Listowel Standard.

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AN EVENTFUL VOYAGE.

A Hamiltonian's Adventures in a Trip from Naples to New York.

Scenes in Naples—A 33 Days' Sail—Spanish Bull Fight at Malaga—An Atlantic Blow—Twelve Days Below Hatches—An Italian Row on Board Ship—Poniards Freely Used.

From the Hamilton SPECTATOR.

In our Tuesday evening's edition, was announced the arrival from Rome of John Drummond, who has been studying sculpture there for the last year, and a representative of the SPECTATOR thinking that some interesting details of his ocean voyage might be obtained and given to its readers, interviewed him and was amply repaid for his trouble, as will be seen from the account given below. Mr. Drummond secured a berth in one of the Anchor Line steamers and was booked to sail from Naples on the 21st of September last, but owing to the non arrival of his steamer at the specified time, he was compelled to remain in that city for about a week, during which he had many opportunities making observations on the various phases of life seen in the

STREETS OF NAPLES.

The streets themselves are for the most part very narrow and exceedingly filthy. Many of them, notwithstanding the brilliancy of the Italian sun, never enjoy a beam of its cheering and health-giving light. For blocks and blocks in several quarters of the town the eaves of the houses on either side of the so-called streets meet in the middle but a few feet above the head of the pedestrian, who, if he be not a Neapolitan, will labor under the sensation of passing through a tunnel. Scattered in abundance over the surface of these crooked and winding streets is filth and refuse of every description. In the more open thoroughfares are to be seen daily scores of the beautiful, but woefully ignorant and poverty-stricken young girls gathering up scraps of paper, rags and cigar stumps, which they dispose of, as an only means of obtaining the wherewithal to keep body and soul together. Moving about the streets, too, especially as evening draws on, are groups of players on various musical instruments, who frequent the taverns or *ostirea*, where assemble nightly the majority of the male population to forget the reality of their misery and poverty in the lively strains of *mandelina* and deep potations of wine. One most striking character of the Neapolitan streets, however, is the public barber, who squats himself with all the dignity imaginable on the street corner, with a little box, which serves equally well as a table or as a stool for his customers, and within which are ranged his cups of water, soap, razor and towel, while above him is erected a huge umbrella to protect his head from the burning rays of the sun. As he sits there in his rags importuning the passers by with "*una barbe per due soldi*," "a shave for two cents," he presents to the average American or English mind a most picturesque not to say ludicrous picture. Mr. Drummond's arrangements for sailing having been completed by the 27th, and he having, through his knowledge of Italian character, managed to avoid making the acquaintance of a Neapolitan poniard, (a thing very easily done), he boarded the steamer Olympia, which weighed anchor on her home bound voyage about two o'clock in the afternoon. Besides her regular cargo of fruits and nuts for New York the Olympia had a cargo on board of about 400 Italian peasantry for America. Mr. Drummond being the only English speaking passenger, bunked and messed in the officers' quarters. The weather on the Mediterranean was most delightful and the short trip across to the Spanish coast was one of the most enjoyable a tourist could hope for. After slightly augmenting the cargo at Gabia, they proceeded to the port of Malaga on the south coast to take in some fruit. Early on Saturday morning, the second day of their stay there, the rumor reached the ship that there was to be a

BULL FIGHT

in the town that day, and as the additional cargo had been stowed safely, "all hands and the cook" went ashore to witness this world famed sport, to enjoy which is the *summum bonum* of the Spaniard's existence. The fight was to begin at 8 o'clock, and the party proceeding to the huge amphitheatre in the suburbs of the town, found, after paying their entrance fee, about ten cents each, the immense tiers of seats ranged one above the other, swarming with men, women and children engaged principally in shouting, squabbling and sipping wine, the common drink of the country. Sharp on time the bull, a big fellow, with long dangerous looking horns, entered the arena followed on foot by a man, decked out in a blue tunic with belt and cape, and red knee breeches. On his head was the regular Spanish hat with broad flapping rim, while over his shoulders was thrown several yards of red bunting, with which he proceeded to provoke the bull by flaunting it in its face. The bull charged straight upon him, but he stepping nimbly aside threw the bunting over the horns of the excited animal as it rushed past him. At this juncture the bull's real tormentor entered on horseback, fancifully dressed, and armed with a long slender spear. He at once made for the rear of the bull, but it, infuriated by the flag which hung dangling over its head, turned round sharp, as if on a pivot, and in the twinkling of an eye had gored the horse in the belly to the whole depth of its horns, causing the wounded animal to sink dying to the ground with a groan which was only drowned by the deafening cheers of the spectators. Ere the the bull's horns were well freed from its victim, its rider was mounted on another horse, which met an even speedier fate than its predecessor. The bull charged full upon it, and running one of its horns between its front legs, had pierced it to the heart before its rider could direct its slightest movement. Again did the audience relieve their highly strung nerves in a prolonged shout, and again was the daring fighter supplied with another horse. This time he was more nimble, and managing to get behind the beast, he ran up along side of it and drove his spear in behind the left shoulder stabbing it to the heart. It may here be stated that a Spanish bullfighter would be hissed from the arena, if he killed his animal otherwise than by piercing its heart. As what has been related all took place within twenty minutes, another bull and another horseman were forthcoming to prolong the sport. This animal was much less ferocious than the former, and after being dodged round the ring for some time, it ran at and knocked over both horse and rider amid the jeers and laughter of the throng of onlookers. The man, however, had broken his arm, and had to be jerked from the arena in double quick time by a couple of attendants, while another combatant came forward as a substitute and mounted the same horse. This man seemed to be an expert at the business, for after goading the bull to a pitch of madness that was terrible to behold, avoiding at the same time its repeated charges, he slipped up behind it and dispatched it with the utmost *sang froid* eliciting by so doing a perfect storm of applause. This ended the bull fight. But after the scene of the fight had been cleared of carcases, the whole amphitheatre emptied itself into the enclosure, and were left by Mr. Drummond and the crew of the Olympia engaged in tripping the light fantastic on a most extensive scale.

All on board once more, the Olympia was steaming snugly out of the harbor, when, to the chagrin of all, she stuck on a

SAND BANK,

and was removed only at the end of the third day, by the united efforts of some three or four tugs. They at once proceed to Gibraltar to take in sufficient coal for the voyage. During the time of loading a fine opportunity was offered of gazing upon the celebrated fortress, the key of the Mediterranean, which, however, is too well known to need any description here. They then steamed across the straits to the port of Tangier, on the Morocco coast, for a consignment of licorice root. Here they stayed a day, which was spent by Mr. Drummond and four of the ships' officers in a trip inland on the backs of five diminutive and exceedingly lazy donkeys, engaged at five soldas apiece, the bargain, however, including a couple of urchins whose office it was to remain in close proximity to the rear of the donkeys, and by sundry grunts and frequent prodding with a goad, keep these most docile of animals alive to a proper sense of their duty. The country was found to be very hilly, rugged and perfectly sterile. Farther in the interior, they were told, the soil was very fertile, fruits especially growing in great luxuriance. Leaving Tangier they sailed due west as far as the Azores or Western Islands, where a further shipment of fruit was made, nothing of event occurring in the intervening trip. When about four days out from the Azores a nor' wester' sprang up, which after a few hours fitful blowing settled down into

A STIFF SPANKING GALE,

which blew steadily for twelve days, straining the steamer's timbers, and making them creak in a way which struck terror to the souls of the Italians who kept huddled together in their quarters in the middle deck. During all this time the hatches were nailed down, and the sea swept over the decks without cessation, and it speaks well for the seamanship of Capt. John Craig, that he kept his ship alive throughout so long a stress of foul weather. As a matter of course, steam made little headway against such opposing wind, and fears began to be entertained that the supply of beef and biscuit would fall short, and rations were accordingly slightly reduced. This fact coupled with their irksome confinement below deck rendered the Italians very troublesome. The women in particular were most obstinate in their attempts to come on deck, when if they had done so would surely have been swept overboard. One morning when the gale was at its height a woman, appeared on the gangway leading to the forecastle, and when told by a sailor to go below or it would be the worse for her, she promptly drew a poniard and

STABBED HIM IN THE HIP.

The woman was at once disarmed and taken before the captain. The unfortunate sailor, whose name is Mike Darling, was handed over to the ship's doctor who dressed the wound and continued to attend him for the rest of the voyage. When the captain was informed of the affair he found himself in a dilemma as to how he should deal with it. If he punished the woman as she deserved, he would doubtless stir up the Italians armed as they were to a man, with their deadly knives, while if he allowed her her liberty, he knew not how far her stabbing propensities might lead her. He chose the latter alternative and allowed her to go. All was quiet during the the next day, but on the second morning after, some of the men began squabbling over their rations of biscuit, and words leading to blows several of them clutched each other and began

FIGHTING WITH KNIVES,

a general butchery only being prevented by the determined conduct of Capt. Craig and his officers who rushed among them and restored order. As it was, three of the quarrelsome fellows had received gashes, two of them in the hip and the other in the arm. Fortuately they were not of a serious nature and did not prevent the captain from putting their recipients and all others concerned in the *melee*, in irons. They were released at the end of twenty-four hours, but their prompt punishment had the desired effect of keeping their companions quiet ever after. Shortly after these disturbances occurred the wind happily lulled, and the emigrants with safety come upon deck again. This of course removed the irritation and temptation to quarrel, and no further trouble was occasioned. Nothing worthy of notice occurred till they arrived at New York, which they did after the unusually long voyage of thirty-three days. Mr. Drummond is to be congratulated upon finding himself once more among his friends in Hamilton, and it is to be hoped that into whatever lands his artistic studies may lead him in the future, his travels may terminate as fortunately as this one has.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

—M. Arsene Houssaye is writing a history of the Moliere family.

—Payn, the novelist, is paid at the rate of $25 for two magazine pages.

—Mr. Thomas Hardy's story for Harper's Magazine is called "A Laodician."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson's house in Concord is homely, and stands near the road, so that it catches the dust.

—Rev. Jo Cook is in England preparing to inflict a two volume edition of his lectures on our ancient foes.

—The *Saturday Review* says that most American novels would be by Henry James, jr., if they had the luck.

—"L'Ane," Victor Hugo's new poem, was begun thirty years ago, and was written for the most part during the author's exile in Guernsey.

—It is a significant and suggestive fact that five of our foreign ministers were at various times in their lives, full fledged editors of newspapers.

—The *Quarterly Review* says that newspapers of the present frequently publish essays or leading articles worthy of a place among the English classics.

—Dr. J. G. Holland is having a steam yacht sixty feet long and nine feet beam made for him by Hereshoff, the blind steamboat builder of Bristol, R. I.

—Justin McCarthy's "A History of His Own Times" is concluded. The second and last volume, bringing the history down to the election of 1880, has just been issued by Harpers.

—Prof. Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, who is now in Australia, will return to England by way of San Francisco and New York, instead of going by the Indian Ocean as was his first intention.

—Alfred Tennyson is about to publish a new volume of ballads and other rhymed poems. It is to contain various "English Idyls" and verses in dialect after the manner of "The Northern Farmer."

—It is said that Miss Yonge devoted the profits of her famous novel, "The Heir of Redcliffe," to fit out a missionary ship, and $10,000 of the profit of her "Daisy Chain" to building a missionary church at Auckland, New Zealand.

—An English litterateur who has made a notable hit, is Samuel Smiles. Of his new book, "Duty," a volume of the same kind as "Self Help," no less than 14,000 copies were ordered by a dozen booksellers at Mr. Murray's trade dinner a few days ago.

—A writer in the Boston *Transcript* says: "To correct a prevailing impression that the little Arthur in 'Tom Brown' is drawn from Dean Stanley in his boyhood, and that Tom Brown is a portraiture of Thomas Hughes himself, I beg you to insert the following, taken from the preface of 'Tom Brown at Oxford,' Macmillan, 1861, where Mr. Hughes says: 'I have only then to say that neither is the hero a portrait of myself, nor is there any other portrait in either of the books except in the case of Dr. Arnold, where the true name is given.

—Being congratulated on the large number of books that he had written, Victor Hugo replied at a dinner recently: "I have more books to write than I have already written. And yet I am conscious of having worked; I have fulfilled the task for which I was placed in this world, and I am going to the Infinite untroubled. Many of my poems which are now finished will appear after my death, others, still unfinished, will be completed in their time. Remember Chenier's fine verse:

Rien n'est fait aujourd 'hui, tout sera fait demain.

But after all, I repeat, I am calm, and I shall pass away like the good workman who has remained at work without flinching as long as is day.

HIS REASON ALL RIGHT.

A couple of old darkies met the other day and began talking over matters and things. "How is ole Col. Jones comin' on, what used to own you before de war? He is so ole he mass be gettin' to be childish and losin' his reasonin' powers." "Don't know nuffin' about him—hain't seed him since befoah last Christmas." "Why, what's de matter?" "Ain't got no use for such old gemmans. Last time I was dar I fotched him a big redfish I had cotched. I tole him if he would gimme a table knife I would scrape and clean de fish. What do you s'pose he sed?"

"Asked yer to come in and get a dram, and chat awhile about ole times on de ole plantation."

"No sah; he tole me if I couldn't borry a table knife from som ob de nabors dat he would radder clean de fish himself. I s'pose he was afeard I'd be keerless in handin' de knife back when I got done wid it."

The other darkey rubbed his chin and remarked, "I see by dat dar dat de ole man's still got de use of his reasonin' powers."—*Galveston News.*

NOT CROWDED OUT.

A Galveston poet came into the sanctum hurriedly, with a copy of the *News* in his hand, and going up to the editor remarked:

"I did not notice my little poem on the 'Golden Tints of Expiring Autumn,' I suppose it was crowded out."

"No; it was crowded in."

"I don't see it."

"Look in the waste-basket. That's where it was crowded in."—*Galveston News.*

THOSE DREADFUL JAPS.

It was a dreadfully hot season, and let me tell you that heat is heat in the States. I was coming from Canada to sail the next day for home. I took the train at Niagara Falls, and had along 16 hours' ride before me. The nasty white dust sifted through the window-blinds and sashes; the sun glared in fiercely, spite of the shades provided by the company; the car was crowded, and every moment the atmosphere grew more and more oppressive, until breathing became absolutely painful. As things reached this crisis, a brilliant thought struck me, emanating from sheer desperation. Why not get off at Albany and take the night boat down the river to New York? I should arrive in plenty of time for the sailing of the Russia, and escape the misery of six hours in the train. Surely, on the beautiful Hudson, a comparatively cool breeze could be found.

We were already nearing Albany; so, hastily thrusting my scattered belongings into my portmanteau, I stood ready and waiting as the train entered the large railway depot. Two hours later beheld me tranquil and triumphant, after a very good dinner, and with an excellent cigar, pacing the deck of the finest river steamer in the world.

It was a beautiful night, the moon at its full, the stars all out in their lesser glory. As I roamed up and down I passed the door of the ladies' saloon, and my attention was caught by a figure sitting silent and alone, in the moonbeams. When I passed again, I caught a glimpse of a bended brown head, and two ungloved hands loosely clasped together; a pretty, quiet figure, with feminine grace in its attitude. She did not look up as I stood between her and the moonlight, but moved a little impatiently as if only half conscious of the obstruction. When I came by a third time, she had vanished.

Shortly after, as I was still wandering lazily to and fro, I heard the sound of the piano in the saloon. For a moment I felt annoyed; the night was too perfect in itself to be marred by any of the popular war songs of the time, and what else could be expected from a performer on board a river steamer? My displeasure, however, soon gave way to astonishment and delight, as I listened to the strains of the "Moonlight Sonata." My love for music amounted to a mania, and when this delicious melody, tendered with all the passion of its composer's mind, floated away over the moon-washed waters, I stopped in amazement. Instinctively the thought, formed by desire, took shape within my mind: "She who thus plays must be the girl that sat half hidden in the shadows."

Throwing away what remained of my cigar, I stepped within the gilded apartment whence the sweet sounds issued. The room was comparatively empty, for most of the passengers were on deck. As I had suspected, at the further end, seated before the grand pianoforte, her back towards me, I saw my Incognita. Her head was a little drooped, and the fine curves of her figure well defined against the crimson gorgeousness of walls and furniture. She was absorbed in the music. I approached quietly, and stood by her side looking down upon her. Her face thus seen was very charming, softly tinted, and delicately cut; a drooping mouth, half melancholy, half determined; and braids of nut brown hair rolled high upon a shapely head.

As she finished I made some appreciative remark, to which she responded gravely, but with a certain dignified pleasantness that marked her as one used to the world.

With two true lovers of music, conversation soon spring into life; so in a few moments we were in full swing over our favorites, she arguing, differing and illustrating, with sudden touches on the keys in a manner dangerously charming, while her eyes met mine fearlessly. Handsome eyes they were—gray, with black lashes, and finely pencilled brows.

In the midst of a lengthy argument over Chopin, in which she was displaying considerable fire and spirit, a shrill, pining voice cried out "Mamma, mamma," followed by a long and voluble explosion of Hindoostanee or any one of the languages of the ten lost tribes, as far as intelligibility was concerned. My companion replied in the same incomprehensible form of speech; the result being the appearance from one of the adjacent state-rooms, of two of the most astonishing figures I had ever beheld.

They were the most ultra-ugly children imaginable, sallow-faced, with dark almond-shaped eyes whose heavy lids unclosed with difficulty, black brows and lashes, and hair growing loose upon their foreheads, brushed back and braided into long tails upon their shoulders. On one these heavy locks were ebon black; on the other of a common light brown, that added greater plainness to the yellow skin and thin, sharp features.

These two strange little folk ran toward my pretty incognita and laid hold of her with their skinny little paws, gabbling all the time in their unreasonable jargon. She answered them in soothing tones, and taking the little girl upon her lap, drew the boy to her side as she continued her consolatory remarks. Feeling decidedly an outsider in this domestic scene, I made a movement to leave them. She raised her eyes, over which a shadow had come and dimmed their charms, and said:

"You must forgive my little ones; they are Japanese and understand but a few words of English." I took this as my dismissal, and left her; but, as I looked back from the doorway, I saw her still bending over those fearful imps, caressing their horrid little faces with her soft white hand. I resumed my promenade.

