstance to the lady from whom they hired the house. She minutely described the quaint, old-fashioned dress of their unwelcome visitor, and even the bunch of keys at her girdle. Her auditor turned pale, and begged the young lady not to talk to any one of the old woman's visits, as they had already been the cause of her apartments remaining long unlet; that she was said to have been a former proprietress of the house, who had been a dreadful miser, and had passed a long time in prowling about the premises day and night in search of buried treasure. Her most disagreeable visitation was to the bedroom of the mother of the family, who for a long time could not be persuaded that the younger children had not been lying on her bed, as every evening the marks of its having been lain on were distinctly visible. She was also much disturbed in the night by the bedclothes being forcibly pulled away; and whenever the father of the family (a lawyer in England) came over for a little recreation from his labours, he complained that he could not get a night's rest, so incessant was the jerking of the bed-clothes, while strange noises filled the room. In this room the old woman's husband had died, and she seemed still to frequent it. One evening the third daughter ran gayly up the stairs, exclaiming that she "did not care for the old woman, and was not a bit afraid of her." Just as she was passing her mother's room, the door of which was open, the old woman appeared at it, struck the young girl a violent blow on the shoulder, and disappeared into the room, slamming the door violently in her face. An hour after this two of the other sisters saw her passing up the stairs before them, turning into another door. This particular night the mother of the young ladies heard all through the night some one moving about the room.

But the old woman of the pear-tree was not the only one who lingered in the precincts of the old monkish domain. These young daughters gave me an account of what befell her in one of the rooms, which account I give in her own words:

"It was in the winter of 1852 that I was sent up-stairs by mamma to get her a pocket-handkerchief from the drawers in the room opposite to hers. It was about six o'clock on a winter's evening, and as the passages up-stairs were but imperfectly lit by the hall lamp, I went with considerable fear and reluctance. On entering the room I took a good look all round to make sure that none of the children were hiding there to frighten me. Having got the handkerchief from the drawers, I once more looked round before quitting the room, and to my great astonishment, saw a lady kneeling in the attitude of prayer by the bedside; she turned her head as I approached, and I saw that her face was very beautiful, her hair most luxuriant, her dress long, falling in elegant folds around her. My fright was great, but I did not scream, and indeed was so certain that it must be a living person that I softly approached and laid my hand upon her head. What was my surprise when my hand fell completely through her head, meeting with no obstruction of solid flesh, but passing, as it were, through air. Turning round she looked at me in a severe and reproachful manner, as if for disturbing her at her devotions. I saw no more. I fled from the room, and only remember finding myself at the foot of the staircase; how I got there I was never able to tell."

Mrs. G——, with her two little girls of the respective ages of eight and nine years, had been staying in the country on a visit to her sister-in-law; but having taken a house near London, she sent the two children with their nurse off by an early train, following herself by one a few hours later. Towards the evening of the same day, one of the little girls walked into a room of the house which they had quitted in the morning, where a cousin, to whom she was much attached, was sitting at his studies, and said to him, "I am come to say good-bye, Walter; I shall never see you again." Then kissing him, she vanished from the room. The young man was greatly startled and astonished, as he had himself seen both the little girls and their nurse off by the morning train. At this very time of the evening both the children in London were taken suddenly ill, while playing in their new home, a few hours after they had arrived. The doctor called in pronounced their complaint to be small-pox of the most malignant kind. They both died within the week, but the youngest died first. The day after she was buried, the poor bereaved mother was anxiously watching the last hours of the one still left, for whom she well knew no chance of life remained. Suddenly the sick child woke up from a kind of stupor, and exclaimed, "Oh, look, mamma! look at the beautiful angels!" pointing to the foot of the bed. Mrs. G—— saw nothing, but heard soft, sweet music, which seemed to float in the air. Again the child exclaimed, "Oh, dear mamma, there is Minnie! She has come for me!" She smiled, and appeared greatly pleased. At this moment Mrs G—— distinctly heard a voice say, "Come, dear Ada; I am waiting for you!" The sick child smiled once again, and died without a struggle. Long did the poor mother remember overhearing a childish conversation between the two little ones, in which the youngest said to the other that she felt sure she should die first, and would be certain to come and fetch her.

