Listowel Standard.

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THEY WERE DEAD.

Petrified Man, Woman and Hog Found in a Cave in Pulaski County.

SOMERSET, Ky., February 14.—A sensation has been afloat in the curiosity-loving circles of this place over the discovery of a petrified hog and man in a cave south of this place, near Tateville, on the Cincinnati Southern. Your correspondent, doubting the truthfulness of the reports, boarded a train and skipped down there to investigate the affair.

The cave is about one mile from the railroad. The mouth of the cave has the appearance of an ordinary sink-hole, and the man who has the hardihood to investigate this underground world must accommodate himself to a considerable shower of water and wade through about 400 yards of mud. According to instructions, your correspondent provided himself with lights, matches and a pair of gum boots and plunged into the more than Egyptian darkness of the cavern. Guided by the faint flickering of a miner's lamp, we pushed through clouds of bats, and wading through about a quarter of a mile of slush, came into a large and spacious chamber, adorned in the most artistic manner by nature's handy artist. The ceiling was studded with hundreds of white, slender stalactites, while stalagnites raised their white-tipped heads in silent wonder through the murky darkness. Amidst the forest of limestone columns arose spotless altars, chalky thrones and creamy chairs, made and fashioned by the yielding touch of water.

Lighting a bundle of pine knots that we had prepared for the occasion, we placed them in the natural chandeliers, and their glare, shining on the dainty formations, made a scene that was unsurpassed by the most wonderful transformations of Aladin's lamp.

Passing through this lovely depository of nature's treasures, we came into the chamber that contained the objects of our search. The hog lay near the center of the room, and was perfect in every respect, except the loss of a leg. The stone man was lying near the entrance.

Judging from the stone hatchets and spear heads that lay around him and the formation of his skull, he must have been an Indian.

After closely examining the bodies, we passed through this room and along a narrow pass age of considerable length that terminated in a large and lofty chamber that seemed to be the end of the cave, but on closely examining the wall we discovered a small crevice. Crawling through this opening we came to a small 10 by 12 room, but the object that at once chained my attention was a small and exquisitely shaped female figure, in the finest state of preservation, lying about the center of the room. The left hand was pressed under her cheek while the other was lying across the breast. The delicately-carved lips were slightly parted. The forehead was low, broad and intellectual, while a finely poised nose gave character and strength to the well blended features. As I stood above the marble figure that, perhaps, had lain in this silent chamber of darkness for centuries, I thought if those sealed eyes could open and the beautiful lips move what a strange history they would tell. What the sad history of her life? What misfortune consigned her to a tomb in this cave, where the coming ages would sweep over the imperishable monument of a people dead, forgotten and unknown.

SUN STORMS THROUGH A TELESCOPE

The great fireball is in intense commotion. His surface is seamed and scarred in every direction with black spots that indicate the disturbing elements at work in his chaotic mass. Occasionally, for a day or two, the blemishes disappear, and the glorious king of day shows a face like a shield of glowing gold. But the aspect quickly changes; spots come rushing in all directions and assuming all forms. They appear singly and in pairs, and again in groups and rows. Immense groups break up into small ones, and small ones unite to form great chasms, into which half a dozen worlds might be dropped and there would still be room for more. Sometimes the spots are visible to the naked eye, and at that time a good opera glass or a spy glass will make them easily perceptible. Hundreds of observers all over the world watch the sun's face every clear day, and keep a record of the number of spots, their size and the direction in which they move, for as the sun turns on its axis they turn with him, some of them remaining for months without much change, some taking on new forms and some disappearing entirely. Very little is known of this mysterious sun or the spots that are visible more than 90,000,000 miles away.

Once in about eleven years the sun takes on his present sun spot phase, and we are approaching the maximum of disturbances. No one knows the cause. Some believe that it is planetary attraction, some that it is the fall of great masses of meteoric matter, and some that it is the result of internal commotion and a rush upward of gaseous explosions, in comparison with which our fiercest volcanic eruptions are but the flicker of a flame. Besides the sun spot agitation, the gaseous outbursts are marked and vivid. The tongues of flame or rosy protuberances are darting forth in all directions and bearing their testimony to the solar commotion. Mr. Trouvelot, of Cambridge, who makes daily observations of the sun's chromosphere, gives a graphic description of a remarkable solar protuberance that he witnessed in November 16. When first seen it was large and complicated, extending upwards from the sun about 100,000 miles. Three or four hours after it had developed into huge proportions extending far out into space, and vanishing gradually to regions where it could not be perceived. As nearly as it could be measured, it reached a height of over a quarter of the sun's diameter, or about 235,000 miles. Such a protuberance hurled upward from the earth would almost reach the moon! Two hours after, the whole structure had collapsed, and was only 18,000 miles high. Observations like this give an idea of the mighty force at work in the solar orb, and make observers at work long for the time when a satisfactory solution may be found for this mysterious periodical solar disturbance, so intimately connected with the meterological conditions of the earth.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A wonderful recovery of a young lady who has been confined to her bed for five years is reported from Eagle Township, this county (Missouri), and not only reported, but vouched for as a fact, by some of our best citizens, who saw the girl frequently while confined to her bed, and have conversed with her since her recovery. The name of the young lady, who is now about twenty-one years of age, is Ada Whitehead, daughter of Richard Whitehead, Esq. During her long confinement of five years she has been attended, at different times, by several of our leading physicians, and at times her life was despaired of, she having on several occasions seemingly been at death's door, with the door partly open for her ingress into the world beyond. A protracted meeting, under the auspices of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, had been going on in the neighborhood where Mr. Whitehead resides, and during its continuance a day and an hour was agreed upon at which all should unite, wherever they might be, in one common prayer, as it were, for the speedy recovery and complete restoration to health of Miss Whitehead. The hour came one day last week. The prayers were begun and continued with such fervency and zeal that must produce a required result, if answers given in these days from on high to prayers sincere. Prayer was made at the residence of Mr. Whitehead, as well as at other dwellings, and before the hour had near expired, Miss Whitehead, unaided, arose from her bed, called for clothes, and declared she was healed. She got up and has been going about ever since. Persons going to Mr. Whitehead's the same or next day, and before the fact became generally known, were surprised to have the door opened by Miss Ada in reply to their knock. Let it be remembered that for five years she had been a helpless invalid, and for eighteen months has been confined to her bed and unable to rise or turn without aid, that she had wasted away to a mere skeleton, and that in a moment's time, as it were, she was able to get up without aid and go about the house praising God and declaring she was well again.—*Macon Register.*

—Mr. Mitchell Henry, who is called on to resign his seat for Galway by the Land League because he has declined to follow Mr. Parnell, is the head of the great house of A. & S. Henry & Co., of Manchester, who also have a business connection in Philadelphia. Before the death of his uncle and the retirement of his brother, which placed him in this position, he had practised and attained a reputation as a surgeon. Since 1871 he sat in Parliament with Major Nolan for the county, and was a strong supporter of Home Rule under Mr. Butt, but has declined to accept Mr. Parnell's rule. He will therefore lose his seat at the next election. He has built a magnificent castle in the wildest part of Connemara, and, by a large expenditure, made a wilderness bloom. He has spent immense sums in employment and charities and all manner of good deeds, but this will not save him from the League's destroying axe.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—The gas explosion in the Tottenham Court Road, London, some months ago, cost the gas company £26,000, or $100,000, in damages.

—A gravestone in a Woonsocket cemetery bears, besides the ordinary inscription, the words, "This stone is not paid for," cut in by the irate maker.

—Von Bulow, the pianist, has become director of the court orchestra of the Duke of Meningen, and is giving Sunday concerts, illustrative of Beethoven.

—The bullet which was shot into Billy Carter, at Clerburne, Texas, did not hurt him much, but the powder ignited his clothing, and he burned to death.

—An English authority says that reform is much needed in the American railway system as respects safety, speed and punctuality. Straightening the lines and building them better, he thinks, would yield the desirable results.

—Some Springfield boys formed a secret society for the removal of metal knobs from front doors. All the ornamental brass knobs were missed from the court house and found in a junkman's shop. This led to the dissolution of the society.

—An Italian offered to bet a German in St. Louis $10 that the latter could not drink ten schooners of beer without stopping; the bet was accepted and the beer duly drunk, but half an hour after the Fatherland had lost one of its children.

—Stock depredations in Oregon are becoming so annoying to herdsmen that a movement is on foot for mutual protection. It is intended to offer a standing reward of $500 for the arrest and conviction of any person stealing or altering brands.

—Sarah Bernhardt appeared at Mobile in a small, dilapidated hall, on a stage devoid of scenery. It was here that she became ill in the midst of the performance, and was compelled to retire. Perhaps the primitive surroundings affected her sensitive nature.

—A lady who aims at being the best dressed woman in Philadelphia appeared lately in a dress of white embroidered velvet, covered with crystal trimming and pearl fringe. It was so heavy that she could barely waddle about, but as it was the dress of the evening she went home happy.

—At a Land League meeting in Ireland the other day an impassioned speaker was thus declaiming: "Our Creator gave the land to man for his own. He gave it first to Adam—" "Arrah, be aisy about Adam," interrupted a voice from the crowd; "Adam was evicted widout compensashin."

—Dr. William A. Hammond says, in the *International Review*, that he gave water from Lourdes to a pious patient, calling it something else, and her symptoms were at once aggravated; but when he used common water, telling her it was from the miraculous spring, she as quickly improved.

—The history of Germany and of German literature is being rapidly written in bronze and marble. To Queen Louise and to Goethe statues were erected in Berlin in the course of last year, and now a committee for the raising of a monument to Lessing has issued an appeal to all Germans abroad for subscriptions in aid of the purpose.

—Opposite Jacob Bauer, in a St. Louis street car, sat a man with a box of surgical instruments in his lap. Bauer had been on a long spree, and his nerves were unstrung. He imagined that the man was a surgeon who intended to cut his head off. Frightened by the idea of decapitation, he drew a knife and made an attempt at suicide.

—An old man rapidly acquired $30,000 worth of property at McGregor, Iowa. Feeling that he would soon die, he wrote letters to his relatives in the East, soliciting aid to carry him through a hard winter. The only response was from a niece, who sent him $50 out of her earnings as a school teacher, and to her he has left his entire estate.

—The appropriation by Congress of $40,000 for the Bennington (Vt.) monument makes nearly $80,000 obtained by the association thus far. Before building, the design must be approved by the Governors of Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, the President of the United States, the unanimous vote of the directors, and then by the entire association.

—Walter Paine, the Fall River mill treasurer who embezzled several hundred thousand dollars, and is safe from extradition in Canada, has offered himself for membership in a Montreal Baptist church. The pastor is inclined to think that Paine, if truly repentant, would voluntarily return to Fall River for punishment, and therefore his application has not yet been granted.

—Prof. Thorold Rogers having closely examined the journals of the House, finds that on no occasion during the history of Parliament has the authority of the Speaker on a point of order been called in question. Mr. Speaker Trevor was expelled from the House for having accepted a bribe, and Mr. Speaker Norton was called to order for having questioned the candor of an honorable member; but on a point of order the ruling of the Chair has always been held conclusive.

—The work of restoration and preservation of the famous St. Mark's Cathedral at Venice is proceeding steadily. Scaffolding, enclosed by screens of bamboo work, obscures a portion of the facade, as it has for ten years that of the ducal palace adjoining. The present workmen are showing much ingenuity in replacing and restoring the beautiful marbles and mosaics, and this unique edifice promises to be preserved another thousand years for the admiration of Christendom.

—There has been introduced into the Colorado House of Representatives a remarkable bill. It is referred to in the reports of the proceedings of the House as "House bill No. 78, relating to a premium on the scalps of Indians and skunks." It is entitled "An act for the destruction of Indians and skunks," and its principal feature is the offering of a bounty of $25 each for the scalps of either Indians or skunks. The bill has been reported favorably by the special committee.

—The prophecy falsely imputed to Mother Shipton, that the world will come to an end this year, was firmly believed by Emma Vandersmucker, of Bules, Ohio, and it made her insane. She went to religious meetings, and eloquently exhorted the people to prepare for the great event. She moved her hearers greatly, and in one night twenty of them became converts to Christianity. Pastor Hadden says that, knowing the girl's lunacy, he was in doubt what to do, but concluded to let her go on, and a tremendous revival is the consequence.

—The gentry of the west of Ireland are particularly vainglorious about the titles of their residences and the approaches thereto. Cottages are called, with splendid exaggeration, styled castles. A witness was recently examined before the magistrates in the county of Clare. "And where did this occur?" asked Major McNamara. "It was just by the little 'boreen' that leads up to your Honor's house," was the malicious answer. "Stop!" roared the indignant major. "Boreen, indeed! I protest, it's a splendid avenue."

—A writer in the *St. James's Gazette* says that the climate of the Mediterranean coast of Spain is decidedly superior to that of the Riviera, and that on the memorable Tuesday, last month, when England was such a prey to the elements, there was scarcely a ripple upon the sea off Barcelona, while the orange groves, which the railroad skirts on leaving the town, were basking in the sunshine. He believes that what keeps English and Americans away is the irregular mail service. The letters are not lost, but arrive at fitful intervals.

—The most noted of the valleys in Washington Territory are: for wheat, Kittitass, Walla Walla, Palouse, Colville, Spokan, Aptanum, Wenass, Natchee, and Klikitat; for corn, Simcoe, Touchet, and Grand Coreles; for hay, East Kittitass, Tee al-um, Coral Creek, and Okanagan; for peaches, pears, plums, grapes, apples, cherries and apricots, Walla Walla, Snake, the whole length of the Columbia river flats. Simcoe, Dry Creek Wenatchee, and Meetrow. Fruits as well as grains, grow to perfection in the Territory. The cattle lands are on all the hill sides, plains and mountain slopes east of the Gascade Range, which are densely covered with bunch grass, wild rye, and timothy, upon which hundreds of herds of cattle graze all the year round.

—Michael Davitt, the Land League prisoner, is a Roman Catholic and the son of a tenant farmer, and was born at Strafi, near Castlebar, in the county of Mayo, in the year 1848. His father was evicted in 1851, and the family went to reside in England. They settled in Lancashire, where they remained for twenty-five years. Michael Davitt went to work in a cotton mill at Haslingden, near Manchester, at the age of nine, and he was a year at that labor when his right arm got crushed by the mill machinery, necessitating its amputation at the shoulder. For five years after he attended the Wesleyan school in Haslingden, and at fifteen got employment as letter carrier and bookkeeper.

—A banquet was recently given by a bourgeois of Brescia which is destined to make its mark in the annals of cookery. It was composed entirely of asses' flesh—roast, boiled and broiled. All was ass, nothing but ass, and the whole was pronounced most exquisite. As money makes the man, so does cookery make the meat. Every part of the Italian beast sacrificed on this occasion went down the throats of the wise men assembled to devour him. The tongue in particular was declared to be perfect. Will the example be followed elsewhere? The motive of the giver of the banquet was simply to procure for the poorer population an article of food more nutritious than the bad meat and mutton sold at the butchers' shops.

—The Methodist ministers of the Springfield district of Massachusetts, in their annual meeting, had a lively two hours' discussion on faith and healing. Several of the clergymen held that prayer was effectual in healing the sick, but the majority of the speakers believed that such cures were wholly the result of imagination and will. The Rev. Frederic Woods said that it would be as sensible for him to ask God for $50,000 as for a sick man to pray for restoration of health. His theory was that God did not interfere with temporal matters at all, but only in things concerning the soul. A layman replied that he had been comforted in the past by the preaching of Mr. Woods, but what he had heard on this occasion about the uselessness of prayer greatly shook his faith.

—The Rev. S. B. Weston, pastor of the Unitarian church at Leicester, Mass., has renounced Christianity. His congregation are with him in the stand he has taken. The society, like many other Unitarian bodies in New England, is protected from extinction by a fund, which in this case provides an income of $800; but the conditions of the fund require that the ministers "shall faithfully preach those broad and generous views of God which are known by the name of Unitarian." The trustees refuse, therefore, to pay the money, claiming that a Unitarian must be a Christian. Their action has been sustained by a board of reference, in which were the Hon. E. R. Hoar, Prof. Everett, Edward Everett Hale, and Elizabeth P. Channing.

—There is a wealthy iron manufacturer in the Ural Mountains of Russia, who gives his leisure hours during the long cold winters to philosophical studies. An authoress of Vienna, Frau E. Last, whose book, "Man's Light," has attained some popularity in Germany recently received a set of beautifully worked silver spoons, elaborated in a Russain fashion, from this gentleman as a mark of his appreciation of her work; and he has now published an offer of a prize of a thousand gulden (about $400) for the best popular exposition of Kant's views on the conceptions of time and space. He will also, at his own expense publish the treatise that receives the prize but the profits are to go to the author Julius Gillis is the name of this philosophical ironworker of the Ural Mountains.

—A contributor to an English weekly writes: "I was told by an American friend that the ladies of Philadelphia have a perfect mania for collecting pins. It amounts to kleptomania. Calling upon friends with whom they are sufficiently intimate to be in their private rooms, they invariably make a raid on the pin cushions. This is done without thought as they approach the bureau to glance into the looking-glass. The amusing part of it all is, that on kissing good-bye at the door, the friend who has been visited, and who is perfectly aware of the peculiarity of her visitor, calmly removes pin after pin from the outer cloak, where the departing guest has placed them, and smilingly sticks them somewhere about her own person.

