Listowel Standard.

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TO MY HUSBAND.

A single, wee geranium leaf,
A sprig of mignonette,
A silken thread that twines the sheaf
And clasps a violet.

'Twas this I found on looking o'er
A packet of valentines
And billet-doux of long ago—
A score of years and more.

The leaf is bronzed, the mignon gold,
The violet gold and blue;
The forms unchanged, just as of old
It came to me from you!

Years five and twenty now have past
Since first I held the token—
Years five and twenty still hold fast
Our vows of love unbroken!

While Time his chimes and changes rings
From clime to clime, from youth to age,
How blest are we! who still can sing
The songs we loved on golden page
Of youth and truth so long ago!
Thank Heaven that He hath blest us so!

MAHRUD, Oct. 3, 1880.

He Couldn't Help It.

There was another case yesterday of a boy who couldn't help it. A prominent and dignified citizen was looking through the third story window of a block on Jefferson avenue, which he had thoughts of renting, when the idea suddenly struck him to look into the alley in the rear. He raised the sash of a window and peered out upon ash boxes, coal-scuttles and barrels of straw without number, and was about to close his observations when the sash came down with a thud and struck him behind the shoulders. In his fright he fell to his knees, and while the solid part of his body was all right, the lighter was over the window-sill. In addition to the weight of the sash any movement of the body was accompanied by pain. The sash could not be reached with his hands freely enough to lift it, and it soon occurred to the prominent citizen that he ought to have help. He could not expect it from behind for he was alone in the store, but as he looked down into the alley a boy came stumping along to find something worth lugging away.

"Hello! boy, hello!" called the citizen.

"Hello yourself," replied the boy as he looked up.

"Say, boy, come under the window here; I want to speak to you."

"Not much, yer don't," chuckled the gamin. "You can't drop no coal-scuttles on my head."

"But I don't mean to."

"Mebbe not, but you've got a bad face on you for all that. When did you get out of the jug?"

"Boy, I want your help."

"So does your aunt. Don't get me to stand in with no such duffer as you are."

"I am caught in this window and want to get out."

"So would I. Been prospecting for old junk, eh! You'll get six months for that."

"If you'll come up stairs and help me out I'll give you a dollar!"

"A dollar! You can't play no dollar store on me, old man! If you make up another face like that at me I'll hit you in the eye with this old lemon. I don't look starched up, but I don't let any man insult me all the same."

"Don't you know who I am?" softly asked the citizen.

"Naw, I don't, but I'll bet the perleece do! You've got one of the hardest mugs on you I ever saw, and I've a good mind to give you one just for luck! Look out, now!"

He made as if he would throw, and the citizen dodged. This was such fun for the boy, that he kept it up for three or four minutes, and an offer of two dollars had no effect on him. Then he gathered six or eight old lemons and oranges together and said:

"I believe you are the blows hyeen who knocked dad down at the caucus, and I'm going to drive your nose back exactly an inch!"

"If you throw at me I'll call the police!" exclaimed the citizen.

"The sooner ye call, the sooner ye'll be jugged! Here's to hit you square on the nose."

The opening of the back door of a store and the appearance of a man disconcerted the lad's aim and the lemon struck the citizen's hat instead of his nose. His yells brought a climax, but the air was full of tropical fruit even as the boy dusted down the alley and turned a corner.

The boy could'nt help acting that way. He was born so. It would'nt have been a bit like a boy to run up stairs and release the man. He did'nt have a fair show with his spoiled lemons, but boys soon get over disappointments.

INDIANS SHOPPING.

In her book on Manitoba Miss Fitzgibbon says: "I watched some Indians shopping, and was astonished to see how invariably they waved aside inferior goods and chose such materials as merinoes at $1.50 to $2 (7s 6d to 10s) a yard. One of the merchants told me it was useless to offer them anything but the best. An Indian, who could not speak English nor French, and wanted five things, divided his money according to his idea of their relative cost in little piles on the counter, and, going through a pantomime descriptive of his wants, was handed first some silk handkerchiefs. Taking one up, he felt it, held it up to the light, and, throwing it aside, shook his head vigorously, uttering an "Ugh!" of disgust. When shown a better one, he was doubtful; but upon a much superior article being produced, he took it, and willingly handed over one pile for it. This, however, was too much, and when given the change he put it on one of the other piles, and proceeded in the same way to make the rest of his purchases. "How easily they could be cheated," I said to the clerk after the Indian had left. "No," he replied, "not so easily as would appear." They generally come in from their camps in great numbers once a year, to sell furs and make purchases. They go to different shops, and on their return compare notes as to the cost and quality of their goods. Then, if one has paid more than another, or has been cheated in quality, he will never enter the shop again; and the firm that gives the greatest bargains is most patronized on their return."

A TRAVELING TYPO.

A Scotch printer without a penny in his pocket arrived in Detroit one day last week, after a four years' journey around the world. He sailed from San Francisco as steward on a ship bound for Tokio, but in consequence of a quarrel with the officers was compelled to go ashore at the Sandwich Islands. After setting type in the office of the *Honolulu Gazette* he was engaged as hostler to help take care of a stable of thirty horses that were being shipped to Melbourne. His stay in Australia lasted nearly a year, during which he walked through the various provinces and visited the bush, until in the fall of 1877 he shipped on a coasting vessel at Hobart Town, and for several months was knocked about the West Indies. Shipwrecked, he was picked up by a merchantman, and was taken to the Suez Canal. From Egypt he traveled as servant to English travelers, and, as a vagabond, through the Holy Land, and at last brought up at Constantinople. In this way he went up the Danube, and during the summer of 1878 was a sailor before the mast on the Baltic Sea. In the fall he traveled on foot to Geneva and Rome, whence he sailed to Genoa, made his way to Madrid and at last arrived in Paris in March, 1879. After working as a printer in job offices several weeks, he earned enough money to pay his passage to London, and in July sailed from Liverpool to Havana and Charleston, S. C., where he arrived about a year ago. Since that time he has tramped through most of the Eastern States and is now on his way to San Francisco.

—Sara Bernhardt is back in Paris, after fulfilling a brief engagement at Copenhagen. She gave great delight to the Danes, who can appreciate good acting as well as any people in Europe, and brought home considerable cash with her. Sara has not yet paid the damages to the Comedie Francaise judicially awarded against her. The sum is 100,000 francs, and she has just asked the society to receive it in four annual payments. Probably at their next meeting they will accept the proposition. The great actress is thinner than ever, and eats at the buffets in a most singular manner, keeping her mouth wide open. She wears an immense hat, and appears excessively imperious to the lady with her whenever her requirements are not immediately attended to.

—The mother who brings up her boy to run rather than fight will turn out a man who can be bluffed when he knows he has a sure thing. A tree never shaken by a storm does not root deep

—A loafer in Sacramento was put to good use the other day, when he stopped a bullet meant for three-dollar dog.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

THE WEDDING TROUSSEAU.

The richest bridal dresses worn recently have been made of white satin or brocade trimmed with lace, or Surale silk embroidered in bouquets and vides. They are are in the Princess style; the overdress of lace, or lace arranged as scarfs, forms the entire drapery. The garniture consists of flounces in masses and trailing fringes of pearl or chenille. Some of the brocades are white or pale gold, white or lilac, on delicate blue, and on white, and one is in shaded colors on an ivory-tinted ground. A handsome wedding robe recently seen was cut in the classic style with heavy graceful drapery at the back. The entire front was of silk corded with gold, edged with white lace and embroidered with blush roses, gold buds and pansies. The flowing sleeves were short, edged with lace and lined with the embroidered silk. A cashmere dress of the same outfit was of the palest blue. The skirt of the costume was short, and kilted the entire length. The Jersey bodice was nearly covered with an embroidery of daisies and violets. A similar toilet of mauve was rendered more elaborate by the addition of paniers of lace, thus making it suitable for ordinary dinner dress. Another elegant robe for a bride was of brocade and white satin trimmed with Languedoc lace. The skirt had a long train, short front, which was massed in crimped silk, chenille fringe and lace. Lavender, mauve, pearl-color and the pinkish lilac tints are worn as the principal evening dress, next after the wedding dress—in a bride's outfits. These shades have always been the first choice for the dress in which a mother accompanies her daughter to the altar.

BRIDESMAIDS' COSTUMES.

They adopt the English fashion of wearing large quaint hats or bonnets. At a recent wedding the bridesmaids wore princess dresses of pale pink, a combination of pink and brocade, and large hats of the Gainesborough shape, trimmed with Breton lace and immense crushed roses. At another the bridesmaids wore dresses of cream-colored Indian crape, striped with satin; in front a deep fluting of crape fell over another of blue satin. A tunic of the crape was looped up with bows of cream-colored and pale blue satin. The bodice was in the shape of a coat and of stripped pale blue satin. A Louis Quinze hat, cream color, was lined with pale blue satin and trimmed with cream-colored feathers. Plenty of creamy lace was about the neck and wrists, and silver ornaments. The bridesmaids at a fashionable New York wedding wore Watteau dresses of white dotted muslin, garnitured with lace and decorated with bright flowers; and they carried baskets of wild flowers—one of buttercups, one of violets, one of roses and one of coxcombs.

NOVELTIES IN LINGERIE.