If it appear strange to us mortals, and even awful, that the disembodied spirit can, under certain conditions unknown to us, revisit the scenes of its previous existence, how much more awful and difficult of belief is it that spirits which have quitted their earthly life in the unrestrained indulgence of angry and malevolent passions can yet exercise such an influence over the corrupting clay which they apparently left behind them as to violate the sacred repose of the tomb, and terrify and appal the living! Such a circumstance certainly occurred at H——k Hall, in Lincolnshire, and was long the theme of conversation in that county. H——k Hall had been in the possession of the H—— family for hundreds of years; at the time of which I am writing the ancient line had dwindled down to two individuals, —the old squire in present possession, and his only brother and destined successor, who was unmarried, and very little younger than himself. The hall, which had once been so full of life and gayety, had become the abode of sorrow and gloom, in consequence of the early death of the squire's young daughter, his only child, and the heiress of all his possessions. This death followed in less than a year by that of his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, had quite broken down the old squire's health and happiness. The lady and her daughter were deposited in the family vault amid the tears and regrets of the villagers, by whom they were much and deservedly beloved. For years the squire had had no intercourse whatever with his brother, between whom and the lady of the hall there had been a life-long feud: the hatred on her part having been quite of a passive nature, as she was never heard to mention his name; but on his, of the most abusive and virulent kind, which made his exclusion from the hall an absolute necessity. The cause of this hatred could only be guessed at even by the most curious, as none was ever assigned by either party. When the old squire, after his double bereavement, became almost heart-broken, the good pastor of the village, whose friendship with the family had existed for fifty years, effected a meeting and a thorough reconciliation between the long-estranged brothers, and the younger one took up his abode once more in the house of his ancestors. One only condition was made,—that the name of his deceased sister-in-law should never pass his lips. A year passed away. The old squire, soothed and comforted by the companionship of his early playfellow, began to recover both his health and spirits; but at this time a malignant fever broke out in the village. Among its victims was the squire's brother, who during his whole life had known neither sickness nor disease. He was prostrated at once, and never rallied. The good minister before mentioned, who well knew the family history, unmoved by that fear of infection which made him a solitary watcher, took his stand by the bed of the dying man and vainly endeavoured to draw his thoughts to the eternity which was fast opening before him. His pious words fell upon a dull, unlistening ear, but as he touched upon the duty of forgiveness, and cautiously alluded to his well-known hatred of the deceased Mrs. H——, the effect was appalling; all apathy vanished, and though a few minutes before apparently past the power of speech, yet now the sick man broke out into fierce imprecations, and by a last supreme effort raising himself upright in the bed, exclaimed, "I know that I am dying; but mark my last words: if, when I am dead, you dare to bury me in the same vault with that accursed woman, the living as well as the dead shall hear of me!" He fell back with a frightful oath on his lips, and expired. The horror-struck minister kept close in his own breast this dreadful death of one he had known so long, and thought it more kind, as well as more prudent, to keep the poor squire in ignorance of his brother's last hours. As was the invariable custom in the H—— family, the body, after lying in state for a time, was consigned with much pomp and ceremony to the family vault, and was placed next to the coffins of the squire's wife and daughter. That very night the villagers living near the churchyard were disturbed by doleful shrieks and cries proceeding from the vault, —a noise of strife and struggling and blows, as if of enemies engaged in close fight. The next morning at daylight the strange tale was carried to the rectory, and the good clergyman thought it best, under the circumstances, to disclose to the squire his brother's last fearful words and threats, and to suggest the opening of the vault. To this the squire, greatly shocked, consented, and the vault was unlocked and entered by a party sent to examine into the cause of the strange noises heard the night before. A scene perfectly inexplicable met their eyes. The coffins of the squire's lady and daughter were lying in a far corner of the vault, the young girl's coffin across her mother's, as if to protect it. Close to them, standing erect and menacing, was the coffin of the squire's brother, so recently and decorously placed upon black trestles. Amazement seized the bystanders, but under the superintendence of proper people the coffins were restored to their original places, and the vault was again closed up. At night the noises began again; the sound of blows, shrieks of pain, and a frightful contension of struggling enemies appalled the party of villagers set to watch the place, in order to prevent the possibility of deceptions. The tale was whispered far beyond the precincts of the village, and *swans* from the neighbouring city, who laughed at the idea of anything supernatural, suggested that an explosion of gas from the foul air of the vault might have occasioned the displacement of the coffins. The squire was induced to have large ventilators placed in the vault; but this did not in the least abate the nuisance, which to the terror of the village rather increased than diminished. At length the squire himself resolved that a strong brick wall should be built up in the vault, so as to separate effectually the coffins of those who even in the solitude of the tomb seemed to keep up their antagonism. This had the desired effect; from that moment all was quiet in the vault, and the noises were never heard again; but for long afterwards the strange story was current in Lincolnshire.

A Woman and Something More.