—The mustang of the American continent has its counterpart in the brumbie of Australia, large herds of which exist in the interior parts of Queensland and New South Wales. These animals are so numerous that they have often been destroyed and boiled down for the sake of their tallow and hides; and in some of the newly settled districts they swarm in such numbers that the squatters have to protect themselves and the pasturage against their inroads. Brumbie stalking is a recognized pastime, the destruction of the wild horses being as necessary as the destruction of kangaroos or rabbits. The sport of capturing and taming these animals, however, has attracted a good many adventurous spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to those adopted by the inhabitants of Mexico and South America. The hardiness and strength and size of these brumbies are remarkable, and when trained they are of considerable value. Their progeny, when crossed with European horses, possess excellent qualities. It is recorded that in one year no less than 7,000 wild horses have been shot on a single station in New South Wales.

—The Czarowitz of Russia is hardly so tall as his father was in his best days, but he must be nearly, if not quite, six feet in height and is remarkably deep-chested and broad-shouldered, with all the appearance of great strength. His light gray eyes resemble those of his mother's relations at Hesse-Darmstadt more than his father, who has the dark blue eyes that are to be seen in the pictures of Alexander I., Paul, Peter the Great and several other members of the House of Romanoff. The shape of his head is rather peculiar; one of those only fitted by a large hat, which, when worn, appears out of proportion to the comparatively small face below. This form of head may have been produced by several generations of despotic power, as Alexander II. has more of it than is generally seen, though not as much as his son. A small mouth with extremely good teeth, which he only shows when he laughs, is the Czarowitz's best feature; his hair is auburn and his complexion very fair. In St. Petersburg he usually appears most correctly attired in uniform; but when enjoying a holiday among his wife's relations, he may be seen in a very loose-waisted suit of shepherd's plaid, a black tie, a white hat, and with neither gloves, ring nor watch. That he has been no carpet-soldier is evident from the marks of frostbites on the third and fourth fingers of his left hand, and a slight scar on his temple, where a bullet grazed his head in one of the battles of the Turkish war.

—The following authentic version of the burning of the manuscript of the first volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution" was communicated by Mrs. Carlyle to a friend many years ago: "When Mr. Carlyle had completed the first volume, Mr. J. S. Mill called on him and stated that he had heard he was engaged in writing the history of the French Revolution, adding that he had himself intended to write on that subject, and that he would be glad to see what was already down in order that he might judge of the advisability of commencing the work or not. Mr. Carlyle readily lent his manuscript. But it happened shortly afterward that Mr. Mill's cook had occasion to bake some cakes, and finding the precious manuscript lying about, she concluded that she might turn it to good account, and accordingly, partly as fuel and partly as lining for the cake tins, she used up the whole of the manuscript. 'Mr. Carlyle never keeps notes,' said Mrs. Carlyle, 'but gets all his materials ready, works till he has everything in his head, and then winds it out like silk from a reel.' Horrified at the accident, Mr. Mill called on the great historian. 'Such a thing never happened before,' said Mr. Mill. 'Yes, though,' answered Mr. Carlyle, 'Newton and his dog Diamond.' 'True, but Newton went mad over it.' 'Well, well, we shall hardly be so bad as that,' said Carlyle; and he soon afterward began again at the beginning, scarcely saying a word about his misfortune at the time but afterward, as the work progressed, grumbling about it often.

THE HEAD WAITER.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

JACOB'S COURTSHIP.

They all said I was an old fool. There was not one at the Apollo of a different opinion. I was a "precious old fool," some of them even added, and they thought themselves nearer to the mark. I was not certain in my "heart of hearts," as the saying is, that I was doing anything particularly wise. God knows, for the matter of that, that I wasn't a wise man. Wise men were not likely to be numerous amongst the waiters at the Apollo music hall; we were a seedy, shaky, hand-to-mouth lot, and I was the head of them, and a mark for a little envy, evil-speaking and general uncharitableness. One can not attain a good position over others—over waiters especially—without some hard words being said behind his back; but I didn't care for them much. They were not true, they were not just, and Mr. Wheezy, the master, and Plantagenet, the manager, and Cadby, the chairman, knew that, and looked upon me as a trusty servant. Their good opinion was my reward for faithful service, for I was an honest man enough.

Still they thought also I was an old fool when I married Jessie Keane, and they said so with the rest. They did not know much about the case, or of the reasons for my marriage—it was only on the cards that I, a man of fifty-five years of age, and looking older than my years, had married a girl of seventeen. Yes, it looked a foolish trick enough, and I was not a wise man. Once again I say it here—I make no pretense of being one. I never had the common shrewdness of my class. A fool, sir, if you will, but an honest fool, that's all. Set that down in your mind too. It's as well, and it's only fair to me.

I married Jessie in this way. Her father had been an old friend of mine; he and I were brought up together at King Alfred's school in Warwickshire, where they gave us a good education, and a start in life, although both our starts happened to be particularly unlucky. He married early, set up in business, and failed; came to London, set up his business again, and failed again; buried his wife, died, and left me to bury him. John and I had never lost sight of each other; we had been staunch friends, old cronies, from the beginning to the end. I liked old John; I'm sure he found something to like in me. Both being unlucky men, there was a tie between us; we could compare notes of all our blunders and mistakes, and see where we missed our chances, or where the chances passed us by. I had set up in business, too, and failed, of course; my life has been an utter failure from the beginning to the end, and why I was born, and what good I have ever been, are subjects on which I ponder very much still.

My business failures, however, are not the theme of this relation. I begin from John's illness, when he was sick unto death, and every hour I could spare from the Apollo I spent at his side, grieving as for an only brother going from me.

"If I only knew what would become of Jessie!" John used to mourn; "if I could only see!"

"She will take care of herself," I said; "she is a shrewd little woman even now."

I was hardly speaking the truth, but I wanted to console him. I knew of many little faults in Jessie, although I thought she would grow out of them in the good time of a staider womanhood.

"What will she do?—oh, what will she do?" he cried, still unconsolable.

"There's her business to keep her mind employed—to keep her out of mischief."

Jessie was a shop-girl in a draper's firm in Oxford street.

"Oh, but the going home at nights!" he said; "about there, too, where the streets are alive with bad men and women always, Jacob. And the house desolate and she only seventeen!"

"Poor Jessie!"

"If"—I can see his big wistful gray eyes fixed upon me now—"if you would only take care of her."

"I am always out late," I replied. "She is too young to be in my house—no relation, as it were. Can not she live at the business altogether?"

"She won't, Jacob. She hates it already."

"Can't she—. What are you looking at me like that for?"

"Can't you make her your wife, Jacob," he said, huskily. "What's to hinder that? You are fond of Jessie—you always have been—and she is very fond of you."

"Yes, in her way. As her father's friend—as a second father."

"She is always talking of you; she can trust you," he went on. "You are not a hard, stern man and are never without a kind word for her. You wouldn't like her to go wrong, left to herself so much."

"God forbid!"

"Take care of her, then," he said, "if you can see your way to it—pray do."

"I am fifty-five years of age, John."

"That does not matter," he answered. "She has no one to think about; it is not as if there was anybody in the way. She'd marry you to-morrow if you asked her, and be glad, too. She—"

"Don't say any more just now, John. I'll think it over. You have muddled me up dreadfully. She is so very young!"

"You can train her to anything. She has always done what you have told her, Jacob. She is not like one of your stubborn ones."

"No, no. I'll think it over."

And I did from that day. It is easy to see that I was not in love with Jessie Keane then—a crazy old man bent on breaking a girl's heart. I saw the folly of this ill-assorted match as clearly as anybody—more clearly, for I knew Jessie's faults and failings better than her father did. More times than I can reckon up I had disguised them from him. She had been like a little daughter to me many years, and a thought of marrying her had never come into my head until John Keane put it there. Then the scene changed, and the characters changed with it, and I became an old fool in my theories and affections, and whilst laboring under the delusion that I was doing a good turn to John, and that it might be for the best to consider him, I was falling in love with this young girl.

When her father became very weak and very anxious, I spoke to her. I told her of his wishes and my own, but I begged her to think it over very carefully, to act as her heart prompted her, and that these wishes were only those of two old fogies, who could not tell what was best for her. That I would make her a good husband she could rest assured; that she could make me a good wife she only knew herself. And above all, if for an instant she doubted that from such a match there could come any happiness, to get away from me as from some one with the plague, and never to mind me, or her father, or anybody else. I could not act fairer than this; I told her what had been talked about, and left her to a free consideration of it—I could do no more.

She would have answered me at once, and in the affirmative, and with a shower of tears upon my waistcoat, but I would not let her answer. "Think it over, Jessie," I said. "I am fifty-six next birthday."

"That isn't so dreadfully old, is it," she asked, "for a man?"

"It is a dreadfully old man for you," I answered—"going on for sixty, and," I added with a sigh, "looking more than sixty, too."

"I'm sure you don't," she answered, almost indignantly.

"Oh, I know I do," I replied; "and so think it over, Jessie. Take a week—this day week. This day month, if you're the least bit doubtful."

"Very well."

"And if there should be anybody else," I stammered—"say, at the business, or over the way, or anywhere, you know—don't have me."

"Oh, nobody looks at me—not once in a blue moon. I'm only a shop girl. Trust people for that," she cried, with a toss of her head.

"But—the young men in the shop," I suggested, timidly; "I have heard you laughing with your father about them."

"Cads!" said Jessie contemptuously—"awful cads, who think they're good enough for countesses. I hate the lot."

She stamped her foot angrily, and I smiled and went away hopefully. Jessie would have told me the truth, I considered, if there had been any one in her thoughts. She was impetuous and vain, perhaps, but she knew how well she could trust old Jacob Durnford.

Possibly she knew it too well, and that deceived her. Poor woman, I think it did, now; though it is all very difficult to make out still, and terribly beyond me.

At the week's end she came to me, and put her arms round my neck, and said, with a little faltering voice that thrilled my old heart to its core:

"I have made up my mind, Jacob."

"To be my wife, Jessie—you mean that, then?" I cried.

"Yes, whenever you like to ask me."

Thus it was that Jessie and I agreed to be one, and that John Keane died in peace. We were married very shortly after that—it had been John's urgent wish; and then, as I have stated, they all said at the Apollo that I was "an old fool."

Again, I don't deny it; but it is fair to me to put down all my reasons for being so foolish, which I do not care to explain, and which I trust will be explained, to the little tawdry world in which my lot was cast.

CHAPTER II.

"WEDDED BLISS."

I must say we were happy enough to begin with, that "May and December" jogged along amicably together. She was a woman—well, a child, if you will—who looked up to me, who believed that I was a good man, and fancied at times I was a clever one. This was only fancy, of course; but then I had been her father's friend, and John had sung my praises overmuch in his day, and Jessie had loved her father very dearly. Why, she was fretting for him on her wedding-day, but then the days were early yet of her great loss. We had married in haste, to repent at leisure; we might have had more respect for the old man, our neighbors and our lodgers said. They did not know what the father's wish had been, and we never cared to tell them.

Oh yes, happy. It is like a dream now, maybe, but it was happiness, and it seemed inclined to last, in spite of all the doleful prophecies which had been made concerning us. Jessie went to her business just the same as ever; a waiter's salary was scanty pay, and her's helped to lighten the housekeeping for the first six months. We had two rooms on the second floor of a house turning out of Holborn—I will call it Rudge street—and here on Sundays, and late at night on week days, after I had made up the Apollo receipts, there was no happier home than ours. Perhaps it was before the six months—nay, it might have been five (my head is weak for dates)—that Jessie grew a little dissatisfied and reckless. I have said already she was of an impetuous disposition, easy to disturb, but easy to please. A mere child Jessie Durnford, even in her married state.

I remember her coming in one day at teatime very well, if I forget the date. It is all memorable to me, every look of her, and every word she uttered.

She took off her bonnet and pitched it unceremoniously across the room; and her mantle followed it—missed the sofa at which it was aimed, and fell upon the floor. She was very pretty in her petulance; her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes sparkling with anger.

"There! I have seen the last of old Miller's shop, and old Miller himself, and old Miller's gang," she cried, "and I don't go back any more—never any more."

"What has happened?"

"Oh, nothing has happened—at least nothing that you'd care to hear," she said; "it doesn't concern you, nu Jacob, at all."

"I should care to hear of anything in which you were interested," I ventured to remark.

"Ah! yes—but I'm not interested. Only, mind you, I hate the lot of 'em."

"Have they—have they found out you are married?"

That was a secret which we had kept to ourselves so far as Miller's shop folk were concerned. Mr. Miller had an objection to married women behind the counter, and we had both thought it was as well not to tell them at the business, so we started in an underhand way, and no luck came of it. It never does, people say; but I know better than that. I have seen too much of the awful world to believe in that now; but here it was, certainly, as if bad luck had followed us a bit.

"No—they haven't found out anything, and so don't worry me."

"I should like to know," I said, perhaps a little too persistently.

"Then you won't," she answered, quickly "it isn't worth knowing—it's nothing to do with you, I tell you. But before I stand any more of that stingy skinflint's cheek"—Jessie could be a little slangy in excited moments, although "quite the lady" as a rule—"I'll sell halfpenny newspapers or pipe-lights in the streets. Who's he, to order people about, I should like to know? And I won't be ordered about and scolded and preached to by anybody."

"Preached to?"

"Well," she explained, "told to command my temper, and be respectful to my superiors, and civil to the customers and all that bosh. And I—I'll never go back again as long as I live. Never, never, never."

And here Jessie finally gave way to a torrent of hysterical tears, and it required all my efforts to soothe her, and all my entreaties to bring about a calmer state of things.

This was the end of Jessie's shop life, coming to an end with a wrench, and when we did not expect it. Jessie acted very suddenly at times, and not always for the best. Not that this was for the worse. Knowing now a little more about it, I may say it was for the best that she should leave Miller's shop in Oxford street. She did not tell me the cause of the quarrel with her employers. She would not be teased by my questions; they made her angry, they made her cry again, and it was no business of mine. Having tried to consider it was not my business, I gave in, and presently forgot I had been curious about it. Jessie was an industrious, energetic girl; she was sure she would not be any extra expense to me, and there was plenty of work to be got at home, without that hideous shop life, as she termed it. She obtained work as she had prophesied; she soon became a clever dressmaker, having considerable taste, and being very handy with the needle, and by degrees a little connection came around her, and she earned for a while more money than I did.

For a while, I say, for presently a little girl was born to us. When I was fifty-six years of age, I felt that it was an odd, proud, novel feeling to become a father, and that it would take time to understand my position clearly. I was not like Jessie—I always took time to think a matter out. I was slow.

When Jessie got about again there was a little maid to keep, to take care of the baby whilst Jessie worked at her dresses, and the maid and baby did not add greatly to the expenses, or rather the expenses were met by my getting—very fortunately, we both thought at first—employed in the daytime at Caffins's eating-house in the Strand.

"What with Caffins's and the Apollo and the dressmaking," I said, exultingly, "we shall grow quite rich in time."

"I hope so," answered Jessie, thoughtfully.

"And it was a lucky thing, after all, that you left Miller's when you did."

"Bother Miller's!" cried Jessie, flinging down her work at once; "you know I hate the very name of that place. Now I can't do a stroke of work to-day."

"I don't see why mentioning the name of Miller's should stop your work."

"Oh, but it does. I wish I had a book, but there's no books in this house," she cried. "I wish I could go out, but there's nowhere to go and no one to go with."

"Why don't you and the girl and the baby have a turn in the Park?"

"Yes, that's it. That's a dear, good old Jacob, for thinking of it," she cried, kissing me, and clapping my leathern cheeks between her hands. "Polly, we'll go into the Park and take the baby. Get your things on and don't stand staring at me. A day in the Park—oh! how I shall enjoy it!"

I looked at her with a little surprise. I had not liked her sudden fits of excitement at any time, now they seemed to be growing upon her, to be carrying her away.

Was she getting dissatisfied with her present life—with home—with me? Oh, my God—with me! came suddenly the thought, and like a blow.

I was as full of fancies as a woman—it was lucky for me that my fancies did not last, or that my double work now took them out of my head. Jessie was just the same as ever the next day, and so I quickly forgot the hard thoughts of a few hours before; she was the same for weeks and months, for seeing her but at odd moments of the day, and very late at night, there was no opportunity to notice any change in her.

I did not think of any change in her for a long while. She was very busy—there were always sundry orders coming in, and sundry dresses of the customers hanging by the pegs around the room, and she always received me with a smile of welcome. For two years, nearer three, perhaps, we went on in our happy Darby-and-Joan fashion, with nothing to complain of, and with much love on either side, I think. I know, even, that there was. After that she began to droop, to become dull and spiritless, and I began to miss the smile of welcome when I came home from the Apollo. Days were a pale and weary face now, and I was quick to note the change in it.

"Jessie," I said, "you are not well. You are working too hard."

"I like work. It's as well to be busy when one has the chance," she said; "besides—"

"Besides?"

"Besides, it keeps a body from thinking too much."

"Don't you like to think?" I asked.

"Not always. Not when the thoughts are too much for me, or too horrible."

"I don't understand," I answered, nervously.

"No more do I," she said, with a short, hard laugh, "only they do get horrible, and I don't know why. Sometimes, Jacob, I wish I were well out of it."

"Well out of what?"

"Out of the world."