"Good heavens," I thought. "Her little ones! She an Englishwoman and they—Japanese! Then—horrible, unbearable thought! —her husband—the father of the children—what was he but a Japanese also!"

Indeed, was there not a curious blending of the two nationalities in the little faces, the brown hair of the girl, the gray eyes of the boy—like her, yet rendered unlike by the unmistakeable stamp of their race! But how could such an alliance have come about? Were such things ever done? Was there no law to prevent such marriages?

An hour later, as I approached the door of the saloon, I came face to face with the mysterious subject of my thoughts. She was coming out for a breath of the evening air she said, before consigning herself to her comfortable quarters for the night. I fancied she met my glance less calmly as she broke into a rapid flow of words, fearing perhaps I should ask some leading question.

Leaning over the railing, glancing now at the gliding water, now at my companion's face, about whose finely-cut features the moon's rays lingered tenderly, we grew more friendly. But all my efforts, put with my greatest finesse and delicacy, failed to draw from her any confidence regarding her name, her station, her past, present or future.

She was dressed in mourning, I noticed, and she wore on the third finger of her left hand a heavy gypsy ring with a single stone—a diamond of great beauty; otherwise her attire was plain in the extreme. As it grew later, she turned from gazing at the quiet river below us, and, fixing her fearless eyes on mine, held out her hand and said:

"Good-by, and thank you for a pleasant evening."

"Good-by," I echoed. "But I shall see you in the morning; I have promised myself the pleasure of waiting upon you in New York. Seeing you to an hotel, or—or your home."

"You are most kind," she returned, quickly; "but I am quite provided for, and I shall require no assistance." Then bowing, she withdrew, and I was left lamenting.

I did not see her again though I lingered about the next morning, walked through the saloon many times, touched the notes of the piano invitingly. All to no purpose: she would not appear. To be sure the elder of the Japanese horrors, the girl, came out and played upon the floor with a Japenese doll so fearfully like its owner that I fairly shuddered. Overcoming my repugnance, I approached this small specimen and asked insinuatingly for "mamma."

The child equinted her sharp black eyes at me, and began in her high, shrill voice a voluble harrangue in her native tongue, gesticulating with her elfin hands as she concluded; but, though she grinned and chattered, and winked her eyes, so like those of the doll she he'd, I could make nothing of what she said. Finally, I left the brat with no more accurate knowledge of my mystery than I possessed when I first saw her sitting amid the moon's shadows.

My voyage home was a dull one. The ship had few on board, and among the few no sensible man to make a pleasant hand at cards, no pretty girl to keep me up in scientific flirting. Consequently my thoughts often dwelt tenderly upon La Mystere, as I called her in my heart, and her strange, weird, ugly children.

A season spent in London, however, threw her somewhat into the shades of memory, and when I did recall her, it was but with a momentary interest coupled with a slight feeling of disgust for the small Japs. The deeper sentiment she had excited in me I fancied dead, and though I often caught myself comparing other gray eyes with hers, I was in no way hard hit, and did not waste a thought on the possibility of our meeting again.

Life, however, is stranger than fiction; and so I found it.

I was again in the States, and again on my homeward journey; the Russia this time was full to overflowing, but as I had a jolly companion with me in the person of my old college chum, Arthur Harford, I felt above any chance acquaintance. We sailed late in the day, and after dinner Harford and I sat smoking, comfortably at our ease in our deck chairs. As the sun went down into the sea on one side and the moon rose from it on the other, I was reminded of that evening in the past, when, under just such a sky with just such a moon above, I had listened to Beethoven, as never before had it been my good fortune to hear him rendered.

I felt communicative, so I told the story to Harford, adding as I finished:

"I would give a goodish bit to see La Mystere again. She was pretty and she could play—ah! how she could play Beethoven!"

"Bah!" said Harford, sententiously. "You have dined to your liking. You are always sentimentally inclined, Phil, after a good dinner; I have remarked it often. Go and talk to that slim girl over by the wheel-house; she may like your rhapsodies better than I do."

"You are a heathen, Arthur," I politely remarked. Nevertheless I did get up and stole in the direction of the lone figure bending over the railing.

She was enveloped in a loose wrap of some kind, pulled well up about her throat and ears, and, as she bent upon her crossed arms, a view of her countenance was rather difficult to obtain. With invention born of necessity, I threw myself forward and tossed my lighted cigar into the gliding waves. It gleamed for an instant in the shadows of the keel ere it went out, but my object was accomplished; the sudden flash as it passed before her eyes caused her to start from her meditative posture, and throw back her head. The dark drapery dropped from about her, and, as she turned full upon me, I beheld once more, under the moonlight, the finely cut face and honest, earnest eyes of La Mystere!

A sudden thrill at my heart told me the meeting was anything but unpleasant to me. Was she equally pleased? A slight flush spread over her brow and lost itself in the waves of her brown hair; then she held out her hand in the same old fearless manner, lifting her handsome eyes to mine.

"History and life are forever repeating themselves," she said. "Is is not so?"

I took her outstretched hand, I looked into her happy eyes, and in that moment fell hopelessly, helplessly, unwillingly, but eternally in love with the mother of the two Japanese infants.

Of the ten days that followed I will give no minute description. Anyone will easily understand how dangerous ten days at sea passed in the presence of a pretty, fascinating, cultivated, incomprehensible woman may prove. The evenings worked the most mischief; never were such moonlights, never such summer weather. We three—for Arthur succumbed to the glamor—sat hour after hour in the full beauty of an almost tropical moon, while she would sing to us; for La Mystere possessed a voice of such power and sweetness, that even her incomparable playing faded into insignificance before it. So she would charm us both, until even prosy, steady old Arthur lost his head, and declared that, but for me, he would have placed his heart and fortune at the incognita's feet.

You will scarcely believe me, yet, during all this time, neither Harford nor I had learned if she were maid, wife, or widow. There was the black dress and the horrible little Japs, whom in my presence she had caressed and fondly addressed as her "little ones," for proofs of her widowhood; while, on the other hand, her innocent fearlessness, her absolute belief in the good of this evil world, her almost childish trust, implied a maiden's heart and nature not yet tried or moulded. Her name was Sandwell; we always addressed her as one entitled to the prefix of Madame, and as she never corrected us, we had, consequently, to believe her a widow—anything less dignified was impossible.

As we neared our journey's end, I began to understand that I was deeply interested in her—so deeply and so truly that my future seemed a wilderness of unrest without her figure in the background. But how present her to my stately lady mother, with all the proud blood of the Grantly's distilled into a double essence in her veins? How say: "This is my chosen wife! I know nothing about her family, or her past. I met her on a river steamer in America. She has two Japanese children—but—I love her!" A pretty statement of facts, and one synonymous with a cut-down of my present allowance, and the loss of Thorney Grange, in my mother's gift, in prospective.

So the days glided by; I loved her more and more desperately, and, as I told myself, more and more hopelessly.

Once only we spoke of the future. I had made some senseless remark as to the blankness of life after our parting, and the probable do-nothing state I should sink into. She lifted her arch brows a trifle scornfully, and her lip curled a little though she did not make me any answer.

"And you," I asked, "what will you do?"

She flushed her handsome eyes upon me as she replied: "Simply my duty. You forget—I am going home to my little ones."

Oh, those horrid Japs! They had not been mentioned between us, and I had piously hoped that a merciful Providence had removed them from this sphere, and that never more should I encounter their ugly faces.

The day we landed was a forlorn ending to our summer sailing; it rained copiously; rained as it only can in Liverpool. Through some mistake there was no one to meet her, so she allowed me to take her to the train, see her comfortably placed in a first-class carriage, booked for London, and did not refuse the miscellaneous collection of literature I thrust upon her.

I was very miserable at seeing her go from me, yet I had not the courage to try and win her, Japs and all. I could love her distractedly, but not her accessories.

The guard rang the bell; I put out my hand. "Good by," I said, and some of the mournfulness of my heart echoed in my voice. "Good-by, I shall not easily forget you!"

She gave me her hand, the brave eyes meeting mine unflinchingly. "Good-by," she returned quite calmly. "Thank you very, very much for all your kindness."

She loosed her hand from mine, the last bell rang, the train moved, she smiled, and I turned away. Looking back for a farewell glance, I saw the bright brown head sink on her clasped hands, and I felt the gray eyes were filling fast with wilful tears. She, too, felt this parting! It was some slight compensation for my own wretchedness, and I gloated over it as I walked toward the hotel, until the miserable idea dawned upon me, that I had let her go without obtaining any information concerning her ultimate destination. Questions innumerable had often suggested themselves during our ocean life, but a certain dignified reserve on her part completely repelled any advances on personal subjects. So to the last she had preserved her incognita.

Over our late dinner I told Arthur of our good-bye. He growled at the tears in her eyes, and added savagely:

"No sign that she cares a button for you—no doubt she was laughing at you next moment. Tears indeed—thought you couldn't see her—very pretty little trick that—bah! I tell you it's nonsense, all women do that sort of thing—I have seen them scores of times."

After this rather depressing statement I kept my own confidence, and ere long La Mystere died out of our conversation, though not out of my heart. Indeed, I found my thoughts constantly roving off to those gray eyes, and the proud mouth, as I had last seen her look from the window of the railway carriage. All the confusion, hurry and bustle of the gay season could not clear from my memory that one face, grown so inexpressibly dear during the summer days when we sailed together over the blue Atlantic.

I never attended a dinner, ball, or drum that the thought was not present with me, Will she be there? As the weeks flew by and I never once met her, I waxed furious at my own stupidity in letting her go, without a clew by which to discover her. Various schemes formed in my busy brain; I would insert a discreet advertisement in all the dailies; I would look up all the Sandwells, in all the different counties, make raids upon their homes and unearth in some way my beautiful, tantalizing mystery; but all to no purpose. What I strove for so eagerly, Fate alone could obtain for me.

I was at the opera one night when Patti, as Margarita, was charming every one, though to me even her delicious voice brought no solace; the entrancing music fell flat upon my ears and heart for the lack of one woman's face. Yet even as I argued with myself against this useless passion, I felt her presence near me. I raised my eyes; the occupant of one of the large boxes on the grand circle was moving about in a subdued but excited manner; I heard a low cry; and then, as the group parted, my glance met the beautiful gray eyes of La Mystere!

At that moment the curtain went down the end of the fourth act, and a crowd of men singing out from the stalls, prevented my reaching the box before the occupants had left it. I caught a glimpse of a white gown in one of the passages, and rushed blindly after it, though it seemed that all the men I had ever known in all my life, conspired at that particular moment to keep me from flying to the assistance of my unknown. When I did reach the corridor, she was standing half supporting a lady, so beautiful and yet so ethereal looking, it seemed as if even the breath of the summer night would blow her away.

The moment La Mystere's eyes caught sight of me they lost their anxious look, and the little trouble frown disappeared from her brow. She put out an eager hand, from which she had withdrawn the glove, saying impetuously, as though we had parted but yesterday.

"Oh, Mr. Earnsford, we are in such trouble; the carriage has not come, and she must be taken home immediately."

To offer my brougham, which was luckily in waiting, to put myself, horses, servants, everything at her little feet was the work of a moment. She accepted the first calmly enough; but just as I was depicting to myself the bliss of escorting her home, a tall, distinguished, and rather cross-looking man joined them, apparently very much heated and disgusted.

"Not a cab to be found anywhere," he said irritably, but she interrupted him.

"Never mind, George, Mr. Earnsford has offered us his brougham, so we can get Cora home comfortably without delay."

George looked at me with the air of "And who the deuce is Mr. Earnsford?" but before he could put his look into more polite words, La Mystere seized him by the arm, whispered something in his ear, and pointed to the other lady, who was growing rapidly more and more pale. George turned to me.

"You are very kind," he said, "I accept your offer without hesitation; here is my card." He held out the bit of pasteboard which I thrust into my waistcoat pocket; then almost lifting the elder lady in his arms, he passed down to the carriage, followed by La Mystere, whose only sign of thanks was a quick look toward me from her handsome eyes, and a slight flush on her fair face. Another moment and they were gone. With a feeling of triumph I went back to my stall and listened in calm serenity to the final act of the opera.

Had I not secured the right and the means of seeing her again? The man's card was in my pocket, he was evidently some relation, and from him I could find her address, go to her and tell her—what? That I loved her, but not the little Japs; that she must love me and forget the little Japs; in fact, that with me she could not need the little Japs.

I sauntered home to my chambers, happy in the thought of what the day would bring me, put my hand in my pocket for my talisman, but—the card was gone.

I searched every available portion of my clothing, pulled my pockets inside out, but with no good result; it was not to be found. Then I sat down and sulked over it; what a fool I was not to have read the name and address before putting it away! now there was no possible chance of seeing her. In short, I was in despair until it suddenly occurred to me that at least I could ask the coachman where he landed the party. If he had not caught their name, he would remember their address.

The next morning I summoned Peters earlier than usual. Did he remember the two ladies and the gentleman he took from the opera last evening? Oh, yes, he remembered perfectly. Where did he put them down? Could he tell me that? Undoubtedly; the gentleman had given him half a sovereign; of course he remembered. It was No. —, Eaton Square.

Peters retired, and I, once more triumphant, prepared my mind for the happiness in store for me. My inclinations advised me to seek the lady of my heart immediately, but my obstinacy, though I dubbed it propriety, urged me to wait until the approved hour for visits; over a cup of tea one grows so much more intimate and confidential.

A little after 4 I strolled into Eaton Square, and rang the bell at No. —. The door flew open. "Not at home," said the irreproachable butler.

"I called to inquire——" I began, when he resumed in a most respectful tone: "Was I Mr. Earnsford?" "Yes." "Then my lady had left directions that should Mr. Earnsford call, he was to be told that they had all gone to the country, that my lady was better, and very much obliged for Mr. Earnsford's kindness."

"To what part of the country?" I asked insinuatingly.

"To her ladyship's father's," replied the man-servant, implying by his manner, of course you know where that is, or if you do not, you know nothing, and are not worthy of enlightment. As I stood hesitating what more to say, a door at the end of the hall was pushed back, and in the room thus revealed, I beheld the elder of the two Japs—the girl with the wild yellow hair and black eyes. She caught my unwilling gaze, and pointing her finger at me, commenced jabbering something in her mother tongue. I lingered no longer; another instant the door closed, and I stood outside the wide portico, in silent rage.

So near and yet so far!

A week went by. At the end of that time, I found one Saturday morning, with my other correspondence, a letter to this effect:

"Sr. Mary Cray, Kent, June, 186—.

MY DEAR SIR: The ladies of my family have reported to me your kindness and politeness to them the other night at the opera. Their hurried manner at leaving town prevented their thanking you in person when you called. Will you do me the honor to pass a few days at my house in this old-fashioned village? It will give me great pleasure to receive you, and to show my appreciation of the kind services you rendered one of my daughters some months ago, to which you have now added another to the list. I enclose the trains; pray take which best suits you.—Yours sincerely, HENRY KENDALL."

Needless to say, I accepted the invitation by return of post. Two days later, the 4 o'clock express saw me speeding on my way, this time with every assurance of meeting La Mystere face to face, and learning at last somewhat of her history, past and present, and maybe form for both of us some possible future.

At St. Mary Cray I alighted. A groom came forward; a moment more and we were bowling along over a fine country road, past the old gray church with its graveyard, nestled in the very heart of the poorer cottages; past the rapid river Cray, dear to followers of old Izaak, and down the pretty winding road toward a large group of trees at the extreme end of this quaint Kentish village. A drive of less than half an hour brought us to the lodge gates, then a moment more, and the Priory stood before us; a dear old-fashioned latticed-windowed house, with an overhanging roof, and triple chimneys of the Tudor period. The door stood open; it always was open, that door, testifying mutely to the hospitality of all who dwelt within.

A fine handsome old man came out to meet me, with snow-white hair, crisp and youthful, standing about his head.

"So," he cried in a ringing voice. "This is Mr. Earnsford! We have you at last, and are delighted to see you, sir." Then turning to some one within, he called: "Here, Weasel, tell Cora and Dorothy, Mr. Earnsford has come."

Some things come to one by instinct: I knew that "Weasel" could be no other than one of the small Japs, and my instinct proved correct. Presently there appeared the delicate, fragile-looking lady I assisted at the opera, and at her side the Japanese boy, his sallow complexion, black hair and eyes, looking more dismal than ever beside her flower-like fairness.

"This is my daughter, Lady Dinsmore," said Mr. Kendall; "and this—is my grandson."

I thought the old man's happy face clouded somewhat as he acknowledged the last relationship; and I experienced a horrible sensation of the ineffable creep over me, as I found, here at the threshold of her own home, evidence of Dorothy's being the mother of these children. La Mystere must of necessity be Dorothy, for had I not heard them all address Lady Dinsmore as Cora, and then too, had she not just the face for a Dorothy, not beautiful, but bright, and fair, and proud?

The day waned and no Dorothy appeared; it was not until dinner time that I saw her. She came into the drawing-room last of all, wearing some kind of thin black gown that showed her white arms and neck, with a bunch of roses at her waistband. Mr. Kendall simply said:

"You and Dorothy are old companions; no need to introduce you. What makes you so late, Dolly?"

"Angel would not go to sleep," she answered in a low voice. "I had to sing to her until she did."

The same look of annoyance passed over his face that I had noticed when he spoke of Weasel. He said a little sharply:

"You take too much care of those children, Dorothy. Leave them more to the nurses."

"I cannot, papa. You know I promised him."

"Well, well, never mind, my dear; we won't discuss it. Mr. Earnsford, will you give your arm to Mrs. Dinsmore—Dolly, you come with me. Sorry George wasn't able to come down to-night, but an M. P.'s always busy nowadays."

A most agreeable dinner followed, and one I should have better enjoyed had I not been haunted by the all pervading presence of the two absent Japs, and by the half sad expression upon Dorothy's face, that had settled there after her mention of him. Could it be possible that this sweet Englishwoman regretted her Japanese husband!