In London it is the fashion to muffle the throat. Parisians, however, are wearing broad turn-over collars of linen and lace, with the wide, flowing Medici collars of velvet or brocaded satin worn with them. The collars of linen are simply fastened with a stud or brooch and no bow or tie is worn. A new style in neckerchiefs is laced down the front like a vest, which is twisted about little pegs like those in laced gloves and is fastened behind under a ribbon bow. It is trimmed on the edge with lace and is pretty and gay looking. A novel cravat, shaped exactly like a gentleman's, is intended to be worn with a habit shirt. It is of silk, embroidered on the inner piece and crossing pieces with floss silk in a design representing grapes and their tendrils. Another of similar form in old gold satin is embroidered with holly berries without leaves. French mulle handkerchiefs are trimmed with fine lace. Drawn work or "lace work" is a novelty in decoration, while the monogram is small and worked in floss silk. Cravats come in all the brilliant colors of brocaded silk, and also in the graver hues of Japanese and Chinese fabrics. Necklaces of Parisian twilled silk in varied designs are also worn. They are very broad and are sometimes worn with a slide or scarf pin. They are called the De Joinvillette scarfs. The delicate fisherman's green, palest blue and Parisian mauve colors in floriated patterns are worn by blondes, and peach blossoms and frou-frou buff by brunettes. Directoire collars of black velvet are richly embroidered and trimmed with gold lace; they are also made of garnet, purple, wine or dark myrtle green velvet, or brocaded satin de Lyon and edged with a frill of creamy Languedoc lace.

CLOAKS AND SURTOUTS.

The long cloaks worn last winter are not likely to be in favor this season as they cover up and destroy the beauty of rich walking suits. There are, however, pelisses of black woolen goods or gros grain silk, which are lined with bright colored satins, such as red, sapphire, blue and old gold. These are trimmed with black lace and are tight in the back. At the neck is a large bow with a falling loops. The same garment will be trimmed for winter wear with fur and passementerie. Fur lined wraps are worn for carriage and outside wraps at opera, but they are cold and cumbersome for walking. For dolmans the trimming usually consists of jet fringe or passementerie, with silk or velvet bands. They have either square or pointed sleeve while the plain coat sleeve is considered the style for a regular cloak. English jackets of light-colored cloths, with large plush collars, cuffs and pockets, are worn with street costumes. The large buttons and the pretty linings of heliotrope, old gold, pink, pale blue or cardinal Surale, are marked features of these jaunty jackets. Bands are used on black silk and satin de Lyon mantelettes, and are of the satin fringe and jet. Passementeries are heavily embroidered in jet, and are alike remarkable for their beauty and expense. Among the furs are seal delmans, heavily trimmed with black fox and lined with quilted satin of old gold, scarlet, blue and elegantly embroidered on the sleeves and border. Other seal dolmans and sacques are lined with ermine. Another style is a long ulster, splendidly lined and embroidered, having large revers and pockets of black fox. Very elegant circulars, lined with astrachan, are also seen. Stylish collars and muffs, made of the plumage of rare birds, of mixed grave and brilliant colors, are costly novelties. Muffs are about the same size as of last season.

THE LATEST IN CHAPEAUX.

In small head coverings there are pretty, soft-crowned turbans of black velvet, with bands of jetted cock's feathers and black plumes, and very little bonnets of white plush, with white ostrich feathers clinging closely to them and falling over their brims, and trimmed with a colored ribbon laid over the crown and forming the strings. Caps are worn of silvered plush, fitting the head closely, and ornamented on the left side by two shaded feathers, exactly matching the plush, and having a plume or tiger's claw fastened a little to the left of the front. Black bears' claws are used for the black and white plush caps. The new ornaments for these hats are gilt beetles, grasshoppers, garnet, jet and gold-stone beetles, cornelian cornucopias, mounted in silver and gold, bands and crowns of jet, jet in beads and in strings. Birds' wings, feathers, breasts and heads; in fact, birds entire or divided are used on hats and toques. Few owls' heads are worn this season. Wide-brimmed, soft beaver hats are considered very stylish, their only trimming consisting of plumes and wings or birds' heads. The long nap beavers come in colors to correspond with the new dress goods—wine color, sapphire and ciel blue. The Tam o' Shanter hats are caps of black velvet, with two feathers drooping from the back and a bird's head pressed closely against the side. Some of them have bands of plain ribbon finishing the edge, with flat rosettes of the plaid on the crown. These are particularly becoming to a bright young face.

CHIT-CHAT.

An art decorator has carried out a new idea and has enriched the walls of a chamber with wood-carving, instead of hanging pictures upon them.

Says an Eastern paper: "To the male mind, nothing that a woman can do for herself, short of lopping off her nose or her ears would be more disfiguring than the arrangement of her hair in plastered curls upon her forehead. Why a respectable woman ever consents to make herself hideous in such a fashion is an impenetrable mystery."

At a New York lunch party presents were given to the guests at the beginning of each of the eight courses. If this fashion is universally adopted one will have to be a millionaire or else be considered inhospitable by not giving any parties at all.

Among the new floral designs are those of the bow and arrow, star, column, ox-yoke an antique vase, pitcher, embroidery in its frame, an anchor, an altar and a marriage bell, a crescent and star, a shoe, a fan, a pipe of peace, gypsy kettle, and a gun and target.

As the tight-fitting close dresses do not admit of pockets the bag or reticule is almost a necessary of the toilet. These are made of silk or satin, macrame lace, leather and seal, and are neither hand painted or embroidered, though the heavier ones sometimes have the monogram of the wearer.

All manner of ornaments for the table or dressing-case are displayed in great numbers. Card receivers of French gilt are studded with rubies and turquoise; enameled candlesticks, watch stands, paper weights and inkstands. Jewelry boxes in two or more shades on a satin ground, and lined with satin, make dainty receptacles for rings and other jewels.

Among the novelties are salt and pepper boxes of hammered or beaten gold and silver, in imitation of the old Pompeiian styles. They are very quaint and antique in appearance and shape. Match boxes for gentlemen are made of frosted silver, with fern and grasses engraved so as to bring the two shades of silver into contrast. Card cases are also made in the same way and of oxidized silver.

France is borrowing her fashions from England in regard to her visiting cards. They show the name in gold letters on a black, blue, or other novel ground, and the coat of arms is added in one corner. They make the suggestion that elegantes who are not so fortunate as to have inherited armorial bearings from their forefathers can easily substitute for them some distinguishing emblem that will pass muster with that large section of society which is not acquainted with the science of heraldry.

FIGURE OF THE EARTH.

Physical Forces Which Produce the Present Shape.

The *Comptes Rendus* of the French Academy contains a remarkable paper by M. Faye on the physical forces which have produced the present figure of the earth. After remarking on the use of the pendulum in determining the figures of the earth from series of measurements of the intensity and direction of gravitation force at different parts of the earth's surface, he draws attention to the very curious fact that while the direction and intensity of gravity are affected perceptibly by the presence of hills such as Schichallion and Arthur's Seat, or even by masses as small as the great pyramid of Gizeh, gigantic mountains such as Himalayas, do not affect the pendulum indications in any sensible manner, except in certain cases where upon elevated continents there appears to be a veritable defect of attraction instead of the excess which might be expected. Indeed, the observations are sufficiently striking to seem to point to the supposition that not only under the whole of every large continent there were enormous cavities. More than this, the attractions at the surface of all the great oceans appear too great to agree with the distribution presumed by Clairaut's formula, which is exact enough for most purposes.

Sir G. Airy's suggestion that the base of the Himalaya range reaches down into the denser liquid interior, and there displaces a certain amount of that liquid, so that the exterior attraction is thereby lessened, is one which, inherently improbable, fails to have any application in explaining why the attraction above the seas should be greater than over the continents. M. Faye propounds the following solution to the difficulty: Under the oceans the globe cools more rapidly and to a greater depth than beneath the surface of the continents. At a depth of 4,000 meters (13,000 feet) the ocean will still have a temperature not remote from 0° C., while at a similar depth beneath the earth's crust the temperature would not be far from 150° C. (allowing 108 feet in depth down for an increase of 2° in the internal temperature). If the earth had been but one uniform rate of cooling all over it, it would be reasonable to assume that the solidified crust would have the same thickness and the same average density all over it. It is therefore argued that below the primitive oceans the earth's crust assumed a definite solid thickness before the continents, and that in contracting, these thicker portions exercised a pressure upon the fluid nucleus tending to elevate still further the continents. The hypothesis, M. Faye thinks, will, moreover, explain the unequal distribution of land and sea around the two poles, the general rise and fall of continents being determined by the excess of density of the crust below the oceans, and by the lines or points of less resistance to internal pressure being at the middle of continents or at the margin of oceans.

AN INDIAN FIGHT.

American and Canadian Indians Engage in Combat Near the Border—Fears of an Extensive Rising.

(By telegraph to the New York Herald.)

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, Oct. 6th, 1880.

Word has just reached here giving some particulars relative to a fight on the Montana frontier between American and Canadian Indians. The written dispatch is dated from Fort Quappelle, and states that a serious fight has recently occurred on the Coteau Hills, between Canadian and American Indians. It appears that the former, who were from Oceanman's and White Bear's bands, left their reserves at Moose Mountain, some seventy miles northwest of Fort Ellice, about the beginning of September in the pursuit of buffalo. They soon reached the Missouri Coteau range of hills extending from the international boundary in a northwestern direction toward Old Wire's Lake. Camping on the edge of the Coteau Hills, one morning just as they were breaking camp they observed a body of Indians riding toward them over the hills. As it was evident from the appearance of the riders that they were on the war path the Canadian Indians immediately corralled their carts and threw their tents over them. When the riders came up Oceanman's brother jumped out of the corral and asked what they were. The rider replied, "Indians and Grosventres," and asked who the Canadians were. No sooner had the reply "Stoneys and Ojibways" been given than the Americans, who were armed with Winchester repeating rifles and well supplied with amunition, opened fire. Oceanman's brother retreated to the corral, in which he and his companions kept up a brisk fire on the attacking party. Though only armed with flint arms the Canadians resisted so desperately that the fight was kept up all day, all the male Canadian Indians being killed, as well as a number of women and children. Three women succeeded in escaping.

A TIMELY ARRIVAL.