"You haven't anything on your mind, Jessie?" I asked, very seriously now.

"There you go with your horrid questions again," she cried petulantly, "no, I haven't."

"I'm glad to hear that."

"But I'm dull, miserable, hipped to death," she said, "that's the truth, Jacob. I like life, and I don't have any; I'm fond of excitement, and I'm cooped up here, and never see a soul. I'm fond of society, and nobody ever comes, and I go to no one's house. Might not a woman be as well in her grave as slaving on like this?"

I was very much astonished. She had disguised her feelings for so long, she appeared to have settled down so thoroughly to this humdrum life of ours, that her sudden outburst took my breath away. When I had recovered it I said:

"Yes, it is a little dull. What do you want to do?"

"Oh, I don't know," was the petulant reply; "I haven't thought of that."

"Think of it all to-morrow, and let me know when I come home at night," I said. "I should be glad to know."

Whether she had thought about it I was not quite certain, but the result of her delibrations was not made known to me. I had thought, however, and was full of suggestions, to make up for her lack of inspiration.

Would she feel disposed to give up some of her customers? No, she wouldn't. Would she get somebody to help her? She hated strangers, and she never could agree with another woman. There was not one girl at old Miller's whose face she had not longed to slap at some time or other. Should I give up Caffin's and stop at home in the daytime, or the Apollo, and leave the evenings free? Then I could read to her, or take her to a theater now and then. N—no, that wouldn't do. She would not like me to surrender any part of my income, to throw up my berth, at a time when she might be going to fall ill; she did not know, but she thought it was likely that she might, she felt so strange and wild. Still, she might be better in a day or two—she could not tell.

There was the child to amuse her—another Jessie, in whom she took great pride, and had a strong, deep love for her. Was there no amusement, solace, change in her?

"Oh, yes, yes," she cried at once. "Without her I should have died long ago, or run away from you, Jacob."

"Jessie! Jessie!" I exclaimed, "for God's sake don't talk like that!"

"I don't mean with another man, you old silly," she said, "but away altogether, in sheer desperation, like a mad woman."

"The house seems so very dull to you, then?"

"Dreadfully dull. I am alone so much," she replied. "If I had only had a sister or a brother, now; but this blank room is like a grave. It is all so still and cold."

"Yes, something must be done, Jessie."

This was in the winter time. I went to a doctor's—on the quiet this, and totally unknown to Jessie—and he heard my story, and said she wanted change of air and change of scene. He would have been glad to see my wife for himself, but there was little doubt that she had been overworked, and that the dullness of her life was telling on not a little. "Give her change," he said; and this was only what I knew before, although it was worth a guinea to prove my very right I was. I went home and proposed that she and the servant and even little Jessie should go down to the seaside.

"What! in this cold weather? Not I!"

"There are warm places, I believe. Torquay—Ventor—Bournemouth."

"Oh, shut up!" she cried. "I shan't go. I should be worse there than here, and more alone."

"Is there not anything you would like to do?" I asked, in despair.

"Yes, I think sometimes I should like to go to the Apollo with you," she said, thoughtfully.

"Good gracious!"

"What's the matter now?"

"Did you say the Apollo—with me?"

"Yes, I did," she answered. "There's music, and I am fond of music; there's singing, and I love singing. You have made me laugh many times at what the comic man says and does, and some times I fancy—not always, mind you—that I should like to go."

"It is not fit for you."

"Why not?"

"It is not quite fit for any young woman, I fancy."

"Young women go, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, they go."

"You'll be near me—you could put me where I should be safe" she said, almost scoffingly; "and there are respectable people about?"

"Yes, a fair sprinkling of them, sometimes."

"Well, put me near them, and away from all the fast ones."

"Ye—es, you may be sure I should do that."

"I have never said a word about going to any amusement whilst Jessie was a baby. I have slaved on and said nothing. Haven't I?"

"You have, Jessie."

"And now the little one sleeps all the evening, and we have some one to look at her if she should wake, you might take me with you sometimes. Once a week, say—just for a change," she cried, "just to keep the devil

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1881.

THE Ontario Legislature was prorogued on Friday last. It is expected that the House of Commons will finish its business by the 18th inst.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD was duly inaugurated and installed in the White House on Friday, 4th inst. The Cabinet which he has selected seems to be generally received with favor. Some sweeping reforms in the civil service departments are promised, and an extra session of Congress to consider the new Funding Bill is talked of.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER has so far recovered from his late illness as to be able to undertake a trip to Europe for the benefit of his health. He left Ottawa on Wednesday, and will be absent for three months. Lady Tupper accompanies him. The loss of so able a statesman as Dr. Tupper would be a serious blow to Canada; we trust that the rest and change of air which his sojourn abroad will afford will fully restore him to health and wonted activity, and to the country his usefulness.

THE Upper Canada Land Improvement Fund was again brought before the notice of the House by the energetic member for North Perth on Monday last. In answer to an enquiry made by Mr. Hesson as to whether it was the intention of the Government to make provision this year for the payment of the sums found to be due the Province of Ontario under the name of this fund, Sir Leonard Tilley said it was hoped that immediately after the close of the session of the Local Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec the question of the accounts between the two provinces would be taken up and settled, and the matter referred to would then be dealt with.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

The Debate on the Question of Immigration.

While the House was in Committee of Supply, on the item Immigration $158,100, the following debate took place:

Mr. HESSON. It would not be wise to withhold our hand now, for the reason, which the hon. gentleman who has just taken his seat, (Mr. Anglin) will agree with me is a good one, that we are likely to have a large immigration from Ireland, on account of the trouble there. People will not choose to live longer in a country where they cannot have peace and quietness. We ought to extend our grant, because our revenue justifies a more liberal expenditure. We ought to be more liberal in connection with our expenditure on German immigration. That expenditure has been very limited indeed. A paltry sum has been voted to ask a German delegation to visit this country and report on its resources. I call on the hon. Minister to increase very largely the amount fixed for that purpose—induce the people of Germany to elect delegates to visit this country and report on its resources and capabilities, as was done in the case of Great Britain. Whilst the Americans are receiving such large accessions to their country from Germany, we have been receiving none, because this and previous Governments have neglected to disseminate in that country a reasonable amount of knowledge as to our capabilities and resources. This is a mistake on our part, for Germans are very successful as farmers, and a most desirable class of people to have. I know of no European nation that are more of a migratory character than the Germans. They have peopled nearly the whole of the Western States. I hope the Government will see the propriety of making greater efforts to bring to this country a large German immigration this year.

Mr. ANGLIN expressed his opinion that the grand promises as to a large Irish Immigration had passed away. He also stated that the farmers' delegates who came out in 1879 had not aided emigration to Canada.

Mr. SCHULTZ said the reports of the delegates had done a great deal of good. The good opinion which the delegates formed of the country was evidenced by the fact that one of them had come out to settle in Manitoba, while one sent a son to settle in Canada, and another sent a nephew. As to the emigration question, a good suggestion had been made by a writer in the *Nineteenth Century* who visited Canada last year. It was that the Imperial Government and the Canadian Government should combine in emigration work, the former advancing money at a low rate of interest to settlers, and the latter taking care that the emigrants should be well settled. In these suggestions he (Mr. Schultz) thought he saw the practical and economical mind of the Minister of Agriculture.

Mr. HUNTINGTON remarked that the conception was a magnificent one, but apparently it had collapsed.

Mr. MACDOUGALL deprecated the attempt to underrate the successful efforts made by the Minister of Agriculture in encouraging the immigration of the most valuable class, the tenant farmers of Great Britain, who could to their own great advantage buy improved farms from Canadians, who were adapted to a much superior degree for settlement in the North-West Territory. This was a wise policy, and it had been attended with most beneficial results, reflecting great credit on the Minister of Agriculture. His experience was not favourable to the gentleman farmer class, who, as a rule, do not do well in this country, and it would be well if few of this class came to the Dominion. We desired keen, clear-headed, practical men, who worked in the field, and in addition these men would become the best immigration agents that we could possibly possess. With regard to German immigration, Mr. Macdougall remarked: The hon. member for Perth (Mr. Hesson) who, I assume by his name, is of German origin—at all events he represents a constituency where a very large number of Germans reside.

Mr. HESSON. I have the honor to be an Irishman.

Mr. MACDOUGALL. If that be so, I think some German has been in Ireland at some particular period. At all events, I think the Germans make the best class of settlers; and it would be of great advantage to us to have in the North-West, and in the uncultivated parts of the older Provinces, a large German immigration. It should be encouraged, but there are large difficulties in its way. The Government of Germany seems anxious to maintain an armed neutrality in Europe, and does not like to see its young men, whom it is designed to train to the use of arms, perhaps for future service, leave the country. In fact, every obstacle that the Government can throw in the way of emigration, short of the imprisonment of their own people, is resorted to. No emigration agent from Canada or the United States would be allowed to encourage the poorer or emigrating classes to leave their country. He would be arrested or put under police surveillance all the time, and the Government would find it easy to invent excuses for putting him in prison. The result is that the means of German immigration suggested by my hon. friend, would not be tolerated by the Government of Germany. But there are other means of reaching the people. The newspapers of Scandinavia and Germany would be very glad to publish information with regard to Canada or the United States if paid for it; if the law has not been changed within the last year or two, there is no means of preventing the diffusion of that kind of information. If information with regard to the advantages of Canada, especially the Northwest, were disseminated throughout those countries, I believe the result would be a very good kind of emigration, so far as it might extend, to this country; because the immigrants would be useful laborers and settlers wherever they could take up lands. My hon. friend is aware of the fact also; he knows that I was present at an interview between an agent of the new line of steamers that is established between the Scandinavian ports and New York. That line is under the management of a gentleman who was a prominent agent of the Allan Line in Copenhagen, and he believes a good continuous stream of emigrants from the North of Europe may be attracted towards the Western States and Western Canada. Of course his desire will be to secure the advantages the Government of Canada may offer, and the class of persons who may be desirous of going into our country and taking up land there in company with some of his relatives are exceedingly anxious to make a preliminary settlement. The truth is that in all these settlements of people speaking a foreign language you must begin by planting a colony. You must get a small number of families at some particular point, and if they succeed and write home to their friends and relatives that this country was all that it was represented to be, and that they have every reason to be satisfied with their condition and prospects, you have then the best emigration agents you can possibly establish. But some little expense must be incurred, and some trouble taken by the Government in assisting these early settlements or *nucleii* if you are to have a large settlement of that class. I know not to what extent the Minister of Agriculture may have contemplated or engaged in such a system of settlement, but I am convinced that with our great North-West country we should endeavor by that means to have it settled by people from the different nations of the world—by Germans, by Scandinavians, by Highlanders, and people of Irish and English blood. We want to mix these various nationalities, so that in the course of one, or two, or three generations we may develope, as I believe we will, a new and distinct type of humanity in this northern half of the continent. We especially want the northern races—those who come from northern climes, those who are accustomed to a cold climate, and who will not be frightened when the thermometer goes down to 30 or 40 degrees below zero for a few days—men who will be capable of resisting these climate influences, men who will be satisfied with the good soil, free institutions, and cheap, honest and patroitic Government. I believe they will find all these conditions in Canada under our constitution, whether hon. gentlemen opposite or those on this side of the House may govern the country for the time. So far as my observation goes, none of the emigrating classes from the old world are dissatisfied with the institutions of Canada. On the contrary, they are well affected towards these institutions. They are satisfied with the freedom they enjoy—freedom from the enormous taxation to which they are subjected in their own countries, freedom from the grinding military service which is too commonly the lot of the poorer classes in the older countries. Free from those disagreeable and discouraging circumstances under which they live in their own country—those influences which impel them to emigrate. When they settle in our country and are able to report to their friends and relatives a happier condition in which they find themselves here, they become the means of forming streams of emigration which flow into our country and occupy our unsettled lands. It seems to be that the expenditure this year, as compared with last, is an adequate expenditure, because we hope that under the arrangements made with the Canadian Pacific Railway Syndicate, who must of necessity undertake measures to promote immigration on a large scale, that it will be found to the advantage of the country—and the Government, I have no doubt, will act upon that view—that the operations of the Government and of the Syndicate in that respect should be combined, or at all events that they should run in parallel lines, and that they should agree upon some common system. Under these circumstances I am not surprised that no very large expenditure should be asked for immigration purposes, and I trust that the efforts of the Government will be assisted and supplemented to a large extent by the operations of the Company.

Mr. HESSON. I quite agree with the views which have been expressed with regard to the importance of the results which we may expect to flow from the reports of the delegates who were here last year. I am satisfied that the favorable and unbiassed report of an agent who is chosen because the people have confidence in him will do more good than the efforts of several salaried local agents who are supposed to put the best face upon matters, and who may not always represent things in exactly a true light. The representations of these delegates to the people in their own localities will be found to be far stronger inducements to immigration than the offering of assisted passages or the payment of premiums a certain time after arrival in this country. I think also that this system of delegates which has been found so successful with regard to England, Ireland and Scotland, might be efficiently carried out with regard to Germany, without at all interfering with the close system to which the hon. member for Halton (Mr. Macdougall) has referred. I know that the German Government will not allow anything like propagandism for the purpose of inducing their people to leave; but I am certain that if that active and energetic people of 40,000,000 are put in possession of proper and reliable information with regard to this country, we may look for a certain amount of immigration from that country. With regard to the system of establishing small colonies as a means of promoting larger immigration, I am quite in accord with what has been said by the hon. member for Halton (Mr. Macdougall). In my own county, as well as in Waterloo, Huron, Bruce and other counties, there are large and flourishing German settlements which show what may be accomplished by that people in a country like this, and if the Ministry were to hold out some inducements for the extension of that mode of inducing settlement, I am certain it would result in the propagation of views in Germany with regard to Canada which could not fail to bring many more Germans to our shores.

CENSUS TAKING.—Monday, April fourth, has been appointed census day for the Dominion, and residents may as well prepare to answer the questions asked civily and truthfully, as by so doing they will assist in the completion and accuracy of the returns. The Province of Ontario is under the supervision of four staff officers, who are now drilling their subordinates in the manner of procedure. Information will be required as to the number of living persons, their age, sex, nationality, religion and occupation, the number of deaths that have occurred during the preceding twelve months, and the cause or complaint, the real estate, public institutions and industrial institutions of each municipality which the lands occupied, field products, plants, fruits and other products, live stock, animal products, manufactures, shipping, fisheries, and mineral products. The compilation of the work will probably occupy the next two years, which, considering the vast extent of the country and the magnitude of the work, is not so great a period as may at first seem.

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

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

Sir John Macdonald is a type of politician which has never failed to delight the English people—the man who, like Palmerston, can work hard, do strong things, hold his purpose, never lose sight for a moment of the honor and welfare of his country, and yet crack his joke and have his laugh, full of courage and good spirits and kindly fun. I am not going to talk politics here. The place forbids it, if my own quasi judicial position had not been before-hand with a veto. But I apprehend there is nothing to prevent me criticising our public men; praising their admirable qualities clearly distinguishable from opinions, and from prejudices in the nature of opinions, and animadverting on their defects in mental endowments, their faults of method, or their errors in tactics, not as politicians or party leaders, but as orators. To return. Sir John Macdonald in the English House of Commons would have been equal in my opinion, to Mr. Disraeli in finesse, in the art of forming combinations and managing men. He never could have equalled him in invective, or in epigram, or in force as an orator. Sir John Macdonald brings up his artillery with more ease. He is always human, even in his attacks. Lord Beaconsfield, as Mr. Disraeli, in the House of Commons, approached his opponent like some serpentine monster, coiled himself ruthlessly round him, fascinated with his gaze, and struck out with venomed fang. But Sir John is probably the better debater of the two. His delivery is lively, natural, mercurial; Lord Beaconsfield's is laboured. The power of making a statement is not the forte of the author of 'Endymion.' Sir John Macdonald makes a luminous statement, and his reasoning faculty is at least as high as Lord Beaconsfield's. He has very little comparatively, of the latter's *curiosa felicitas* in coining phrases, but his humor is more spontaneous. Lord Beaconsfield has the charm which is inseparable from genius, but it may well be doubted if his power of conciliating men and fixing their affections surpasses that of the Prime Minister of the Dominion. I am sure that in sober, strong sense the balance is in favor of the Canadian statesman. There is nothing view about Sir John Macdonald. Though a man of imagination, reason is lord every time.

Sir John Macdonald is perhaps the only man in the House whose speaking combines all the qualities necessary to complete effectiveness as a debater, and whose speeches could be pointed to with justice as useful models. They combine clearness and fullness of statement, vigorous reasoning, ample information, the play of fancy, the light of wit; and they have what no other speeches heard in that House since Thomas D'Arcy McGee and Joseph Howe were there, the flavour of literary culture. In the old world gentlemen are accustomed to put their whiskey in a wine cask to improve the flavour. Everything flowery is offensive in oratory. Literary culture is not necessary to make great a orator. Nevertheless the ideal oratory will always come, as it were, from a vessel which has often been filled from Pierian founts—will be saturated with the thought and language of the great teachers of the world. We remember, says an able writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, speaking of Lord Beaconsfield, to have heard him say in one of his after-dinner speeches, that the Hebrews and the Greeks were by far the most powerful races in history is, that they had a literature. "The same might apply to statesmen: no oratory, no diplomacy, no legislative ingenuity, confers so great and lasting an influence on a ruler of men as that which he derives from a combination of literary excellence with political power.—*From "Great Speeches," by N. F. Davin, in the Canadian Monthly for March.*

WALLACE.