Only one circumstance gave me hope, her name; Sandwell had a truly English ring, and could not be orientalized. Shortly, however, that faint consolation was destroyed by my servant, who, a worse gossip than any femme de chambre, poured out to me the facts that she had taken the name of Sandwell from an old aunt whose property she had inherited, the name being part of the legacy, "They do say, sir," continued Jackson, "as her own name was a monstrous queer-sounding one. She's always called Mistress Dorothy through the house, and has only been home a short time—only since my lady's marriage; and when she did come, she brought them fearful blacks with her. It's shocking to hear them a calling her mamma, and it don't seem natural as they should be hers."

Alas! my fears and surmises were rapidly becoming certainties. I felt that, ere long, I must look the matter squarely in the face, and make up my mind that in loving Dorothy I must love the Japs as well. In choosing her for my wife, I must accept her past, and her little ones with it.

A week, two weeks, were gone, and still I lingered at the Priory. My passion for Dorothy had become the prominent part of my being. Day by day, hour by hour, it became more obvious to me that I should part from her either as her future husband, or a badly-wounded, unsuccessful suitor. Yet, during these two weeks not one word had ever come to my ears regarding her past life. She was still young—too young for her to have been anything more than a slip of a girl when the heavy cares of life apparently became hers. She spoke seldom of herself, never of her life in the States. Yet she was open-hearted as the day, and talked well and earnestly on all subjects; was most affectionate to Mr. Kendall, and devoted to the little ones. The latter, by a lucky accident, were confined to the nurseries with some childish ailment. She was never addressed save as Mistress Dorothy, or Dolly. I adopted, naturally, the former; there was a fitness in it that pleased me; was she not my mistress, and I her humblest servitor?

Well, to cut it short, we were walking home one evening from a lawn party—tennis had not come into fashion in those days—given at one of the neighboring houses; Lady Dinsmore, her husband, Mr. Kendall in front, Dolly and I loitering behind them. It was a lovely moonlight night; the little river rippled like a silver thread at our feet; the trees cast deep shadows before us; the air was sweet with a thousand flowers. The influence of the night was not to be resisted. Another moment and—she knew it all. Knew how I loved her, how I had fought off that love, and how it would not be conquered, but grew stronger and stronger until it held me captive, and made me sue for her love in self-defence.

No Lovelace could have pleaded more warmly, and no Clarissa listened more coyly. The beautiful color stole over her face, her slender hands held each other in sweet confusion, and the proud, handsome eyes were lowered beneath the ardor of mine.

At last she spoke.

"The children?"

"Ah, Dolly, Dolly!" I answered; "do you suppose I would separate them from you? I must love them, for your sweet sake. I confess," I added impatiently, "I would rather they were not yours, and Japanese. Of course I have no doubt your husband was no end

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1880.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

OPENING OF THE SESSION.

The Speech From the Throne.

The third session of the fourth Parliament of the Dominion of Canada was opened with the usual ceremonies yesterday (Thursday) afternoon, at three o'clock, His Excellency the Governor-General delivering the following Speech from the Throne, which we have received by telegraph per Montreal line.

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate—Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

In opening this the third session of the present Parliament, I have to offer you my sincere congratulations on the bountiful harvest with which Canada has been blessed, as well as on the undoubted return of her commercial prosperity and the substantial development of her various industries. During the recess my advisers thought the time opportune for making another attempt to carry out the declared preference of Parliament for the construction and operation of the Canadian Pacific Railway by means of an incorporated company, aided by grants of money and land, rather than by the direct action of the Government. Three of my Ministers therefore proceeded to England for the purpose of carrying on negotiations, and I am pleased to be able to inform you that their efforts were so far successful that a contract has been entered into, subject to the approval of Parliament, with men of high financial standing in Europe and the United States and Canada, for the speedy construction and permanent working of this great national enterprise. The contract and the papers connected therewith will be submitted to you without delay, and I invite for them your early and earnest consideration. With this view I have summoned you before the usual period, as no action can be taken by the contractors to prosecute the work, and no permanent arrangement for the organization of a systematic emigration from Europe to the North-West Territory can be satisfactorily made until the policy of Parliament with respect to the Railway has been decided upon. Steady progress has been made in the construction of those portions of the Railway now under contract. Two additional sections have been recently opened for traffic—one from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie; the other from Cross Lake to Keewatin, making 224 miles in operation. You will be glad to learn that the measures adopted to promote economy in the working of the Intercolonial and Prince Edward Island Railways have resulted in a large reduction of the difference between revenue and expenditure, and that the steadily increasing traffic warrants the expectation that during the current year these railways will be self sustaining. I have the gratification of informing you that Her Majesty's Government has generously presented to Canada for training school purposes the steam corvette "Charybdis," lately returned from service in the China Sea. The correspondence on this subject will be laid before you. I have thought it well in consideration of the increasing duties thrown by the development of the country upon the Civil Service, and for the more efficient organization of such service, to issue a royal commission to examine and report on the whole question. The report of the commission will, I believe, be ready to be laid before you at an early day, and I ask your consideration of such report, and of the whole subject of Civil Service reform. A measure for the enlargement of the boundary of the Province of Manitoba will be submitted to you. I greatly regret being obliged to state that the entire failure of the usual food supply of the Indians in the North-West, to which I called your attention last session, has continued during the present season, and has involved the necessity of a large expenditure in order to save them from absolute starvation. Several of the aboriginal bands have, however, already applied themselves to the cultivation of the soil and the care of their cattle. No effort will be spared to induce the whole of the aboriginal population to betake themselves to agricultural pursuits.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The accounts of the last, and the estimates for the ensuing year, will be laid before you. The estimates will be found to have been prepared with due regard to economy and the efficiency of the public service. It will be satisfactory to you to know that the existing tariff has not only promoted manufactures and other resources of the country, but has so far increased the revenue of the Dominion as to place it beyond doubt that the receipts of the current fiscal year will be in excess of the expenditure chargeable to consolidated revenue.

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate—Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

Several measures of importance will be submitted to you. Among them will be Bills for the winding up of insolvent banks and incorporated companies; for amendment of the Railway Act of 1879; for the revision and consolidation of the laws relating to Government railways, and for the improvement in several respects of the criminal laws. I am pleased to be able to inform you that there are now good hopes of our being about to place the naturalization of German settlers on a more satisfactory footing. Measures will be submitted with all the papers connected with matters for consideration. Your best attention will, I am sure, be given to the subjects I have mentioned, as well as everything that effects the well being and good government of the Dominion.

FIVE MONTHS FINANCES.

The Finance Minister will be able to place before Parliament two very satisfactory statements—the results of the whole year of 1879-80, and the results of five months of the year 1880-81. Our Opposition friends are sceptical about the small deficit which Sir Leonard Tilley announces for the past financial year, and have already in various ways announced their incredulity. But facts and fate are alike against them. The tariff is working just as in 1878-79 the Finance Minister said it would. The year of 1880-81, five months of which are now over, is the first year in which the National Policy tariff has been fairly tried as a revenue producing measure, and the prospect of the surplus which the Minister declared he expected has been more than realized. The following figures of the November receipts speak for themselves:

	1879.	1880.
Customs	$1,014,137	$1,280,389
Excise	449,671	550,890
Other sources	471,611	553,768
Totals	$1,894,419	$2,375,056

Increase, 480,637.

The total revenue for the five months from the 1st of July to the 30th of November for the years of 1878, 1879 and 1880 respectively stands as follows:—

	1878	1879.	1880.
Customs	$5,502,198	$5,611,242	$7,281,351
Excise	2,053,139	1,596,188	2,258,717
Other sources	1,504,735	1,758,786	2,485,454
Totals	$9,059,202	$8,965,216	$12,025,522

Increase during the first five months of 1880 over the corresponding period in 1878, $2,886,167; over the same period in 1879, $3,060,153. A Government with such an exhibit of revenue need not fear to summon Parliament, and an Opposition with such figures before them will find it difficult to make people believe that Cana la is ruined, and that it is unable to carry out its projected enterprises.—*Mail*

CRUELTY TO AN ORPHAN.

BEATEN, STARVED AND FROZEN.

The Experience of one of Miss McPherson's Proteges in Maryborough.

The Culprits Committed for Trial.

Specially Reported for the Standard.

Glenallan, Dec. 6.—Thomas Markham and Jeanette Anderson, of Maryborough, were up to-day before Justices Allan, Malloy, Cross and Gibson, charged with ill treating James Cotton, an orphan lad recently taken from Miss McPherson's Boy's Home in Galt. Much interest was taken in the case, the court room being crowded. The lad Cotton was represented by D. B. Dingman, Esq., of Listowel, and Alfred Boomer, Esq., of Linwood, as a representative of Miss McPherson's Home, and a gentleman as agent for Miss McPherson. Mr. Markham and Miss Anderson were defended by —— Clement, Esq., of Berlin. Geo. Allan, Esq., J. P., after fully explaining to the lad Cotton the nature and responsibility of an oath, and feeling satisfied that the lad, though only nine years of age, was sufficiently intelligent to give his evidence in this matter, administered the oath.

James Cotton stated that he came to this country last spring, under the care and charge of Miss McPherson, and that he went to Mr. Markham's some time about July last. Saw Miss Anderson, a sister-in-law of Markham's. She (Miss A.) declared he was a bad boy. About four months ago she beat me with a stick while I was feeding Markham's pigs. She struck me several times with sticks on my legs the Tuesday before I left Markham's. She also beat me nearly every day before this, and put me out of doors without any dinner. She asked me several times to bring in wood, which I did to the best of my ability. After I had the wood brought in she asked me to bring in more. I said "No," then she put me out of doors, and kept me out all day; my

HANDS AND FEET WERE FROZEN.

I told her so, but she would do nothing to assist me. I was often hungry, but was afraid to ask for anything to eat, lest she should whip me again. She, or they, kept me in a room without any fire all day, and beat me with a stick, and also with a strap, and also kicked me. Another day they kept me in a room without any fire till after 11 o'clock. I think this was on the last Wednesday I was with Markham. The Court, to justify the lad's assertion, here produced the boots worn by him at Markham's, which caused considerable surprise. Continuing his evidence, the witness said: I started to go to Mr. McLaughlin's. I fell down and could not go further, as my feet and hands were numb with cold. A man heard me and came and picked me up, and took me to McLaughlin's, and warmed me. I went to McLaughlin's the Saturday before this, and begged of them to see that I was used better by Markham and his sister-in-law. The lad was here cross-examined by Mr. Clement, of Berlin, Solicitor for defendants. I came out to this country with good Miss McPherson, who brought me with her. I was engaged to go to Markham's as a servant. My work after I got there was to carry in wood, also carry water from the well to the house. While doing my work I asked several times if I could go in and get warmed, as I was very cold. She (Miss Anderson) said if I brought in more wood I might come in. After bringing in more wood she put me out. She again whipped me and put me out. I asked her to give me my hats and mitts. I begged for them for nearly one hour. She would not give them to me, but locked the door and kept me out. In answer to a question put by one of the J. P's. the boy answered that he had not attended school one day since he went to live with Markham.

Francis Querring, sworn, said: Saw the boy on Monday the 24th ult., at Markham's. Saw the boy trembling with the cold. I also saw that his hands were frozen; his ears were also frozen. I thought I would take care of him. I thought that if the boy died it would go hard with Markham and his sister-in law; and told them that if such was the case they would go to gaol. She said she would put us in gaol. When I saw the boy coming through the fields, I called him, but he was unable to come. I then went and helped him, and carried him to McLaughlin's. He had no mitts. The boots the lad wore were again produced in court, and at their used appearance caused further excitement, being utterly useless. Mr. McLaughlin took the lad to Listowel.

John McLaughlin sworn, said: I know the boy Cotton; he was at my place on Saturday; asked to stay a few days. I then took him to Markham's, and told Markham to take better care of him. On my return, before reaching home, I heard the boy crying, and I told Francis Querring to go and bring the boy here. He (Querring) brought him as far as the line fence, and I sent a cutter to bring him to the house. My brother asked me if I heard the lad crying? After this we went with others to where the boy was, and asked what they were doing to the boy. Miss Anderson said she was "dressing" the child, and that he was a bad boy, and that we could take him with us. The boy's hands and feet were badly frozen; his ears also. The boy had several marks on his body, evidence of the treatment he had received. His boots, jacket, socks, etc., were totally unfit for him to be out in the cold with, especially when he was not allowed to go into the house and warm himself occasionally.

The boy Cotton being further examined stated that when he was with Markham at Hawkesville, he was fairly treated, but after their removal to Maryborough he (Markham) often kicked him. He kicked me severely several times at the stable door, and ordered me out into the field. The next day he

BROKE THE WELL POLE ON MY BACK,

and kicked me from the house to the barn, because I let the bucket slip into the well. The next day he whipped me with a strap, with a large buckle at the end. Another day he used a bridle to me, because I did not hurry. I could not hurry any faster. At another time he shut me in a room. On the following Monday he made me wash myself in a tub of water, then ordered me to stand by the stove to dry myself; then he drove me out of doors to work. When asked to

DESCRIBE HIS BED,

the poor lad seemed lost to know in what way to answer; but he had some straw on the floor, and a sheepskin as a cover, with occasionally an old buffalo robe as an extra covering. Sometimes he had

NOT SUFFICIENT TO EAT.

I have been sent to bed without my supper, and sometimes I have had no dinner. Markham would cut off so much allowance for me at the table, and if I asked for more, I was refused; have often left the table hungry. Markham has never sent me to school; my clothes were not fit to go with.

John McLaughlin, re-called:—Saw the boy bleeding at the forehead; his hands, feet and ears were frozen. Took him to Listowel and had a doctor attend to him. I saw him examined by Dr. Michener, Listowel. His back at the present time shows the effects of the treatment received. He had bruises from the shoulder to the hip, which are now plainly visible. Mr. McLaughlin shewed the bruises on the lad's face and arms, which excited much pity for the lad.

The evidence having been concluded, the bench was addressed by Mr. Clement, of Berlin, on behalf of Markham and his sister-in-law, Miss Anderson. The learned gentleman contended that there was not evidence sufficiently strong to commit Markham or Miss Anderson of cruelty to the lad Cotton, and endeavored to show to the Bench that there was no proof of injury done to the boy through the negligence of Markham. He thought that the reports published in the Listowel papers concerning the affair, and copied from them by the provincial and local press generally, had, in a certain measure, been done to create sympathy for the lad Cotton, and tried to impress on the bench—that to commit the defendants on such trifling evidence would only end in the matter being brought to a higher court.

Mr. D. B. Dingman, of Listowel, addressed the bench on behalf of the lad Cotton. In doing so he referred the bench to the straightforward and fearless manner in which the young lad had given his evidence and urged the commitment of the defendants, as the only course that could be pursued in face of the strong evidence given by the boy Cotton and other witnesses. He contended that the evidence given went plainly to show that the lad had received cruel treatment, both at the hands of Markham and Miss Anderson. The fact that the lad had been under medical treatment was sufficient to warrant the Bench in committing the defendants. Mr. Dingman very ably reviewed the statements made by the witnesses concerning the shocking treatment which the lad Cotton had received at the hands of Markham and his sister-in law, impressing upon the Bench the gravity of the offence and the necessity for punishing the defendants for thus cruelly abusing an orphan.

The Bench committed the defendants for trial.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

Saturday was a bad day for the Land Leaguers. Not only did their attempt to secure an attachment against the Dublin *Evening Mail* fall to the ground, but their still more important effort to secure a postponement of the trial of Parnell and others, on the ground of interference with the constitutional right of the traversers to be present at the coming session of Parliament, terminated in a decided refusal from the Court to make any such order, and to add to their discomfiture, the Court in giving judgement, both in this and in the *Mail* cause, treated them to some crushing sarcasm and unusally plain speaking.

LAND LEAGUE DEMONSTRATION.

There was an immense Land League demonstration at Waterford on Sunday. Mr. Parnell was presented with an address of welcome by the corporation. A procession, which included the various societies with horsemen, escorted Mr. Parnell to the place of meeting. The houses and shops were decorated with flags and the streets with triumphal arches. Four hundred to five hundred infantry, and one hundred cavalry were drafted for the town. The speeches were of the usual character. Several other land meetings were held on Sunday.

THE ORANGE MANIFESTO.

The manifesto to the Orangemen of county Down endorsing the course recommended in the resolution of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland to organize counter-demonstrations on the same days and at the same places appointed for Land Leaguе meetings, received 10,000 signatures in two days.

THE LEAGUE IN CANADA.

Montreal, Dec. 5.—The weekly meeting of the Local branch of the Land League was held here this evening, Mr. P. Carrol presiding. The following resolution was moved:—"Resolved, that this meeting has the fullest confidence in the desire of Mr. Parnell and his associates now under prosecution by the Government to advance the interest of the Irish people, and that the secretary of the meeting be authorized to send a cable message to the Land League in Dublin offering to furnish one of the ablest counsel in Canada to assist in the defence of the traversers at the coming State trial." After some pithy speeches the resolution was carried unanimously and the message was sent off. It was announced that $1,100 in subscription had been paid into the treasury here to-day, and 700 new members were admitted. Mr. Quin, advocate, was authorized to proceed to outlaying towns in the Dominion for the purpose of establishing branches of the League.

ROSS-TRICKETT BOAT RACE.

The Canadian Wins by Five Boat-Lengths.

London, Dec. 4.—Wallace Ross beat Trickett in the race to-day by five boat-lengths. The race was most unexciting. The start was very even. Ross was soon ahead, and had the lead by nearly three lengths. He maintained his lead through Hammersmith bridge, which he passed in 9 minutes and 19 seconds from the start. He then went further in front, and had the race in hand at Cheswick. He passed Barnes' bridge five lengths ahead, and won with the greatest ease by about the same distance, never having been headed. The weather was misty but fine. A fair sprinkling of spectators was present. The river was calm and there was a good tide.