An Ojibway from Fort Ellice, who was following in the track of the Canadian Indians, heard the firing in the evening and concluded that they had found buffalo, and pushed on rapidly to overtake them. When he got near he noticed the American Indians, of whom there were between twenty and thirty; in full retreat, as they evidently thought that he and his two companions were the advance guard of a large party. On reaching the corral the Ojibway entered it, and found the bodies of eight dead Indians, besides women and children. Among the dead were the brother of the Stoneys' chief, Oceanman, and his head man. Near the corral was the body of an American Indian, which he scalped. There were also three Winchester rifles left on the ground, which justifies the belief that the American Indians carried off some of their dead. The Ojibway took the scalp to Fort Ellice, where the scalp dance was kept up for several days. The scalp has been divided up and sent to various friendly bands, in the hope that they may be induced to make common cause against the Americans. Oceanman, who is much roused by the loss of his tribe, has communicated with the Indian Commissioners, stating that when the treaty was made he believed that war was to be at an end and that the Indians were to live in peace. He is now poor and ill supplied with ammunition, and expects the government to defend him and his from the American Indians who may cross the line to the Canadian hunting grounds. If something is not done he threatens to go on the war path next year.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—A bootblack at Hot Spring, Ark., shot and killed the man who intimated that he was a liar.

—Twin street, at Piper City, Ill., was so named because six pairs of twins were born in it within a few years.

—John Hicks goes to the penitentiary for two years, at Jeffersonville, Ind., at the age of 80. He has spent fifty years of his life in prisons.

—The London, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells and Brighton coach horses, eighty in number, were sold by Messrs. Tattersall, on Sept. 20, and realized $18,500.

—At a recent police trial in London tow individuals swore, under cross-examination, that "they got their living by buying cheap violins and doctoring them up to represent old ones, and selling them as such.

—The English Bank of San Francisco, with a capital of three millions, has returned one million to its shareholders. The great falling off in business does not afford profitable employment for their former capital.

—"The Armada of Coercion."—(From the Sultan's point of view)—Sultan: "Oh. That is the naval demonstration! Very nice! Highly creditable to the Powers, I'm sure, Wonder if they'll give us any fire works?" —*Funny Folks.*

—Two and a half millions of tropical oranges were received in the past six months at San Francisco from the French Islands of Tahiti. They have come in equal numbers every month from March to September, showing that the trees are in perpetual bearing.

—The following notice was posted by the President of the Wooster (Ohio) University: "No female student is expected to receive more than one male visitor per week, and he must not stay later than 9 o'clock." An indignation meeting was held by the girls, and rebellion resolutions passed.

—George S. Walker is being prosecuted in Philadelphia for marrying his niece. The Pennsylvania law on the subject says that "no woman shall marry her mother's brother," and Walker's lawyer argues that it does not forbid the brother to marry the niece. A decision has not been reached.

—An aged miser was found murdered in his house, at Niles, Mich., and $500 of his hoard was missing. For months the mystery of the crime was not penetrated. At length a quiet fourteen-year-old boy of the neighborhood began to spend money freely. Being accused of the murder he confessed his guilt.

—Of the last lots of Mormons embarking from Liverpool and Glasgow for Utah, 1,500 have been Welsh miners. It is a striking fact that the Mormons have never yet got a recruit in Ireland, and have hardly yet got one anywhere who was a member of the Protestant Episcopal or Roman Catholic churches.

—According to recent statistics, taking 1,000 well-to-do persons and 1,000 poor persons after five years there, remained alive of the prosperous 943, of the poor only 655. After fifty years there remained of the prosperous 537, of the poor 283; at seventy years of age there remained 235 of the prosperous and of the poor 65.

—Elisha Bliss, Jr., who lately died at Hartford, Conn., made a fortune by discovering the fun of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" while the work was in manuscript. Twain had tried in vain to secure a publisher, and was about to throw the matter aside in despair when a journalist friend sent him to Bliss, who was the President of a subscription book company.

—The Czar's recent trip to Livadia was guarded by forty thousand men stationed along the line. He is more afraid of assassination than ever. The programme of his proceedings is made public and then altered. He does not sleep twice in succession in the same chamber, and takes his meals at different places and hours from those expected.

—Under the auspices of the British Goat Society, a kid dinner was given on the third day of the goat show, at Alexandra Palace. The viands consisted solely of the flesh of the kid at different ages, dress in various ways to represent fowl, mutton, lamb, veal and fawn. The object was to bring this article of food into more general consumption.

—Mrs. Mack is on trial for murder at Jefferson, Wis. A large bouquet, conspicuously inscribed, "From one who believes you innnocent," was sent to her in the court room. Her counsel was about to place it on a table in front of the jury, when the presiding judge said: "Those flowers must not be displayed. Take them away." The lawyer made a speech on the subject, but the court was obdurate, and the flowers were carried out.

—Marshal Bazaine writes to the Paris *Gaulois* from Madrid to inform his friends, if he still has any, in his misfortunes, that during the six years of his residence in Spain he has never suffered from the slightest indisposition He does not know why people are making him die by anticipation. But, adds the Marshal: "I have so often risked my life during my long and arduous career, that obituary notices have little effect upon me."

—Among the items of Australian news, weather of unusual severity is reported, and especially in New South Wales. Heavy snow had fallen on the 29th of July in the Braidwood District, lying at least two feet deep on the roads, and causing great destruction to flocks. In the Cooma District one squatter lost 500 sheep. In South Australia the cold is reported to be intense, and the fall of snow in some parts the heaviest experienced for the last twenty years.

—Two marble busts of the Prince Imperial have lately been finished by Mr. Best, the sculptor, one for Queen Victoria, representing the cadet at Chislehurst, and the other for Gen. Simmons, which is to be presented to the Royal Military Academy, at which the ill-fated youth studied. It is said that the Empress will have the bodies of her husband and son brought to wherever she may pitch upon for her residence, and placed in a mausoleum there. She is in very delicate health.

—Bull Run Russell, in his army journal gives a statement of a recent march of a Russian force which throws into the shade the fifteen or sixteen miles a day of the Candahar march. The Russian column accomplished one thousand miles from Taskend to Kuldja in sixty days. Inclusive of halts, it may be assumed that the Russians covered the ground at the rate of eighteen miles a day, as they generally give a day's rest out of every seven. In one day the Russians made a march of thirty-six miles.

—There are several hundred physicians practising under diplomas granted by the New England University of Arts and Sciences. These documents are dated at Boston, but the institution was unknown there, and the police could not find it at all. A newspaper reporter, however, discovered it in the suburban residence of Dr. Harry C. Stickney. It consisted simply of a stock of blank diplomas, handsomely engraved, which Stickney filled out and sold for almost any price that an applicant would pay.

—Mrs. Partington returns from the seaside.—"Yes, I've been to a seaside resort. I have had my summer extortion, and I must confess my anticipations surpassed my expectations. To people in indignant circumstances the recommendations might be satisfactory; but it is beyond my reprehension how people of effulgence—people who have lugubrious homes, surmounted by all that embezzles civilized life—can put up such caverns. They must have invested tastes."

—Gambetta, the virtual ruler of France now, has somewhat modified his views on the education question, and now desires to rally round him a party of radical and republican priests. As he has cunningly rallied a portion army to him, he is now trying a similar success with the clergy. He has gone to mass at the chapter near his country villa for some Sundays past. His chief pastime there is fishing for frogs and then having them cooked by his famous *chef de cuisine.*

—A couple whose family occupy a high social position in England were actually at the altar of the chappel in Accrington when the clergyman discovered that the requisite notice had not been given, and the ceremony had to be postponed to next day. The would-be bride and bridegroom consoled themselves in a very sensible and philosophical manner by returning home to consume the "breakfast," after which they drove out to spend the afternoon at a picturesque spot in the region.

—A London undertaker has, within the last few weeks, driven through the city as an advertisement an enormous coffin, mounted on a base and drawn by five horses. This final receptacle is got up in the most gaudy colors, ornamented with the name and address of the proprietor on the outside, and lined with white satin or some other comfortable and pleasant-looking material. A live corpse, with a sheet about him, did duty in this luxurious tenement, just to let the public see what a fine time one would have of it who should be lucky enough to obtain possession of the lodgment in perpetuity.

—Johnny Mullens was an industrious highwayman in Nevada. He saved up $8,000 from his booty, and retired from business. Going to Colorado, where he was unknown, he married Elenora Perkins, the daughter of a miner, and settled down for a quiet life. His only fear was that his wife would learn what he had been, and leave him in disgust. The fact was that she had known the source of the fortune, and had married him for the sole purpose of getting it. Having attained this object, she lately hired a man to murder him. Such, at least, is the charge on which she has been put in jail.

—Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe vehemently denounces the passion play at Ober-Ammergau. "At best," he says in the *Independent*, "what is it but a fearful materializing of what we are to behold by faith? Is it conceivable that St. Paul would have acted in such a scheme as that of Ober-Ammergau? Over the awful scene itself the Almighty drew down a veil. Three hours did Mercy hide the suffering Redeemer from those who crucified him. For those who rend that veil and gaze upon the mimic spectacle let me say heartily: 'They know not what they do.'"

—Sir Charles Dilke, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in England, has a pretty little Provencal home to which he always retires when the session is over. There he receives little or no company, keeps very regular hours, is a strict tectotaler, and divides his time between gardening and study. His grapes have won medals, and some excellent wine has been made on the estate, though the lord thereof never tastes of it. He has been employed for the last six years or so on a history of Europe during the nineteenth century, a book very much wanted if only the author will limit himself to twenty octavos at the most.

—The champagne vintage of 1874 was one of the finest on record, both in quality and quantity, and the viticulturists of the Marne unhesitatingly pronounced it the *vin anglais par excellence.* Just such another wine in point of quality now on the eve of being vintaged on the declivities of the mountain of Rheims, and on the sunny slopes overlooking the river Marne. Unfortunately, however, the yield will be the smallest that has been known for many years past. Such condition of things seldom presents itself, for in the champagne quality and quantity usually go together.