To the Editor of the STANDARD—*Sir*: I notice an editorial in the last issue of the *Banner*, in which the editor tries to explain away and justify the action of the township Council of Wallace for giving away the ratepayers' money to the Listowel High School Board. Now, I think when I point out the true position of the editor of the *Banner*, and how he is interested, it will be sufficient to prove to the ratepayers of this township that his article should be taken with a great deal of caution, and perhaps with a grain of salt. This editor is one of the High School Trustees, and as such voted that the assessment of $718.30 be levied on the township of Wallace; and also voted that the corporation of the township of Wallace should be compelled by law to pay the said amount. But on finding that the chances of success as against the township of Wallace was a little doubtful, he agreed to take a little over one half of his first demand. Now, when we consider how the editor of the *Banner* is interested as one of the High School trustees, and as a ratepayer of the town of Listowel, it explains why he attempts to apologize for the Council which voted away the people's money in an illegal manner. In my opinion the object of saving the "mighty dollar" has a great deal to do with the editor of the *Banner's* apology, and his ideas of right.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Mr. Wm. Dalley, of the 18th con. of Wallace, had his house and a portion of its contents destroyed by fire. The origin of the fire is rather obscure, as Mr. Dalley says there was scarcely any fire in the kitchen during the day, where the fire originated. Fortunately it was insured in the Howick Mutual for $400.

Mr. Jas. Robinson nearly lost his life through a grievous mistake in taking a dose of aconite instead of laudanum. By the prompt use of emetics he was restored, though not without receiving a good scare, which will doubtless cause him to take better care in future.—COM.

CHEESE INDUSTRY.—The cheese industry is commanding an important share of attention among the farmers of this township at present. In the northern part of the township a "syndicate" has been formed to go into dairying on an extensive scale. The farmers in the south of the township have also taken action in the same direction, having formed a joint stock company, to be known as the Wallace Cheese & Butter Manufacturing Co., limited. Already over eighty names have been placed on the stock books; a charter has been applied for; the directorate and officers appointed; plans for the factory have been prepared, and tenders are invited for its erection. The factory will be located on the farm of Mr. Edward Stewart, jr., lot 15, in the 3rd concession, and will be after the pattern of the Dominion factory in Elma. The following are the officers which have been appointed: President, Wm. Long; Vice-president, David Paterson; Directors, Geo. C. Gordon, Abraham Weber, Joseph Cumberland, John Stewart; Sec.-treas., John Stewart; auditors, Geo. V. Poole and Wm. Lochhead. It is the intention of the company to engage a first-class cheese maker. The buildings are to be completed in time to commence operations by the first of May.

The municipal Council of the township of Wallace met, pursuant to adjournment, at the Queen's hotel, Gowanstown, 26th Feb. 1881; all the members present. The minutes of last two meetings were read and confirmed. Communications—S. H. McKittrick, Orangeville; R. Vindall, clerk of Bowmanville; E. Dynes, clerk of Maryborough; Registrar General's Office, certificate of Births, Deaths, etc.; tender for printing, Palmerston *Telegraph*; do. Listowel *Banner*; do. Listowel STANDARD; M. Scherer, bill for printing 200 German ballots, $3; A. St. Geo. Hawkins, printing, stationery, binding, etc., $27. J. Robinson moved, seconded by J. Willoughby, that the bill of M. Scherer, for printing 200 German ballots, be paid, and the Reeve issue his order—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by W. Ferguson, that John Brown be paid $6 for culvert on concession 10, having been let by J. McDermott in 1880, and the Reeve issue his order—carried. J. Willoughby moved, seconded by Wm. Ferguson, that articles of agreement between the township of Wallace and the High School Board be filed in the treasurer's office—carried. W. King moved, seconded by W. Ferguson, that J. Willoughby be paid $10 for labor employed shovelling snow on the gravel road, and the Reeve issue his order; John English, J. Simpson, and N. English each one day, W. Willoughby two days, J. Ruppel, C. Fielsinger and C. Doad each one day, and J. Willoughby two days—carried. J. Willoughby moved, seconded by W. King, that H. Leppard be paid twelve dollars for care and attendance on R. Fullarton, deceased—carried. J. Willoughby moved, seconded by J. Robinson, that the tender of A. St. George Hawkins for printing for the municipality for 1881, at $34.75 be accepted—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by J. Willoughby, that the bill of A. St. Geo. Hawkins for printing detailed statement and minutes of Council, as prepared by J. Robinson and R. G. Roberts, printing 650 ballots and 800 assessment schedules, amounting to $27, be paid—carried. J. Willoughby moved, seconded by W. Ferguson, that Davis Bros. be paid $6.50 for advertising Court of Revision in 1879, and printing 800 collector's receipts for 1880 and binding—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by J. Willoughby, that the Rev. John Howe Spell, B. A., be exempt from tax for the year 1880, being assessed for church property—carried. W. Ferguson moved, seconded by W. King, that the collector's roll be returned at next meeting of this Council—carried. J. Willoughby moved, seconded by W. Ferguson, that the members of this Council be paid $2 each for services in Committee settling with the High School Board, Listowel—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by J. Willoughby, that the Reeve be paid one dollar, advanced by him as fee to T. G. Fennell, Esq., for release, and agreement in the matter of the High School Board and the township of Wallace—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by J. Willoughby, that the treasurer lay on the table at next meeting of this Council a statement showing the amounts paid by him on Road Commission, other than published by order of Council 27th Dec. 1880, and to show what commissioners issued the orders—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by J. Willoughby, that the treasurer be paid $2 for livery and settling with the High School Board—carried. W. King moved, seconded by J. Robinson, that the treasurer is authorized to borrow one thousand dollars from W. Ferguson, Esq., to run expenses over which this Council had no control—carried. J. Robinson moved, seconded by J. Willoughby, that the clerk be paid $2 for one day setting with the High School Board—carried. W. Ferguson moved, seconded by J. Willoughby, that the treasurer is instructed to collect forth with all notes and arrears of taxes for 1879—carried. J. Willoughby moved, seconded by J. Robinson, that the Council authorize the clerk to write to the Stratford & Huron Railway Co., calling their immediate attention to the railway crossing on the gravel road—carried. Council adjourned to meet at Gowanstown on Saturday the 26th of March, to appoint pathmasters, pound-keepers and fenceviewers, and transact general business.

R. G. ROBERTS, Clerk.

MARYBOROUGH.

Pursuant to adjournment, Council met in the Commercial hotel, Moorefield, on Monday, Feb. 28th; all the members present. J. W. Scott Esq., of Listowel, appeared before the Council and requested explanations in regard to arrears of taxes charged against the west half of the west half of lot number three in the ninth concession for the years 1877 and 1879. The Clerk having produced the non-resident roll and auditor's report for the year 1877, also copy of defaulters roll for the year 1879, and given the necessary explanations, Mr. Scott agreed to pay said taxes on condition that the collector give a receipt in full to date. A motion was passed to that effect. W. H. Lowes and David Callaway, auditors, presented their report for the year 1880, which was referred back for some minor corrections. The Clerk read a petition signed by John G. Scott and twenty-two others, praying that the taxes on the west half of lot number one in the 9th con., assessed to Samuel Dixon, be reduced as the petitioners consider the said lot assessed too high. John Robinson moved, seconded by John Corbett, that an order be drawn in favor of Samuel Dixon for the amount of $3, as overcharged taxes, on account of over assessment on west half of lot 1, in the 9th con., and the Reeve grant his order for the same—carried. John Corbett moved, seconded by Wm. Long, that this Council allow Mr. Jno. Hyland to take any timber, not fit for culverts, off side-road between lots 12 and 13 in the 13th con—carried. Wm. Long moved, seconded by John Robinson, that an order be drawn in favor of the Reeve for sixty cents, that amount having been paid by him for railway fare for removing Annie Thompson to poor house—carried. The Clerk read a petition signed by Parker Lowry and 20 others, praying that Robert Arts' taxes for the year 1880 be remitted; also a petition signed by James Arbuckle and twenty-two others, asking that $10 be granted to Margaret Arbuckle as charity. W. Long moved, seconded by John Paterson, that in reference to all petitions asking aid, this Council cannot grant the prayer of such—carried. In amendment, it was moved by John Robinson, seconded by John Corbett, that Robert Arts' taxes, amounting to one dollar and eighty cents, be remitted, and that the Reeve grant his order for the same—lost. James Hamilton and Michael Ryan applied personally, and Peter Wilson and Patrick C. Skelly by letter, to have an extension of time for payment of taxes charged against their lands in the year 1880. J. Paterson moved, seconded by Wm. Long, that the requests of Messrs. Wilson, Skelly, Hamilton and Ryan for extension of time for payment of taxes be left with the collectors—carried. John Robinson moved, seconded by John Corbett, that an order be drawn in favor of Thomas Rolls for $2 for repairing bridge on the 4th con. in the year 1879—carried. In reference to a communication from the Clerk of Mornington, stating that the Council of said township had, by a resolution passed on the 7th day of February last, and as a preliminary step to the introduction of a by-law for that purpose, detached the north quarter of lot 18, con. 12, from School Section No. 15, and added it to Union School Section No. 20, composed of parts of the townships of Mornington, Maryborough, Peel and Wellesley. J. Paterson moved, seconded by Wm. Long, that the Clerk inform the Council of the township of Mornington that this Council has no objections to the township of Mornington adding to the territory of Union School Section No. 20, provided the ratepayers in that part of the School Section lying within the township of Maryborough consent to the change—carried. Wm. Long moved, seconded by John Robinson, that Noah Cober be requested to deliver 2,400 feet of rock elm plank at sixth line bridge, the said plank to be sixteen feet long and three inches thick, and not more than eight inches wide, and to be subject to the inspection of Mr. John Paterson; the said plank to be delivered by the tenth day of March, 1881—carried. Tenders for building new bridges at McKay's hill, 12th con., and between lots 15 and 16 in the 4th concession, having been opened and publicly read, the tender of Richard Boyle to build McKay's bridge for the sum of $188, and the tender of Thomas Rolls to build bridge between lots 15 and 16 in the 4th con., for the sum of $140, were accepted and bonds given to the Council by each of the said contractors, for the performance of the work according to plans and specifications. J. Paterson moved, seconded by Wm. Long, that the Clerk be paid the sum of $17.70 for registration of 83 births, 23 marriages and 51 deaths in the year 1880; and the further sum of $4.50 for registration of affidavit, $2.50, search in Registry office, $1.00, and expenses to Arthur $1.00—carried. Wm. Long moved, seconded by John Robinson, that the report of the auditors, now read, be received and adopted, and the auditors receive $15 each for their services, and that the Clerk be requested to get 300 copies printed for distribution—carried. The Clerk laid before the Council the circular regarding market fees signed by Wm. Parker, President, and E. Morden, Secretary of the township of Stamford Farmer's Association; also circular signed by R. Windett, enclosing form of petition to be presented to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario, praying that the Assessment Act shall be so amended that the dividends upon the shares of incorporated companies shall be assessed and payable in the municipality in which the holders or owners of such shares resides—no action. John Robinson moved, seconded by John Corbett, that the bill of John McKay, amounting to $2, for leather bag for Assessor, be paid and the Reeve grant his order for the same—carried. On motion, Council adjourned to meet in the British hotel, Moorefield, at 10 o'clock, forenoon, on the last Monday in April, for the appointment of pathmasters, fenceviewers and poundkeepers.

EDWARD DYNES, Clerk.

DORKING.

The following is a report of the marks obtained for perfect recitations by three classes of the Dorking Public School during the month of February: *Fourth Class.*—Lorenzo Calder 637, Milly McKenzie 602. *Senior Third Class.*—Robert Starr 706, Maria T. McDonald 585, Archibald Calder 574, Emma Guise 515, Priscilla A. Hill 427, Samuel J. Hill 425, Elizabeth Yates 298, Mary Ann Nihill 227, Eugene McDonald 162. *Junior Third Class.*—Katie Wagatha 865, Alexander Wagatha 654, Margaret J. Hill 618, William J. McLean 495, Anna M. Linahan 366, James J. Connolley 263, William Tabbert 249, James J. Rafferty 241, Philip Yates 221, William Lytle 189, Valentine Wells 156, Robert John Lytle 142, Albert McLoughlan 111.—COM.

ELMA.

The township Council meets to-morrow at Elma Centre, for the purpose of appointing pathmasters, poundkeepers, and fenceviewers.

Rev. Mr. Renwick, pastor of the Elma Presbyterian church for 25 years, has resigned.

Application has been made for a charter to form a joint stock cheese and butter manufacturing company to operate the Gotham factory.

BURRTON.—The soiree held on the evening of the 1st inst. was a gratifying success. The people of the neighborhood turned out in goodly numbers, and everything passed off pleasantly. Able addresses were delivered by Rev'ds. Kay of Milverton, Huggins and Baker of Listowel, and Berry of Wallace, and by the worthy chairman, Mr. R. L. Alexander. The musical part of the programme was well sustained by the choir of Trinity church, Elma. An election cake, donated by Mrs. John Alexander, realized $8.25. The total proceeds were $43, which are to be devoted to the purchase of a library for the Britton Union Sabbath School.

Over twenty arrests were made on Thursday under the Protection Act, and a fresh batch of warrants were issued for Wednesday. The first man arrested was Joseph Walsh, President of the Castlebar branch Land League, and cousin of Walsh, one of the traversers. Boyton and O'Halloran, prominent Leaguers, the former one of the traversers, were also arrested, and a warrant issued for Nally. The charges include "boycotting," incitement to murder and conspiracy, etc. The prisoners were lodged in Kilmainham prison, which is strongly guarded.

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 the 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 completely 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, Listowel.

"They all do it."—To beautify the teeth and give fragrance to the breath use TEABERRY, the new toilet gem; try a 5 cent sample.

"All seems infected that the infected spy,
And all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye."

If you are low spirited and blue, do not lay it to your luck but rather to your liver; cleanse the system of bad bile and sluggish blood, arouse the torpid secretions and the eye will resume its wonted brightness, the step its buoyancy, and the mind its cheerful vigor. Burdock Blood Bitters cure all nervous diseases, purify the system and strengthen the weak.

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 healthy, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it. See other column.

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.

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

A Long Time to Suffer.

Twenty-five years of endurance with Catarrh is a long period of annoyance and misery. Mrs. E. J. Flanders, of Manchester, N. H. after going through with it all, writes: "The Constitutional Catarrh Remedy has rescued me from intense suffering, and almost the grave." This medicine is for sale by all druggists.

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

Consumption has well been compared to a worm in the bud, that sap vitality from the fairest flower. It steals the rose bloom from the cheek and robs the vital spark from the stalwart and the strong. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam "nips the worm in the bud." It is the best cough cure and most effectual lung healer known to medical science. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.—4y.

If Edison perfects his electric light, his fame and fortune will exceed that of the lucky man who first "struck oil," but the man who first struck Yellow Oil as a remedy, for external and internal use, was a more fortunate individual than either. Yellow Oil is *par excellence* the remedy for Pain, Lameness, Rheumatism, Croup, Deafness, Burns, Frost Bites, Stiff Joints, and all flesh wounds. Any medicine dealers can furnish it

True nobility is the most unpretentious. The most humble means will often accomplish the greatest ends; the most modest and unpretending of flowers are the sweetest; the most simple and abundant herbs are the most potent to heal; Burdock, which grows almost uncared for by our waysides is one of the most cleansing and healing medicinal roots. It is one of the many ingredients of that marvellous medicine Burdock Blood Bitters, the best purifying tonic in the world. Sample Bottle 10 cents. Regular size $1.00.

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

Holloway's Pills.—The chiefest wonder of the times.—This incomparable Medicine increases the appetite, strengthens the stomach, cleanses the liver, corrects biliousness, and prevents flatulency, purifies the system, invigorates the nerves, and re-instates sound health. The enormous demand for these Pills throughout the globe astonishes everybody, and a single trial convinces the most sceptical that no medicine equals Holloway's Pills in its ability to remove all complaints incidental to the human race. They are a blessing to the afflicted, and a boon to all who labour under internal or external disease. The purification of the blood, removal of all restrictions in the secretive organs, and gentle aperient action, are the public source of the extensive curative range of Holloway's Pills.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co. Portland, Maine. 10

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.

Many a man has been crippled for life by an accident met with in toil, who might have been spared from the surgical knife had he promptly applied Yellow Oil. This valuable remedy should ever be kept at hand in case of accidents of emergencies; it is for internal and external use; a specific for all painful inflammatory diseases and flesh wounds. Price 25 cts.

ZOPESA.—I have secured the agency for this new compound for Dyspepsia and Liver Troubles. It comes to me under most favorable auspices being very highly endorsed and recommended. Its wonderful affinity to the Digestive Organs and the Liver, increasing the dissolving juices, correcting the acids and carrying off impurities of the stomach and regulating the Liver, can be tested by securing a sample bottle, 75 cents. John Livingstone, Listowel.

Bocklen's Arnica Slave.

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

A racking cough, oh why endure?
When there is found a perfect cure,
That from weak lungs relieves the strain,
And gives the sufferer ease again.

Such a remedy is found in a 25 cent bottle of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the best throat and lung healer in the world. For sale by all dealers.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

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

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

March 11, 1881.