The wife of a certain well-known rancher, says a Colorado paper, living near this place has the true grit. Her husband was away on business a whole week recently, and one day while he was absent the pump gave out. The nearest neighbour lived a long distance, so she hoisted up the pipe herself, and found that the trouble lay in the suction leather, which was too much worn to work properly. Away she went to cut a new one, using the old one as a pattern. On returning, she found that a large hog had fallen into the open well. Nothing daunted, she got a strong rope, made a slipnoose, fished it round the squealing porker, and then, lifting as hard as she could, made the end fast to the curb, thus raising the animal partially out of the water and preventing him from drowning. She then harnessed a horse, hitched him to the rope, and in less time than it takes to tell it that hog

All dripping with freshness, arose from the well.

But before the rescue of the parent animal two of her offspring, crowding too close to the curb, probably to sympathize with their mother's distress, lost balance and were now floundering around in the water at the bottom. Instantly the hog was rescued our heroine set about the recovery of the pigs. She procured a ladder, which, however, though long enough to reach the water was not long enough to reach the bottom of the well. Necessity is the mother of invention, and procuring a fence rail, she thrust it through the top round, resting both ends on the curb. Then, climbing down the hanging ladder, she rescued the two pigs, bringing both safely to the surface. This done she quietly completed the job by putting in the new suction leather, lowering the pipe into the well, closing the curb, and pumping water for her week's washing.

French and English.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

The fishermen on the coast of Sussex and the opposite coast of France often have occasion to exchange civilities at sea. But how can they do so, not knowing each other's language? Some years ago we were told they got over the difficulty without cost or trouble by an exceedingly simple and satisfactory process. They exchanged children. A Sussex man took the son of a Frenchman to board for a time in his family, and let the Frenchman have his son in return. In this accommodating way French fisher-boys learned English and English fisher-boys learned French. It was a beautiful arrangement throughout, for, besides any advantage derived from lingual intercommunication, feelings of good-will grew up between the two nations.

An Irishman noticing a lady pass along, espied two strips depending from under the lady's cloak. Not knowing that these were styled sashes, and in the right place, he exclaimed, "Faith, ma'am, your galluses are untied."

The Execution of a Ghazi.

Although the occupation of the town of Jelallabad by the English forces took place without any opposition of the part of the Afghan troops, there were one or two instances in which violence was shown by men who were animated by a kind of fanaticism. There is among the Indian Mussulmans a sect called the Ghazi, who place even less value upon their own lives than is usual among the devout followers of Mohammed. These are all supposed to go directly to Paradise if they die while fighting for the faith, but the Ghazi have a special inclination toward martyrdom. This alone could account for the extraordinary recklessness of the unfortunate man, who, in the full presence of the English endeavoured to do what is called "running amuck" in the bazar of Jelallabad. His victims were two soldiers of the native Punjab regiments, one of whom was unarmed and engaged in the peaceful business of making purchases. An English officer who witnessed the execution of the criminal, describes the circumstances as follows:

"On Monday, December 23, two of our guides, who, unarmed, were standing in the Jelallabad bazar, were suddenly attacked by a Ghazi, and one of them dangerously wounded. After a struggle, the man was arrested and brought to trial, when he was sentenced to be shot, and his body to be then buried. This man was not an inhabitant of Jelallabad, but merely a wandering Ghazi, or fanatic, who prowls about the country for the express purpose of murdering as many 'infidels' as possible, and of being slain in his turn, and thus martyred, as he imagines. The burning of the body however, after death, renders a man unfit to be reverenced as a martyr and a saint; hence the supplemental sentence. The culprit was shot outside the Peshawur Gate of Jelallabad by a firing party of five soldiers of the Rifle Brigade, in the presence of Major Cavagnari, the provost marshal, and several other British officials. It is satisfactory to be able to state that the inhabitants unanimously approved of the sentence, and exhibited no sympathy with the wretched criminal, who, however, met his death heroically."

The founder of the sect of the Ghazi was Ghazi Khan, a holy Mussulman, who first subdued the country of Dinagepoor, in Hindostan, to the Mogul power, and whose humanity and impartial justice gained for him not only the worship of all true Moslems, but even of the Hindoos themselves, who frequently perform long and painful pilgrimages to his tomb at Sheraghat. The Ghazi reject the doctrine of metempsychosis, which is a leading doctrine of the Hindoo faith. They teach that the entire universe was created by a Supreme Deity; that the souls of men were before this life existent in a Divine being, into which they will again ultimately be merged after having been purified from all earthly propensities. A profound secrecy is imposed upon all the adherents of the sect as to the immediate forms and observances with which their tenets are bound up; they are subject entirely to the Brahmins in the direction of their domestic affairs, and subsist upon a common stock, which is in the hands of the Brahmans also. There is a marked resemblance in the opinions and observances of this sect to those of the ancient Pythagorians.