The Northern Pacific railway arrangements have been completed. The syndicate will take forty million dollars' worth of the company's bonds. Ten millions will be paid next year, and it is expected that a mile of road will be built daily. According to the New York *World*, the company operated last year 722 miles. During the present year the Casselton branch to Goose River, 43½ miles, has been completed; on the Missouri division of 217 miles track has been laid for 175 miles, and the territorial line of Dakota was crossed a few days ago. Work on the Pend Oreille division of 209 miles is going on rapidly, and it is expected that the division will be finished this year. Twelve miles will be built on the Columbia River division, between Ainsworth and Wallula, so that there will be an addition to the mileage this year of 481¼ miles, making a total of 1,203¼ miles. The gap between the Missouri and Pend Oreille divisions in 820 miles. There is also to be built the Wisconsin division, from Thomson junction to Lake Superior on the Montreal river, there to connect with the proposed line to the Straits of Mackinaw and the Columbia River division to Portland, Oregon. A bridge must also be built over the Missouri, the cost of which is estimated at $800,000. From the engineer's estimates it is thought that forty millions will prove more than enough to complete all these lines. Work will soon begin on the Cascade division, and thus next year will witness two companies—the Canadian Pacific and the Northern Pacific—seeking to carry railways over that difficult mountain range to the rich lands of mid-continent.

About twenty-five years ago Canada imported annually from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars worth of cheese, while now she exports the enormous amount of ten million dollars. It is estimated that last year the butter and cheese exports exceeded those of wheat by nearly four million dollars. The quality of the cheese has also greatly improved, so that to-day Canadian cheese is equal to any manufactured. The result is largely attributed to the factory system. Canadian cheese carried off the first prize at the Centennial Exhibition against the world, and also at the International Dairy Fair in New York in 1879. The same results can be obtained by carrying out the project of establishing butter factories. Let our western farmers enter into the task with vigour, and success is assured.

On the Verge of the Grave.

Such was the Condition of Moses A. Walker, of Derry N. H., with congestion of the Lungs and Chronic Catarrh. Two bottles of the Constitutional Catarrh Remedy entirely restored him to health, and, to use his own words "built up my whole system." The Remedy is for sale by all druggists.

Rocklen's Arnica Slave.

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

For the Standard.

DEAR CANADA, MY ADOPTED COUNTRY.

Dear Canada, loved Canada, thy hills I adore;
Thy pine waving woodlands and lake-lashed shore;
Thy towering mountains, where the maples wave
O'er the brave warriors—Wolfe and Montcalm's grave;
Where freedom finds shelter and peace cheers the lot
Of the rich in his mansion, and the poor in his cot.
Where'er in the wide world my footsteps may roam,
Dear Canada, loved Canada, thou'rt ever my home.

Dear to me are thy rich autumn skies, when the sun goes down;
The old warlike deeds of valor and thy men of renown;
And the memories that cling round the patriot band,
Whose spirit, like magic, still broods o'er the land—
Still rouses the loyal free-blood in sire and son;
Still hallows the heights that their valor hath won.
Where'er in the wide world my footsteps may roam,
Dear Canada, loved Canada, thou'rt ever my home.

Thy lands are fair and bright, and never shall wave
The flag of our freedom o'er any born slave;
In thy evergreen woodlands rings the Whip-poor-will's strain,
And its warblings are not chill'd by the clank of the chain.
Free! free as the winds, o'er hills and valleys we rove;
Our hearts light as day, with the maidens we love;
Snows may whiten our lands and freeze Niagara's foam;
But thou'rt free, dear Canada, our own beloved home.

H. B.

Listowel, December, 1880.

WALLACE.

S. S. TEAMEETING.—The annual Sabbath School tea meeting in connection with C. M. Church, Mount Pleasant, will take place on Friday evening, 17th inst. Rev. W. F. Clarke, of Listowel, and other speakers, are expected. Good music will be provided. Good accommodation for horses. According invitation is extended to friends from a distance.

DONEGAL.

If Listowel really wants a head to its Conclin for 1881, our Mayor expresses a willingness to preside over the troubled affairs of the sister town, or, perhaps, the township could spare "Mark Twain."

Municipal matters in Elma are very quiet at present. It is difficult to say who will be candidates for doubtful honors and unlimited abuse.

The annual missionary meeting in connection with the Canada Methodist Church of this place was held on Monday the 6th inst. The deputation consisted of Revds. Dr. Fowler, and Mr. Husband.

Building promises to be "booming" during the incoming year. Half a dozen farmers are already engaged in preparing for the erection of barns.—COM.

TOWN COUNCIL.—Council met on Monday evening, 6th inst., in the Council chamber. Present the Mayor, Reeve and Deputy Reeve, and Councillors Nichol, Dillabough, Hay, Heppler, Martinson, Hess, Bradley and Binning. Minutes of previous meeting were read and confirmed. A communication was read from Judge Lizars in reference to appeals from Assessment Roll; also a communication from Messrs. Wicks, McNaughton & Co., manufactures of Silver and Nickel plated ware, Guelph, asking what inducements in the way of bonus the town would be prepared to grant them in the event of removing their works to this town; also communication from County Treasurer in reference to County rate for 1879 and 1880. The treasurer handed in his report for the month of November, as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Fines and Costs	$ 10.00
Cemetery lots	20.00
Hall rent	2.00
Taxes	670.87
Poll Tax	28.00
Taxes, 1879	12.55
Note discounted	992.77
	$2,045.29

EXPENDITURE.

Street improvements	$ 340.90
Salaries	70.00
Expense account	92.44
Grant to Agricultural Society	100.00
Relief	9.50
Retired note, Bank of Hamilton	1,000.00
Refunded fine	1.00
	$1,613.84

Balance on hand, $595.96.

H Martinson moved, seconded by John Binning, that the Clerk be instructed to communicate with the Judge, that all of the appeal cases have been disposed of with the exception of the case of Wm. Damer, the evidence of which has already been taken but judgement has not been rendered—carried. It was moved by Dr. Dillabough, seconded by J. A. Hacking, that Wm. Bright be paid the sum of $20 for extra work done in connection with the consolidation of the town by-laws—carried. A tender was read from G. S. Climie & Sons, offering to furnish and complete the town hall with gas pipes, according to specifications, for the sum of $28.50. A communication was read from Rev. J. W. Bell in reference to Mechanics Institute. It was moved by H. Martinson, seconded by Wm. Hess, that the tender of G. S. Climie & Sons, for putting in gas fixtures in town hall, be accepted—carried. Dr. Dillabough moved, seconded by Dr. Nichol, that the Mayor be instructed to call a public meeting for the purpose of adopting or recommending some plan for encouraging the Mechanics Institute—carried. The Finance Committee reported, recommending payment of the following accounts: Jas. Wright, lumber, $40.68; Jas. Green, $15.10; W. H. Hacking, use blackboard, $5; *Globe* Printing Co., $7.84 *Mail* Printing Co., $5..6; Lewis Bolton, salary to Oct. and map, $63; John Binning, cedar posts, $5; W. Bradley, supplies to indigents, $5.44; J. M. & A. Climie, drawing engine, $6; J. A. Hacking, oil and sundries, $7.91; J. W. Scott, selecting jurors, $2; Henry Heathers, ladders, $42.50; Geo. Fleet, lumber, $1.50; Hess Bros., lumber, etc., $220.93; A. St. Geo. Hawkins, printing and advertising, $37.03; Ferguson & Elliott, printing and advertising, $110.33; N. Tilt, selecting jurors, $2; W. Bright, do., $2. On motion, the report was adopted. A By-law was introduced for holding nominations and elections for 1881. The By-law was passed with blanks filled up. A deputation was present from the Lutherian Church, requesting the use of the town hall on every alternate Sunday, for holding services and Sunday School. T. E. Hay moved, seconded by H. Martinson, that the Lutherian body of Listowel have the use of the town hall, at the rate of one dollar per Sabbath, not to include evening meetings—carried. Dr. Nichol moved, seconded by Dr. Dillabough, that the Band be granted the use of the town hall for practices, providing they do not interfere with the use of said hall for town and other purposes—carried. W. Bradley moved, seconded by W. Hess, that the Treasurer be instructed to pay over to the County Treasurer the amount of County rate for 1879—carried. A By-law was introduced and passed appointing R. Bogues collector of balance of taxes for 1880, at a salary of one dollar, security in the sum of two thousand dollars being required. The following additional accounts were reported on and ordered to be paid: C. Hacking, ticket for Dr. Bright to Hagarsville, $3.35; Dominion Telegraph Co., 80c. Council adjourned.

CHRISTMAS BEEF.—The *Mail* office was favoured yesterday with a sight of the "Dominion Steer." It was no mean exhibition. The steer was fed by Mr. John Russell, of Pickering, and should it live to the 1st prox., will be five years old. It now weighs 2,800 lbs., has taken the first prize at the Dominion Exhibition in Toronto, and has done the same for two years past at all the local exhibitions at which it has competed. The steer was bought by Mr. Holdnerness, of the Albion Hotel, at a price not less than 45c. per lb., or $1,260, but he re-sold it to Messrs. Frankland at a reduction of $400, on condition that it should be slaughtered for St. Lawrence market, where, doubtless, the citizens will be enabled to judge of its quality in the shape of beef before Christmas.—*Mail*.

CANADA SCHOOL JOURNAL.—This issue of the *School Journal* contains the following editorials: "Co-education," a stryng putting forward of the arguments in favour of the full right of women to education, with a criticism of Professor Goldwin Smith's arguments in the last two issues of the *Bystander* against Co-education. "High Schools versus Collegiate Institutes;" which upholds the County High Schools and exposes the puffing advertisements of certain "Institutes." The other editorals concern purely school interests, but the concluding editoral. "The case of 'Bombastes' against Canada," is an arraignment of the Rev. Mr. Norman, of Montreal, for a letter over his signature in the *Spectator*, making little of "Canadian Graduates." In the interests of Canadian Scholarship, the *Canada School Journal* "goes for" the Rev. Mr. Norman in a very amusing article. *Grip*, we observe, has also criticised Mr. Norman's vilification of "Canadian Graduates." "Canadian Art" is a well-deserved condemnation of American Comic Caricature Papers, and a just estimate of the more refined type of art in our own Canadian *Illustrated* and *Grip*. This number also has an essay on schools by Dr. Allison, of Nova Scotia; and a most practical and important paper on "Corporal Punishment," by James L. Hughes, P. S. I. "The Condition of Ireland" furnishes matter for an interesting article, by Mr. Hodgins, Deputy minister of Education. There are full reports of Teachers' Associations, Examination Papers, School Notes. This Journal will be sent to any address by the publishers, W. J. Gage & Co., on receipt of the price.

A REMARKABLE PICTURE.—Probably the most remarkable picture of the age is "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM," now on exhibition in the Gore Gallery, London, England. It was begun immediately before the opening of the Franco-Prussian war, and during the horrors of the siege and Commune was kept folded up and buried in a place of security, uninjured by shot and shell. For several years it has been on exhibition in London and has attracted universal attention, being considered the principle feature of the wonderful Dore Gallery. The canvas measures 40 feet by 30, on which are painted some one hundred and seventy distinct figures, the central one being Jesus leaving Pilate's Judgement Hall for the place of crucifixion. The scene as depicted by the renowned artist is one that never can be forgotten. The publishers of the Montreal *Witness* have had this picture faithfully reproduced for the benefit of their subscribers. Every subscriber to that paper who in renewing his own subscription, sends that of another person not now a subscriber, is entitled to a copy of the picture and the new subscriber gets one as well each paying $1 10, the price of this excellent paper. The picture is only supplied to subscribers of the *Witness* who, if they do not get the second subscriber, may have the picture by sending 25 cents in addition to the ordinary subscription of $1.10.

THE BEST OFFER YET MADE!

FOUR OF FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLICATIONS, ONE YEAR FOR ONLY $2.50.

The Frank Leslie Publishing Co., 15 Dey St., New York, will send FRANK LESLIE'S FAMILY FRIEND, a 16 page Illustrated paper, for only one dollar a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S YOUNG FOLKS, devoted to the interest of young people, and containing much to interest those of a more mature age: a 16-page Illustrated paper. Price, per year 50 cents

FRANK LESLIE'S NATIONAL AGRICULTURIST AND WORKING FARMER, a 16-page Illustrated paper, for only $1 per year, with Dr. R. J. Kendall's eminent "Treatise on the Horse and its Diseases" a book of 100 pages, 90 fine engravings, free to each subscriber.

FRANK LESLIE'S PULPIT OF THE DAY, a 16-page Illustrated paper. Just the paper for Sunday reading. Price only 75 cents per year, including two beautiful chromos, "The First Easter Dawn" and "The First Christmas Morn."

Or all four of the above publications for $2.50 per year.

Samples or all our Publications and Illustrated Catalogue (without premiums) for 15 cents. All desiring steady and profitable employment should send at once before their territory is taken.

Any of the above publications sent for six months at half rates.

Address FRANK LESLIE PUBLISHING CO., 15 Dey Street, New York.

A Long Time to Suffer.

Twenty-five years of endurance with Catarrh is a long period of annoyance and misery. Mrs. E. J. Flinders, of Manchester, N. H. after going through with it all, writes: "The Constitutional Catarrh Remedy has rescued me from intense suffering, and all need fear no more." This medicine is for sale by all druggists.

For ladies' fur sets, caps, muffs and boas; also gents' fur caps, gloves, etc., go to Roy & McDonald.—41.

The world should be aroused to the deplorable condition of the females of our land! The enfeebled frame, the pale bloodless cheeks, hollow eyes, nervous debility, and the various distressing forms of female weakness, are matters that every matron in our country should consider. All types of Debility and Irregularities peculiar to the sex may be promptly remedied by Burdock Blood Bitters.

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

William Cook, of Fullarton, has purchased 500 acres of land in Muskoka.

The Greatest Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors feel themselves blessed by thousands, who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it. See other column.

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

The barn of Robert Finnie, on the town line of Blanshard, was totally destroyed by fire on Friday last.

It is said that heat travels faster than cold because, you can easily catch cold. If you do catch cold easily you can as easily cure it by its worst form if you use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the popular throat and lung remedy. It speedily cures the most troublesome cough, allays all irritation, dislodges tough phlegm, cures Asthma, Hoarseness and Bronchitis, and all diseases leading to Pulmonary Consumption

Manufacturers of reapers, mowers and threshing machines prefer "Castorine" Machine Oil to any other. It will outwear lard, tallow or any other lubricating oil, and is warranted not to gum.

Two new cables, to be controlled by a company composed entirely of American citizens, are to be laid from Penzance to Whitehead, N. S.

A cough is usually the effort of Nature to expel some morbid matter irritating the air passages of the lungs. It may, however, proceed from an inflamed or irritable condition of the throat, a slight rash or humor often being perceptible. Let the cause be what it may; the remedy should be Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. A purely vegetable balsamic throat and lung healer. For sale by all dealers in medicine at 25 cents per bottle.

A St. Mary's dealer last week shipped to New York in one shipment twenty car-loads containing 210,000 dozen or 2,520,000 eggs, valued at $57,200.

Doctors Gave Him Up.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a-day! If that is so, I will go this minute and get some for my poor George. I know hops are good.

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

Sara Bernhardt on Saturday night completed the fourth and last week of her engagement in New York. The receipts for the fourth week aggregate $99,000.

It has been aptly remarked that there is one thing better than presence of mind, in case of accidents, and that is absence of body; but as accidents may happen to all, Hagyard's Yellow Oil is perhaps the best remedy—it is better than an accident policy. Yellow Oil cures all manner of Flesh Wounds, Palsy, Lameness, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bits, and is for external and internal use in all inflammatory and painful diseases. All medicine dealers sell it.

Toronto Oil Company are sole manufacturers of "Castorine" Machine Oil. Infringements will be prosecuted.

Robert Patterson, late Great Western railway and Manitoba ticket agent at Paris, took a severe attack of bronchitis on Friday afternoon, and died at 4 o'clock on Sunday.

Delicate Women.

Cases of female weakness, delicate and enfeebled constitutions, and those suffering with Stomach, Liver and Kidney complaints, will find Electric Bitters a speedy and certain cure. The sick and prostrated should rejoice that such a reliable remedy is placed within their reach. Health and happiness will surely follow where Electric Bitters are used. For sale by J. H. Michener, price only forty cents.

A number af Jesuits, who have been expelled from France, are about to settle in London, much to the disgust of Cardinal manning, who regards their arrival as an invasion of his diocese and an infringement of his rights.

Spread the Good News.

As a family medicine and tonic, there is no remedy at present giving such universal satisfaction, and effecting so manny astonishing cures, as Electric Bitters. Our druggists report a lively demand for them, at times being unable to supply the many calls. All Bilious Attacks, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Diabetes and gravel, readily yield to their curative qualities. Sold by J. H. Michener, at forty cents a bottle.

The law requires the use of the Imperial Measure. Every size onhand at J. H. SMITH'S

The "Ottawa and Western Railway Company" will apply for a character for the purpose of constructing and operating a line of railway between Ottawa and Toronto, at the next session of the Dominion Parliament.

There is a Balm in Gilead to heal each mortal wound,
In Hagyard's Yellow Oil the sure remedy is found;
For internal and for outward use you freely may apply it,
For all pain and inflammation you should not fail to try it.
It only costs a quarter, 'tis worth its weight in gold,
By every dealer in the land this great remedy is sold.

Earl Dufferin is to be transferred from St. Petersburg to the more difficult position of British minister at Constantinople, his place at the Russian capital being taken by Sir Edward Thornton, now minister at Washington.

Oakville, Nov. 16, 1880.

Mr. R. Palmer Dear Sir,—It affords me unqualified pleasure to bear testimony to the benefit I have experienced from using Burdock Blood Bitters. For several years I have suffered from oft-recurring bilious headaches, dyspepsia, and complaints peculiar to my sex, which now I am entirely relieved from. If not cured by using only about half a bottle of the Bitters. I now beg to return you my sincere thanks for recommending to me such a valuable medicine.

I remain, yours sincerely,
MRS. IRA MULLHOLLAND.

The trustees of Walkerton have instructed the constable to arrest all boys loafing about the town during school hours without being able to give a satisfactory account of themselves. It would be a good idea if that practice were carried out elsewhere.

Free of Cost.

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., is given away in trial bottles *free of cost* to afflicted. If you have a severe cough, cold, difficulty of breathing, hoarseness or any affection of the throat or lungs by all means give this wonderful remedy a trial. As you value your existence you cannot afford to let this opportunity pass. We could not afford, and would not give this remedy away unless we knew it would accomplish what we claim for it. Thousands of hopeless cases have already been cured by it. There is no medicine in the world that will cure one-half the cases that DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY *will cure*. For sale by J. H. Michener.