Wheat, fall, per bush.,	1 02 to	1 04
Spring Wheat, "	1 00	1 06
Barley, "	0 60	0 70
Peas, "	0 60	0 62
Oats, "	0 30	0 32
Flour, per brrl.,	4 50	5 00
Oatmeal, "	2 50	2 75
Cornmeal, "	1 75	2 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 00	0 18
Eggs, per dozen,	0 18	0 20
Potatoes, per bag,	0 30	0 35
Turkeys, per lb,	0 00	0 07
Geese, " "	0 05	0 06
Chickens, per pair,	0 25	0 30
Pork, cwt.,	7 00	7 25
Hay, per ton,	8 00	0 00
Wood, long,	0 00	0 00
Wood, short,	0 00	1 25
Hides, per cwt.,	7 00	7 50
Wool, per lb,	0 27	0 28

TORONTO.

PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS

	March 11 1881.	
Wheat, fall, per bush.,	1 06 to	1 10
Wheat, spring, "	1 10	1 16
Barley, "	0 75	0 95
Peas, "	0 62	0 70
Oats, "	0 38	0 40
Rye, "	0 80	0 85
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.,	7 50	8 75
Beef, hind " "	6 00	7 50
Mutton, by carcase "	8 00	9 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 21	0 23
Butter, large rolls,	0 00	0 00
Butter, tub, dairy,	0 20	0 21
Eggs, fresh, per dozen,	0 18	0 20
Eggs, packed, per dozen,	0 35	0 40
Hay, per ton,	11 00	16 50
Wool,	0 29	0 30

STRATFORD.

	March 11, 1881.	
Wheat, fall, per bush.,	$1 05 to	1 06
Wheat, spring, "	1 08	1 10
Barley, "	0 65	0 75
Oats, "	0 33	0 36
Peas, "	0 65	0 67
Flour, per brl	4 75	5 25
Potatoes, per bag,	0 40	0 50
Butter, lb. rolls,	0 18	0 21
Eggs, per dozen,	0 14	0 15
Hides, per cwt.,	8 00	8 00
Hay, per ton,	9 00	9 50
Wood, per cord.,	2 75	3 00
Wool per lb.,	0 00	0 00

PALMERSTON.

	March 11, 1881.	
Fall Wheat, per bush.,	$1 00	1 02
Spring Wheat, "	1 00	1 05
Flour, per cwt,	2 40	2 40
Barley, per bush.	0 60	0 75
Peas, "	0 60	0 65
Oats, "	0 27	0 28
Hay, per ton,	6 00	8 00
Potatoes, per bag,	0 30	0 45
Butter, per lb.	0 20	0 22
Eggs, per doz.	0 18	0 20
Pork, per cwt.	7 00	7 50
Cordwood, per cord,	2 00	2 25
Wool, per lb.,	0 20	0 26

GUELPH.

	March 11, 1881.	
White wheat	$ 1 04 to	1 06
Treadwell	1 04 to	1 06

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, MARCH 11, 1881.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

FINE weather for sugar making.

THURSDAY next will be St. Patrck's day.

A large and varied stock of Canned Goods, at D. W. Palmer & Co's.

A NUMBER of the Listowel Oddfellows went to Brussels yesterday to attend the funeral of a deceased brother in that village.

Chamber sets in abundance, at prices to suit the times, at D. W. Palmer & Co's.

CHEAP johns and quack medicine vendors drove a brisk trade on fair day. The "gullibles" are evidently numerous hereabouts.

Butter, Eggs, apples and potatoes taken in exchange for Groceries at D. W. Palmer & Co's.

MR. JAS. GALLOP, of Wallace, left here this week for Manitoba. If the land suits him, he intends settling in the neighborhood of Portage la Prairie.

China, Crockery, Glassware and lamps at reduced prices, at Toronto T. Store D. W. Palmer & Co.

JAMES SWAN, of Listowel, writes to the *Mail* denying the charge made in the telegraphic despatches associating his name with the Listowel counterfeiters.

D. W. Palmer & Co. have the cheapest assortment of milk crocks and flower pots ever offered in Listowel.

WE understand that Mr. F. W. Meckes, proprietor that the American hotel, has sold out to Mr. J. W. Krueger, of Port Elgin, who takes possession in May.

D. W. Palmer & Co. keep in stock the best 50c. Tea in town. We defy any to beat it. Try it and be convinced.

CONSERVATIVES throughout the Riding are reminded of the annual meeting of the North Perth Conservative Association, will be held at Milverton on Wednesday next, 16th inst.

D. W. Palmer & Co. keep constantly on hand the largest and best selected stock of the choicest Liquors, Wines, etc., in town

MR. MCCALLUM, head master of the Listowel High School, has been laid up this week with a severe attack of quinzy. We are pleased to learn that yesterday he was considered very much better.

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

NORTHWEST.—On Friday last seventeen persons left here per Grand Trunk special excursion train for Dakota and the Northwest. Mr. C. Hacking, town agent G. T. R., furnished the party with through tickets.

Dried Apples in large quantities at 6c per lb., and $1.25 per bushel, at Toronto T Store. Call soon. D. W. Palmer & Co.

THE weather during the past few days has been exceedingly mild, the warmth of the sun causing a rapid disappearance of the snow, and imparting a springlike appearance. After the unusually steady winter which we have experienced, an early spring would be very acceptable.

D. W. Palmer & Co. have secured a choice selection of the best brands of imported Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes.

RECEIVED A CALL.—Rev. A. F. McGregor, B. A., for some time pastor of the Congregational Church in this town, has received a call to the Western Congregational Church, Toronto. The Rev gentleman will, we are sure, have the best wishes of his many friends in Listowel in his new field of labor.

D. W. Palmer & Co have on hand about 500 bushels of the largest and finest Potatoes in town: all hand picked. Call and see them.

A COUPLE of lads of tender years, but evidently of depraved natures, were arrested on Wednesday on a charge of stealing copper bottoms of boilers, etc., from one of the town stove and tinware establishments. The worst lad of the two, whose name is Ireland, was remanded; the other was discharged with a reprimand.

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

REV. W. MCDONOUGH, of Kincardine, conducted the Sabbath School anniversary services in the Canada Methodist church on Sunday last. There were very large congregations present both morning and evening. The Sabbath School tea meeting on the following evening was quite successful. The proceeds amounted to better than $30.

D. W. Palmer & Co., of the Toronto T. Store are giving 11 pounds of brown Sugar for the dollar, 10 of light brown and 9 of granulated. Give us a call

WE have received from the publishers, Munn & Co., New York, a copy of the "Illustrated Scientific News," a monthly scientific journal. Like the "Scientific American" and kindred publications emanating from this house, excellence in all its parts is its standard. This publication will be found instructive and entertaining to all classes, but will be best appreciated by the most intelligent. The subscription price is $1.50 per year.

THE cattle fair on Friday last was somewhat below the mark in the number of head offered, consequently transactions were limited. Some sales were made of animals for feeding, at from $20 to $26. For fat cattle, of which there were but few offering, $5.50 per cwt. was the standard figure. As the season advances business in this class of stock will rapidly increase. A number of farmers in this vicinity have already sold their fat stock, to be delivered after navigation opens.

O. Y. B. ASSEMBLY.—The assembly held by the Orange Young Britons oft his town in Osborne's hall on Friday evening last was a brilliant success. There was a large gathering of young people, some sixty or seventy couples being present. The hall was very tastefully decorated with banners, appropriate mottoes and pictures. Excellent music was furnished by Prof. Holland's string band, and every facility was given the disciples of Terpsichore to thoroughly enjoy themselves. The refreshments were supplied by Messrs. Hagarman Bros., who proved themselves efficient caterers.

SOME idea of the extent of the business done by Messrs. Hess Bros., furniture manufacturers, can be gleaned from the number of logs which this enterprising firm have purchased during the past winter. We understand that the figures reach upwards of three million feet of logs. Before another winter sets in this enormous amount of "raw material" will probably have been consumed in the manufacture of furniture, etc. With enterprises such as that of Hess Bros. springing up and developing throughout the country, it surely will not be said that the manufacturing industries of Canada are insignificant and unworthy of encouragement.

NORTH PERTH CENSUS ENUMERATORS.—We understand that the following is a correct list of the census enumerators for North Perth, although it is not official: Logan—Robert Jones, George Rock and Daniel DeCoursey. Ellice—Robert Henry, Thomas Kelly and Jacob Herr, jr. Stratford—A. B. Orr, A. Burnham, Thos. Stoney and P. R. Jarvis. North Easthope—John Cashin, John Rupert and John Nelson. Mornington—Jas. Magwood, Jas. Kines and Chas. Glenn. Wallace—Jas. Robinson, John McDermott and Richard Strong. Listowel—Wm. Little and Wm. Dixon. Milverton—S. G. Dorland. Palmerston—Thos. McDowell.

BESOM AND STANES.—The Listowel curlers have been taking advantage of the excellent condition of the ice this week, no doubt calculating that the days of the roarin' game were nearly numbered for the present season. A match, two rinks a side, composed of members of the Listowel curling club, took place on Wednesday morning. The position of affairs at the close of the game was as under:

RINK NO. 1.

W. M. Climie,	J. Climie,
W. Climie,	A. F. Climie,
R. Ferguson,	A. Galloway,
W. F. Clark, skip 20	J. Coutts, skip.....21

RINK NO. 2.

A. McIlwraith,	W. J. Ferguson,
J. C. Burt,	R. McMillan,
D. D. Campbell,	J. J. Hamilton,
G. Ford, skip.....19	W. Bell, skip.....13
Total.....39	Total.....34

Dolls, sleighs, rocking, horses, albums, plated ware, easels &c., at the Post Office Book Store.

PARTIES wanting sap buckets and wooden pails will save money by ordering from Toronto Tea Store.
9b. D. W. PALMER & CO.

DRAUGHTS.—The return draught match between the Listowel club and a selected team from the township of Mornington came off on Friday evening last, at the Grand Central hotel in this town. As will be seen by the appended score, the town players again proved themselves more than equal to their opponents:

TOWN.		MORNINGTON.	
R. Ferguson,	7	Wm. Struthers,	0
D. McFarlane,	5	John Greeve,	2
J. A. Hacking,	4	Dr. Johnson,	3
S. E. Pearson,	0	Wm. Fink,	3
Geo Adam,	5	Wm. Taylor,	1
S. Davidson,	3	Jos. Riley,	0
W. Davidson,	2	Jas. Greeve,	0
	26		9

Majority of games for Listowel, 16.

A full line of Cottage Library, Lilly Series, Poetical Works, Franklin Square, and Robertson Series at the Post Office Book Store.

RESULT of an examination in Grammar held on Friday last in the senior department of the Public School; maximum 50: A. Moore 50, E. Tilt 50, J. Reid 50, M. Reid 50, C. Winter 50, A. Gundry 50, M. Campbell 50, S. Riggs 50, L. Wehe 49, Jno. Dick 49, J. Bogues 49, M. Green 48, R. Morris 48, W. Hess 48, W. Climie 48, B. Draper 47, L. Lillico 47, M. Gamble 46; C. Watson 45; C. Cuibert 45, W. McConnell 43, A. Walton 39, M. Barber 39, L. Malcolm 36, B. Large 35, J. McIlwraith 34, M. Walker 34, E. Brook 34, W. Winter 33, V. Leggatt 33, A. Poole 33, M. Jackson 31, E. Welch 31, C. Green 31, J. Coutts 30, W. Johnstone 30, M. Sutherland 29, C. Tilt 25, R. Kells 22, M. McLowell 21.

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.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The teachers of North Perth assembled in Listowel on Friday and Saturday last to attend the semi-annual meeting of the Teachers' Association of the Riding. A programme of topics calculated to be beneficial to the teachers engaged the attention of the association during its sittings. On Friday evening the association gave a public entertainment in the town hall which was well attended by our townspeople. An impromptu programme consisting of addresses, vocal music, readings etc., comprised the entertainment. Mr. D. D. Campbell discharged the duties of chairman. Previous to dispersing on Saturday, the association resolved to comply with an invitation from the Teachers' Association of South Perth to hold a union meeting in Stratford at the commencement of the mid-summer vacation.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—If you want to look nice, and be well dressed, at the smallest possible expense, go the popular Cothing House, No. 3, Main st. Listowel. JOHN RIGGS, Proprietor—42.

CURLING.—Listowel and Brussels curlers tried conclusions again on Monday last, on the Listowel rink. Three rinks played on either side. A lively game ensued, resulting in favor of the visiting team by 13 shots. The Brussels curlers had a slight advantage over their opponents in possessing better "stanes." Following is the score:

RINK NO. 1.

W. Climie,	R. Luellan,
W. Bell,	P. Scott,
A. Galloway,	F. Scott,
Geo. Ford, skip.....31	J. Campbell, skip 25

RINK NO. 2.

R. McMillan,	C. B. Cooper,
J. J. Hamilton,	A. Wilson,
R. Ferguson,	R. McKinnie,
W. F. Clark, skip....19	A. B. Morris, skip 27

RINK NO. 3.

D. D. Campbell,	A. Stewart,
A. F. Climie,	A. Cosins,
F. Sharp,	A. Veal,
J. Coutts, skip.....18	J. Webster, skip 29
Total.....68	Total.....81

Majority for Brussels, 13.

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.

CANADIAN MONTHLY.—The March number of this magazine contains much excellent reading in the form of valuable papers on current topics, fresh and healthy literary contributions, criticisms, reviews, poetic effusions, etc. Probably the paper which will be read in the present number with the greatest interest is the one from the pen of Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, entitled "Great Speeches," in which the writer compares the leading members of the Canadian Parliament with their contemporaries in the House of Parliament in England. The comparison, in the writer's estimation, is far from an odious one; on the contrary, Mr. Davin avers that "either one of our leading statesmen would take a prominent place in the House of Commons in England; that, moreover, of three or four of them it might be said with certainty that, unless the stars in their courses fought against them, they would attain the place of First Minister." The *Canadian Monthly* is worthy of a liberal support from all who would desire to see a healthy literature fostered in Canada.

TOWN COUNCIL.—The regular monthly meeting of the Town Council was held on Monday evening, 7th inst. Present, the Mayor presiding, the Reeve, Deputy-Reeve, and Councillors Scott, Deavitt, Woods, Gibbs, Fennell, Dingman, McDonald and Riggs. The minutes of previous meeting were read and confirmed. The following accounts were read and referred to Finance Committee: S. Bricker & Co., nails, $3.50; Dominion Telegraph Co., $3.75; G. W. R. Co., ticket for indigent, $1.10; J. B. Woods, teaming, $1; Relief Committee account, $6.99. Communications were read—from G. W. R. Co. in reference to lots on Victoria St., west—referred to Finance Committee; from Samuel Ellison, for refund of dog tax—referred to Finance Committee; from George Towner, stating that he proposed to enlarge his tannery to double its present capacity, and asking exemption of taxes on such enlargement for a term of seven years; from Chas. Selwood and fourteen others, praying for a sidewalk on the north side of Inkerman street, from McDowell street to Maitland street—referred to Road & Bridge Committee; from H. Knight, stating that he had purchased the billiard tables and fixtures lately used by Thos. Swan, and applying for license to open a billiard hall. J. W. Scott moved, seconded by A. S. Deavitt, that the application of H. Knight for a license for billiard hall be granted, said license to end on the 31st of December of the present year, in accordance with town By-laws. Councillor Binning opposed licensing a billiard hall. The motion was carried on division. Mr. Smith, leader of the town band, was heard in reference to application for annual grant of $100, and $50 extra for purchase of new instruments. The Finance Committee reported, recommending payment of the following accounts: F. W. Meckes, keeping indigent, 75c.; James Lowry, repairing scraper, $2; Jno. Twambly, for gravel, $4.50. The Committee further reported: R. Martin's account as auditor—not recommended; account of W. R. Clayton, as auditor, $6—recommend $3; McBeth Green, as auditor, $12—recommend $9; Jno. Clemmenshaw, refund of dog tax recommended; application of Mrs. Peffers and Mrs. Bayne for refund of taxes—not recommended. On motion the report was adopted. D. B. Dingman moved, seconded by A. McDonald, that the motion ordering the Chairman of the Public Buildings Committee to purchase a chandelier for the town hall be rescinded, and that he countermand the order forthwith—carried. John Riggs moved, seconded by J. A. Hacking, that $18 per post be offered to the Gas Company, they to allow one post at Livingstone's corner to remain burning till daylight, for twenty nights in each month, and that the former resolution be rescinded. The Mayor informed the Council that the offer made by the Council had not been accepted, the Gas Co. refusing to place a meter at one of the posts. A discussion of considerable length followed, in which members of the Board, Mr. W. G. Hay, as representative of the Gas Co., and a few of the citizens who were present took part. Mr. Hay was very much dissatisfied at the Council's procedure in regard to the gas question. He maintained that the rate asked was as low as that paid in any town in Canada. He gave as his reason for objecting to a meter, that Stratford was the only town in Canada where a meter was used, and that it was not found to work satisfactory there. Councillor Scott expressed himself in sympathy with the Gas Co., and thought that the Council was not dealing fairly with them—in fact were treating them shabbily. He considered that the Council should encourage the Gas Co., as their enterprise was an advantage to the town. The Reeve and Councillor Riggs also expressed themselves in favor of encouraging the Gas Co. Councillor Fennell stated that it was not because he did not want the gas that he should oppose the motion; but he did not feel justified in paying more for it than was charged private consumers, namely, $2.50 per 1,000 feet. He pointed out that the gas would not be equally beneficial to all parts of the town, and he thought it was the duty of the Council to take this into consideration in dealing with the Company. Councillor Gibbs produced an estimate showing the number of nights in the year that gas would be required; also the amount of gas which would be consumed in that time, his estimate showing that the consumption of gas at each post would not exceed $12 per year. As a representative of the town he felt that he should look to its interests, and not to the interests of the Gas Co. In view of the large amount which the Council would be called upon to expend in building sidewalks and other street improvements this year, it was all the more necessary that economy should be exercised. Councillors Hess, Dingman, Deavitt, Woods and Binning also expressed their views on the question, the tenor of which was similar to those expressed by Messrs. Fennell and Gibbs. Upon invitation from the Council, Dr. Nichol and Messrs. Lillico and Rothwell made a few remarks. The Dr. and Mr. Lillico thought the Council would be justified in giving the Company a reasonable support. Mr. Rothwell thought that while the gas was an improvement to the town, it was a luxury which a town so small as this could not afford to pay $300 or $400 a year for. As the question had not been brought up at the elections, the opinion of the ratepayers in regard to the matter was not known; he had expressed his opinion merely as a private individual. Upon a vote being taken, the division stood: Yeas—Scott, Hacking, Riggs, McDonald, Hay; nays—Deavitt, Woods, Hess, Gibbs, Fennell, Dingman, Binning—motion lost. R. Woods moved, seconded by F. E. Gibbs, that the motion passed last meeting of Council appointing John McConnell lamp lighter, be rescinded, the Gas Co. refusing to furnish gas per thousand feet—carried. A by-law was introduced and read a first and second time, the purport of which was to comply with the application of Mr. Towner for exemption of taxes. Discussion on the by-law was deferred until next meeting of Council, when it will be brought up for its third reading. T. G. Fennell moved, seconded by A. S. Deavitt, that the Committee on Parks and Shade Trees be instructed to confer with the Elma & Wallace Agricultural Society for the purpose of ascertaining on what conditions the town can rent the agricultural grounds for the purpose of a town park and report at next regular meeting of the Council—carried. The time for the collection of taxes was further extended to the next regular meeting of Council. D. B. Dingman moved, seconded by John Binning, that this Council do not grant anything whatever toward supporting or maintaining the Mechanics' Institute of this town. Moved in amendment by T. G. Fennell, seconded by F. E. Gibbs, that this Council make a grant of $25 to the Mechanics' Institute, on condition that the library be handed over to the town—amendment carried on division: yeas—Scott, Deavitt, Hess, Gibbs, Fennell; nays—Hacking, Dingman, McDonald, Binning. John Binning moved, seconded by A. McDonald, that the application of the Brass Band for a further appropriation of $50 be not entertained; but that they receive the usual amount of $100, on the same conditions as last year—carried. On motion, Council adjourned till Monday next, 12th inst.