—The red deer of the Scotch forests is a animal of surprising strength, swiftness, courage, and sagacity, and of such size that in some instances stags have been killed weighing not less than twenty-six stone. In his native fastnesses the red deer is altogether another quadruped from the tame specimens of his majestic race which are occasionally to be seen in English parks, as at Blenheim, Oxfordshire and Charlecote, near Stratford-on-Avon. But even in the English parks the red deer prefer the least frequented and most inaccessible spots, and are dangerous of approach.

—Considerable devastation has been wrought, during the last three years, in several agricultural districts of central Germany, by the hamster, or marmot. In the district of Aschersleben, two years ago, nearly 80,000 marmots were caught and killed on the municipal estates alone, comprising some 20,000 morgen. of land under cultivation. Last autumn the trappers succeeded in capturing 83,000 odd, but the nuisance has reappeared in greater force than ever this autumn, and it is feared that nothing short of wholesale cremation, inflicted upon the surface of the municipal domains, will rid them of the pest.

—A way to bet with perfect safety on the election has been devised. A says to B: "I'll bet you $5 that I can name twenty-five States that will go for Garfield;" or he may make the same offer on Hancock. B accepts the offer, of course. A then says: "I'll bet $15 I can name four other States that will go for Garfield." B thinks this more absurd than the previous proposition, and takes it up promptly. Then A names twenty-five States, leaving out four that are sure to be carried by Garfield, and these four he names as the "four others." Thus he loses $5 on the first bet gets $15 on the second.

—The experiments begun ten or twelve years ago for naturalizing in certain parts of India the best varieties of the cinchona or Peruvian bark tree have been attended with the most remarkable success, and there are now in various stages of growth probably millions of cinchona plants already yielding the Peruvian bark so plentifully and so perfectly that the price of quinine has fallen considerably in Ceylon and other parts. There is every probability that in six or seven years the Indian production of quinine will be so large and the price so low that it will become a considerable article of export.

—An English physician stationed in Formosa says: "The Chinese make, on the whole, very good patients. Occasionally some of them try our patience not a little. One takes a four days' supply of medicine away with him, the receipt bearing on it, 'a spoonful three times daily after each meal.' He comes back next morning for more, thinking to flatter you by stating that he drank the former quantity at one dose. Another has his arm carefully put up in splints, and on his next visit he brings his dressings in a separate parcel. They are great believers in internal administration, and, although he have only a cut finger, it is difficult for a Chinaman to see why he should not get some medicine to 'eat.'"

—Here is the last discovery in photography. A Frenchman takes one negative of a sitter with open eyes. Then he makes the sitter shut his eyes and remain exactly in the same position while another negative is taken. The two negatives are printed on the same paper, one on each side, exactly coinciding. When this double-faced picture is held in proper position before a lamp, and the lamp is rapidly moved or caused to flicker, the curious effect is produced of long-continued winking. It is not claimed that a person looks more beautiful when he keeps winking, but it cannot be denied that it gives a person a very interesting appearance.

—The prosecution for high treason commenced in February, 1876, against the former German Ambassador in Paris, Count von Arnim, ended, as is well known, in the Count being sentenced by the Kammergericht in Berlin to five years' penal servitude. This severe sentence Count von Arnim escaped by withdrawing into Italy. For some time past the Count has been addressing himself to the Public Prosecutor in the hope of obtaining a suspension of his sentence, in which case he would return to Germany and submit himself to a new trial. His appeal, however, was refused by the Public Prosecutor, and has also been rejected by the courts.

—Howth Castle, which the traveler through Ireland to or from England sees looking over the beautiful bay of Dublin, is one of the oldest houses in Ireland, with a very full complement of historical and picturesque legends attached to it. Veritable antiquity is stamped on the low ceilings, marvelously thick walls, and dark oak woodwork. The present Earl of Howth is a bachelor, and before coming to the earldom was, as Lord St. Lawrence, for several years M. P. for Galway. In the present possessor's youth, Roger Tichborne was a constant guest at the castle. His autograph is to be found in the house book, with his weight appended thereto.

—The Italian Minister of the Interior Signor Depretis, lately issued a circular to all the prefects of the kingdom, calling their attention to the extraordinary number of arrests made by the police which were not followed by a conviction. The Minister says that this fact cannot but injure the prestige of justice and the dignity of the authorities. The criminal statistics show that, on an average, a thousand persons are arrested daily, which means 365,000 criminals in the year. But the judicial authorities deny that these criminals really exist, as of the 365,000 persons arrested 240,000, or two-thirds, are released at the first interrogatory. Thus every day 660 innocent persons are imprisoned through caprice, abuse, or on an empty pretext.

—That peculiar Boston savings bank, the Ladies' Deposit, has not yet come to disaster, and the operations remain a mystery. It is run by Sarah E. Howe, who was formerly a clairvoyant, and has been imprisoned twice on charges of swindling. Professedly, the Ladies' Deposit is a charity for the encouragement and help of provident women. Deposits are taken only from unmarried women who work for a living, and on these interest is paid at the rate of four per cent. per month. When asked to explain how she can afford to do that, she replies vaguely that she has a fund contributed for the purpose by some benevolent Quakers. No trace of any investment by her can be found, except the purchase of a $50,000 house in her own name. Interest has been paid promptly for about two years, and most of the depositors have confidence in the concern. The newspapers, however, denounce it as a fraud.

—Not every criminal who incurs the penalty of banishment to Siberia is on that account to be compassionated. Mr. Juchanzeff, known throughout Russia by the significant sobriquet of "The Stealer of Millions," travelled to Krasnojarsk, the town selected for his penal residence by the imperial authorities, in princely style, attened by a suite of servants, carriages and horses, and it would appear that he has become the leader of fashion in that Siberian city. Tailors, perfumers and tobacconists advertise their wares under his name; he has been elected a member of the leading club, and is about to contract an alliance with a young lady belonging to one of the first families of Krasnojarsk. His dinner parties are attended by the chief official personages and local notabilities; ladies of the best society flock to his evening receptions, and accept the splendid presents with which he courts their favor and social countenance.

—The Presbyterian congregation at Brussels, Ohio, made up a purse of $100 for their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, to meet the expenses of his vacation. The reverend gentleman decided to spend the time and money in St. Louis, where an industrial fair was in progress. He had not been in that city an hour before he met an affable young man, who knew all about him and the folks at Brussels, and who brought him to a room where a game of chance was going on. The manager permitted the clergyman to draw several times without charge, and then informed him that there was $700 to his credit. The gambler proposed to pay this with as "good as gold" check for $800, which he professed to have just won from a solid merchant, taking the $100 difference in money. The pastor fell into the trap, and parted with his $100, receiving a worthless check. At the police station he was asked if he had never read newspaper accounts of such swindles. "I only read the religious journals," he replied, "and never pay much attention to the secular press."

—The *Celestial Empire*, commenting on a statement in an American paper that a number of applications from ex-officers of the United States army and navy had been sent to the Chinese Government, requesting service under the imperial dragon flag in the event of war between that country and Russia, says: "Of the foreigners now holding commissions in the Chinese land forces there are two Frenchmen in Kansu, one German at Chefoo, one at Tientsin, and one at Shanghai, one Englishman at Taiwan, and one at Hankow. There are also a number of foreign ex-military officers in the Imperial Maritime Customs Service,' whose Chinese military record extends back to the Taiping rebellion, some of them having served during the Japanese campaign in the Island of Formosa. These will no doubt be called upon to again volunteer, on account of their adaptability for the field, as they nearly all possess a sufficient knowledge of the Chinese language for drilling and evolutionary purposes. It may be of interest to American military men who may entertain hopes of preferment not to raise them too high, as the German infantry and English artillery systems are the favorite standards of both Li Hungchang and Tso Tsung-t'ang, the two great Chinese military leaders."

—A passion play, entitled "The Passion and Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ," was lately produced in Havana by a Spanish theatrical company. Leopoldo Buron, an actor of considerable ability, personated Christ. The piece was largely spectacular, tableaux of Christ blessing little children, the entry into Jerusalem, the betrayal, the last supper, and the crucifixion being highly artistic. The prayer of Christ on the mountain was introduced with mechanical effects, an angel descending from a silver chalice, and floating away after he had drunk. Ida Williams, describing the play in a letter to the Fishkill *Standard*, says: "Then was to follow the crucifixion. I had been wrought up to a religious frenzy. The man whom I had seen crucified had become divine in my eyes. Our box commanded a perfect view of the stage, and from the adjoining ante-room we could see behind the scenes. I hoped to get a nearer view of Buron, and looking over saw the three crosses—with Buron and the two with him—waiting to raise the curtain till my hero, the man I had almost deified, had finished his cigar. No more grotesque sight can be imagined—the three in flesh-colored silk tights, wound about the loins with linen, the Christ painted to look the sorrowing pained martyr upon the cross—smoking a cigar! I returned to the box again. Buron was a man, after all, a very human one."

—Poor Lord Mountmorres was very "small potatoes" as compared with the last noble victim of "the wild justice of revenge." Lord Leitrim had tens of thousands of acres, and left over $1,000,000 personalty, while Lord Montmorres's whole property would only have formed a moderate-sized farm. His residence, rather ambitiously described as Ebor Hall, stood in a wild section of Galway, between Loughs Mark and Corrib, and not far from the romantically situated town of Cong, famous for its underground rivers. Three Irish peers have been murdered during the present century—the Earls of Norbury and Leitrim, and now Viscount Montmorres. Lord Norbury's death was always suppos

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1880.

THAT "nothing succeeds like success" is a trite axiom, no one probably will attempt to gainsay, and were proof wanting to verify it, it is readily found in the success which has attended the Conservative party since its advent to power. This week it is able to add another victory to the many which it has gained since the memorable 17th of September. Brome—a Quebec constituency, made vacant by the death of Mr. Chandler, a pronounced Liberal, who was elected by nearly 300 of a majority over his Conservative opponent in the general election—has wheeled into line, and returned Mr. D. A. Manson, Conservative, by a majority of 119. Although Sir John Macdonald's position cannot be perceptibly affected by the gain or loss of a few seats, the result of these bye elections must be extremely gratifying to him, as they evidence the approval of the wise policy which he has adopted by the people whom he governs. So long as he continues to walk in the paths of a statesman, daring to reach beyond party lines and conceiving and carrying out measures upon which depends the future welfare of the Dominion, so long we believe will the people be found ready to sustain him in power.