The headquarters of the sect of the Ghazi is the town of Ghazipoor, the people of which are said to be notorious for their turbulence and discontent. The principal object of interest in the town is the palace of Sahadah Ali, built at the beginning of the last century as a country residence for a Nawab of that name, one of the royal family of Lucknow, and also for the purpose of exercising some show of constraint over the people of Ghazipoor. This palace is a beautiful specimen of Mogul architecture, and is tolerable preservation, though long since deserted by royalty. A very finely-proportioned arcade, which forms the most picturesque part of the buildings, composes the front and entrance to the body of the palace. It is mounted upon a high terrace of masonry, surrounded with channels for water, and pools and basins of quaint device, in which magnificent jets were once continually playing but which are now dry and choked with rubbish. The palace itself is oblong, and in the centre is a small audience hall tastefully decorated and supported by pillars. The angles of the building terminate in dome pavillions, the windows of which are of white marble trellis work, admirably carved into flowers and running patterns of a purely Eastern character. Parts of the structure are freestone from Chunar, and other parts are built and ornamented with red sandstone, which must have been brought from Allahabad. The site of the palace is particularly fine and commanding, and from the arcade the view up and down the Ganges is varied and extensive. The building is mounted upon a projecting angle of the river bank, which forms an abrupt precipice, and is protected by a parapet wall. Below it are the remains of other stone buildings and fortifications; but the greater part of the available ground has been over run by huts and bazar hovels, together with a few tawdry Hindoo temples painted red and white. Many of these, however which would otherwise prove blots on the landscape, are rendered highly picturesque by overhanging clusters of the feathery bamboo and tamarind, and some of the roofs are thickly covered in with broad-leaved melon plants, the fruit of which is very large, and when ripe of a deep gold colour. Ghazipoor is the station for a corps of English infantry and several officers. The cantonment is prettily laid out, and the climate is good. On the parade ground to the northeast of the town is a monument to Major Cornwallis, who died at this station while on the way to the upper provinces. The English at Ghazipoor are regarded with the most bitter jealousy and suspicion, especially by the Ghazi, to whose influence it is supposed that the restlessness and turbulence of the inhabitants are in a great part due.

The Golden Gate.

A little more then a century ago, while our patriotic forefathers on the Atlantic coast were preparing to rid themselves of the yoke of their oppressors, a few pious monks were unconsciously sowing the seeds of a great empire on the Pacific. It is true that California had been discovered by Cabrillo, the Portuguese navigator, in 1542, and that still later Sir Francis Drake had landed on the coast at Jack's Harbor, to the northward of the now famous city; but it was not until the year 1769 that the magnificent bay of San Francisco was made known to the world by a company of French missionaries, who stumbled upon the prize in their search for an eligible location for a Catholic mission. In their wonder and delight, they named the bay after the patron saint of the Franciscan order, and six years later they founded the Mission of San Francisco, afterward known as the Mission of Dolores, and from that germ has sprung the present proud city, of which it may be said that it never had a youth, but passed from infancy into vigorous manhood almost at a leap.

San Francisco is singularly favoured for the purpose of commerce, in having the only large and deep harbour, easy of access, on the entire coast between Mazatlan and the Strait of Fuca—a distance of two thousand miles The bay is nearly fifty miles long and about nine miles wide, or spacious enough to float the combined navies of the world. The entrance from the Pacific Ocean to the principal harbour is known as the "Golden Gate." It is five miles in length, and is exceedingly picturesque. The shores are bold and rocky, and in its narrowest part the channel is only about one mile in width. On the north side there are elevations in some places of nearly two thousand feet, while on the south hills are from three to four hundred feet high, many of them being covered with shifting white sand.

That this beautiful passageway to the mountains of glittering treasure should be called the "Golden Gate" is oppropriate, but this was not the origin of the name. Long years before the discovery of gold was generally known, the Spanish settlers in their poetic fancy gave it this name because of the gorgeous sunsets that made it seem to be indeed a gate of gold leading to the sea. A short distance south of the "Gate" is a cluster of huge jagged rocks, near the shore, called the "Seal Rocks." Here great numbers of seals may be seen at almost any time sporting in the waves. These animals are under the protection of the law, and are objects of interest to thousands of visitors who drive down from "Frisco" just to see them.