Domestic occurrences in Perth county for 1879:—Births, 1,205; marriages, 340; and deaths, 461.

The necessary capital, $100,000, has been subscribed for the establishment of a glucose manufactory at Napanee.

The nominations in East Northumberland and Carleton, N. B. are to take place on the 18th inst., and the polling on the 25th.

The Grand Orange Lodge of Ontario, east and west, send $400 to aid the brethren in Ireland. This sum will be further supplemented by contributions from subordinate Lodges.

An armistice was concluded by Gen. Wood with the Boers on Sunday, to last until the 14th inst. The terms provide that provisions, but not ammunition, may be taken to the beleagured garrisons.

It is estimated that about 40 vessels were lost and about 200 persons drowned during the recent storm in Scotland. The snow storm had abated some days before railway communication was restored.

A Newcastle despatch states that a number of Boers escorted Drs. Barber and Dyas from the Transvaal into the Free State, and after the doctors had crossed the line fired on them, killing Barber and wounding Dyas.

SALE REGISTER.

Tuesday, March 15—Sale for Samuel Whaley, lot 50, 1st con. Wallace; farm stock and implements. T. E. Hay, Auctioneer.

Friday, March 25—Sale for Chas. Wetlaufer, lot No 23, 2nd con. Wallace. See advertisement.

Thursday, March 17—Sale for Peter T. Orth, lot 31, con. 4, Wallace; stock and implements. T. E. Hay, Auctioneer

Thursday, March 24—Sale for Joseph Kremer, lot 15, con 13, Mornington; stock and implements. Daniel Shine, Auctioneer.

BIRTHS.

ALEXANDER.—In Britton, on the 1st inst., the wife of Mr. E. M. Alexander, of a son.

MOORE—In Elma, on the 20th ult., the wife of Henry Moore, of a daughter.

PERRIN—In Elma, on the 1st inst., the wife of James Perrin, of a daughter.

KEATING—In Elma, on the 24th ult., the wife of James Keating of a daughter.

WILLIS—In Elma, on the 17th ult., the wife of W. H. Willis, of a son.

FORBES—In Elma, on the 12th ult., the wife of Thos. Forbes, of a daughter.

MCQUATERS—In Mornington on the 10th inst. the wife of Mr. David McQuaters of a daughter.

GEE—In Listowel, on the 10th inst., the wife of Mr. Oliver Gee, of a daughter.

PERRIN—In Elma, on the 1st inst., the wife of Mr. Jas. Perrin of a daughter.

DUNLOP In Elma, on the 6th inst., the wife of Mr. W. R. Dunlop, of a son.

THOMPSON—In Listowel on the 8th inst., the wife of Mr. Wm. Thompson, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

WARD—MOORE—In Elma, on the 2nd inst., by the Rev. R. Renwick, Mr James A. Ward, to Miss Sarah Ann Moore, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Moore, all of Elma.

LOCHHEAD—COUTTS—At the residence of the bride's brother, Mr George Coutts, on the 25th ult., by the Rev. Mr McQuarrie, Wingham, Mr. Robert Lochhead of Rapid City, N. W. T. to Jennie, daughter of John Coutts, Esq., of East Wawanosh.

KALI—BIESINGER—At St. Clements, on the 1st inst., Mr. Matthew Kali, to Miss Rosa Biesinger, both of Mornington.

PATTERSON—BROWN—Listowel, March, 5, 1881, by the Rev. Dr. Fowler, at the residence of the bride's mother, Joseph Patterson, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, to Bella Hume, eldest daughter of Mrs. M. H. Brown.

DEATHS.

DUNLOP—In Elma, on the 6th inst., Margaret, wife of Mr. W. R. Dunlop, aged 42 years

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

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

THERE IS NOTHING SO PERMANENTLY beneficial to the sufferer as Norman's Electro-Curative Belts, Bands and Insoles. They immediately relieve and permanently cure
ASTHMA,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
LUMBAGO,
NERVOUS DEBILITY,
INDIGESTION,
RHEUMATISM,
SWELLINGS,
INJURIES,
NEURALGIA, ETC.,
And a host of troubles over which medicine has little or no control. Circulars and consultation free.
Medicated and other baths always ready for ladies and gentlemen.
J. H. MICHENER, M. D., Druggist, &c., agent for Listowel. 8y

FLAX SEED.

The undersigned have
1,000 Bushels of Flax Seed,
direct from Manitoba, Holland and Riga, at their mills in Listowel, which will be distributed in quantities to suit farmers. The seed will be ready to be distributed in the first week in March.
J. & J. LIVINGSTONE.
Listowel, Feb. 23, 1881. 8c.

TENDERS WANTED!
Tenders will be received by the undersigned till
Monday Noon, the 14th day of March,
—FOR—
BUILDING A CHEESE FACTORY
on Lot 15, concession 3, township of WALLACE. Plans and specifications can be seen at Lewis Bolton's office in Listowel. Tenders will be opened at 2 o'clock the same day in the Albion hotel. Parties tendering will name their securities.
There will be separate tenders received at the same time for digging and curbing of a well on the grounds of the above factory.
The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
JNO. STEWART, Sec'y,
10a. Listowel Post Office.

TO CAPITALISTS!
FOR SALE OR TO RENT,
The Listowel Foundry.
The attention of local capitalists is particularly called to the opportunity now offered of acquiring on reasonable terms, a valuable business stand; good shops and lot of tools and patterns, which have been built up with the requirement of the country, and are now the most complete within a radius of many miles. With sufficient capital, the business is well known to be one which is both safe and remunerative, and as an interest in which the status of the town is deeply involved, should command attention.
For particulars apply at the works, to the undersigned.
A. McILWRAITH, Proprietor.
Listowel, March 9, 1881. 10a.

CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION OF NORTH PERTH
The annual meeting of the Conservative Association of North Perth will be held in the village of
MILVERTON,
—ON—
WEDNESDAY, 16th March, '81,
AT THE HOUR OF 1 30 P. M.,
for the election of officers, and the transaction of other important business.
A full representation from each section of the Riding is requested.
GEO. DRAPER, President.
Listowel, March 3, 1881. 9b.

MORTGAGE SALE OF FARM
IN THE TOWNSHIP OF GREY.
Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage, there will be sold by public auction, on SATURDAY, the 26th day of MARCH, A. D. 1881, at 12 o'clock noon, by F. W. Conte & Co., auctioneers, at their sale rooms, King street east, Toronto, that valuable farm known as the south part of the west half of lot number 23, in the third concession of the township of Grey, in the county of Huron, and the east half of said lot 23, containing together 77 acres, more or less.
The lot is situate about 9 miles from Listowel, and 2 miles from Ethel station on the Wellington, Grey & Bruce Railway.
Terms—Ten per cent. on day of sale, and balance in one month.
For further particulars apply to
WM. MORTIMER CLARK,
9a. Vendor's Solicitor,
7 Temple Chambers, Toronto.

AUCTION SALE
—OF—
FARMING IMPLEMENTS!
STOCK, &C.
There will be sold by Public Auction, on the premises of the undersigned, lot No. 23, 2nd con. Wallace, on
FRIDAY, MARCH 25th, 1881,
the following property, viz.:
One Standard Separator Threshing Machine, with horse power and attachments complete, McDonald & McPherson's make, Stratford. This machine has only run two seasons, and is just as good as new; will thresh 100 bushels of wheat per hour.
1 span of horses 8 years old, 1 set of team harness with Scotch collars, 1 lumber wagon, 1 truck wagon almost new, with iron axle, 1 iron plow with steel board and wrought iron point, 1 set iron harrows with four sections, 80 teeth, 1 pair bob sleighs with box, 1 pair bob sleighs without box, and a variety of smaller articles
TERMS—Sums of $5 and under, cash; over that amount credit will be given till the first day of January, 1882, upon approved joint notes 8 per cent. discount for cash on sums over $5.
Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m.
T. E. HAY, Auctioneer. CHAS. WETTLAUFER, Proprietor.
Wallace, Mar. 1, 1881. 9c.

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.

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.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT.
Lot No. 32, 3rd con. of Grey, containing 100 acres, 60 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation, balance hardwood bush; about 18 acres of fall wheat in ground; young orchard; two frame houses and frame stables; well watered with spring creek and wells. 2 miles from Trowbridge, 7 miles from the town of Listowel; school about 100 rods from the place. Will be sold upon reasonable terms, or rented for five years. For full particulars apply on the premises, or address the undersigned, Trowbridge P. O.
9. H. D. SEARLS.

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.
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 80x38. 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

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 30x52; 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 50 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,
13. Rothsay Ont.

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

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS
FOR SALE!
ON
MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS
Terms to suit buyers.
10 GEORGE DRAPER.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

PUBLIC ATTENTION
is called to
GEO. ZILLIAX'S
General Dry Goods, Grocery,
Flour & Feed Store,
Wallace Street Listowel, two doors south of the Royal Hotel.
Good value given in
Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes,
Groceries, Crockery, Glassware,
Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal,
Vegetables, Seed Grain,
Land Salt, Shingles, &c.
Highest market price paid for
BUTTER AND EGGS,
Grain Hides and Skins, and all descriptions of Farm Produce.
GEO. ZILLIAX.

New Book Store.
We beg to announce that we have opened a
Book and Stationery Store!
In the Post Office, Campbell's Block,
Where will be found a large and well selected stock of
BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS,
X-MAS PRESENTS,
&C., &C.
The stock is entirely new and having been bought for CASH in the cheapest markets, we are prepared to
SELL CHEAP!
—Remember the place—
The Post Office Book Store!
C. HACKING & CO.
Listowel, 1880. 48.

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. 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.

THE BEST VALUE IN
STAPLE GROCERIES!
—AT—
JAS. ARMSTRONG'S
next to McDonald's Bank, Main St.
SPECIAL VALUE IN TEAS.
Large stock of
CROCKERY, CUTLERY & GLASSWARE
will be sold very cheap for one month.
Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Buckwheat Flour, &c., constantly on hand.
Farmers, bring your Butter and Eggs, and dried meat this way. Highest market price allowed in exchange for goods. 3.

FRIEND W. BLACK,
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NEW STOVE AND TINWARE DEPOT!

WHEN THE FLOODS ARE OUT.

"Oh, lady," faltered the girl, "I was coming to tell you—I daren't tell them at the Larches; and the Squire was fond of you; wasn't he, lady?"

"Go on," said Ilma, grasping Zeph's wrist and speaking quite sternly in her agony and terror. "What has happened?"

"He's down there, lady—in uncle's cottage—drowned. Father found him——"

But Ilma waited for no more; she ran down the slope as fleetly as a deer. She had reached the bottom, and had turned to ask Zeph, who was a little way behind, where the cottage was, when a stalwart form—which even in that second she recognized as that of Job Heston—sprang out before her, and, before she could utter a cry or word, a thick shawl was thrown over her head, and she was lifted in a grasp against which her wildest struggles would have been vain. She did not struggle, she did not try to cry out—it would have been useless if she had. She perceived, even in that bewildering moment of horror never to be forgotten, that she was the victim of a terrible deception—that Job Heston and his daughter were but the tools of Roland Sabine.

"Don't hurt her, father," she heard Zeph say, as she was being borne rapidly along toward the weir; but its roar grew louder, so that Job's muttered reply was lost in the thunder of the angry waters. Were they going to throw her over? She almost wished they were. But no; she was carried on—still on, over the lock bridge. They were taking her to the mill—the mill that would be washed away that night! Where was Zeph now? Gone? Ah, Heaven, there was some sense of protection while in her presence! She was a woman, evil though Ilma knew her to be.

Ilma did not faint, not once did her keen wits desert her. Every faculty was sharpened. She quickly revolved the feasibility of an appeal to her captor, and dismissed it as worse than futile. In the first place, Heston was firmly convinced that Dark Darrell would perish in that night's floods, and therefore he would only laugh at her if she promised him a reward from her lover if he would save her; in the second place, she felt certain that though the roar of the weir prevented her from hearing anything else, Roland Sabine was close at hand, and possibly—nay, probably—armed; so that treachery on Job's part would be instantly frustrated.

Her cousin's object was, she thought, to imprison her in the Mill, and to try to force her into a promise to fly with him, leaving her, if she refused, to perish in the floods; and, horrible as this fate was, it was Elysium compared with that she had first conceived, and which even now was not beyond possibility.

Her hurried reasoning was cut short by Job pausing; then he commenced to ascend steps. He was going into the Mill! Then for the first time she heard steps following. On they went, still up; they had passed the first floor. Next a somewhat steep ladder was climbed, something was set down by the man who followed Job—the man was Roland, Ilma knew—and the next moment she was put down gently, the shawl removed, and she found herself in the disused corn-loft from the narrow window of which she had gazed a few days before, and Roland Sabine stood before her, the dim rays of a lantern shining upon his ghastly face.

Not less ghastly was the face on which he dared not look, while the large brown eyes sought his in a very agony of appeal. Even Job Heston, villain though he was, turned away, and seemed unwilling to gaze on the beautiful fragile creature he had brought to a dreadful death.

Roland first broke the terrible silence. He advanced a step towards his victim.

"Ilma," he said—and his voice sounded harsh and changed, as changed as his aspect—"you have nothing worse than death to fear. There is but one way of escape open to you."

The girl did not answer him; but he saw the look of terror pass from her eyes, and a deep long breath of ineffable relief made her breast heave for a second. The horror of the situation was too new to be yet fully comprehended, and the thought of death as something to shrink from had yet to come; it was as an angel of light that it came just now.

Before Roland could speak again, Job strode towards the large trap door that gave admittance to the loft.

"I'm off, sir," he said. "Tain't safe to stay here long; and, if you'll take my advice you won't stay long. The floods may be up any hour, with the rain falling in the mountains as it is. Good-bye, missy. You dreed your own weird when you let Dark Darrell catch your fancy with his handsome face and glozing tongue."

He uttered a harsh laugh, perhaps to hide some gleam of better feeling in his hardened nature, as he left the hapless girl to her fate; and the next moment he had disappeared through the trap and descended the ladder, whistling loudly.

Roland sprang to the window—for Ilma did not stir a step or move her ashen lips—and looked out. Was it the gleam of water that he saw immediately below? Was the river, in the few minutes that had elapsed, up to the door of the Mill? It had almost washed their feet as they entered, but now——He turned, and suddenly grasped Ilma's wrist, with a grip so strong that at any other time she must have cried out; now she seemed beyond feeling physical pain.