A Canadian visiting England gives, through the London *News*, some information to the English public respecting the figures of the alleged Canadian exodus, which are being published from American sources. He hits off the mode of compiling statistics in the following happy manner:—"If I take a fancy to cross over from Sarnia to buy a basket of peaches in order to compare them with peaches of our own growth, I am classed as an immigrant, though my absence from my Queen's dominions should not exceed half an hour. If, living in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, I decide to go to England by way of New York, I am classed as an immigrant when I enter the United States, and if I return to England by the same route I am a second time classed as an immigrant, this time from Europe, unless I put my nationality as Canadian in the steamer's papers. If I decide with a hundred others to settle in Manitoba, and go to that fertile region from another part of Canada *via* United States' railway, we are classed as immigrants. I have no doubt Earl Dufferin has in this way figured a number of times as a Canadian immigrant, and probably Prince Leopold and the Princess Louise likewise."

Evening Telegram: We have reason to believe that despite all the *Globe's* rumours in regard to the failure of the negotiations between Sir John Macdonald and the Railway Syndicate, everything is going on satisfactorily. In a great undertaking such as the construction of the Canada Pacific railway must necessarily be, there are a great many things to be done, and a good deal of time is unavoidably consumed in arranging the details. But there can be no manner of doubt as to the broad fact that a Syndicate has been formed and that it is abundantly able to build the railway. As to the rumour that it is endeavoring to strengthen itself, this may or may not be true. The stronger the Syndicate the better, and it would be pleasing to know that a number of our own people had gone into the enterprise. Everybody concedes that if the railway must be built at all, the best way to do it is to have it built by a Syndicate; but the way to bring about a good bargain for the country is assuredly not for Sir John Macdonald's opponents in the press, to do everything they can to induce the capitalists who are quite willing to join the Syndicate, to have nothing to do with it. Every line the *Globe* has printed on the subject has been written in a depreciatory spirit, and with the object of tying Sir John's hands, in his efforts to make the best possible bargain for the country.

Dun, Wiman & Co.'s Mercantile Agency report that during the quarter year ending Sept. 30, 1880, the number of failures in the the United States was 979, with liabilities of $12,121,422, a decrease, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year, of 1,283 failures and $3,154,128 liabilities. During the nine months ending Sept. 30, the number of failures was 3,476, with liabilities of $45,010,185, as against 5,320 failures, with $81,054,940 liabilities during the corresponding period of 1879. In the Dominion of Canada the failures during the third quarter of the present year were 130, and 417 last year, and the liabilities respectively $1,219,763 and $6,998,617. During the nine months of 1880 the number of failures was 779, with liabilities of $6,880,611, while for the corresponding period of 1879 there were 1,484 failures with liabilities of $24,424,570. The report concludes as follows:—"During the first nine months of 1879, the liabilities of failures were much less than one-half those of the preceding year, being only $81,000,000 in 1879, as compared with $197,000,000 in 1878, and, as will be seen, the casualties for the past nine months exceed by little half those of 1879. Should this ratio of improvement continue to be shown during the next three months, the failures for the year will be less, as compared with the number engaged in trade, than at any period since we have undertaken the compilation of these figures."

It would be well for Ireland if all her ministers of religion held the same opinions and enunciated them as boldly as the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cloyne. This prelate, at a recent meeting of his clergy, held in the sanctuary of the church at Mallow, and summoned for the express purpose of considering the land agitation and the attitude of the priests towards the leaders of the agitation, denounced the Land League for proposing the utter abolition of landlordism. The Bishop added:—"Did they confine themselves to the denunciation of bad landlordism, I could agree with them fully, for this, I believe, has been the bane of our country, the fruitful source of the crime by which it has been stained, and the cause of the backward condition of our farming classes, owing the sense of insecurity and the dread of confiscation of their improvements which it had created in the minds of our farmers. Let bad landlordism, then, by all means, be abolished, and this I hold would be for the interest of the good landlords, of whom I am glad to believe that we have many still in Ireland. In other words, let the abuses of landlordism be swept away; let the relations of landlord and tenant be based on the principles of natural justice and equity. This I hold can be done, by the present Government, without the abolition of landlordism itself, which every rational man can see could not be effected without a revolution, for which this country is not prepared. For this and other reasons, which it would take me too long to state, I cannot personally agree to the programme of the Land League, and as a minister of religion I must emphatically disapprove of unsound theories and dangerous and inflammatory utterances of many of its prominent members."

According to late European exchanges it appears, that, with the exception of Southern Russia and Western Prussia, the crops have been, on the whole, satisfactory. In wheat, the harvest was of a average quality in Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Prussia and Baden; above the average in Austria, Roumania, Servia, Italy, Belgium, Wurtemburg and Bavaria; and below the average in Hungary, Saxony, Mecklenburg and Russia.

THE GREAT CONNECTING LINK.

Sir A. T. Galt's Views on the Construction of the Canada Pacific.

New York, Oct. 16.—Sir A. T. Galt, Canadian Minister at London, said to a *Tribune* reporter:—"I can give no detailed information in regard to the Canadian syndicate. My position as an official forbids my speaking. Indeed, no public information has been given in Canada, but the formal announcement of the members of the syndicate for the completion of the railway will be made by the Government. In a few days the amount of money and land to be given to the syndicate by the Government will also be made known. Sir John Macdonald has made no attempt to obtain money from the English Government, as has been reported. The idea of a syndicate is an old one with him, dating back to 1873, when the road was finally turned over to Sir Hugh Allan and others for completion. It was intended then to form a syndicate, which should receive from the Government $30,000,000 and 50,000,000 acres of land. I can really say nothing about the terms made with the present syndicate or its members. A very ridiculous story has been published to the effect that an attempt was to be made to borrow money here in the United States. It was started by a Mr. Anderson, I believe member for Glasgow. Nothing could be further from the truth. We never wanted to borrow money here, even if it were easily obtainable, which is doubtful. You know the original limit for building the road was 1883, but I say this much, that the time will be extended ten years. When the road is finished the Province of British Columbia will become a part of Canada, but this talk of our losing British Columbia, and, other Provinces beside, in case the road is not finished, is absurd. Two hundred and sixty miles of the road have been completed, and it is expected that trains will be running over 700 miles at the end of the year. Work will be pushed vigorously throughout the winter, and this brings up the question of climate. They say that the road will be blocked by snow, and the country rendered uninhabitable for four months in the year. Now the valleys of Saskatchewan and Athebaska are of wonderful fertility. The road runs at a comparatively low level, has been surveyed throughout, and from all we can learn the climate will be no serious obstacle. The climate will certainly be as good if not better than that along the line of the Northern Pacific. In fact, instead of being blocked by snow the road will suffer less than the Northern, or even the Union Pacific, because the Canadian Pacific crosses the Rocky Mountains at a very low pass—the Tete Jaune Pass, which is only 3,200 feet in height. It has been suggested that it would be more profitable for the road to stop on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. In that case it would be only a local and not a through line. It is in the hope of securing through business and outbidding more southern seaports on the western coast that the line has been built. We expect to gain for it a large part of the carrying trade across the Pacific, and we expect to get this for the reason that our great Western terminus will be a thousand miles further west than San Francisco.

COMMON SENSE IN ADVERTISING.

The New York *Evening Post* so sensibly tells of the manner in which men and women of wisdom reach the public, that we adopt the article and commend it to the thoughtful perusal of business people who have not yet learned wisdom fully on this important subject:—

"A model advertisement is designed to satisfy the rational demand of a probable customer to know what you have got to sell. The successful advertiser, therefore, observes three rules: First, he aims to furnish the information which the public wants; second, he aims to reach that part of the public whose wants he is prepared to satisfy; and third, he endeavors to make his information as easy of acquisition by the public as possible.

"Many mistakes of judgement have been made in the various ways adopted of reducing the labour of the public in gaining this kind of trade information. Men have plastered fences with their announcements; they have erected huge bill boards, and covered them with placards; they have stuck painted signs in horse-cars and along either sides of the slips of the ferries; they have even defaced the most picturesque aspects of nature with their glaring assertions, and thus, instead of winning and gaining the attention, have awakened an abiding disgust and resentment. The fallacy which underlies all these efforts to catch the public on the wing, so to speak, to delude men and women into an unexpected and irresistible desire to buy the something which you have to sell, is that rational beings do not set about shopping or buying in that way. Who would think of going to the horse-cars to find out where any particular article which might be needed could be bought? Who would think of making a trip to the White Mountains, or up the Hudson, or along the Sound, or to Watkins' Glen, or to Niagara Falls for a similar purpose?

"The commonest and handiest thing in the American family is the newspaper, and as nearly all shopping proceeds from the family, from its needs its intelligence, its tastes, its fashions, it follows that the thoughtful and successful advertiser approaches the family by this means. He does not waste his money and his time in loading his advertising gun and shooting it off skyward in the streets, at all creation, on the chance that some willing customer may be going that way, and may be brought down; on the contrary, he takes account of the advertising ammunition which he has on hand, and loads and points his gun, through the columns of some reputable newspaper, at the game he wants to hit.

"In selecting a newspaper for this purpose, its general character must be carefully taken into account. Many newspapers are read in the horse-cars and in offices which never find their way into the family. They are not permitted to approach the real source of shopping activities; and if by chance they find their way there, as happens now and then, the advertisements which they contain are in a certain sense discredited and without the weight which good character and a pure, wholesome tone always gives to even the business columns of a sheet designed for circulation among intelligent and refined people.