On Friday afternoon last a fire broke out in the kiln attached to the oatmeal mill owned by J. & R. Sutherland, St. Mary's, and before the fire engine could be got to work the flames had got beyond control. The mill, with its contents, was totally destroyed. The loss is estimated at $6,000; insured for $2,000. The Sutherland Bros. had only lately bought the property, and consequently the loss falls more heavily upon them. At the time of the fire they had in the mill a large stock of grain and oatmeal, which was nearly all burned.

Holloway's Pills.—Weak Stomachs.—The wisest cannot enumerate one quarter of the distressing symptoms arising from enfeebled digestion, all of which might be readily dispelled by these admirable Pills. They remove all unpleasant tastes from the mouth, flatulency, and constipation. Holloway's Pills rouse the stomach, liver and every other organ, helping digestion to that healthy tone which fully enables it to convert all we eat and drink to the nourishment of our bodies. Hence these Pills are the surest strengthener and the safest restoratives in nervousness, wasting and chronic debility. Holloway's Pills are infallible remedies for impaired appetite, constipation, and a multitude of other disagreeable symptoms, which render miserable the lives of thousands. These Pills are approved by all classes

The Barrie *Advance* tells a good story showing the qualifications of one of Mr. Mowat's magistrates, who "dispenses justice" not a thousand miles from Stayner. The other day a case of assault and battery was heard by him. The evidence concluded, the magistrate scratched his head thoughtfully, gave a final squint at the page of the statute therein made and provided, and then gravely said:—"The battery is made out clearly against the defendant, and I shall fine him one dollar and costs for it. As to the assault, the parties can settle that between themselves."

SALE REGISTER.

Friday, Dec. 17.—Sale of farm stock for Mrs. Sarah Dobson, lot 25, 9th con. Elma, T. E. Hay, auctioneer.

BIRTHS.

SCHNEIDER—In Wallace on the 4th inst., the wife of Mr. Wm. Schneider, of a daughter.

GRENNIE—In Elma on the 7th inst., the wife of Mr. Geo. Grennie, of a son.

AMEY—In Listowel, on the 9th inst., the wife of Mr. Jas. Amey, of a son.

HEMPHILL—In Tuscarora, on the 7th inst., the wife of Mr. Hen phill, of a daughter.

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

December 9

TO THE PUBLIC.

I again avail myself of the return of the Holiday season to thank a kind public for the liberal patronage bestowed on me in the past, and hope to merit a continuance of the same; and in doing so would respectfully call your attention to my stock of goods suitable for the X mas and New Year's trade, which is far superior to any former year. I hope to be favoured with a special inspection of my goods. Every arrangement will be made for the proper attention and comfort of customers. My store, No. 3, Merchants Block, Wallace Street, will remain open every night till ten o'clock from the 13th to the 24th, inclusive, for the accommodation of those who cannot come during the day. Goods can be bought early and laid aside for delivery at any particular time. The great number of people who come on the two or three days previous to X-mas day make it almost impossible to attend properly to everyone, therefore I would respectfully impress on those who have made up their minds as to what goods they want, to call early and avoid the crush.

Yours Respectfully,

J. W. BRISBIN.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1880.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Go to Roy & McDonald's for your boots and shoes.—41.

Business circulars got up in first-class style at the Standard office.

Buy your Christmas goods at Brisbin's—large stock and low prices.

Dresses and Mantles cut and fit on short notice at Mrs. Goodfellow's.—43c.

Brisbin's stock is now complete—buy early before the rush commences.

Butter wanted in large quantities, for trade and cash, at Roy & McDonald's.—41.

Sunday and day schools supplied with goods at reduced rates, at Brisbin's.

The monthly cattle fair on Friday last was below the average. The buyers evidently have not left much marketable stock in the neighborhood.

Remember that one dollar will buy more X mas goods at Brisbin's than $1.50 will at any other house in town.

Next to Gas.—Everybody likes it. I am selling American high test burning oil same price as Canadian, in order to introduce it. J. A. Hacking.

Gold Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, Chains—largest stock and lowest prices in town at Brisbin's.

The Perth County Council is in session this week. A synopsis of the proceedings will appear in next issue.

X-mas and New Year's Cards, 500 kinds to select from, at Brisbin's.—46b.

Mr. S. E. Smith, operator, left town this week to accept a situation as operator and ticket agent at the Grand Trunk Railway offices, Guelph.

Remember that Brisbin's immense stock of goods is a sight once seen never to be forgotten.

Mr. D. W. Palmer, of the Toronto Tea Store, makes a "holiday" announcement this week, which the public may read and profit by. Messrs. S. Bricker & Co. also announce holiday goods in their line.

Brisbin sells Comfort Stands, Butter Coolers, Pickle Bottles, Napkin Rings—cheap for cash.

Millinery, mantles and dressmaking, in all the latest styles. Garments cut and fitted while parties are waiting, by Mrs. Leslie and Miss Reid, over Roy & McDonald's store.—41.

See Brisbin's stock of Dolls—all sizes and prices.

Mr. James Falvey, formerly of the Stratford *Herald*, has joined the staff of the *Mail*.

Go to Brisbin's for Autograph, Scrap and Photograph Albums, Work Boxes, Writing Desks, "Leisure Hour," "Sunday at Home," all the annuals, or any Edition to the Poets—prices very low.

Advice to Young Men.—If you want to look nice, and be well dressed, at the smallest possible expense go to the Popular Clothing House, No. 3, Main st. Listowel. John Riggs, Proprietor.—42.

Don't fail to see the Mammoth stock of Toys, Rocking Horses, Sleighs, Games, Desks, Work Boxes, Shell goods, Albums, Vases, Toilet Sets, Mottoes, Caps and Satchels, Fancy Goods, &c., at Brisbin's.

Benvolio.—We understand that Mr. J. W. Bengough, cartoonist of *Grip*, will deliver a lecture in the Osborne hall on Friday evening, 17th inst. Something highly entertaining may be anticipated.

Lecture.—Rev. T. T. Aylesworth, M. A., has been engaged to deliver his lecture on "Ingersoll, Shakespeare and the Bible," in the M. E. Church, on Thursday evening, 16th inst. Admission 15 cents.

Remember the C. M. Church anniversary tea meeting on Monday evening next. Addresses will be delivered by Rev. W. F. Maxwell, of Guelph, and others. Rev. Mr. Maxwell will also conduct the anniversary services in the church on Sunday.

In New Premises.—Mr. Wm. McKeever has fitted up one of the apartments in his new block on Wallace street for a butcher stall, and will remove his shop to-day. He purposes keeping a first class place, and the public can rely upon being well served.

American Oil.—We notice that Mr. Hacking has just passed a quantity of American coal oil through H. M. Customs, the fire test of which is 150, which is ten degrees higher than is required by statute.—44c.

Special at Roy & McDonald's—Ladies' mantles, ulsters and dolmans, ready-made and made to order, in first class style, excellent fit guaranteed, by Mrs. Leslie and Miss Reid. Goods sold in the house cut and fitted free of charge.—41.

An Old Saying.—It is cheaper to pay the shoemaker than the doctor. Keep the feet dry and warm, especially at this season of the year. The best place to get a supply of good substantial Boots and Shoes is at John Riggs' store, No. 3, Main st., Listowel.—42.

Hay Pressing.—Mr. R. J. Armstrong is erecting a building adjoining McIlwraith's foundry which he purposes using for pressing hay for exporting. This new industry will furnish employment to at least half a dozen men, and will also make a good market for hay, as Mr. Armstrong is prepared to pay the highest price for any quantity of that commodity.

Something New and Old.—New goods for the winter wear, consisting of dress goods, shawls, mantles, overcoats, boots, hosiery, furs, robes, ladies', gents', misses' and children's fur caps, clouds, mufflers, and a thousand and one other things, all of which will be sold at a small advance on cost, at the old reliable store, No. 3, Main st., Listowel.

John Riggs, Proprietor.—42.

The Rev. H. Bartlett opened an Advent Mission in Shelburne last week, being the first week in Advent, with a sermon on the "Day of Judgement." Several able and eloquent clergymen are on the programme to continue the Mission for the Rev. W. Bevan, who is well and favourably known here. The congregations are large and the services are heartily and devoutly rendered.

Cheap Money.—Two of our advertisers, Mr. R. Martin, of this town, and Mr. Hunt of Wallace, announce that they are prepared to loan money at 6 per cent. This should be good news for borrowers. It may also be accepted as a sign of the better times which have made their appearance under the N.P. With plenty of money seeking investment at low rates of interest, the improvement of the agricultural status of the country and the development of manufacturing industries are assured.

The Masonic Assembly.—We understand that among the many attractive features contemplated in connection with this brilliant affair, it is intended to have the stage of the Osborne hall carpeted and fitted up for parlor games, in order that any who may be present and not wish to dance, may find other ways of enjoying themselves. A piano will also be provided, and the elegantly furnished lodge room will be thrown open for the occasion. Mr. Gibson, of the Commercial, has undertaken to prepare the supper.

Public Meeting.—An effort is being made to resuscitate the Mechanics' Institute, a meeting with that object in view having been called by the Mayor for this evening. We understand that the Institute is afflicted with an incubus in the shape of a considerable debt, and it is for the citizens of the town to say whether it shall be assisted out of its present difficulties and placed on a new footing, or be allowed to go to the wall. The necessity of taking action, if the latter is to be prevented, will be comprehended, all interested should therefore attend the meeting.

Christ Church.—Special Advent Sermons are announced to be preached in this church by the Rev. Henry Bartlett, Incumbent, on Sunday next, 12th inst. Subjects—11 a. m., "Prophecies on Christ's Second Coming;" 6.30 p. m., "Day of Judgement." These sermons were preached by the Rev. gentleman on Sundays, Nov. 1st, 15, 29th, and Dec. 27th, 1868, by special request of the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Committee for "Special Religious Services," in the South London Music Hall, and the Metropolitan Music Hall, at the west end of London, Eng., the large buildings being crowded.

L. O. L.—The annual meeting of L. O. L. No. 617, Listowel, took place in the hall on Thursday evening 2nd inst., when the following officers were duly elected and installed: Bro. Dr. Burgess, W. M.; Bro. Stephen McLean, D. M.; Bro. Stewart Watson, Chaplain; Bro. A. M. Morrow, Master of Ceremonies; Bro. W. Wilson, Secretary; Bro. Geo. Zilliax, Treasurer; Bro. Thos. Robinson, 1st Committee man; Bro. James Rogers, 2nd com.; Bro. Alex. Deavitt, 3rd com.; Bro. John McMinn, 4th com.; Bro. Geo. McKeever, 5th com.; Bros. T. G. Fennell and A. M. Morrow, Auditors.

Real Estate Transactions.—We understand that Mr. John Osborne has completed the sale of three of his brick stores on main street, the buildings being those at present occupied by Latham & Co., Dr. Michener, and Row & Knight. The respective purchasers are Latham & Co., Geo. Adam, and S. M. Smith. The latter gentleman, we believe, intends removing his business, including the Montreal Telegraph office, to his newly acquired premises, about the middle of January. This will be an advantage to the business portion of the town, as the present location of the telegraph office is to some extent inconvenient.

Railway Accident.—Yesterday morning, while the mixed train on the Port Dover division of the Grand Trunk Ry. was shunting in the yard at the station here, previous to departing for the south, an accident which will entail considerable loss to the company, was occasioned by a switch being unfortunately left open. Instead of backing down the line towards the elevator, as was intended, the train was thrown in upon the siding leading to the engine house, and as it went rapidly over the turn-table five of the cars jumped the track, and were driven clean through the engine house, knocking out both ends and displacing the supports of the roof in such a manner as to leave that building very badly wrecked. The cars, which were loaded with flour and grain, fortunately escaped serious damage. Assistance was telegraphed for to Stratford, and a large gang of men were sent to the relief of the unlucky train. By dark last evening a number of the cars had been got back on the rails.

Public School Board.—The Board met on Tuesday evening, 7th inst. Present, Messrs. Bradley, Hay, Perhame and Newman. The Principal's report for the month of November, was received and filed, showing the total number of pupils on roll to be 505; average attendance for the month, 379. A resolution was passed appointing places for holding nominations and elections for School Trustees, and for appointing returning officers, as follows: East Ward, Town hall, McBeth Green, R. O.; Centre Ward, old school building, L. Bolton, R. O.; West Ward, Alex. Morrow's store, Alex. Morrow, R. O. Accounts were passed as follows: Ferguson & Elliott, printing, $16.04; A. McGeo. Hawkins, do., $14.85; Dom. Telegraph Co., 70c.; W. Bradley, dry cedar, $1.50; J. & J. Large, moving seats, $3.55. Miss Hyslop's resignation as teacher of the 2nd dept. of the Public School was accepted, and Miss Martin was engaged for the dept. at a salary of $275 per annum. Mr. Crozier's account for conducting examinations for entrance to High School was laid over for further consideration.

Caledonian Concert.—The concert given under the auspices of the Caledonian Society on Friday evening last in the Osborne hall was in all respects successful. The attendance was one of the largest which has ever been accorded any similar entertainment, consequently in a financial point of view it was very gratifying to the Society. In other respects also both the society and the very large audience present had reason to be well satisfied, as they were certainly well entertained. The ladies and gentlemen vocalists who took part in the programme acquitted themselves with credit, and as it was the first occasion that a Listowel audience had had of listening to any of them, we believe, the pleasure of listening to new voices was doubtless also appreciated. Mr. Drumgole, of London, who has a very rich tenor voice, pleased the audience very much. Miss Cope of Branchtown, and Miss Strong of Clifford, were also well received. The former young lady possesses an exceptionally sweet voice, although not very powerful; her rendition of "The Ferry" was admirable. The comical feature of the entertainment was fully sustained by Mr. J. T. O'Neill, of Woodstock, whose delineations of Irish character were "simply immense." Masters Charles and Thomas Mcmillan, of Toronto, whose prodigious execution of the "Highland fling" and other Scottish dances has incurred the favor of the Marquis of Lorne, were present in costume, and performed the sword dance and the "fling," to the musical accompaniment of the bag pipes, in excellent style. Miss Ellis of Guelph, gracefully presided at the piano. The chair was ably filled by D. D. Campbell, Esq. The highly successful entertainment was closed by singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen."

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE

WEST WARD.

Gentlemen,—At the solicitation of a large number of the ratepayers of the West Ward, I have consented to become a candidate for the office of Councillor for the year 1881. Your voices and influence are respectfully solicited.

I have the honor to be,

Your Obedient Servant,

D. B. DINGMAN.

Listowel, Dec 9, 1880. 46.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE

WEST WARD.

Gentlemen,—In response to the request of a large number of ratepayers, I have consented to allow myself to be placed in nomination as a candidate for the office of Councillor for the West Ward, for the year 1881. Should I be elected, I will endeavor to further the interests of the Ward and of the Town, to the best of my ability.

I am, gentlemen,

Your Obedient Servant,

JNO. BINNING.

Listowel, Dec. 9, 1880. 46.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE

WEST WARD.

Gentlemen,—In response to the request of a large number of ratepayers, I have consented to allow myself to be placed in nomination as a candidate for the office of Councillor for the West Ward, for the year 1881. Should I be elected, I will endeavor to further the interests of the Ward and of the Town, to the best of my ability.

I am, gentlemen,

Your Obedient Servant,

ROBT. WOODS.

Listowel, Dec. 8, 1880. 46.

FARM FOR SALE!

South half of lot 51, 1st con. Grey township, containing 50 acres; 40 acres cleared. Frame house and other suitable buildings. Three-quarters of a mile from Molesworth, 7 miles from Listowel. Terms and other particulars made known on application to

JOHN BROATCH,

Molesworth, P. O. 41f

NOTICE TO DEBTORS!

The undersigned wishes to notify all parties indebted to him in his late Boot and Shoe business that all accounts due to him must be settled not later than the 1st of January next, or they will be put in court for collection. Parties will find me at my residence or tannery in Listowel.

PETER KNAPP.

Listowel, Nov. 16, 1880. 43-g.

FARM FOR SALE.

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

NATHANIEL HARRIS.

Listowel, P. O., Oct. 20, 1880. 39.

FARM FOR SALE.

The North-east 50 acres in the 7th con. of Wallace. The land is in a good state of cultivation; all cleared but 8 acres, and fit for a reaper to run on it. A good frame barn 36x52; frame house 18x26, well finished; barn and house new; good well and pump at door, and a never failing spring creek on the place. Terms, $700 down; the balance can run for a term of years at 7 per cent. Also 90 acres will be rented along with the 50 for a term of ten years. The land is first-class; within 3 miles of the town of Palmerston. For particulars apply to the proprietor,

JAMES LITTLE,

Rothsay, Ont.

13.

PUBLIC MEETING!

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE!

In compliance with a resolution of the Town Council, a Public Meeting will be held in the TOWN HALL,

On FRIDAY Evening 10th December,

inst., at 8 o'clock,

to consider ways and means for assisting the Mechanics' Institute of the town.

J. W. SCOTT, Mayor.

Listowel, Dec. 8, 1880. 46a.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The Law partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, has this day been dissolved by effluxion of time. All debts due the partnership must be settled at once. Payment can be made to either party.

Dated November 30th, 1880.

T. G. FENNELL.
D. B. DINGMAN.

Mr. Fennell will continue practice in the office recently occupied by Messrs. Fennell & Dingman.

Mr. Dingman will carry on practice in offices over Scott's Banking House, on Wallace street, Listowel.

Listowel, Nov. 30th, 1880. 45

LIVERY, HACK & BUS BUSINESS.

R. & W. WOODS,

having purchased the Livery and Hack business from Jas. Pelton, wish to inform the public that they are prepared to supply

Rigs of Every Kind on Shortest Notice, and at Reasonable Rates.

They will also run

A BUS AND HACK,

to and from all trains. Good rigs and gentle horses at all hours.

Stables—Mill street, opposite Town Hall Listowel. 3.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS, 1881.