"Ilma," he cried hoarsely, "there are not many moments to lose; the floods may be on us directly! Do you understand? Come with me—fly with me—be my wife; refuse, and I leave you here to perish. There is no escape; and there is no relenting in me. I would kill you with my own hand"—he said those words through his teeth, his face close to hers, his hot breath on her cheek—"sooner than see you in Philip Darrell's arms—his bride. Now choose; there is no mercy. I brought you here to night to choose between life with me and death with him."

Steadily, calmly, with the awful roar of the swelling waters in her ears, the young girl looked into the face that seemed scarcely human. Low and firmly she spoke the first words she had uttered in her fatal prison-house.

"I will die. I am not afraid to die. If my time is so short, leave me alone to pray; for I am not sinless though I have done you no wrong."

Roland relaxed his grip and fell back.

"Are you mad?" he said in a hoarse whisper. "Did you comprehend me when I said 'die with him'? You shall not die alone—no, no—that were cruel!"

He laughed till the rafters rang, and the girl recoiled with a new and fearful terror in her heart. Roland's wild words when he parted from her that morning came back to her. Was he mad?

"No, no," he said again more calmly, but with a concentrated ferocity in tone and look almost more terrible than his frantic outbreak; "you shall see your handsome lover once more. He shall clasp you to his heart again and give you a parting kiss. Do you understand me?"—stopping before her, and folding his arms. "If you choose death, I shall send to Philip Darrell and tell him where you are; and I know him and his race well enough to know what he will do. He will come!"

With a cry of agony the girl flung herself at her captor's feet.

"Roland, you cannot—you will not do this! Kill me with your own hand—drag me out from here and fling me into that torrent—but, oh, spare him! Spare your own soul that added guilt, Roland!" She tried to clasp his hand in the passion of her pleading, as she saw that the very proof of her deep love for his rival hardened still more the heart she strove to soften. "Think what his grief will be when I am lost to him, and by so awful a fate! Is not that worse punishment than death? Is it not enough to have my guiltless blood on your head?"

"He must fulfil the curse," answered Roland, evading her clasp; and, with a wild gleam in his eyes, he stamped violently on the floor. "What does it say?

"'Till the waters, rising, rising,
Bring the bounden sacrificing—
Life for life for traitor's deed;
When the floods are out, take heed!'

Spare him, when every word and look of yours show how you love him! No prayer for your own life; but for his you go on your knees and pray in agony! You can save him if you choose. You have one minute to make that choice."

Ilma rose from her knees. As she stood erect before her would-be murderer, facing the narrow casement, the moon broke out suddenly from behind a bank of clouds and shot a broad shaft of light into the dreary loft, shedding a pale glory upon the marble features and the gleaming golden hair.

"I will die," said the girl, "with him!"

There was silence. The two—murderer and victim—seemed scarcely to breathe. Roland's face was shrouded now in gloom, the girl's uplifted to the light, which seemed to have come as an omen from Heaven; and she breathed a prayer for the man she loved—a prayer for time—only time—that destruction might come to her so swiftly as to shatter even the hope of his dying with her, and so save him.

Hush! Above the roar of the weir and the rushing river what was the other sound, distant and faint, but recognized by the girl's quick ear? She had heard it on the great St. Lawrence when the ice broke up. Too late! Philip was saved! The floods were upon them!

But Roland heard nothing. He knew not why that great radiance flashed into the lifted face, why the small hands were clasped over the throbbing heart. He turned—his cheeks were bloodless and his eyes wild and glassy.

"Then die," he said, his voice scarcely above a whisper—"die with your doubly accursed lover!"

He snatched up the lantern and was gone. She heard him reach the floor beneath; she heard him drag the ladder away and run it through the window, thus cutting off all chance of her escape. She heard him pass lower, and then a mighty sound rose above even the fierce rush of the weir; but it did not drown the piercing shriek of despair that rang upwards through the trembling wooden walls. Booming like thunder, tearing up trees like twigs, sweeping all before it, on came the flood!

It spread far over the meadows to left and right, carrying sheep and cattle onwards in its mad career, and vast masses of the banks were swept away.

The stout wooden piers of the bridge over which Dark Darrell had ridden on that sunny morning when Ilma had stood and dreamed above the glittering tide were broken into splinters, and the whole structure was whirled away in fragments. On, on rushed the torrent, leaping and roaring. Lock and lock-bridge were gone, and the wreck plunged madly down the vast waterfall. The water was two feet above the door of the Mill, and the old walls staggered under the shock. But it was not gone yet. The terrified villagers could still see it as they gazed from the hill on which Scarth Abbott was built, which was now surrounded by a great lake; and in the bright moonlight they could see trees, cattle and corn, and the wrecks of poor men's homes whirling down the seething tide.

One of the villagers fancied he could see at the window of the Mill, not ten feet above the rising waters, some one waving an arm with despairing gestures; but others said that he must be mistaken, or that it was some supernatural being, as Job and Zeph Heston had left the Mill long since, and that, even if it were a human being no help could reach him. But presently some one saw the face at the narrow casement higher up, and recognized it; and it spread like wildfire that Ilma Costello was in the Mill.

Alone in that awful prison, death rising to her foot by foot—perhaps to come in one mighty crash—Ilma knelt and tried to pray; but her heart would cling to him whose face she would see no more, whose voice she would hear no more. Death had lost all terror. She saw herself whirled away drowned on that boiling flood, and she did not shudder at the picture. Roland was forgotten. In a dull kind of way she wondered if that shriek was his last. But Philip, who would die for her—oh, if he should yet hear of her fate and strive to reach her! She cried aloud in the anguish of that fear, and beat her hands together in wild appeal to Heaven to save him; and before the echo of that cry had died away she had sprung to her feet, and her heart seemed to stand still within her—for the moon shone down upon a single horseman struggling with the angry waters.

CHAPTER XII.

Zeph Heston was passionate and vindictive; but, like many undisciplined characters, she was better than her impulses. Scarcely had she reached the cottage in which she and her father had sought temporary shelter than the full horror of the deed to which she had been a party rushed upon her. She did not know that Roland intended to inform Sir Philip Darrell of the fate of his betrothed, in order to involve him in the same destruction; but what wrong had Ilma done her, Zeph was now compelled to ask herself, that she should be the girl's murderess? What wrong had Philip Darrell done that, in order to move some one she hated, she should rob of the woman he loved? Heston's daughter had not actually blamed Ilma because Roland Sabine loved her; but she had hated her with the unreasoning vindictiveness of a half-savage nature because Ilma was an obstacle, as the poor creature imagined, to her own possible happiness. Remorse, when it came, was bitter and overwhelming.

Perhaps too, though this came later, there was another feeling in Zeph's heart—a vague fear that Roland might have intended to play her false, and spare Ilma if she would consent to marry him. Zeph did not believe that Ilma would consent to this alternative; but it lent zest to the determination which took possession of the girl to go to Sir Philip Darrell and tell him of Ilma's danger. He might yet be in time to save her; and for herself Zeph cared little. Nor would she now shrink from sacrificing Roland—for the idea, having once entered her mind, gained strength with every passing moment—if he intended to break his word to her. Even her father's part in the deed did not deter the girl now; nor did she seem to remember at that moment that the hope of saving Ilma must needs be frustrated if the curse was to be fulfilled.

Standing at the door of the cottage, she saw her father on the lock bridge. Not a second was to be lost. The girl hastened out of the house and up the slope, and was running swiftly towards the open country by the time Job Heston had crossed the threshold of his relative's dwelling and roughly demanded where Zeph was.

Zeph knew every rood of ground within ten miles; and, dark though it now was—for the moon had not yet appeared—she made her way unerringly towards the Court. The girl had not yet run a mile, and was now on an open piece of moorland, when suddenly the moon broke through the clouds, and by its light she saw a horseman coming straight towards her at a swift gallop. She recognised Sir Philip and his horse Hassan, and, pausing, pulled the red handkerchief from her head and waved it wildly. The signal had the desired effect. Darrell reined up within a yard of the girl and descended from his horse.

"Zeph Heston, what do you want of me?" He spoke sternly; he must have read evil tidings in her face.

"Kill me if you like"—and the girl grasped the sleeve of his coat in her intense eagerness—"but believe every word I say. Look here, Sir Philip; I came after you, and you can hang me for to-night's work."

"Go on," he said almost fiercely, with a horrible fear in his heart; and if you lie, woman though you are, you shall suffer."

"I speak the truth, so help me Heaven!" went on Zeph rapidly. "The Squire came to father and me this afternoon, and said we were to get Miss Ilma into the mill. The Squire said he'd put her there, and she should be drowned to-night, for the mill would be washed away; and I ran up to the Grange garden and told Miss Ilma the Squire was drowned; and she ran down to the river, and father seized her and took her to the mill. But, oh," cried the wretched girl, cowering down, "I'd give everything to save Miss Ilma now! That's why I came after you."

Not a word did Philip Darrell speak. With livid brow and bloodless lips, he sprang upon his horse and was out of sight of Zeph in a few seconds; and, as he flew onwards, there burst upon his ears the awful sound of rushing waters—not of the weir, but of the flood.

"Life for life for traitor's deed;
When the floods are out, take heed!"

No heed took he—no thought had he but for the one dear life. He was riding a mad race with death. If too late to save his love, he might yet be in time to die with her.

In another minute the river was in full view in the moonlight. The lock was gone, and far over the opposite bank spread the lake formed by the torrent.

"On, Hassan—on!" said Darrell, his lips deathly white and his eyes fixed on the one building standing amid the flood. "Ha!"

The flying steed had dashed into the midst of a crowd of villagers. Darrell drew bridle now, and, absolutely heedless of the confusion around him, fixed his piercing eyes upon the mill, scanning every aperture. Suddenly the blood rushed to his face, and a flash of hope—almost rapture—sprang into his eyes.

"'Tis she! Ilma, my own, I will save thee, or die with thee!"

"Sir Philip," shouted an old farmer, laying no weak hand on Hassan's bridle, "you shall not attempt to cross! It is madness—certain death!"

"Who will stop me?" said Darrell, setting his teeth and snatching a pistol from his breast. "Hands off, man, or say your last prayer!"

The old man fell back; and Sir Philip dashed off along the bank, the water, which was above the horse's fetlock, flying in showers of spray from the brave steed's feet.

"The curse, the curse!" rose from the terror-stricken crowd. "He is rushing upon his death; it has come—'life for life!'"

The slope of the ground on this side of the river had rendered the overflow comparatively slight, the flood spending itself over the flat meadows on the opposite bank. Sir Philip Darrell's object was to reach a point where a crossing might possibly be effected. To attempt to cross immediately below the weir would be simply suicide.

The crowd followed breathlessly on the top of the bank, watching the daring rider below. Not one man or woman there had the faintest hope that he would reach the center of the stream alive. True, the river had spent its greatest fury now that it was released from its narrow bounds; but the current was still swift and strong, and branches of trees and wreckage were being swept along. No man, the villagers thought, unless aided by supernatural power, could live in that stream.

Sir Philip had paused now. He bent over his horse and patted his neck, and then lifted his right hand toward the heavens. The next moment the noble steed plunged into the river, and a great cry went up from those who saw the gallant deed; and the women fell upon their knees and prayed aloud for the doomed lord of Darrell.

It did indeed seem as if Philip Darrell had merely rushed upon death. The strong current swept horse and rider downwards for some distance, and it was only with difficulty that the brave animal could hold his own.

"Bear up, my Hassan!" cried Darrell encouragingly, caressing the arching neck.

The Arab obeyed the guiding hand and turned athwart stream; they were half-way to the center now, and Hassan was panting, but struggling valiantly. Darrell called to the noble horse to strive yet a little while. When they had reached mid-stream, Hassan's powers were failing, and his breathing was labored and distressed.

"My brave steed, my hope, my life, do not fail me now!" cried Darrell, in agony. "A little longer, Hassan! There—another effort! We shall reach the bank—we shall save her, my Hassan!"

Clouds had veiled the moon, and the people on the Scarth Abbot shore could no longer see the two battling with the waters. The dark eyes that saw them from the Mill for a moment after the first plunge lost sight of them when the tide carried them down, and Ilma prayed fervently that her lover might be saved from the terrors of the flood.

The moon came out again. Where were they? the villagers asked themselves. Had horse and rider been engulfed in the rushing river? Was the curse fulfilled thus, and had the life of the last Darrell paid the exacted tribute? No; they could see that horse and rider had reached what had been the bank that morning. The horse was swimming still; but the water was only just above the saddle-girths. In another moment the horse stopped with drooping head. They could see Dark Darrell bending over him. He seemed to clasp his arms about the horse's neck, and a cry of joy and thanksgiving went up. It reached the brave rider's ears, and he sent up an answering shout of triumph. The horse's feet had touched ground. He had won the mighty battle; and, trembling and exhausted, he had stopped to rest and gather fresh strength.

But the peril was not yet past. The Mill had to be reached. It was still standing. For only a moment did Sir Philip suffer the horse to halt; then, turning him back towards the Mill, he rode onwards, the water still washing up to the saddle girths. It was impossible to exceed a walking pace; and in every second Darrell lived an hour of agony. At any moment the Mill might collapse before his eyes, carrying with it its hapless prisoner.

As he drew nearer, Sir Philip perceived that it would be necessary to swim again to reach the Mill. The current too grew stronger every minute, augmented here by the weir. Was he to lose all when it was nearly within his grasp? Hassan's great powers of endurance had been taxed to their utmost. The brave animal could do little more. He could scarcely keep his feet against the wash of the flood; but he struggled on, still on, urged by his master's voice and cheered by his loving touch.

"One moment more, my Hassan—one moment! Oh, Heaven, have mercy yet, and spare her till I come! Hassan, my brave, my faithful, you cannot fail me! Strive still, my noblest, my best! So, once more! Ah, Heaven, give us aid!"

The horse was off his feet, swimming once more for dear life. He had no breath for the answering whinny to the voice he heard but faintly, for his powers were fast failing. Horse and rider were close now; the Mill was above them. Darrell rose in the stirrups, and putting up his hand, he found that he could almost touch the lintel of the first-story window. He shouted aloud. Was that an answering cry from within—her voice? The brave steed seemed to know his errand, and made one more effort. Now Darrell grasped the lintel, raised himself, and stood on the sill. Yet even in that anxious moment his noble companion was not forgotten. A bitter sob burst from the man's heart as the pathetic eyes of the gallant steed looked up at him, and then the flood carried Hassan downwards. He could strive against it no longer; but still with the instinct of self-preservation, he struggled to keep afloat; and Darrell raised his locked hands to Heaven and uttered a passionate prayer for the brave and faithful life that had been almost spent for him.

Then Sir Philip—it was scarcely a second that he paused—sprang down into the Mill, and called Ilma's name; and the answer came back—

"Philip, Philip, I am here!"

He dashed up the narrow stairway to the floor above. What was that that flashed across the broad shaft of moonlight pouring through the unguarded window? A man's figure, crouching, hiding, and ready to spring!

CHAPTER XIII.

"Roland Sabine, take this!"

With a spring like a panther, Darrell was upon the would-be murderer; and so swift and so sure was the fierce blow of the clubbed pistol that without a cry or groan the wretched man fell with a crash to the floor and lay motionless.

Darrell turned, the pistol fell from his hand, and his foot was on the ladder-like stairs that led up to the next floor, when a white garment fluttered through the gloom above.

"Philip!"—and in another moment Ilma had thrown herself into her lover's open arms.

Voiceless, tearless, was that wild close embrace at the awful gate of eternity, that agony of joy, that agony of woe, lip to lip, heart to heart, once more, for the last time. What years of anguish he had seemed to live while he fought with the floods for her dear sake! What years of anguish she had seemed to pass while she waited and waited in the darkness of dread, and knew not whether he had been swept down the rushing stream to a fearful death! And now they had met, and her prayer at least was answered—he might die with her, if he could not save her.

For two minutes all was forgotten in their wild rapture, and then Darrell spoke hurriedly:

"Ilma, there is still hope; I will not despair till Death's hand is upon us. Come with me."

There was no hope in Ilma's dark eyes, which were raised to her lover's face; but death had no terrors now, for he was with her. He half led, half carried her to the floor below, and passed straight to the only aperture, the window by which he had entered. The waters flowed a few feet beneath them, bathed in the silvery moonlight. After one look, Darrell folded his arms closely round the girl's fragile form and set his teeth, hope almost dying in his heart. He bent over the sweet face that rested upon his breast, and his burning tears fell upon the girl's brow.

"Oh, Ilma, Ilma, I have brought woe and death to you!"

"Philip"—oh, the pain in her trembling voice!—"was it not truth that I spoke to you in the sunshine yesterday? Shall I say to you again now—so near the grave—that one hour of happiness is better than years of dull content? To have won your love—love that more than risked life only to die with me"—and her face lighted up with a glorious brightness—"oh, my heart, is not this more than a thousand years could give me, never knowing such love?"

He could not answer her. The quivering lips that pressed hers were silent; and the waters rushed on, leaping and bounding. After a few moments, two more victims would be carried away towards the sea. The curse was fulfilled to the uttermost—"life for life."

"Philip"—and Ilma's voice was very low and almost pleading—"you have not killed him?"

The fierce passion that prompted the deadly blow leaped like lightning into Darrell's dark eyes.

"I struck him with a death-blow. Would you have had me spare such a villain?"