"Besides knowing that the newspapers are the best means of advertising, and how to pick out the best newspapers for his purpose, the successful advertiser fully appreciates the great importance of persistent advertising. Mr. Bryant used to say that the great influence of the press depends for one thing on the power of iteration. Presenting the same subject in many forms, it finally wins attention and acquiescence. Used in this thorough and systematic way, the advertising columns of the newspapers are as useful and essential to the merchant, as means of telling the public what he has to sell, as the clerks behind the counter are to show his goods when the people come to examine them."

It is estimated that the land for the park at Niagara Falls on the Canadian side can be bought for $500,000. A survey is now being made with a view of reporting upon the scheme. There are parties ready to take the matter off the hands of the Government and pay as a rental six per cent. on the $500,000, and bind themselves to keep the park free to the public, charging only for going under the sheet of water, into the museum, to see the burning spring, or such other special objects as may be within the premises. There has heretofore been taken in at the museum alone as much as $20,000 in one year. It is claimed that no commission and blood money would be paid to hackmen under this scheme.

A FEARFUL STORM.

Terrible Lake Disasters.

The Steamer Alpena Wrecked on Lake Michigan.

100 Lives Supposed to be Lost.

Trains Blockaded by Snow Ten Feet Deep—Other Serious Lake Disasters.

Chicago, Oct. 17.—The storm was far less disastrous on the lake than might have been expected, because warning sufficient had been given to allow most of the craft to seek harbour. Beyond the loss of the schooner B. W. Wells with all hands many minor accidents are reported. The damage will in the aggregate be very heavy in this vicinity. The force of wind seems to have been most marked about the space included within a radius of 1,000 miles from Chicago, but the blow itself, according to telegrams received here, extended much further, Omaha being about the western limit. Michigan the eastern, central Illinois the southern, and Wisconsin the northern. The telegraph wires remain in a precarious condition, and many are entirely useless at present.

Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 17.—The wind storm here yesterday and last night was the severest ever known in this section. The barometer was never known to be so low, and the wind from the south blowing between sixty to seventy miles an hour. The storm all along the line of the Southern Minnesota railway was the severest known in years. Passengers and freight trains along the line are blockaded in a snowdrift ten to twelve feet deep, and teams with provisions have been despatched to their relief from several points. All the cuts west are filled with snow packed hard. Reports, of cattle, horses, etc., having perished are constantly received, but no loss of human life is yet reported. It is the worst storm ever experienced in southern Minnesota and eastern Dakota, and is still raging.

THE FATE OF THE ALPENA.

Milwaukee, Oct. 19.—The propellor Wissahickon reports that the schooner Geo. B. Sloan, of Oswego, and five unknown vessels are ashore in South Manitou harbor, but no signs of the steamer Alpena.

Despatches from Holland, Mich., leave it no longer in doubt that the steamer Alpena has gone down with all on board. She left Grand Haven on Friday night for Chicago with freight, sixty passengers, and a crew of about twenty-five. Wreckage has come ashore near Holland which shows that she is certainly wrecked. No bodies have yet been found. The Alpena was built at Marine City, Michigan, in 1866, and was valued at $40,000. She was rated at A 2, and was owned by the Goodrich Transportation Co., of Chicago.

Along the beach for a distance of five miles are strewn large quantities of freight, also a portion of the upper deck, stanchions, and rail gang planks and hatches. One door panel with the name of the steamer Alpena, also two life-preservers, one oar and a chair marked with a stencil "Steamer Alpena," and a piano also came ashore during the night, which is recognized as belonging to the Alpena. The body of a lady came ashore this morning, recognized as that of Mrs. Bradley. Capt. Butler, of the Goodrich line, has just arrived at the wreck, and watchmen are patrolling the shore watching for wreck and bodies. The wind has gone down, but the sea is running heavy. Small pieces of the cabin, upper-deck furniture, and berths are coming ashore.

LOSS OF THE TRADER WITH ALL HANDS.

Montague, Mich., Oct. 19.—The cabin washed ashore at Stoney Creek, and supposed to be that of the steamer Alpena, proves to be a portion of the promenade deck of the barge Trader. Other wreckage supposed to be parts of the Alpena belongs probably to the Trader. The steam barge Trader is supposed to have gone to pieces on the east shore of Lake Michigan. She was in charge of Capt. Brown and a crew of ten. The vessel was valued at $6,000. All hands probably perished.

SCHOONERS ASHORE.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 19.—Definite news is very meagre concerning vessels. The lines are down in all directions. The schooner Belle Hanscom, hence on Saturday with a cargo of wheat for Buffalo, went ashore in Pigeon Bay on Saturday afternoon. This morning she was half full of water. The schooner W. Y. Emery, Port Burwell, railroad ties, is ashore at Leamington. It is feared she is a total loss. The schooner Ganduda of Muskegon went ashore at Mouth Lake on Sunday afternoon. Seven men were on board. Only two, the mate and one sailor, were saved.

A BARN BURNER.

A Tramp, Said to be Insane, Sets Seven Barns on Fire, Driving From one to Another With a Stolen Horse.

St. Clair, Oct. 15.—The township of China, St. Clair County, opposite Mooretown, Ont., was the scene of great excitement this morning. About six o'clock a large and very ragged tramp visited the house of James Powrie and commenced kicking in the doors and raising a general row, and gave the ladies of the house a terrible fright. It is not known what would have happened if Mr. Powrie had not returned from the field (where he had been engaged in catching a horse) and drove the fellow off. In a few moments after the tramp left Mr. Powrie hitched up his horses and started for town, and after driving a short distance he overtook the fellow and asked him if he did not want a ride to town, Mr. Powrie thinking this would be the cheapest way to prevent him from returning to his house and frightening his family. The offer was accepted; and after riding a short distance Mr. Powrie drove into the yard of James Stewart (his brother-in-law), and went into the house to get some legal papers which he was going to take to town. He had been in the house probably twenty minutes when he went out and saw that his horse and buggy were gone and noticed Mr. Tramp about a quarter of a mile away with them. At the same time Mr. Powrie noticed that his horse was gone he also noticed that Mr. Stewart's barn was on fire. He at once gave the alarm, and stayed and helped until the fire was gotten under control, and then accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, pastor of the M. E. Church of China, both mounted on good horses, started out to recover his horse and buggy. After proceeding about a quarter of a mile they passed Patrick Maher's and saw that his large barn was on fire and the flames beyond control. A short stop was made here, but finding that they could do no good, the pursuers proceeded on as fast as horse flesh could carry them, after their man. They had gone but a short distance, however, when they saw that Philip Westnick's large barn and stable were in flames. They again stopped here and with the aid of the neighbors they succeeded in checking the fire and saving the stable. After the fire was got under control they again mounted, and with hroses at the top of their speed they again took after their man, but before they had gone any great distance they saw that Thebald Schriner's stable was afire and beyond all aid. They did not stop here, but kept on down the road, and had gone perhaps half a mile when they passed James McMullan's place and saw that his large barn and stable combined was in flames. They still kept on, hoping every minute to overtake their man. Another half mile was gone over, when they noticed, perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead, Mr. Powrie's horse and buggy standing in the middle of the road, but before they could reach it they saw a man come out of John Butler's barn and drive furiously away.

THE BARN-BURNER CAUGHT AFTER KINDLING HIS SEVENTH FIRE.

Almost at the instant that the fellow started Messrs. Powrie and Holmes noticed that the barn was in flames. Putting their horses to the top of their speed they overtook their man before he had gone a great ways, and Mr. Powrie at once jumped into the buggy and arrested him. The fellow showed fight, but with Mr. Holmes' aid he was overpowered and brought to this city, and is now confined in the county jail here. The man gives his name as John Butler, and Deputy Sheriff Morse, of this city, says he answers to the description of an insane man whom he has been on the lookout for some time. He, however, acts perfectly sane in everything, and does not deny the charge of setting all the barns on fire.

It is impossible to state at present writing what the stock loss will be, but it is thought it will be considerably over $5,000, as the barns were all full of grain and farming implements. The farmers are greatly excited, and much talk of lynching the scoundrel is indulged in.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Steps are being taken to test the Scott Act in the counties of Lincoln and Welland.

Levi Dingman was sentenced at Guelph to three years in the Penitentiary for stealing cattle.

John, son of George Lamb, of the township of Glenelg, was instantly killed by a falling tree while driving past it on Saturday last.

It is stated that five new steamships are to be built for the trade between Montreal and Havre.

A convention of the advocates of a National Currency will be held in Toronto on the 6th of December next.

A petition to admit to bail the persons charged with the Donnelly murder is being largely signed in Biddulph.

The North-West Telegraph Company have reduced their rates from Winnipeg to the East at one dollar for ten words.

There is great indignation in Guelph among both Conservatives and Reformers over the appointment of Capt. Prince as successor to Mr. James Massie, as Registrar of South Wellington.

It is reported that Lord Dufferin, now British ambassador at St. Petersburg, will succeed Mr. Goschen as ambassador to Turkey. Mr. Goschen will, it is said, become Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Frauds in connection with the Presidential election are already being unearthed by both Republicans and Democrats. The former are charged with having spent fabulous sums to secure a majority in Indiana, and the latter are credited with having made vigorous efforts to steal several of the ballot boxes in Ohio.

The annual fall fair of the Centre Wellington Agricultural Society was held at Fergus on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. The show of cattle, sheep and pigs was good, but the number of exhibitors not quite so large as in former years. The show of horses was excellent. In grain there were quite a large number of entries, and the samples shown were of good quality. In dairy products Centre Wellington always makes a good show.

From Vienna comes still another story concerning the Czar's marriage, which is to the effect that the Princess Dolgorouki, whom he has wedded, is a younger niece of the Governor-General of Moscow. It is also said that the Czar wishes her children to take rank as Princes of the blood after the Grand Dukes, and that if the Czarewitch consents to this arrangement he will be given the reins of Empire as co-regent, the Czar retiring to Livadia.