NOTICE.

THE Electors of the

TOWN OF LISTOWEL,

are hereby notified that a public meeting will be held in the TOWN HALL on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 27TH, 1880,

at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of

NOMINATING CANDIDATES

for the offices of

MAYOR, REEVE & DEPUTY-REEVE,

and at 12 o'clock noon at the following places in each Ward for the nomination of Councillors for the Town of Listowel for the year 1881.

For the East Ward—In the Town Hall; McBeth Green, Returning Officer.

For the Centre Ward—In the old School Building; William Bright, Returning Officer.

For the West Ward—In Alexander Morrows Building; Alexander Morrow, Returning Officer.

Should a poll be found necessary, it will be held at the above mentioned places, on

MONDAY, the 3rd day of January, 1881,

Commencing at the hour of 9 o'clock a. m., and continue open till 5 o'clock p. m., and no longer. All of which particular the Electors will take notice of and govern themselves accordingly.

WILLIAM BRIGHT,
Town Clerk.

Listowel, Dec. 6th, 1880. 46c.

IN NEW PREMISES!

WM. McKEEVER,

Has pleasure in announcing that he has fitted up a

First-Class Butcher Stall

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

Choicest Meats of the Season

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

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS!

to parties purchasing in large quantities.

Call and see him in his new premises.

WM. McKEEVER.

Listowel, 1880. 46.

REMOVAL!

J. P. NEWMAN,

Has

Removed to His New Store!

On the Old Site, West of Campbell's Block, Main Street, where he has Opened out

AN EXTENSIVE STOCK

—OF—

BOOTS & SHOES

Comprising all the Newest Styles in Ladies', Men's and Children's wear, and which he will sell at

BOTTOM PRICES!

First-Class Workmen Employed.

☞Repairing Promptly Attended To.☜

Remember the Stand,

Mechanic's Block, Main St., South Side.

J. P. NEWMAN.

Listowel, Sept. 12, 1879.

MONEY TO LEND.

FOR FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES, also private funds at 6 per cent. Conveyancing done &c.

ADAM HUNT, Commissioner

Teviotdale P. O.

Residence, con. 12, Wallace.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the whereabouts of John Henry Wettlaufer, who left the home of his parents in Wallace township on the 16th March last. He is 23 years of age; height 5 feet 6 inches; slender figure and fair complexion; nose large; speaks fluently the German as well as the English language. When he left home he wore a gold watch and chain, also two gold lockets and three gold rings. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his parents, who are greatly distressed by his absence.

CHAS. WETTLAUFER.

Listowel, P. O., Dec 1, 1880. 45

FARM FOR SALE.

Being lot 33, 9th con. Elma, 175 acres; 140 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation, balance well timbered. The farm is well drained and well watered. A good substantial frame house, 32x22, with kitchen 16x24. The house is new and well finished, with excellent cellar. Frame barn 80x36. Two orchards on premises, one in bearing. The farm is well fenced, and is altogether one of the most desirable properties in the township. Terms reasonable. For further particulars apply on the premises, to

WM. BUCHANAN,

45 Donegal P. O.

CORDWOOD.

I am now prepared to contract for

GREEN and DRY CORDWOOD

to be delivered this winter. As I require only a limited quantity, will bargain for CASH with those who come first.

FRANK E. GIBBS,

Empress Mills.

Lietowel, Nov. 4, 1880. 41c.

LILLICO'S BANKING HOUSE

Corner Main and Wellington St's.,

DRAYTON, ONT.

A general banking business done; negotiate loans on short or long dates on approved notes or collateral security.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

A liberal rate of interest will be allowed on deposit money; can be withdrawn at any time with interest to date of withdrawal.

Money remitted by draft, payable in Canada or the United States.

Collections of Notes and Accounts attended to promptly on reasonable terms.

Farmers requiring advances are invited to call.

References—Merchants Bank of Canada, Stratford.

Office Hours from 9 a.m., to 3 p.m.

C. H. Smith, Manager. P. Lillico, Proprietor.

3-15

NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE!

The subscribers would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Listowel and vicinity, that they have purchased the Boot and Shoe business of Mr. Peter Knapp on Wallace street, where they will always keep a well selected stock of

BOOTS & SHOES,

—FOR—

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN!

and will sell as cheap as any house in town.

☞Custom Work will receive special attention, and repairing promptly attended to.

Remember the place—Peter Knapp's old stand on Wallace street, Listowel.

KARGES BROS.

Listowel, Sept. 3rd, 1880. 33.

WILLIAM LITTLE,

Successor to LITTLE BROS., & Co.,

WALLACE STREET LISTOWEL,

MANUFACTURER OF

First-Class Carriages, Wagons

made from the best material, sold

On Most Reasonable Terms.

ALSO

HORSE-SHOEING & REPAIRING

☞Promptly Attended To.☜

Listowel, 1880. 17.

GEORGE ZILLIAX,

GROCER & GRAIN MERCHANT,

Wallace Street, Listowel,

Invites the attention of the public to his new and fresh stock of

Groceries, Crockery, &c.,

which he is selling at bottom prices.

He deals extensively in Flour, Feed, Grain, Pork and Vegetables.

Prime Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Cracked Wheat, Pot Barley, &c., always on hand.

Oats, Seed Grain, Horse-tooth Corn, and Seeds supplied in any quantity.

Potatoes, Field Roots and Garden Vegetables, and all descriptions of Farm Produce, bought and sold.

Land Salt & Shingles For Sale.

The highest market price paid for all kinds of Grain, Hides and skins.

☞Remember the stand—two doors south of the Royal Hotel, Wallace street Listowel.

NEW INDUSTRY

IN LISTOWEL.

The undersigned take this opportunity of informing the public that they have recently started a

FURNITURE

and MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MANUFACTORY in Listowel, and are now prepared to supply

ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE

AT LOWEST PRICES!

Superior Hand-Made Furniture

A SPECIALTY!

CARVING,

and all descriptions of ornamentation in wood executed to order.

PICTURE FRAMING.

All kinds of mouldings kept in stock, and pictures framed in first-class style and at cheapest figures.

We have just received a large stock of

CHROMOS, LITHOGRAPHS,

&c, which will be sold very cheap.

As we are about to commence the manufacture of

ORGANS AND PIANOS,

and having had many years experience in some of the best manufactories of the Old World, we invite the public to reserve their orders until they have had an opportunity of examining our instruments, feeling assured that we can compete with any instrument manufactory on this continent, in style of finish, quality of tone, durability and cheapness.

DULCIMERS of our own manufacture can be had at all times.

Warerooms—Crystal Hall, nearly opposite the Commercial Hotel, Main St., Listowel.

A call is respectfully invited.

PATERSON, WOODS & Co.

Listowel, November, 1880. 42.

MONEY TO LOAN!

PRIVATE FUNDS to lend in sums to suit borrowers, at very reasonable interest. Apply to

FENNELL & DINGMAN,

Barristers, &c., Listowel.

Dated 8th March, 1880. 7.

UNION FLOURING MILLS,

LISTOWEL.

A. MOYER & CO.

Having put their mill in first-class order by the introduction of the best and latest improved milling machinery, are now prepared to do Gristing, Chopping and all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

on short notice, and to the best satisfaction

Family Flour sold and delivered to any part of the town.

All Kinds of Chopped Feed Sold.

A. MOYER & CO.

Inkerman Street, Listowel. 16c.

IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.

DONALD BROWN

Having purchased the entire stock of the

Mammoth China Hall & Grocery,

will continue the business in the old stand, next door to Livingstone's Drug store, Wallace street. The whole stock was purchased at

A GREAT BARGAIN!

consequently he is prepared to give the most liberal inducements to **CASH** purchasers. The stock comprises

GROCERIES,

Crockery, Glassware, &c.,

And those in need of anything in his line will save money by dealing with him.

Don't Forget the Stand and Call Early.

Goods delivered to all parts of the town.

The highest price paid for Farm Produce.

DONALD BROWN.

Listowel, Aug. 1880. 30.

GEORGE ADAM

Importer and Dealer in

Shelf and Heavy Hardware!

Tinware and Stoves,

respectively solicits a call from intending purchasers before buying elseware. All goods

AT LOWEST FIGURES.

WANTED!

10 tons of any kind rags. 500 DOZEN OF EGGS, in exchange for Goods at

ADAM'S HARDWARE.

Opposite Hess Bros. Factory, Main Street.

LISTOWEL.

Listowel, 1880. 49.

TRUTHS.

Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters ever made.

They are compounded from **Hops, Buchu Mandrake** and **Dandelion**,—the oldest best, and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest **Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator,** and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, **without intoxicating.**

No matter what your feelings or symtoms are what the disease or ailment is use, Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable use the Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. ☞$500☜ will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

Do not suffer yourself or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine every made; the "**Invalid's Friend and Hope,**" and no person or family should be without them. **Try the Bitters to-day.**

Try Hop Cough Cure and Pain Relief.

For sale by all druggists.

SELLING OFF!

C. J. GUNDRY,

Will sell up to the 1st of December, *any article out of his stock at*

WHOLESALE PRICES FOR CASH!

Call early and secure some of the bargains in

Electro-Plated Ware,

all of which will be sold withou reserve at

Manufacturers' Wholesale Prices.

Jewellery of all kinds also to be sold very cheap!

Shirt Studs at Half Price.

Cuff Buttons at Half Price.

Also a very large stock of fine Gold Setts, which will be sold regardless of cost, at half price.

Call and see for yourself and get a bargain.

C. J. GUNDRY,

Main Street Listowel. 38

West End Grocery.

ALEX. MORROW asks every one requiring Good Teas to inspect his stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere, as he is giving bargains that cannot be beaten. SALT sold by the barrel or load, at the lowest price.

SEWING MACHINES of different kinds, and of the best make, sold below Grange prices for cash. Sewing machine needles of all kinds sold wholesale and retail. Best sperm oil for sewing machines kept on hand, and sewing machines repaired.

ALEX. MORROW,

Main Street West.

FRIEND W. BLACK,

The famous, favored, fortunate fellow, furnisher of four Ferrotypes for fifty cents, having taken possession of the

PHOTO GALLERY

One door west of J. Armstrong's grocery, and having thoroughly refitted and refurnished the same, putting in the best instruments, back-grounds and accessories that can be procured, is now prepared to supply the public with **First-class Photos** at the **lowest possible prices.**

From an extensive experience in some of the best galleries in Ontario, he feels confident of being able to give entire satisfaction to the public.

AMBROTYPES.

Having the latest and most improved instruments for making this popular style of picture, I defy competition, as I give

Four Large Ambrotypes for 50 CENTS.

Just as large as you get anywhere else for 25c. each.

All work guaranted first-class or no charge.

W. BLACK.

39. Photographer.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

Holiday Goods!

—AT THE—

TORONTO

T T

STORE!

Just opened, a large assortment of

CHINA TEA SETS,

Granite and Oaken Ware.

Also a large assortment of

FANCY LAMPS

Glassware, &c.,

suitable for HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

OUR 50 CENT TEAS

ARE UNSURPASSED.

A full stock of

ALES, WINES & LIQUORS

of all kinds constantly on hand.

D. W. PALMER,

Main Street, Listowel. 46.

R. MARTIN,

REAL ESTATE

AND

INSURANCE AGENT.

Buys and sells Lands, loans money and does a general Insurance business.

$1,800 Will purchase lot number 37 in the 2nd concession of the township of Minto, containing 100 acres, 35 cleared balance rolling land. There is 6 acres of fall wheat on the lot, 2 acres of orchard bearing, good well and pump, hewn log house. Terms of payment $700 cash, balance to remain on interest for 11 years at 8 per cent. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

$1,700 will purchase 100 acres in Wallace, 3½ miles from Listowel, 30 acres cleared, balance mostly hardwood. Terms, $300 cash, balance in 4 years at 8 per cent. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

$3,400 Will purchase lot 28, in the 8th con. of the Township of Elma in County of Perth—containing 100 acres. $1,500 cash, balance on time for 3 years at 8 per cent. 75 acres cleared with a bank barn and stone stable, inside 55x36; frame barn 28x36; dwelling house with good frame kitchen. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

Lot 28 in the 5th con. Howick, containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, balance good hardwood bush, well watered, with frame barn 40x36. New frame house 29x22, stone cellar. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS to Lend, in sums from **$200** to **$3,000,** at

6 Per Cent.

Interest payable yearly, with the privilege given to the borrower of paying off the whole loan or any part, at any time. On such payments of Principal, Interest shall cease.

R. MARTIN.

INSURANCE.

The best Companies represented, such as the WESTERN, LANCASHIRE &C.

Apply to R. MARTIN.

Office on Main St.,

LISTOWEL.

Opposite the Grand Central Hotel. 38

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

The only Medicine that successfully purifies the Blood, acts upon the Liver, Bowels, Skin and Kidneys, while at the same time it allays Nervous Irritation, and strengthens the Debilitated System, perfectly and speedily curing Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Nervous and General Debility, Female Complaints, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, and every species of Chronic Disease arising from Disordered Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels or Blood.

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFYING TONIC IN THE WORLD.

Sample Bottle, 10c. T. MILBURN & CO., SOLE AGENTS, TORONTO. Regular Size, $1.00

Mrs. Freeman's Worm Powder is a safe, sure and effectual destroyer of worm in children or adults. Price 25 cents or 5 for $1.

Mrs. Freeman's New Domestic Dyes are perfect in every color. For brightness and durability they have no equal. Price 15 cents per package.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

—:o:—

FINE ELECTRO-PLATED WARE,

FIRST-CLASS CUTLERY,

ELEGANT LAMP GOODS,

SKATES FOR THE MILLION,

And other Choice Goods Suitable for the Holiday Trade.

—:o:—

S. BRICKER & CO'S HARDWARE,

MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL. 46.

1880. ONTARIO HOUSE. 1880.

—:o:—

I have much pleasure in announcing that my stock of

AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS!

In British, Foreign and Canadian, are now arriving, and in many lines will be found unusually attractive, and AT LOWER PRICES than have been offered in previous seasons.

—o—

SPECIAL ATTENTION

will be devoted to the

Millinery and Mantle Department,

which for style and quality will surpass anything ever offered in town.

A First-Class CITY MILLINER Always Employed.

Purchasers from town and country are cordially invited to examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

—o—

LIQUORS—WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

At Reduced Prices. Sole Agent for the Celebrated "Invalid Wine," Recommended by the Medical Profession in Town.

GEORGE DRAPER,

LISTOWEL, 1880. 36

R. McMILLAN & CO.,

—STILL TO THE FORE—

With the choicest stock of

SEASONABLE GOODS!

—:o:—

A SPLENDID RANGE OF

S-C-O-T-C-H — T-W-E-E-D-S!

SUITS got up in first-class style, and splendid value.

—:o:—

Large stock of **MEN'S OVERCOATS** and all kinds of

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

At prices to suit everybody.

—:o:—

LADIES MANTLES—A large variety and very cheap.

—:o:—

☞FULL LINES OF DRESS GOODS, HOUSE FURNISHINGS, &c.☜

—:o:—

Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, Groceries, &c.

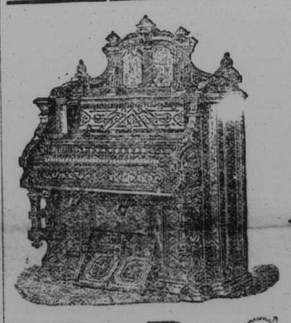
—:o:—

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK.

R. McMILLAN & Co.

Campbell's Block—East Store, Main Street, Listowel.

Listowel, 1880. 40.



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LISTOWEL ONT.

THE THIEF'S THANKSGIVING.

EDITOR SPECTATOR: The accompanying verses were found in a cell in one of the leading jails in the Province, recently vacated by a notorious illdoer. Thinking that they might be worth publishing I inclose them.—OLIVER TWIST.

I cannot take my walks abroad,
I'm under lock and key,
And much the public I applaud
In all their care of me.

Not more than others I deserve—
In fact, much less than more;
Yet I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

The honest pauper in the street
Half-naked I behold,
While I am clad from head to feet
And covered from the cold.

Thousands there are who scarce can tell
Where they shall lay their head,
But I've a warm and well-aired cell,
A bath, good book, good bed.

While they are fed on workhouse fare
And grudged their scanty food,
Three times a day my meals I get,
Sufficient, wholesome, good.

Then to our country's glorious health,
Who all our care relieves,
And while its treats us as it does
'Twill never want for thieves

QUEENIE HETHERTON.

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes,

Author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Daisy Thornton," "Ethelyn's Mistake," "Forrest House,' etc.

[CONTINUED.]

And as she said this, Mrs. La Rue's face glowed with excitement and her eyes shone with all the fire of her fresh girlhood when Frederick Hetherton had told her she was pretty. Margery had been dear to her as her own life, which she would at any time have given for the girl whom she had so wronged; but with her confession there had swept over her a great wave of mother love and tenderness for the poor little girl who, in her own room, whither Margery had taken her, sat in the great easy-chair, motionless as a stone, with her hands lying helplessly upon her lap, and her eyes, from which all the sparkle and brightness were gone, looking always from the window across the snow clad hills and meadows to the spot where the tall evergreens marked the burial place of the dead. Sometimes Margery went and spoke to her. But Queenie did not answer, until late in the afternoon, when Margery came and stood between her and the window. Then she said, entreatingly:

"Move away, please. I am looking over to where father lies, and thinking of all he said to me before he died. Oh, Margie," and the poor little pinched white face quivered and the voice was very sad and piteous, "I'm a lie to the living? I told him I would forgive him, whatever it was, and I cannot, I cannot, and my heart is so bitter and hard toward him and her, and all the world except you. Oh, Margie, Margie, you will not turn against me. You will love me just a little, even if I am a child of shame. I could not help it, and I love you so much. I would have stood by you in the face of the whole world; stand by me, Margie, will you?"