The girl trembled and hid her face.

"Let me pray for strength to forgive him, Philip. He offered me life if I would be his wife. I chose death. Then he said—" Here she paused.

"Go on," said Darrell hoarsely; "let me know all."

"He said that he would send to you and tell you my fate; for he knew you would come to die with me. My prayers to spare you only angered him the more, for he saw how I loved you."

"You humbled yourself to him who dared give you choice between his base passion and death? You, my betrothed wife, kneel to him, and for me? Oh Heaven," said Philip Darrell, raising his clenched right hand and his livid face to the moonlit sky, "thou dost not claim from mortal man pardon for crime so black, for wrong so foul as this hand avenged to-night!"

The girl trembled at that awful appeal on the brink of death; yet her own passionate soul had almost echoed it.

"Philip," she whispered, after a few moments' silence, "let there be no stern memory even of him in your heart or mine now. See, the waters are rising, and the foundations of the Mill shake beneath us! The time is so short, Philip, before—before the last struggle!"

Her voice faltered, and the golden head sank upon his breast. The strong man ground his teeth in the impotence of despair as his dark eyes sought in vain over the surface of the flood for any chance of escape. If he could see some object near enough to give the faintest hope of reaching it by swimming, he would risk all on that hope; but, after all, it was not certain that the Mill's foundations would yield; and he knew that to trust himself and Ilma to the swollen tide in the expectation of reaching either shore would be madness. Alone he could not, though a strong and expert swimmer, hope to resist the force of the current; how then could he with Ilma?

The drops of agony stood on his brow as he bent over his darling, doomed by his fatal love to an awful death; and the words of the curse seemed to ring back in his ears—

"Till the waters, rising, rising
Bring the bounden sacrificing—
Life for life for traitor's deed!"

The moon was veiled, and darkness fell over the water. In vain did Darrell strive to pierce the gloom. Oh, for a ray of light! The cloud was passing, its edges gleamed with silver; the moon peeped out, and suddenly Darrell uttered a cry. Ilma started, and followed his gaze.

A dark heavy mass lay athwart the stream, rolling and rocking in the angry waters. Darrell at once perceived that it was the greater portion of one of the piers of the famous bridge that Anneris Darrell had refused to cross. Quick as lightning his practised eye measured the distance between the Mill and the mass of timber, and he calculated the chances of reaching it. At the moment something crashed below, and the old Mill shivered and shook.

"Ilma," said Sir Philip rapidly, "there is one hope—it lies there. If we can reach that pier before it swings round—"

He said no more, but sprang to the sill, clasping the slight form firmly with his left arm.

"Cling to me, darling—so. Now Heaven be our help!"

He dropped into the tide which was only a few feet beneath the window. Not a cry broke from the brave girl; not for one second did she lose presence of mind as the cruel waters seized their prey; but she held her lover as he had told her, so as to leave him almost free. The pier lay not a hundred yards distant; if Darrell could keep afloat for one minute, he and his precious burden must be driven up against the pier, and he could climb to almost certain safety.

"Courage!" he whispered, though even in that wild moment he knew the exhortation was needless; for the steadfast eyes were fearless.

A whirling mass of water, a deafening roar in their ears, something huge and black before their eyes, and Darrell's right hand was clutching with an iron grip a beam of the pier. His fragile burden seemed less than feather-weight as he swung her upwards and she grasped the next beam. In another moment they were on the pier, and Philip Darrell had clasped the girl, trembling and breathless, to his breast.

Saved, saved—almost, but not quite! There was danger yet. If the Mill should fall before the pier swung round, its fragments, dashing up against the pier, might turn it over, and death would then be certain and instantaneous. Meanwhile the position of the fugitives was secure; and even in their great peril both gazed in awe and admiration upon the magnificent spectacle before them.

The villagers on the bank had seen them; and a mighty shout went up, and hats and handkerchiefs were waved. The shout came to them faintly through the roar of the weir, and Darrell waved his hand; but he never moved his eyes from the Mill save once, when he looked down into the starlike eyes fixed, like his, on the white walls, and pressed one kiss on the half-parted lips.

Slowly the ark of refuge began to move. The current had caught one end, and the unwieldy mass swung round. Darrell watched the slow, gradual movement in deathlike silence. Clasped so closely to him, Ilma could feel every heavy throb of his heart, and silently she offered up a prayer for both.

After three minutes of suspense, the pier swung clean round, and drifted off rapidly with the swift current. Then Ilma, with a passionate sob, hid her face on her lover's breast. He could not speak—he could only press his trembling lips to the golden curls. Were they saved? Straight down midstream sped the strange bark; and the crowd—running, leaping, shouting, waving hats and handkerchiefs—as if such demonstrations could aid the fugitives—kept pace along the bank. In three minutes more the Mill was far distant.

"And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind."

"Would to Heaven," said Darrell, looking back, "I could know if my brave Hassan's life was saved!"

They had passed the last straggling house in Scarth Abbot, and now the stream flowed less rapidly, and the moving panorama glided by more gently.

"Bear up still, darling," whispered Darrell; "Heaven will not desert us at the last. The life has been given, the life saved. The prophecy is fulfilled indeed."

"I know we are saved, Philip!"—and she raised her face with a trusting smile. She looked back. "The Mill is still standing—see!"

Darrell looked back and saw the Mill standing, tall and white, in the moonlight, but as he gazed the walls tottered, and, for the first time that awful night, Ilma shrieked aloud as the mass of woodwork fell over into the river.

In awe Philip Darrell and his companion gazed still towards where the Mill had once stood. The thoughts of both turned to the guilty being swept away with the ruin to a terrible retribution; and even Darrell's stern wrath was softened, for he held his darling to his breast—saved—while the dead man's mother would weep in vain for the son who should never greet her again.

A roar of many voices from the bank made Sir Philip and Ilma turn quickly. Driven by a cross current, their craft had altered her course, and was drifting rapidly inland. What a shout rang back from Dark Darrell to the frantic crowd! It seemed as if all the villages within ten miles round had sent forth their populations; for Scarth Abbot could not bring together such a throng. Darrell could now distinguish several of the Court servants and others whom he knew; and some one shouted in stentorian tones that there was a carriage near; but for the most part the spectators could only shout inarticulately and weep and laugh together for very joy.

Nearer yet! There were stalwart villagers and farmers up to their knees in water; and one old man was sobbing aloud and crying out brokenly—

"Yes, 'tis fulfilled. That was it—we've read it all wrong! He's saved the life, and the curse is turned to blessing!"

A loud shout was raised by the onlookers. The bridge pier was aground. They were saved, saved by the love that gave all for love's sake. The life was yielded, and both lives were redeemed; and thus was Ingelhard's fell deed blotted out and the curse turned back from Darrell's house.

How the people leaped, wept, and shouted for joy! How they called down blessings on Ilma's golden head, and on the valiant lover who had breasted the raging floods for her sake, and borne her in safety through all! Strong arms and gentle would have relieved him of his charge; but he would not loose his clasp. Bewildered now, dazed, like one brought suddenly from darkness into brilliant light, Ilma clung convulsively to her preserver, and only whispered—

"Not to the Larches, Philip, not to the Larches."

"No, my darling—home to the Grange."

Through all he was perfectly collected and strangely calm—there was need of calmness amid all this excitement. Once had he spoken hurriedly, and had almost broken down, when he turned to one of his servants and asked—

"Tell me—in Heaven's name answer truly—have you—has any one seen Hassan? Was he saved?"

"He got to shore!" a dozen voices cried aloud. "He drifted down the current, and got to shore and galloped away. It's true, Sir Philip!"

"Heaven be praised!"

That was all he said, but it came in a deep sob from the depths of his soul. It would have been a bitter drop in his cup of happiness if the brave horse had perished that night.

It was the Grange carriage that stood in the road, and, as Darrell carried Ilma towards it, one of the servants told him that all was in readiness at that place. Miss Durnford had "borne up splendidly" when she heard that Miss Ilma was imprisoned in the Mill and Sir Philip was gone to save her. The man had brought a change of raiment from the Court for his master, and even now a messenger had ridden forward to tell the joyful news.

"Drive for your life!" was Darrell's order to the coachman as he entered the carriage.

And away, followed by the shrieking, rejoicing crowd, sped the carriage to Scarth Abbot. Ilma lay motionless on her lover's breast. The tension was over; the noble, fearless spirit had borne up while death and life hung in the balance; but now it was past—all the dread, the anguish, the awful suspense—and the over wrought system gave way in the deep swoon of sheer exhaustion.

CHAPTER XIV., AND LAST.

The first thing Ilma remembered was a vague sense of rest, then a gentle touch on her brow, and a voice saying very softly, "She is reviving!"—and she knew that voice before she heard the yet softer-spoken "Ilma, my darling!" She opened her eyes and looked into Philip Darrell's dark face. She was in her own room, and he was kneeling by her, with his arm round her and her head pillowed on his breast.

"Philip!" she whispered, looking at him intently. Then, as he bent lower yet, tenderly kissing her brow, memory rushed back her, and, with a smothered cry, she clung to him. "Is it all passed? You are saved Philip!" she said, gasping. "There is no more danger?"

"No more, sweetheart," he answered. "This is your own room, and here is aunt Rachel."

"Dear aunt Rachel!"

The girl turned suddenly, stretching out her hand, and Darrell rose to make way for Miss Durnford, who now wept freely as she clasped Ilma in her arms.

"Dear auntie," said the girl, after a long silence, "it has been like an awful dream I cannot bear to think of it yet."

"And I would rather you did not, my child. I am content to wait. Now take a little of this wine, and I will go and get you some tea; and Sir Philip will take care of you till I come back." And she went out, leaving them alone together.

Then Ilma told her lover more of the details of all that had passed before he had reached the Mill, and how Roland had removed the ladder from the loft where she was imprisoned, so as to cut off her escape; but he had forgotten the shawl in which Job Heston had wrapped her head, and by fastening this to a ring in the floor she was able to descend. And Roland? Had nothing been heard of him? Had not his sisters made inquiry?

"Rose came about ten minutes ago, Ilma," said Darrell, "to ask about us both, and if anything was known of Roland. Zeph Heston must have spread the news that he was in the Mill, for every one seemed to know it. Nothing had been heard of Roland by the river. I did not see Rose, of course; but I sent my groom, who is here, to make inquiries."

Ilma hid her face, sobbing.

"Oh, Philip, aunt Sabine need never know the truth!"

"She must indeed, for your sake, my heart. Cannot have it supposed that you met Roland Sabine in the Mill of your own accord. Another guilty soul beside his, Ilma, has gone to its account for this night's work."

"Job Heston?"

"Ay. The first rush of the flood washed away the cottage where he and Zept had taken refuge. Heston was swept across the weir and drowned before the eyes of hundreds."

Ilma shuddered violently.

"And Zeph?" she said after a long pause. "Was it Zeph who told you where I was, Philip?"

"Yes, dear one. I was riding toward Scarth Abbot—more in a vague fear for you than with any definite thought—when I met her. She seemed to have repented her part almost immediately."

Some idea of Zeph's reason for hating her evidently flashed across Ilma's mind, for her color rose; but she said nothing, only nestling to her lover's breast. Presently she said slowly—

"Philip, it seems so strange that the fulfilment of the prophecy has come about as I always hoped it would; and yet it was by a blind faith in only one possible meaning attaching to the words that the true meaning was made manifest."

In silence Darrell bowed his face on the golden head. Love, peace, happiness! All the dark clouds that had shrouded his life were swept away suddenly by the little hand that clung to his—the hand that should yet caress his children. Yesterday he had been a doomed man, and he had cursed the fatal love that had brought woe and death to the woman he loved; to-day, snatched by that love from death, saved; but life laid down for hers, that woman rested on his breast; and before them both stretched the golden years, bright with dazzling light that now he could not meet. For the first time during that night of passion and anguish, of wild hope, of ineffable dread, of terrible and sustained effort, and blessed certainty of happiness, the stong spirit gave way, and Philip Darrell wept aloud.

* * * * * *

Up the little village street was borne on a hastily-improvised stretcher a bruised, shattered form, still breathing. It was laid down in the common room of the inn. Messengers had already run on to tell Roland's mother and to fetch a doctor, and the doctor was quickly on the spot. He looked down at the disfigured form in pity.

"I can do nothing," he said; "it is useless to disturb him. He has not five minutes to live."

The doctor bent down to the dying man. From a ghastly gash in his forehead blood was slowly trickling. Roland tried to speak—

"Ilma—Dark Darrell—the curse."

"They are saved," said the doctor, his voice trembling with emotion. "Sir Philip saved her. They are at the Grange."

A sharp spasm contracted the dying man's livid features. He tried to speak again, and in the effort a rush of blood stopped speech and life at once. At the same moment Mrs. Sabine and her two daughters hastened breathlessly through the crowd.

"Keep her back!" cried the doctor, hastily drawing a mantle over the crushed form. "This is no sight for his mother!"

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A great fragment of the ruined Mill had been washed ashore nearly a mile down the river, and a man was seen clinging to it. Sir Philip Darrell's groom and another had ridden into the water and rescued the hapless creature—Roland Sabine—and the groom then rode on to the Grange to tell his master what had happened.

At one o'clock in the morning the village was still astir, and hardly a house was closed. Another servant from the Court rode into Scarth Abbott and up to the Grange with the joyful news that Hassan had galloped into the courtyard half an hour before. The animal must have gone miles down the river before he could find a bridge, for that below the Mill had been washed away by the flood, and he had made his way unerringly to his home.

An hour later Sir Philip himself went out to see what damage had been done, and to ascertain if any lives besides those he already knew of had been lost, and especially to make inquiry about Zeph Heston.

"She was one of them that stood by when we got the Squire ashore," said an old farmer. "I didn't see her after that, Sir Philip.

One or two others thought she had been outside the inn when the unhappy man was laid on his bier within. At doubt was set at rest three hours later, when Zeph's body was cast ashore ten miles below Scarth Abbot. The poor girl had evidently flung herself into the river; and with her perished the last of the tenants of the Wier Mill.

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The violets were blooming along the banks of the Coalmere when Ilma Costello became Dark Darrell's bride; and now the vacant place beside the portrait of the last Darrell is filled by a picture of a lady with golden hair and soft dark eyes; and there are gay doings at the Court, and old Marsh's heart rejoices. But people cannot call handsome Sir Philip the last of his race any longer; for a winsome lad, not three years old, with the true Darrell beauty, is laughing gleefully in the sunshine while riding round the courtyard on Hassan's back. The noble animal seems proud of his tiny burden, as if he knew he carried the heir of an ancient race and his loved master's son; and the golden haired mother looks on smiling. She has no fear for the little one—for her husband's hand is on the child, and Hassan walks as gently as a lamb.

When he is older, Philip Darrell's heir will learn the story of the famous curse, and how his father's great love redeemed it on that awful night "WHEN THE FLOODS WERE OUT."

—It is reported that the deposed Khedive of Egypt has been entering into secret negotiations with the Albanians and Greeks with a view to contingencies. Ismail is crafty, rich, ambitious and unscrupulous. To such a man in such a position the present disturbed condition of Eastern affairs offers many opportunities, and in attempting to forcast the possible issues of a war the ex-Khedive should never be left entirely out of account.

ROASTED ALIVE.

The Terrible Death of Eight Persons in an Ohio Town—A Father's Fearful Jump.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 23.—East Liverpool, Ohio, is a small town on the bank of the Ohio river, forty four miles below Pittsburg. It is a thriving place, built up and sustained by large potteries which are there located. To this place in last September or October came William Sloan, from Harrison county, Ohio. He started a drug store in a four storey frame building on the corner of Broadway and Sixth street, did a thriving business, and lived happily in the midst of his large family. The building in which his store and dwelling were located was owned by Frank Stewart, who used a part of it as a feed store and storehouse for hay and grain. Another portion of the building was used by Mr. George, a grocer. A few days ago Wilbur Skeels, a brother of Mrs. Sloan, came to visit his sister for a few days, and he increased the number of the family to ten persons.

A DREADFUL AWAKENING.

Shortly after one o'clock this morning Sloan was aroused by some noise, and on getting out of bed and opening the door of his room he found that the hallway was full of smoke. Sloan hurriedly aroused the members of his family and told them to follow him. Picking up a tiny little blonde haired girl in his arms, he tried to go down stairs. The stairways were by this time burned away, and escape by that means was cut off. Turning to the front of the building he told his children and his wife (who had a babe in her arms) to follow him, and leaped to the ground. The wife and the children were either overcome with the flames and stifling fumes from the drug store, or Mrs. Sloan, failing to get the children to jump, preferred death with them to life without them. Mr. Sloan hoped by jumping first to be able to catch the others and break the force of the fall; and although he broke his leg in the leap, hobbled around, crying out piteously for the others. The little girl he took with him was saved unharmed.

The building was erected last summer, and was a perfect fire trap, having numerous elevators running up through to the fourth floor, which opened an inviting pathway for the flames, and as nearly every floor was filled with hay, they spread with frightful rapidity. In twenty or thirty minutes the entire structure was consumed. The firemen by heroic work confined the fire to Stewart's building and a small adjoining frame house.

FINDING OF THE DEAD.

Seven of the bodies have already been recovered from the ruins, but the eighth, that of one of the children, has not been found. The headless and limbless trunks have been carried to a storeroom in the immediate vicinity, and covered from sight with heavy wr