We regret to learn that the Thomson & Williams manufacturing Company (limited) of Stratford Ont., with a capital subscribed of $100,000, and $90,000 paid up, have been obliged to seek indulgence at the hands of their creditors. A 40 cents cash compromise or a three years extension is said to be the required remedy.—The estate of Langford & Garrett of same place, sewing machines and shirt factory, is in the hands of the sheriff and will be sold.—*Journal of Commerce.*

At Paisley, on Sunday, during church service, a couple of boys, aged about sixteen and eighteen years, one a son of a very respectable business man in town, entered two shops, stole a suit of clothes out of the first, but were caught in the second by the clerk, who, having missed some goods lately, was watching. A warrant was issued and the boys brought before the magistrates, but as the complainants did not put in an appearance, the boys were discharged. The boys had a number of keys in their possession, with which they opened the doors.

Mr. A. Goodfellow, who farms 44 acres of land at Springville, near Peterborough, can make a show of results which will put to shame many farmers who are pretending to cultivate three times the quantity of land. From his 44 acres he raised this year the following crops:—

	Bushels.	Sold at.	Total.
Fall Wheat	52	$1 15	$ 59.80
Spring "	355 (45 lbs)	1.05	374.90
Oats	300	25	75 00
Barley	515	61	314.15
Potatoes	150	30	45.00
Corn	12	66	7.20
Value of produce sold			$875.95

Being at rate of $20 an acre for the whole farm. This is a very creditable achievement.

"How far is it to Guelph?" said a newly arrived immigant to a well-known citizen of Montreal the other day at the Bonaventure Depot. Seeing that the querist was an intelligent looking farmer, a conversation ensued, from which it was learned that the new-comer was from Scotland, and was about to settle in Canada. To the question "How came you to select Guelph as your dastination?" the reply was, "I was in Liverpool during the last summer, and saw some steers being landed from one of the Canadian steamers. Seeing that they were muckle fine steers, I enquired were they came from, and I learned that they were from Guelph in Canada. Having made up my mind to emigrate, I fixed upon Guelph as my future home, as (with emphasis) the place where those steers grew must be a good place for a farmer to settle in."

A SAD HOME-COMING.—Mrs. Laing, relict of the late Wm. Laing, who together with three sons, was murdered by Indians in Western Nebraska about two years ago, has returned to the city with her daughter, says the Guelph *Herald*. Her return to Guelph impressed her with the sad recollection that when she left for that wild western country twelve years ago she was accompanied by her husband and son, so ruthlessly torn from her side and murdered. The only remaining members of the family besides the mother and daughter who have just arrived here are two daughters, who Mr. Walter Laing brought to Guelph after the tragedy. Mrs. Laing forwarded a claim to the American Government for $35,000, as some compensation for her loss, and some time ago that body had the effrontery to ask if she would accept $1,700 as a settlement, which was refused.

DOMINION Q.C.'S APPOINTED.—Saturday's *Canada Gazette* contains the appointment of a number of Queen's Counsels in the several Provinces recently made, the following being the number in each:—Ontario, 15; Quebec, 24; Nova Scotia, 10; New Brunswick, 3; P. E. Island, 1. The following are the Ontario gentlemen appointed:—Thomas M. Benson, Port Hope; Francis Mackelcan, Hamilton; Wm. R. Meredith, London; James Bethune, Toronto; W. H. Scott, Peterboro'; Martin O'Gara, Ottawa; Thos. Ferguson, Toronto; B. B. Osler, Hamilton; Jas. A. Miller, St. Catherines; John A. Boyd, Toronto; James F. Denniston, Peterboro; George A. Kirkpatrick, Kingston; Alfred Hoskin, Toronto; Richard T. Walkem, Kingston; John O'Donohue, Toronto. Among the Quebec appointees are the Hon. L. O. Loranger, Hon. L. R. Church, Hon. A. R. Angers, D. Girouard, Hon. W. Laurier, Hon. F. Trudel, and in Nova Scotia, Hon. S. H. Holmes and Hon. C. Townsend. The newly made Q. C's will rank after those appointed by either the Provincial or Dominion Governments prior to the 13th of July, 1880.

MORNINGTON.

FIRE.—The barn of Mr. Alex. Reid, 12th concession, was destroyed by fire on Monday night of last week. The season's crop, together with a number of implements, was also consumed. His loss is heavy; partially covered by insurance. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

ELMA.

Elma has the "boss" bridge builder and inspectors. They prevent their labor becoming monotonous by singing "One more river to cross."

Diptheria is quite prevalent in this township at present.

The panorama man is around with the "greatest show on earth." He has it in a small box.—COM.

MITCHELL.

Diptheria is making sad work in the township of Logan. Death has visited many families. In one family three have died. There are a geeat number still afflicted, and more seem to be taking it every day.

The Town Council has resolved on submitting to the ratepayers on November 16th a by-law for $4,000 to build an engine house, and get new pumps for the Water-works. It would be better for the town to have the whole of the Water-works under their own control, but it is doubtful if the majority of the ratepayers will think so.

As some town are agitating for a reduction of representation at their Council Board, it would be well for Mitchell to follow suit, as out of fifteen that rule our town, and tax us two cents on the dollar—and would make it three cents, only the law stops them—not seven do the work. Mayor, Reeve, Deputy-Reeve and four councillors would be sufficient.

STRATFORD.

Gough, the great temperance orator, will lecture in Stratford on Monday night, subject "Circumstances."

The Monckton shooting affray was disposed of at the Assizes by the jury finding the prisoner Reeves "not guilty."

At the Stratford Assizes, in the case of Wilt vs. Ethel, action for damages for the seduction of plaintiff's daughter, the jury awarded the plaintiff $350 damages.

Jno. Rumford, charged with forgery, and against whom there was also an indictment for breaking gaol, was sentenced at the Assize Court to six years in the penitentiary.

THE KINKORA PARACIDE.—The Kinkora murder case, which occupied the attention of the Assize Court on Thursday of last week, resulted in the jury after a deliberation of about 10 minutes, returning a verdict of "not guilty." The prisoner Keelan was therefore discharged.

Robert Love, an old man about fifty-five years of age, attempted to commit suicide one day last week, in the G. T. R. yard, by laying down on the rail in front of an engine in motion. He was noticed by the fireman in time to pull him off the track, and he escaped with a bruised arm.

THE PRINTING PRESS.

How wisely events follow each other in proper order! Just at the time when the mind of Europe was waking from a thousand years' lethargy and when means were required to spread abroad the results of the inquiries which the learned were making in all branches of science, Caxton gave the world the Printing Press. By its instrumentality the discoveries and inventions of one land have become the property of the entire globe, and the advancement of science has been greatly promoted. No man of the present age has more fully comprehended this truth than Holloway. The same intellect that led him to the studies which resulted in the production of his celebrated Pills and Ointment saw at once the immense advantage, to the world as well as to himself, which might be drawn from this source. He laid his discoveries before the world, sowing his seed broadcast, wherever a written language is read, and modestly awaited the result. His confident statement of these led men to try his remedies: their intrinsic excellence when once tried established them firmly in the confidence of the public of both hemispheres, and Professor Holloway stands now, in the estimation of the people, as the most powerful opponent of all disease. For disorders of the liver and stomach, the Pills are claimed to be a swift and sure specific, and the claim is verified by an overwhelming mass of testimony. Now we all know how entirely the bodily health depends upon the condition of these two important organs. If the digestion is impaired, the bowels disordered, and the liver torpid or complaining, the whole frame suffers; the strength declines, the spirits droop, the complexion becomes cadaverous, the flesh wasted, listlessness and despair take the places of energy and hopefulness, the sick man becomes as dead to the great objects and pursuits of life as if he were entombed in advance. But if his stomach be set right, as it were, this powerful remedy lifts him as if by magic—a few timely doses of the Pills brings back digestion, appetite, and physical energy. These statements are too plain, and too easily contradicted if untrue, to admit of the slightest doubt. On the contrary, we know them to be nothing but the literal fact. They are not founded merely upon common report, but upon the testimony of parties occupying high positions in society—men of unblemished reputation and matured judgement—that likewise is confirmed by circumstances within our own immediate knowledge.—*Iverach Telegram.*

The office of Collector of Customs at Walkerton, to which Mr. M. McNamara, of that town, has just been appointed, is worth about $200 per annum.

The Fountain of Life is the blood. Keep the fountain pure and all the tributaries of health are in good condition. **Burdock Blood Bitters** will cleanse the blood from all impurities, expelling Scrofula and all humors, tones up the debilitated system, regulating the proper secretion of gastric juice, and regulate the action of the liver, promoting in that organ a copious supply of pure, wholesome bile, so necessary for digestion; they also remove all distention and obstruction, and from their harmless composition, are peculiarly well adapted for delicate persons and young children; while casting out impurities, these excellent Pills strengthen the system and give muscular tone.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

DAIRY MARKETS.

London, Oct. 18.—The following factories boarded their cheese at the market held here on Saturday last:—Belmore and Beaver, 1,290; Union Hill, 890; Cyman, 700; Yarmouth Centre, 100; Watford Union, 575; Brynnston, 980; Napier, 980—7,885. Sales were made of 1,200 boxes at 13c., and 700 at 12½c., both being for September and balance of the season. Total sales, 1,900 boxes; Liverpool cable, 67s.

Utica, N. Y., Oct. 18.—There were 10,800 boxes sold to-day at a range of 12½c to 12¾c; ruling price 12½c; 4,000 boxes commissioned.

Little Falls, N. Y., Oct. 18.—The market active; sales of 9,000 boxes factory cheese at 12½c to 13½c, ruling prices; 700 boxes of farm dairy cheese sold at 12c to 12½c. 375 packages of butter sold at 24c to 27c.