A family is like an equipage. First, the father, the draught horse; next, the boys, the wheels, for they are always running around; then the girls, they are surrounded by fellows? The baby occupies the lap-board; and the mother—well, what's a waggon without a tongue, anyhow?

The *Nature* hears that the coal-mining experiments at Kaiping, in the north of the Province of Chihli, China, are proceeding successfully. The boring has reached a depth of nearly 500 feet, passing through six seams of good coal, one of which is three feet and another eight feet thick. It is proposed to bore to a depth of 550 feet.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

The Renaissance.

How many young folk—or old folk either for that matter—when they meet with the word Renaissance in their reading know exactly what it means? They have a vague idea, probably, that it refers to something "artistic," or "old time-y;" perhaps even the pretty head-dress of Anne Boleyn, or Michael Angelo's battered face, rises dimly before them; or perhaps some queer high-backed piece of furniture; but that is about all that they really know about it. Is it not so?

The Renaissance is a term generally applied to the period of time embraced in the latter part of the fifteenth century and the first quarter of the sixteenth; or, to be quite definite, from the fall of the Greek or Byzantine Empire in 1453 to the sacking of Rome in 1527. But it may, with propriety, be made to apply to the time extending from the beginning of the fourteenth century to the middle of the sixteenth. The word "Renaissance" means a new birth. Another form of the word, "Renascence," lately used by some English writers, shows more clearly its Latin origin.

During the long night of the Middle Ages ignorance and superstition had lain like an iron weight upon the human mind; but now some mighty forces seemed to be at work, and there was a great awakening in every direction.

Gunpowder, which came into use about the middle of the fourteenth century, caused a great change in the art of carrying on war, and put an end forever to the feudal system, which was one distinguishing characteristic of the Middle Ages.

Then there was the invention of the compass in 1302 by Flavio Gioja, a native of Amalfi, a village near Naples. By this it was made possible for sailors to venture further out to sea, and it eventually led to the discoveries in America and the East Indies. The account of these brilliant achievements reads almost like a page from a fairy tale.

The Portuguese were the foremost in all the grand maritime enterprises of the latter part of the fifteenth century. They discovered the Madeira Islands, the Azores, the Cape Verd Islands, and points on the western coast of Africa. It was in the service of the Portuguese king that the brave Bartholomew Dias discovered the southern point of Africa; and afterward, in 1497, that Vasco di Gama first rounded this cape, which proved, indeed, to be one of Good Hope, for it was from here that he sailed to discover the eastern sea-route to that land of silks and spices, of gold and diamonds, the East Indies.

You all know that these bold sons of the Portuguese navigators fired the heart of Columbus with daring to set sail on an unknown sea in order to find a westward passage to the Indies. But his story is so well known to you all that I need make no more than this passing allusion to him.

Not only were great discoveries made on this lower world of ours, but more marvellous revelations still were made in the realm above us. It had long been believed that "this little round o' the earth" was the centre of all created things; but Copernicus proved, a short time before his death in 1543, that the sun was the centre of the solar system. He was aided in his studies by the description of the telescope which Roger Bacon had written in 1250. It is supposed that some of these inventions were known at a much earlier date in Asia. The telescope and gunpowder were known to the Arabians, and from them, no doubt, had Friar Bacon derived his knowledge. It is certain, too, that the compass in some rude shape was known to the Chinese in very early times. They attributed the invention to Hong-ti, grandson of Noah, 1115 B. C.

But still we have to speak of the most wonderful invention which, more than any other, helped on the progress of the Renaissance—the noble art of printing. The Dutch claim it for their countryman, Laurence Koster of Haarlem, while it is generally agreed that Guttenberg of Mayence rightfully divides it with his associates, Faust and Schaeffer. It was the last named who brought metal types into use about the year 1452.

After the fall of the Greek Empire in 1453, numbers of Greek scholars left their homes in the imperial city of Constantine, where the barbarous Turks had established themselves.

They carried with them all their worldly wealth—their precious manuscripts concealed under the folds of their robes. The poor exiles found a warm welcome and a congenial home in Italy, where a taste for classical literature had lately been awakened.

We cannot help thinking how Petrarch, who had died three-quarters of a century before, would have enjoyed the society of these learned Greeks—he who had loved learning so intensely, and had done so much to cultivate a taste for it in others. He died as he had lived among his books, for he was found dead with his head resting upon an open volume.

Now every one seemed smitten with a passionate desire for learning, and eagerly embraced the opportunity of profiting by the instruction of these "wise men from the east.

It was not long before the results of this revival of learning were plainly to be seen. New ways of thinking had come into fashion; a more correct and refined taste had begun to prevail, and thus was effected a complete revolution in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture.