She was looking at Margie with her heavy, pleading eyes, and her hands were lifted in supplication as she spoke, while her voice told how abased and humiliated she felt. In a moment Margery knelt beside her and was covering the feeble hands with tears and kisses as she said: "Queenie, Queenie, my love, my darling, will I stand by you? Will I love you? As well might you ask if the sun will rise again as to question my love for you, my sister. It is very sweet to call you thus, even though a shadow lies over us now; but that will pass away. There is brightness beyond—brightness and happiness, too—and, Queenie, you must not believe all mother said. She is not in her right senses. She knows it now, and wonders at herself. You may believe I am your sister, but not the rest—the part which touched you the closest—because it cast a blot on your birth—because——"

"Hush, Margery," Queenie said, withdrawing her hands from Margery and leaning back wearily in her chair. "You cannot deceive me into believing that Christine did not tell me the truth, for she did. I am that child born in Marseilles. Margaret Ferguson was your mother; Christine Bodine is mine."

Here a shudder ran through Queenie's frame so long and deep that her teeth chattered as if she were seized with a chill, and both hands and lips were purple with cold. After a pause she continued:

"I think the hardest part of all is losing all faith in father. I cannot forgive him, though I promised him I would. He had no right to bequeath me such a heritage of shame. If he had left me in security, where I belonged, it would have been better; but now the fall has crushed me utterly. And, Margery, what of you? How came you in that garret—you, the lawful daughter of the house, while I, the base-born, was raised to such a giddy height of prosperity that in my foolish pride I held myself better than the most of mankind? Why was it? Do you know?"

"Yes," Margery replied, "I know; but it will be better for mother to tell you."

"Mother! Do you call her mother still?" Queenie asked, and her voice expressed all the bitter scorn which she then felt for the woman who had so injured her.

"Yes, I call her mother still," Margery answered softly. "She is all the mother I have ever known, and, whatever may be her faults, I shall always call her mother; but I do not think she expects you to. You cannot."

"No; oh, no, I cannot; my idea of mother was so different!" Queenie cried; then, with a long-drawn sigh, she continued, "Where is she, Margie? She must tell me all about it, about you, I mean. Ask her to come up."

CHAPTER XLIV.

CHRISTINE'S STORY.

Margery found her mother in the library, standing by the window, with that gloomy, abstracted look upon her face which she had so often seen there before she learned the cause and knew of the keen remorse always gnawing at her heart-strings and making her heart so wretched. Christine had done the worst she could do to Queenie. She had told her the truth; and though a great burden was lifted from her, and in one sense she felt freer and happier than she had felt in years, she was weighed down with a sense of shame and regret, and filled with a dread of the future. That Queenie could ever love, or even respect her, was impossible, raised as she had been in a very hot-bed of pride and aristocracy, and taught from her infancy that such as Christine Bodine were creatures of an entirely different grade from herself.

"She may compel herself to be civil to me," Christine thought, "though I ought not to hope for that; but if she only knew how much I love her, and how the affection, smothered so long, has grown since I confessed myself her mother, she would forgive me, perhaps. Oh, Queenie! my child! my child! why was I left to sin as I did, and, having sinned, why did I not end my life, as I thought to do so many times, and so make the telling impossible. It would have been comparatively easy then; but now I shrink from it, and death is not the desirable condition it once seemed to me. I must live now for Queenie, even if she hates me forever."

"Mother," Margery said just here, and with a start Christine turned toward her; "Mother, Queenie wishes to see you—wishes to hear the story you have to tell. Will you go to her now?"

"Yes, yes," Mrs. La Rue replied, in a frightened, trembling voice, for there swept over her a great fear of the girl to whom she must tell her story, and grasping Margery's arm she whispered, "Does she hate me? Will she scorn me? Will she make me feel that I am but the dust beneath her feet? Oh, Margie, go with me. I cannot meet her alone. She is so hot, so imperious, so proud, so different from you, you have never reproached me, except for her sake. Come, Margie, you must go, too; and if she is too hard upon me, say a word for me, will you, Margery?"

She was like a child shrinking from the rod, and Margery's heart ached for the woman who had sinned so deeply, and who clung to her nervously as they went up the stairs together to Queenie's room. Pierre had been there before them, full of concern for his young mistress, whose sudden and strange illness he did not understand.

"What is it, mademoiselle?" he asked; "Is it still Monsieur Philip which makes you so bad when I thought you were growing better?"

"No, Pierre," Queenie answered. "It is not that which ails me now. Death is easy to bear compared with this which has come upon me, for that has no disgrace or shame. But go away now, good Pierre, by and by I will send for you and tell you all, and you will not desert me, I am sure of that. We will stay together."

He did not comprehend her at all, but when she bade him go a second time he left her, meeting on the stairs Margery and Mrs. La Rue, and shrewdly connecting them in some way with Queenie's strange sickness. As they entered the room, Queenie lifted her heavy eyes to them, but made no sign of friendly recognition to Christine, who, like some guilty culprit, sank into a chair, where she sat shaking in every limb and white to her lips which moved convulsively.

After the first glance at her Queenie shut her eyes and said languidly and slowly, and as if speaking were wearisome, "I wish to hear how it happened, between Margery and me. You will skip all sickening details as something irrelevant to the subject, and tell me only of Margery and myself; tell me why she was deserted and left to live in the Rue St. Honore, while I was taken to Chateau des Fleurs and treated as the lawful daughter of the house. That is all I wish to know. I will not hear a word of what went on before Margery's birth at Rome. I should hate you both, father and you."

While Queenie talked she did not once look at Christine, but sat with her eyes closed and her whole attitude one of extreme weariness. But she heard Margery as she was stealing from the room and called her to come back.

"You must stay with me, Margery," she said. "I want you here close to me—want to hold your hand so that I can feel there is something left when all else slips from me."

So Margery came back and sitting down by Queenie with one of the hot, feverish hands in hers, caressed it occasionally as Christine told her story, beginning as Queenie had desired at the time when Margery was born in Rome.

"It was not until my mistress was dead," she said, "and I sat with her baby in my arms, that the horrible temptation to which I afterwards yielded was suggested to me. I knew Mr. Hetherton's great love for children, or rather his desire for a child of his own, and had once heard him say that if none were born to him he would adopt one from the street rather than have a childless home. Of Margery's expected birth he knew nothing, for his wife had purposely kept it from him to make the surprise and pleasure greater when it did come to him. He had not seen her in months, and had no suspicion of the existence of the little girl whom my mistress committed to my charge with her dying breath. We had lived very quietly in Rome, and few knew or cared for the young mother who died alone with me. But when she was dead and I was beside myself with not knowing what to do, strangers kindly came forward and when they heard that Mr. Hetherton was far away in Austria or Russia, I did not know which, they took the matter in hand and buried her in the Protestant burying ground in Rome, but left me to do what I pleased with the baby. I should write to my master first, I said, and then take it to Chateau des Fleurs, there to await his arrival. But I did not go to the Chateau. I went straight to Paris, to an old woman whom I had known for years, and to her I intrusted the child, telling her it was mine, and hiring her to care for it until I was in a position to claim it. She asked me no questions, for the gold I paid her was a conclusive argument in my favor, and would, I knew, insure kind care for the child.

"My next step was to go to Chateau des Fleurs to await the coming of my master, for I had written him from Rome, telling him of his wife's death, and my intention to return to the Chateau with whatever effects she left in my care. The letter was some time in finding him; but on its receipt, he hastened home at once, and for a day or two seemed crushed with grief and remorse. Then for a short time he drank hard and deeply, and kept his room, where bottle after bottle of wine and brandy was sent, and in his drunkenness he was more like a brute than a man."

"Oh, don't tell such things pleasedon't; it hurts me to hear them, and I thought him so good," came faintly from Reinette, as she leaned back still more heavily in her chair, with her face as pale as ashes, while Margery's eyes were full of tears, and her lips quivered in a grieved kind of way.

Heretofore she had felt no affection for this man whom she knew to have been her father, but whom she had never known. Henri La Rue, rough and uneducated as he had been, had been kind to the little girl, whose parentage he had never suspected, and she remembered him alone as her father. But, now as she listened a second time to this story of her infancy, something of Queenie's affection for the proud and sinful Frederick Hetherton communicated itself to her such things of him.

"After his drunken revel was over," Christine continued, "and he was himself again, I had an interview with him, and pressed my claim upon him so vehemently and passionately, that as a result, he gave me money to secure lodgings in Marseilles, where I once lived when a little girl, and for which I had a fancy. Before going there, however, I paid a visit to old Florine, and saw Margery, who was thriving well, and evidently had the best of care. Then I went to Marseilles, where your father visited me once, appearing so kind, and even affectionate, that the wild hope rose within me that one day I might be his wife. But I lived to see that hope blasted and trampled on with scorn and contempt.

"On the twentieth day of October Queenie was born; and oh, my child, don't hate me when I tell you how the sight of you filled me with love and pride, for I thought I saw in you a means of advancement in your father's favor. I knew his fondness for children; and though he had often expressed a preference for a boy, I hoped the sight of you, who then looked so much like him, would reconcile him to a girl. I wrote him as soon as I was able—wrote the letter which you found—and it brought him to me, or rather you brought him, though he swore because you were not a boy, and seemed to blame me for it. But he loved you from the first; and when I begged him to take you home as his own, he listened thoughtfully awhile, and then partially consented, but spurned the plea I put in for myself.

"'Christine,' he said, and I can see now just how proud and handsome he looked as he stalked up and down the room, 'you must be very weak to suppose for a moment that you could ever come to Chateau des Fleurs other than as a servant—a nurse to the child. Men of my stamp do not marry girls like you. Bad we may be ourselves, but we demand that our wives shall be pure and good, and such you are not. I'll admit that I am far more to blame than you, but you can never be my wife, though I will care for the child. It is lonely at Chateau des Fleurs; a baby's voice and baby's prattle will make it more endurable. I have wanted a child so much, and if Margaret had left me one I should be so glad—so glad.'

"You will not believe me if I tell you that when I heard this my first impulse was to fall at his feet and tell him of the little girl in Paris. But I had gone too far to confess. He would never have forgiven me, and all my ambitious schemes would have come to naught. I had no hope for myself; his imperious manner and cold, disdainful words crushed all that; but I felt I could endure everything to see my child a lady, and I begged him again to take you, whatever he might do with me. And he consented at last, but bade me stay where I was until I heard from him again. He wished to make some change in his household, he said, for if he took you home, it would be as the child of his dead wife. I was only the nurse, who might or might not be retained; it would depend upon myself.

"Then he left me, and I knew I was no more to him than a cast-off garment, of which he was tired, and that in whatever arrangements he might make no thought for me or my comfort would actuate him. And I was right, as the result proved afterward.

"On quitting Marseilles he went straight to Chateau des Fleurs, and, on one pretext or another, dismissed all the servants in his employ, filling their places with a fresh supply from Paris—strangers to him, who knew nothing of his past life, and who readily believed him when he told them of his wife who had recently died in Rome, and whose little daughter he was to bring home with her nurse. A huge nursery, which communicated with his apartments, was fitted up with every possible luxury. And then he bade me come; and I obeyed and took you to him as the heiress of the house, his lawful child, while I was only the head nurse—for he aped royalty and hired another woman to look after you, simply givnig me the post of looking after her.

"I remember so well the day I took you to the Chateau. It was in January, and you were nearly three months old, and had already learned to notice what was passing around you, and to laugh in the faces of those who petted you. I had put on you one of the many dainty white dresses he had ordered for you—had brushed and arranged your thick black hair which lay in ringlets all over your head, and then I laid you in your crib with the satin linings and lace hangings, and waited for his coming, but waited in vain, for though he knew I was in the house, and had been for hours, he kept aloof from me and took his dinner, and read his paper, and smoked his cigar, and then at last, when I had given him up for that day, he sauntered into the nursury with that air of elegant indifference and superiority so natural to him. I had not seen him since his visit to Marseilles when you were a few weeks old, but he simply bade me good-evening, and asked if I had found everything in readiness. Then he walked up to the cradle and stood gazing down at you. You had been asleep, but were now awake and looked up at him with those great black eyes, which, even at that age, seemed to read one's very soul, they were so searching and bright. You always awoke good-natured, and you laughed in his face as he bent over you, with that pretty cooing sound which babies make when they are content and happy, and whether it was an accident, or whether some intelligent impulse stirred you, I know not but you raised your little white, fat hands toward him as if asking him to take you, which he did. He lifted you in his arms, kissed your lips, and laying your head upon his shoulder, said: 'My daughter, my child, my heiress, Reinette Hetherton.'

"Thus he gave you his name, and I knew he had adopted you as his own. But for me, your mother, he had no word of recognition that I was more to you than your hired nurse, Christine Bodine, who was entitled to consideration in the household because I had been the trusted maid of his wife, who had died in Rome, and whose motherless infant I had cared for. This raised me somewhat above my fellow-servants, who treated me with a good deal of respect, and asked me many questions concerning my late mistress and Mr. Hetherton, who puzzled them with his cold, quiet, haughty manner. He never spoke to them except to issue some command, and required from them the most servile attention, but he paid them liberally, and as the duties were light they were glad to keep their places as his menials.

"With your advent at the Chateau all his former habits were changed, and he seldom left home except to go to Paris, where he never staid more than a day or two. All his old associates were dropped, and few ever came to see him. And yet he did not seem to be lonely, so great was his love for you. From the moment he took you in his arms and kissed you, he was perfectly devoted to you, coming often to the nursery to see you, and having you brought to him in the library every night after his dinner was over. I generally took you to him myself, but he never noticed me by a word or look, and this so enraged me that I spoke out to him at last, and threatened to go away and take you with me, if he continued to treat me with so much contempt.

"'You can do so at any time; to-morrow, if you like,' was his reply, and I knew that he meant it.

"But my desire to see you a lady was stronger than my resentment, and so I stayed, content to be trodden down, if by that means you might rise. But those foolish words of mine sealed my fate, for from that time I think he began to hate me, or at least to plan how to be rid of me. The sight of me was distasteful to him, and when you were about a year and a half old, we had a bitter quarrel, which ended in a final separation; but I could not take you from all the luxury with which you were surrounded, and which, young as you were, you seemed to enjoy. You were just beginning to talk a little, and your father's life seemed bound up in yours; so that I doubt if he would have given you up, had I desired it, which I did not. I would rather that you staid there and never know me as your mother than to take you with me to obscurity and poverty, and when he offered to settle upon me a certain sum of money if I would go away quietly, and promise solemnly, never to come near you, or let you know that I was your mother, I consented and left you at Chateau des Fleurs the acknowledged and petted child of the whole house.

"How well I remember you, Queenie, as I saw you for the last time in your embroidered white dress, with coral clasps at your neck, and your hands full of flowers, which you offered to me when I bent over you, crying as if my heart would break. You were so beautiful and bright, and I loved you so much, but for a moment I was tempted to break my vow, and, defying my cruel master, publish to the whole world that you were mine, and, if possible, carry you off in triumph. But when I remembered the home to which I must take you, and how different all your future life would be, I abandoned the project, and with one more kiss and heart-clasp left you there in the sunshine, and wealth and luxury all around you, and went out into the darkness, where only toil and poverty awaited me."

Here Christine paused, and with closed eyes clenched fists seemed to be thinking intently, or living over again the scenes she had described, while Reinette raised herself from her reclining position in the chair, and winding her arms tightly around Margery's neck, rested her white cheek upon the bowed head, and said:

"Well, Christine, you have let me see one side of the picture, have shown me myself, the base-born, the shame child, surrounded with riches and love, and sunshine and flowers, to which I had no right. Now reverse it; show me the other side; take me to the garret where Margie, to whom belonged the sunshine and the flowers was struggling with cold and hunger, and shrinking, it may be, from harsh words and cruel blows."

"No, no, Queenie, never," Margery exclaimed. "Never hunger or cold, or blows, or harsh words. I had none of there. The woman who cared for me was always kind always; and my childhood was a happy one, for I knew no other life, and the children of poverty are as much pleased with a toy which costs a penny as are the children of the rich with one which costs many francs; and after mother came and took me to live with her, I was very happy, for if she defrauded me of my birthright, she made it up in love and tender care."

Margery's generous defense of the woman who had wronged her so deeply, touched Queenie closely, and her voice was softer and her manner less imperious as she rapidly continued: "I know she loved you, Margie—know she has been kind to you, and I thank her for it; but I wish to hear about it all the same—wish to know where you lived, and how, after she left Chateau des Fleurs and went back to you. Tell me please;" and she turned to Christine; "tell me of Margie when she was a baby."

Christine was quick to detest the change in Queenie's voice and manner, and her face was brighter, as she replied: "After I left you I went straight to Paris, to Florine's apartments, where I found a healthy, beautiful child, whom no one could see and not love. My heart was very sore and full of a great longing for my own baby girl left at Chateau des Fleurs, and when she toddled to my side and put up her sweet lips to be kissed, as was a habit of hers, I took her in my arms and into my heart and made a solemn vow to be true to her and never let her feel the want of a mother's love. I told her to call me mamma and the name came prettily from her lips. I was younger and better looking than Florine, and she took to me readily, and slept in my arms and cried when I left her to look for lodgings and employment. I found both; the first with a hair dresser in Rue de Richelieu, and the second on the upper floor of number——Rue St. Honore, where you came to us one day and changed Margery's whole life. Had I chosen to use the money your father paid me annually, we might have lived in much better style but I shrank from touching more of it than it was absolutely necessary, and took pleasure in supporting her by my own hard labor. I would lay the money by for her until she married, if she ever did, or until she needed it more, I thought; and should she marry now she would not go empty handed to her husband, for there are many thousand dollars invested for her in France.

"How I toiled and slaved for her, and how I loved her as time went on and she grew more and more into my heart; I loved her so much, in fact, that your image, gradually began to fade, and I could think of you without a pang. I saw you occasionally—once in the grounds at the Chateau, where I came upon you with your nurse, and several times in the streets of Paris, after your father brought you there. I used to take Margery out upon the Champs d'Elysees on fine afternoons when the streets were sure to be full of people driving out to the Bois, and hiring a chair I would hold her in my lap and watch for your father to pass. Though not the most showy—for his taste was too good for that—Mr. Hetherton's turn out was the most expensive of all the private carriages in Paris, while his splendid thoroughbreds were the talk of the city. I always watched anxiously for him, and when he appeared, sitting up so proud and erect, with that look of haughty indifference and selfishness in his handsome face, and with you sitting beside him on the silken cushions, clad in dainty apparel, I used to hold little Margery tightly to my heart, and bit my lips till the blood almost forced itself through the skin, so fearful was I lest I should shriek out the truth so loudly that he would hear it above the roll of the wheels and the tramp of the horses' hoofs. Something impelled me strongly to hold you high in my arms and making him see you, say to him: 'This is your lawful daughter, the child of your wife who died in Rome. Her place is there beside you among the silken cushions, and not where I dwell, far up in the tenement house on the Rue St. Honore.'