The new learning was called the "Humanities," and those who cultivated it were called "Humanists;" and rightly, too; for the new learning worked a reform in morals, and so a refinement of manners. The Greek studies of the Humanists led to the translation of the Bible into many of the modern languages, and a purer and more enlightened Christianity was the result.

And so, this movement, the Renaissance, went on. New ideas of religion, new ideas of politics, and of government came into being, and prepared the way for what is called the Modern Epoch. All that is best and sweetest and noblest; all that is most worth having in the life of the present day we owe to it—the "new birth" that came in the fifteenth century.—*St. Nicholas.*

Facts of Value to the House-Wife.—That salt will curdle new milk; hence, in preparing milk-porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

That fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool air overnight.

That clear, boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it from spreading over the fabric.

That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

That a tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will greatly aid the whitening process.

That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved.

That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for the purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wag rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

That blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions and applied to bedsteads is an unfailing bedbug remedy, and that a coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log-house.

That kerosene oil will soften boots or shoes, which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.

That kerosene will make your tin kettle as bright as new. Saturate a woollen rag, and rub with it. It will also remove stains from, and clean, varnished furniture.

That cold rain-water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

A new steam cooking-car has been invented for the use of the British army, and one of them was in use at the Horse Guards in London. The other day, while in active operation, it exploded, and the cook and the dinners were distributed around in a very effective but unexpected manner. The cook was badly burned. There was not enough of the car left for purposes of investigation.

"That young lady tried her best to catch your husband before you married him," remarked one lady to another, as a mass of curls and braids, flounces and over-skirts, passed the window at which they were sitting. "I wish she'd got him!" was the quick reply. And then a dead silence fell upon the two, and wonders in crochet-work were accomplished in the next half-hour.

Some malignant slanderer says: "Woman needs no eulogist, she speaks for herself."

Napoleon and Moscow.

It had been prophesied that Russia could not successfully resist Napoleon's attack, even when a much less overwhelming invasion had been contemplated than had now taken place. And those prophecies had come true. The Russians had given up one position after another, had been defeated in the field, and finally had lost their capital. Only one anticipation had remained unrealized. The Russians had refused to acknowledge themselves vanquished by signing a treaty of peace. Their armies still kept the field, and a Landwehr had been set on foot. So far Napoleon's success had fallen short of of his expectation, as it had done before in Spain, where he had likewise been unable to quell the national resistance. It was possible that this obstinacy might so far embarrass Napoleon as to oblige him to give up the capital again, to repass Smolensk, and continue the war in a position nearer to his own frontier. But as this frontier was not, as we are apt to imagine, the frontier of France, but that of Prussia and the Duchy of Warsaw, his position with respect to the enemy would be at li one of enormous superiority. That he would remain at Moscow too long and expose his army to a Russian winter, which might no doubt cause him serious losses, was surely not to be imagined. A leader of his experience would be in no danger of such a miscalculation, and even a leader accustomed to strokes of audacity would, when responsible for so vast an army, be awed into prudence. And thus the firmness of the Russian Czar and nation might be expected only to prolong the war, to give Napoleon such a check as he had received in Spain, to compel him to adopt other means for quelling their resistance, but by no means to cause him any serious disaster, much less such a disaster as might shake the whole fabric of his power. It would carry us far into the history of France if we should try to explain how it could have happened that such vast destinies should depend upon the clearness of judgment of a single man, so that a fit of rashness and eccentricity in Napoleon should change the face of the world and doom millions to death. It is a less intricate question how Napoleon could be capable of making the mistake he made at Moscow. We are to consider that the course he took might have been completely successful. Alexander's firmness might have yielded after a little delay to the clamours of his brother and the entreaties of his mother. Nothing is more characteristic of Napoleon than his vivid conception of the character of those with whom he had to deal. We may imagine that in his mind it was registered as a certainty that Alexander could not be firm. No doubt another General would not have dreamed of staking the existence even of an ordinary army upon the soundness of an impression of this kind. But Napoleon would not have been what he was if he had not over and over again risked everything to obtain a result that could not be gained by ordinary methods. Such a calculation as he new acted upon had succeeded with him many times before. He ought, indeed, to have known that he was not exempt from failure. His Egyptian failure and his blunder in Spain must have cost him many moments of secret chagrin, but the world had been so blind to all this ill-luck and had steadily persisted in regarding him as invincible that he may well have come to believe himself so. Meanwhile, the scale of his affairs had become so gigantic that a single exception to his usual good fortune might have infinite consequences; the slightest aberration in his mind might be represented by the complete transformation of Europe, just as the infinitesimal displacement of a telescope will make a difference of millions of miles in an astronomical calculation. Thus to explain the largest and most sudden reverse of fortune that the world ever saw we have to put together three conditions each unprecedented. First, the course of French history from Louis XIV., through the Revolution to Napoleon, had produced an intense autocracy, unparalled in the history of civilized States; second, this autocracy was wielded by one who, by a very peculiar course of life, had been trained to hazardous strokes of policy and strategy, such as are altogether forbidden to ordinary rulers; thirdly, its affairs were on an unprecedented scale of magnitude.

The Deformities of Children.

No child is more tenderly loved than the unfortunate one, if the misfortune be blindness or deafness or physical malformation. The mother who could come to hate a child on account of his natural misfortunes would be a brute indeed. But few mothers reflect that the child's ill-temper, irreverence, or even graver faults are also the result of natural deformity, and that the child who is always under censure for bad qualities is in reality an object of pity. Not until a parent can be brought to see the matter in this light can there be a right relation between parent and child. Temper is an inherited quality, and can not be broken all at once. The child whose blood is poisoned by some ancestral taint, which may have lain dormant in the generation immediately preceding, needs the comfort and sympathy of father and mother, and gets the rebuffs only.

We knew a family in which the father, in spite of every restraining influence, died in intemperance, two sons perished of delirium tremens, and a third was an inebriate. There was one sober son; and a sister, a refined lady, confessed to her physician that she dared not take any prescription having alcohol in it, her appetite for it was so ungovernable. Here was a clear case of hereditary dipsomania—the sufferers were objects for pity and care more than for reprehension. But unruly tempers and other unpleasant qualities are likewise inherited. We would not relieve any person from a sense of accountability for their failure to govern their passions; we are only reminding parents that the child with the most violent disposition deserves less reproach for a rebellious temper than one naturally more tractable. If you were blamed for not curing the child's fault, your excuse would be that you had done your best. How do you know that the child has not?

Ingrained traits can only be combatted with infinite patience and kindness. That "grievous words stir up anger" is as true now as in Solomon's time, and as true when the grievous words are spoken by a parent as by a stranger. "But I can not wink at the child's badness." Certainly not. That would be indolence. But you can show the child that you have a full appreciation of his misfortune, that you have a sympathy with his struggles and his difficulties. When you have done this, you have taken a grand step toward helping him out of his trouble.

Nothing is of more importance, in dealing with a difficult child, than prompt praise of his earliest endeavour to overcome his fault. Do not measure your commendation by his success but by his endeavour.

The selfish or indolent parent pities himself. "That child will kill me." "I have got to endure his temper year in and year out." Ah! yes; but what has he got to endure? If he live until he is a hundred there will be something left of the old battle yet. If you work from no higher motive than to relieve yourself of annoyance, you can not succeed. But if you so develop the self-scontrol of your child that he will have a permanent advantage in the lifelong warfare with his besetment, you have delivered him from a lifelong bondage.

Consider the patience of teachers in institutions for imbecile children. In some cases, weeks are spent in persuading a child to make one awkward mark with a piece of chalk. Reflect on the time spent in taking the successive steps that bring the drooling idiot up to the level of a man able to care for himself. And is not the victory worth the battle? Is not your patient endeavour to cure a moral defect rewarded by any measure of success, however small? Wherefore cheerfully take your share of the heavy burden of your child, and by bearing it bravely, help him to bear his lifelong load.

Lord Chelmsford, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces at the Cape, is the eldest son of the late nobleman of that name, who was so well known as an ex-Lord Chancellor, and who died only last year. The present holder of the title, who was previously known as the Hon. Frederick Augustus Thesiger, was born in 1827, so that he is now in the 52nd year of his age. He was educated at Eton, and adopting a military profession, he entered the Rifle Brigade in 1844. He became Ensign and Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards, 1845; Lieutenant-Colonel Ninety-fifth foot, 1858; Colonel, 1863, and Major-General, 1877. He served with the Grenadier Guards in the Crimea from the 31st of May, 1855, including the siege and fall of Sebastopol. He has the Crimean medal and clasp, the Sardinian and Turkish war medals, and the Order of the Medjidie. He served in the Indian mutiny with the Ninety-fifth Foot, for which he also possesses the Indian medal. He was acting Deputy Adjutant-General of the Bengal army, 1868-70, and in that capacity was present at the capture of Magdala, having been mentioned in official despatches for "great ability and untiring energy."

PERSONAL.