"But I did not do it; I kept silent and let you go by in all your splendor, and if at night I kissed Margery more tenderly than usual and held her closer to me as I undressed her for bed, it was by way of atonement for the great wrong I was doing her.

"It was about this time that I fell in with Gustave La Rue, who offered me marriage. He was a good-natured, easy-going man, who would never trouble me much with questions concerning the past, provided I made his home comfortable and his life easy, and so I married him, and gave Margery his name, and said to strangers that she was his daughter. He was fond of children, and always kind to her, and never pressed me hard with regard to her parentage but once, and then I swore to him that she was not my child; but he did not believe me, though he never suspected the truth.

"One day he came home from a restaurant in the Palais Royal, where he was for a time employed as waiter, and handed me three francs, which he said had been given him as his *pour boire* by an American gentleman who had brought two friends there to breakfast.

"A regular swell," he said, and one of the richest foreigners in the city. Hetherton his comrades called him;" and then I knew it was your father and Margery's, and I took the money and bought with it the first doll with hair and ear-rings which Margery ever had, and which she has yet.

"Yes, Queenie, I will show it to you some time. I was fond and proud of it," Margery said.

But Queenie's heart was too sore and her brain too bewildered to care for a doll, and she only answered:

"Yes, Margie. Go on, Christine. Tell me the rest. When I went to your room in the Rue St. Honore, you knew I was Margery's sister?"

"Yes, I knew it, and kissed the chair you sat upon, and in my poor blind way thanked God for sending you there, and thanked him again when, through your influence, Margery was placed at the same school with you, and her education paid for by the man who never suspected the truth, or even knew that the little girl in whom his daughter was so interested was anything to me until her education was finished and she was a grown young lady. Then we met accidentally, and through some inadvertence of mine he learned that Margaret La Rue was my daughter. He was surprised of course, and angry and jealous, least in some way through us you should learn who your mother was, and he hired me to leave Paris, and, as you well remember, forbade your corresponding with Margery, and tried his best to separate you from her.

"It was then that the idea of emigrating to America was suggested to my mind by some ladies for whom Margery had worked, and who gave such glowing accounts of the country and the prospects for dressmaking that I began to consider the matter seriously, and finally made up my mind to go, without communicating with Mr. Hetherton upon the subject. I wrote him, however, from Buffalo, and directed to the old address in Paris, but possibly he never received my letter."

"Yes, he did; I am sure he did," Queenie exclaimed. "There were letters forwarded to him at Liverpool, and one of them made him very angry, Pierrie told me. He was present when papa read it, and heard him say, 'Curse Christine!' or something like it, and after that he was very nervous and excited, and suggested to me that we give up America and go back to Paris. But I would not listen. I made him come, and he died on the voyage, and you were the cause of his death. He dreaded meeting you here, and the dread and remorse killed him. Oh, papa—I can see him so plain as his eyes followed me, and he made me promise to forgive him if something ever came to my knowledge, and I promised; but it is so hard. Oh, Margie, if it were not for you, I could not keep my promise. It would have been better to have left me in Marseilles where I was born—left me to poverty and shame—for then I should have known nothing better, nothing higher, and might have been as happy as the girls I have seen dancing on the stage for the amusement of the crowd. But now, to fall so far—it makes me dizzy, and sick, and dazed, and there's a buzzing in my head, and a feeling as if I were crazed and could not understand it at all."

She was very white, with a drawn look about her lips, which alarmed Margery, who bent over her and said:

"You have heard enough. There can be nothing more to tell which will interest you. Mother must go out now, and leave you to rest."

"Yes, yes, Margie; tell her to go; I am so tired and sick," Queenie whispered, and without a word Christine left the room, and the two girls were alone.

ENGLISH MUSIC.

English composers and musicians obtained celebrity earlier than English painters, except, possibly, the special class of painters employed on stained glass windows for ecclesiastical buildings. The English madrigals and four-part music of Queen Elizabeth's time are preserved to this day, and are known abroad as well as here. Music, like many other refining agencies, was discouraged by the Puritans, but sprang up again into new life after the Restoration. As to the snatches of songs introduced in Shakespeare's plays, doubts are expressed whether the nationality of the music could be clearly established, however characteristic it may be. Mr. Chorley speaks very favorably of Dr. Arne's music to a few of the favorite songs in the dramas of our great national bard. He cites the music to The Tempest and As You Like It, especially the lovely songs, Where the Bee Sucks, and Blow, Blow, Thou Wintry Wind, as possessing alike originality, freshness and beauty. Sir Henry R. Bishop's settings of several of Shakespeare's songs are also admired for their power and animation. Bid Me Discourse, the delicious canzonette By the Simplicity of Venus' Doves, and the Orpheus Duet, are named as examples almost wholly due to English aspiration. "Bishop had a fairy land of his own. Peculiarities of character alone stood between him and European fame. And then he fell on evil days, when the music of the Continent was streaming into England, and when those in whose service his life passed"—*i.e.*, theatre managers and music publishers—"tempted and perhaps constrained him to make concessions to our then popular taste; a luckless and foolish thing if it be done by any artist in defiance of conscience; a sad thing if it be done with acquiescence of conscience." Alas! the bread-and-cheese question intrudes itself here, as many a man of genius knows to his sorrow. It was a good sign that Bishop's music was the best when the words to which he composed it were the best. This denoted a union of poetry and music in the artist, whether or not he ever wrote literary poetry.—*All the Year Round.*

A "SUMMER HORSE."

The blacksmith shops at the head of Griswold street had hardly opened their doors yesterday morning when a colored man appeared at one of them leading an equine which slid and walked and hobbled by turns on the slippery snow. If horses ever live over a hundred years this one had passed that figure. His hair was long, one eye was closed and he had so many limps that it seemed useless to look for a sound leg.

"What I want to know," began the owner, after he had taken four turns around a hitching post with the inch rope used as a halter "an' about what it will cost to shoe dis hoss."

"Two dollars," was the prompt reply.

"For de land's sake! but has iren riz up to dat pitch? I'll have to dwell on dat for a few minits."

He dwelt. He walked around his steed, looked him over carefully, and then said to the smith:

"Now see hyar. If you war' me wouldn't you sort o' keep dis beast fur a summer hoss, an' do your winter haulin' on a handsled?"

"I would."

"Dat's what I war finkin' 'bout, an' I guess I'll save him over till April and call myself a hoss frew de winter. Seems like 'stravagance to get botes fur me an' shoes for him all to once. Hold up dar', Philander—none o' your pullin' up beetchin'-posts 'round yere!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHASED BY A GRIZZLY BEAR.

As the Bodie stage reached Cow Creek Station one night last week, says the Tuolumne, Cal., *Independent*, Bill Morris, a hunter, who had been riding upon the outside of the stage, got down and started ahead in order to get warm. Coming to an elbow in the road a few hundred yards beyond, he cast his eyes upward to a tremendous rock on the right, from whence emanated a thunderous growl, and in the bright moonlight theron perched was a tremendous grizzly bear. Morris was unarmed, having left his rifle in the stagecoach. Down jumped the bear, and, standing erect in the road with his mouth open, confronted him in a savage attitude and followed him up as he retreated backward. Morris shouted lustily for assistance, and at this juncture the stage hove in sight, and the driver and passengers, five in number, hearing cries of distress, all shouted at the top of their voices. The stage swung around the curve at the critical moment when the bear was about to strike him down. The grizzly turned about and beat a hasty retreat down the mountain. The tracks of the monster measured in the moonlight about fourteen inches.

—The Brampton Public School Board have declined to take any further charge of the County Model School, and the county rulers have appointed a committee to report as to the best means of carrying on the institution. —*Banner.* For all the use Model Schools are they might as well be abolished.—*Halton News.*

THE KAMLOOPS OUTLAWS.

Correspondence of the New York Sun.

NEW WESTMINISTER, B. C., Nov. 17.—The second trial of the Kamloops murderers has come to a close, and, as in the previous trial, Charles, Archie and Allen Mclean, and their companion Hare, have been found guilty of the murder of Constable Ussher on the 7th of December last, and a settler named James Keley four days later. They were sentenced to be hanged on Jan. 17. Doubts have been raised as to the legality of the conviction, and the case will be carried to Ottawa. These young half-breeds were, for a long time before their capture, the terror of the Kamloops district, and have long been known as the Kamloops outlaws. They have been in jail for various offenses, one of them for biting off a Siwash's nose, and had escaped. Then they engaged in horse stealing, and threatened to kill any man who attempted to arrest them. Last December they made a raid through the district, stealing horses and creating intense excitement among the settlers.

On Dec. 6, 1879, Constable Ussher, with Deputies Palmer, Shumway, Roberts, McLeod and Roxbury, started out on the trail, determined to bring the thieves to justice. Rewards of $250 each had been offered by the Government and the Hudson Bay Company for their arrest. Ussher thought there would be no trouble in capturing them, and when he and his posse approached the outlaws' camp on the morning of Dec. 7, and saw their four horses saddled, Ussher said: "They'll never fire a shot. Come on; I'll take the lead." The weather was bitter cold and the outlaws had a large fire burning. When within ten paces of the fire the officers came to a halt. Then Charlie McLean, who was standing on the other side of the fire, gave a low whistle, and a shot was fired, the ball going through Roberts's beard, cutting off the icicles, and then through McLeod's cheek, making the blood spurt from his face. Allen McLean then began firing from behind a tree with a pistol as fast as he could, and the other outlaws soon joined in the fusillade. Roberts fired at Allen, and he dodged behind a tree, then came out and began firing again. At this point Ussher got off his horse and called upon the outlaws to surrender. As he started to go toward them, Hare ran from behind a tree with a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other. When the two men met Ussher reached out his left hand and grasped Hare by the right shoulder. As he did so Hare struck at him with his knife. Then the men grappled each other, and Ussher, who was much the lighter of the two, fell on his back. Hare jumped on top of him with his knees, held him down with his left hand, and again struck at him with his knife. "Don't kill me, boys!" cried Ussher. Archie McLean then ran out from behind a tree, put a rifle within eighteen inches of Ussher's head, and fired. Ussher's knees raised spasmodically, then his legs slowly straightened out. He was dead. Archie McLean afterward struck him twice over the head with the butt of his rifle. The *posse*, armed with useless weapons, were held at bay by the outlaws, who fired rapidly from behind the trees, wounding several of poor Ussher's almost defenseless companions. Seeing that nothing could be done, the *posse* returned to Kamloops for help, and a band of seventy specials was at once organized and properly equipped, and returned to the scene of the murder, arriving there after dark. They found the camp fire of the outlaws still burning. Ussher's body was lying near the spot where he fell. It was frozen stiff. The head was covered with blood, and there was a hole through the centre of the forehead, the bullet coming out near the jugular vein. The posse started after the murderers at once with all speed. The outlaws made for Nicola. On the 10th of December they appeared before the house of James Kelly and demanded food. He gave them all he had, but they called him to one side and put four bullets through him. Alarmed, the outlaws then made for the Indian Reserve between Nicola and Kamloops, but were surprised on the 12th by the specials, who found them in a cabin on the shores of Douglas Lake. A regular siege was commenced after the first refusal of the fugitives to surrender. The besiegers, who numbered nearly one hundred, commenced firing, and kept up the fusillade until the clapboarding of the cabin was blown to pieces, and a white handkerchief was exhibited by the besieged. After a short parley the outlaws came out one by one, placed their rifles against a tree, and surrendered. They were at once securely pinioned and taken to Kamloops.

The first trial of the murderers was begun on March 15, with the charge of Mr. Justice Crease to the Grand Jury, in which he referred to the McLean boys as sons of a gallant man, who was shot while serving his country in the Chilcoteen expedition, and hinted that the state was partly responsible for the predatory lives they had since led and the crimes they had committed in not caring for and educating them. The testimony taken was conclusive of their guilt, and the Judge's charge bore heavily against the prisoners, including Archie McLean, the youngest, whom he pronounced as responsible in the eyes of the law as though he were a full grown man. The jury, after an absence of twenty-two minutes, came into court with a verdict of guilty of willful murder against all the four prisoners, in which verdict the Judge said he entirely concurred. They were condemned to be hanged, but obtained a new trial, which has resulted in a like conviction and sentence.

The father of the three McLeans was in his lifetime chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company of British Columbia. He came to his death in the Chilcoteen massacre of 1864, when, with a band of whites organized at his own expense, he endeavored to check the Indians when they attempted to drive the settlers from the district. His death was regarded as a calamity. His wife, the mother of the convicts bearing his name, was a beautiful woman, and at her death was highly accomplished, although McLean educated her himself. Archie McLean, the youngest of the three brothers, is a tall, slender youth, with dark hair and swarthy skin. Although only 17 years old, and a boy in appearance, he is probably the most determined scoundrel of the four. Allen McLean is 25 years old, dark and handsome, with a splendid physical development. He has jet black hair and whiskers, and eyes that blaze like coals of fire. He is tall and straight as an arrow, and, with his stalwart frame, swarthy complexion and air of savage unconcern, is a type of Hugh, the half gypsy, whose character Dickens so vividly describes in "Barnaby Rudge." Charlie is 19 years old; he, too, is tall and muscular, but he has heavy, beetling brows, and a coarse and sinister expression. Alexander Hare is 18 years old, broad shouldered, with a squat figure, and of amazing strength. All four have the high cheek bones and broad nostrils of the Indian race. A fourth McLean, Hector, the eldest of the family, is also under indictment for aiding and abetting his brothers. He was arrested at Kamloops while purchasing food and ammunition for them, but beyond that he was in no way concerned in the murders. During their incarceration they have shown intense hatred for their captors, and repeatedly attempted to injure those who were near them. It has been generally supposed they calculated upon being able to make their escape, but they have been well watched, and, unless executive clemency is exercised, they will doubtless receive the punishment they so richly deserve.

CHINESE LADIES' FEET.

Why Don't the Civil Authorities Interfere?

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

A report has come to us from the city of Cambridge, which we trust is untrue, that the Chinese instructor at Harvard College—a dignitary who dresses in silk and is the author of a volume of poems on which no American critic has been able to pass an adverse judgment, since there is no Western scholar who can interpret its tea-chest hieroglyphics—is subjecting his little daughter to the foot-binding process, a fearful torture in itself, and resulting in making the child a cripple for life. We have been told that the screams of the poor child have been heard by the neighbors.

The operation has been often described. Bandages ten feet long and two feet wide are laid on the inside of the instep and carried over the four small toes and around the heel, drawing the two extremities nearer each other, bulging the instep, and making a deep hollow in the sole underneath. Once a month or oftener the bandage is removed and the feet are soaked and kneaded. Pulverized alum is put on to prevent the sloughing and putrescence which often occur. Sometimes a toe or more drops off. The pain, which is intense, continues about a year, then gradually diminishes, and by the end of the second year the feet are dead and painless. During the first twelvemonth the poor girl sleeps only on her back, lying crosswise the bed, with her feet hanging down over the side, so that the edge of the bedstead presses on the tendons and nerves behind the knees in such a way as to dull the pain somewhat. There she swings her feet and moans, and even in the coldest weather cannot wrap herself in a coverlet, because every return of warmth to her limbs increases the aching. The sensation is said to be like that of puncturing the joints with needles.

While the binding is continued, as ever after, the feet are useless for purposes of locomotion. With dead feet, only two inches long, the woman thus "beautiful" is a wretched cripple. As we have said, it is reported that the learned instructor above mentioned is thus treating his daughter. He has remarked, we are informed, that were he to live permanently in the United States, he should not bind her feet, but he expects to return to China in a year or two, and were she then to have natural feet her social prospects would be ruined. This may be true, but for the present he is living in Massachusetts, and under Massachusetts laws, and those laws should be invoked to protect the wretched victim of Oriental folly.

GENERAL BROCK.

The Mystery of His Death—It is at Last Solved After Sixty-Eight Years—The Confession of a Centenarian.

(From the Philadelphia Times, Nov. 22.)

Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, the illustrious British commander who captured Gen. Hull's army at Detroit, in the war of 1812, fell at the head of his troops in the battle of Queenstown, November 13 of that year, and at this late lay Robert Walcot, a centenarian, of 913 Morris street, who has been brought to his bed through weight of years and infirmities, claims, under oath, to have fired the fatal bullet. The story gleaned from the old warrior is interesting, though, with the exception noted, not extraordinary. At the beginning of hostilities in the war of 1812 Walcot, at the age of thirty one, was employed as a blacksmith at Newtown Roads, Massachusetts. It was not until the campign was well under way that he joined the army, and then under the pressure of a draft. General Hull and his entire army had surrendered to General Brock, and recruits were briskly mustering for the army of the centre on the Niagara River, which was contemplating the invasion of Canada under General Van Rensselaer. Walcot left Charlestown Neck in September for the frontier, and under Lieutenant-Colonel Christie's command arrived at Four Mile Creek the day before the battle of Queenstown. Being robust and athletic, he was assigned to the Concord Artillery, then of the Thirteenth Regiment and under command of Captain Leonard. That morning an unsuccessful attempt had been made by the Americans to cross the Niagara River from Lewiston, but Walcot was in time to take part in the invasion that followed. He has a distinct recollection of the memorable events attending the raid on the 13th of October.

A violent storm had been raging for forty-eight hours, in the midst of which a march was made from Fort Niagara to Lewiston. Here Walcot was selected as one of the forty artillerists to accompany Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, who was in immediate charge of the invading troops and who took the first boat across the river in the darkness of the early morning. The object of attack was Queenstown Heights, a point commanding the approaches to the town hard by. The invading party were warmly received by the British forces, who were routed, however, from the foot of the heights