The Emperor William is the only ruling European sovereign born in the last century.

The Princess Louise, it is said, laughs at a five-mile tramp. So do we, and we accompany the smile with advice to him to tramp on five miles further.

The monument which the Italian people propose to erect to the memory of Victor Emanuel will cost about $2,000,000. It is to consist of a colossal equestrian statue mounted on a triumphal arch. The competition for it is to be thrown open to the world.

Gen. Grotengelm, the Russian commandant of Fort Petro-Alexandrovsk, near Khiva, has received instructions to institute a census of the Khanate, with a view to the introduction of compulsory military service, based upon the Russian model, into the Khan of Khiva's dominions.

Prince Robert Lichnowsky, Prelate of the Pope's household and Dean of Olmutz Cathedral, has bequeathed his immense fortune to the Pope. On the other hand, the *Univers* states that a recent collection for Peter's pence in all the churches in Rome did not produce the expected result.

Michel Vincent, formerly famous in France and this country as the Iron Man, died lately in San Francisco. His strength was enormous, one of his feats being to lift 800 pounds from the floor to his shoulder; but he too often raised a glass of liquor from a bar to his mouth, and died of intemperance.

A recent London paper mentions, as a curious literary fact, that Lord Houghton has not only competed for a literary prize of £5 5s. offered by a weekly newspaper, but has so answered the questions put as to carry off the money. It is curious that so old and opulent a peer as Lord H. should try for such a prize, and equally so that he should get away with the funds.

Baron Albert Grant, who failed in London for nearly $3 000,000, has a family of ten daughters and two sons. His wife is an unpretentious woman, the daughter of a London merchant. He has the ambition of the late James Fisk, Jr., but he never indulged in theatrical speculations for the sake of placing some woman on the stage—a common form of amusement among successful London men.

Dean Stanley, who always seems to be doing pleasant things, recently entertained a large number of Westminster working-men in the old abbot dining-hall of the Abbey. It was in that hall, the dean told them, that the widow of Edward IV. took refuge with her children, against the plots of the Duke of Gloster. The tables at which they dined were of Spanish chestnut, from the wreck of the Armada, and were given by Queen Elizabeth.

Ole Bull when in Madison, Wisconsin, a few days since, celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday. O. B. divides his time between Madison and his house in Bergen, in Norway. The latter is on a fairy-like island. Mrs. Bull is a Madison lady, and a capital woman of business, attending to much of the details of his engagements. By-the-way, that was a neat compliment to the violist paid by a celebrated stock-raiser, who named a fine young bull "Ole."

Mrs. John Jacob Astor has during the last ten years secured in the West homes and the means of livelihood for some four hundred and fifty homeless children, at a cost of about $6,700. Within a few days past she has given to the Children's Aid Society $1,500, so be used in sending another colony of twenty homeless boys, aged from six to seventeen years, to homes in the country. This little band consisted chiefly of orphans. The boys sent out in past years are now not only able to support themselves, but some of them well-to-do farmers.

Mr. Bates, the giant, with his giant wife, live in Seville, Ohio, in a house much like other people's houses, only much larger. The doors, windows and shutters are of unusual size. The house is thirty feet wide by ninety-six feet, and nicely furished. Mr. Bates is regarded as a very superior farmer. A few weeks ago his wife gave birth to a child, the second since her marriage with her present husband, and in both instances the child died. If the last child had grown to maturity, it would have been the tallest kind of person. On the day of its birth it measured thirty inches in length and weighed twenty-two pounds. Its chest measure was sixteen inches, and its feet six inches.

Leo XIII. proves to be a vigorous reformer in his own household. He is the implacable enemy of the sinecurists who hold snug places in the Vatican. "No work, no pay," is the meaning of his recent orders, and the alarm created may be readily imagined. In one of the offices of the palace place-holders went to their duties at noon and left at 1 P.M. Their laborious services consisted in placing signatures to a few official documents. Leo is also intent upon abolishing the exorbitant fees which have been for ages the scandal of the Roman Curia. It is an old maxim that nothing can be secured at Rome without money; in fact, the papacy has subsisted on taxes levied upon the Catholic world. One of the arts of the ancient Popes was to enlarge their revenues by the multiplication of fees. The peremptory strictness of the present pontiff will make many unpopular with the crowd of officials who have so long trided on the devotion of the faithful.

The Mikado of Japan has been a defendant in a lawsuit in England. It was, perhaps, the first time that the sovereign of a nation has ever thus figured. British subjects, having a patent an certain bombshells, procured the seizure of a number that had been sent to England for transportation to Japan, on the ground that their pat