Ingersoll, Oct. 19.—Thirteen factories registered 11,100 boxes of September and the balance of the season's make. The heavy frosts of the last two days, the thermometer registering 26 degrees last night, will naturally lessen the quantity of make. Buyers do not feel warranted in paying 13½c. for September and balance, which prize holders are asking. Since last market day one factory sold September and October make at 13c. Cable today, 67s.

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

October 21, 1880.

Wheat, fall, per bush	0 98 to	1 03
Spring Wheat, "	1 00	1 00
Barley, "	0 50	0 55
Peas, "	0 58	0 60
Oats "	0 26	0 27
Flour per brrl.,	5 00	
Oatmeal, "	2 75	3 00
Cornmeal, "	1 75	2 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 17	0 18
Eggs, per dozen,	0 0	0 15
Potatoes, per bag,	0 40	0 45
Hay, per ton,	7 00	8 00
Wood, long,	2 25	2 50
Wool, short,	1 00	1 25
Hides, per cwt.,	8 00	9 00
Wool, per lb,	0 00	0 00

TORONTO.

PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS

October 21, 1880.

Wheat, fall, per bush	1 03 to	1 08
Wheat, spring, "	1 00	1 10
Barley, "	0 58	0 73
Peas, "	0 60	0 68
Oats, "	0 32	0 34
Rye, "	0 00	0 00
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.,	8 50	7 50
Beef, hind q., "	0 00	0 00
Mutton, by carcase "	0 00	00 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 21	0 24
Butter, large rolls,	0 00	0 00
Butter, tub, dairy,	0 20	0 21
Eggs, fresh, per dozen,	0 13	0 20
Potatoes, per bbl,	0 45	0 50
Hay, per ton,	8 50	12 00
Wool,	0 00	0 00

STRATFORD.

October 21, 1880.

Wheat, fall, per bush	$1 00 to	1 03
Wheat, spring, "	1 03	1 05
Barley, "	0 40	0 50
Oats, "	0 27	0 28
Peas, "	0 60	0 62
Flour, per brl	5 00	5 50
Potatoes, per bag,	0 45	0 50
Butter, lb. rolls,	0 17	0 20
Eggs, per dozen,	0 17	0 20
Hides, per cwt.,	8 00	8 00
Hay, per ton,	7 00	8 00
Wood, per cord.,	2 75	3 00
Wool per lb.,	0 00	0 00

PALMERSTON.

October 21, 1880.

Fall Wheat, per bush	$0 90	1 00
Spring Wheat, "	0 90	1 00
Flour, per cwt.	2 35	2 50
Barley, per bush.	0 45	0 63
Peas, "	0 50	0 58
Oats, "	0 30	0 35
Hay, per ton,	6 00	7 00
Potatoes, per bag,	0 30	0 45
Butter, per lb.	0 19	0 21
Eggs, per doz.	0 12	0 15
Pork, per cwt.	6 00	7 00
Cordwood, per cord,	2 00	2 25
Wool, per lb.,	0 20	0 28

GUELPH.

October 21, 1880.

White wheat	$ 0 90 to	1 00
Treadwell	0 90 to	1 00
Spring wheat (Glasgow)	0 95 to	1 08
Red chaff	0 50 to	0 65
Oats	0 28 to	0 30
Peas	0 50 to	0 65
Barley	0 55 to	0 62
Eggs, per dozen	0 15 to	0 16
Butter, dairy packed	0 16 to	0 22
Butter, rolls	0 18 to	0 21
Potatoes, per bag	0 40 to	0 45
Wood, per load	3 00 to	4 00
Hay, per ton	6 00 to	8 00
Wool, per lb	0 27 to	0 28

Mr. T. W. Handford's lecturing tour throughout the States and Canada has fallen through, Mr. Pitou having decided that to take him in hand would be a risky venture.

Ladies, would you be beautiful have a clean complexion free from blotches, pimples and other skin diseases arising from impure blood; would you restore the bloom of health to the pallid cheek, the brilliant sparkle to the eye, and elasticity to the step, take **Burdock Blood Bitters,** the greatest purifier, vitalizer, and tonic. A sure cure for all forms of female complaints, weakness and irregularities. One dollar per bottle. Sold by all druggists. T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto.

A pretty solid bond having been prepared for the Ross Manufacturing Company, who were asking a bonus of $5,000 from the town of Walkerton, the company declined to sign it and the by-law has been withdrawn.

The worst General in the battle field of life is general debility, which the vital forces often fail to conquer. **Burdock Blood Bitters** are ever victorious against all attacks of chronic disease, they regulate the bowels, act upon the kidneys, liver, and all the secretions, tone up the debilitated system, strengthen the nerves, purify the blood and restore lost vitality. One dollar per bottle. All dealers in medicines can supply you.—T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, General Agents.

An Irish landlord named Hutchins was shot at by a party of men in Cork county, Ireland, on Saturday, in broad daylight. He escaped, but his driver was shot. Parnell, at a meeting on Sunday, insisted on the Irish people organizing and continuing the agitation. A meeting of the Orangemen was held to protest against Parnell's agitation.

Astonishing the World.

For a perfect renovation of exhausted and enfeebled constitutions, female weakness and general decline, nothing so surely and speedily produces a permanent cure as does Electric Bitters. Their wonderful cures are astonishing the world. For Kidney and Urinary Complaints they are a perfect specific. Do not give up in dispair, for Electric Bitters will positively cure, and that where everything else fails. Sold by J. H. Michener, at forty cents a bottle.

A special cable dispatch to the Mail states that Trickett has gone to the Isle of Wight. He did an astonishing fast trial the other morning, and has improved a little in the betting. Hanlan is now in splendid condition and working hard. He is confident, but still considers he has all his work cut out to win.

Now that the travelling season is at hand, no traveller is safe without a bottle of **Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry,** to counteract the bad effects of change of climate, water and diet; fruitful sources of bowel complaints. Wild Strawberry is a specific for sea sickness, nausea, vomiting, colic, cholera morbus, diarrhœa and dysentery. Contains no opiates, is pleasant to the taste, and certain in its effects. 37¼ cents per bottle. Ask your druggist for it.

A despatch to the New York *World* states that the Princess Louise has returned from the Continent and will shortly return to Canada. The same authority states that there is a prospect of the Duke of Argyle paying a visit to Canada for the purpose of ascertaining how much the Canadians desire annexation to the United States.

Nature's Own Remedy, for the prompt, perfect, and speedy cure of cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all bowel complaints in adults, and that terrible scourge, cholera infantum in children, which annually destroys many pets of the household. Nature's cure for these devastating maladies is that ever popular medicine, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, pleasant to administer, safe to take, and ever reliable. Sold by all druggists and dealers at 37¼ cents per bottle.

Free of Cost.

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis and Hay Fever is in trial bottles *free of cost* to the afflicted. If you have a severe cough, cold, difficulty of breathing, hoarseness or 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 to offer it if we did not give this remedy

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, OCTOBER 22, 1880.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THE new lamp posts for the town are being placed in position.

Ready-made Clothing—Suits from $8.00 upwards, at Roy & McDonald's.

A large gang of men are at work digging trenches for the gas mains.

THE Howick township Council is not inclined to submit a by-law to grant further aid to the T. G. & B. Ry.

LISTOWEL'S "Minister of Public Works" has a gang of men employed this week scraping the streets—a very necessary job.

MR. BAGSHAW, a student from Toronto University, has been engaged to fill the position of assistant teacher in the High School *pro tem*.

Roy & McDonald's new Fall and Winter goods have been arriving daily. Their stock is tasty, well selected and fashionable, and prices to suit everybody.

PHOTOS.—Mr. W. Black has opened a new photograph gallery in town. He guarantees good work at low prices. Read his announcement in another column.

MR. ROLLS is having his weigh scales removed from the Albion hotel to the Grand Central. They are being set up on Mill street, adjoining the hotel property.

KILLED.—Mrs. Wm. Doupe, of Blanshard, was instantly killed by being thrown from a buggy while driving home from a Sunday School tea-meeting on Monday night last.

MR. LEWIS BOLTON, P. L. S., has returned from Lake Nipissing region, where he has been in the employ of the Ontario Government during the past few weeks as inspector of surveys.

$1.00 will buy 30 rolls good wall paper at Brisbin's.

THE *St. Mary's Journal*, semi-weekly, has been enlarged. The *Journal* displays commendable enterprise, and is evidently determined to keep abreast of the times. May it go on and prosper.

BUSINESS circulars got up in first-class style at the STANDARD office.

THE missionary services, conducted by the Rev. Chas. Lavell, of Palmerston, in the C. M. Church on Sunday, were well attended. The annual missionery meeting was held in the church on the following evening.

See Brisbin's immense stock of new goods—cheap for cash.

SPECIAL SERVICES.—Special services will commence on Sabbath next in the M. E. Church. Rev. E. G. W. Hall will preach morning and evening on Sabbath, and every evening next week. Mr. Hall comes highly recommended, and we trust that good results will crown his labors here.

Bargains in wall papers at Brisbin's—selling balance of stock at half price.

THE attention of the Town Council is directed to the extremely dangerous condition of the sidewalk over the creek at the woolen mills. If something is not speedily done to improve that dilapidated structure, the town may have some broken limbs or necks to pay for one of these days.

Groceries, pure and fresh, and prices low, at Roy & McDonald's.

GERMAN EVENING CLASS.—Mr. Johann B. Dankel's evening classes for instruction in German will be held on Monday and Thursday evenings, from eight to ten o'clock, in the hall of the German singing society, Wallace street. Those who wish to acquire a knowledge of the German language should avail themselves of this opportunity.

Note, and all descriptions of writing papers, envelopes, wrapping paper, paper bags and twine, sold at bottom prices at Dr. Michener's Book and Drug Store.—33.

ST. JOSEPH ISLAND.—THE FIRST REAPER.—The past season marks an era in the history of the march of civilization in this island by the introduction of the first reaper on the island, the Listowel foundry having the honour of supplying the article. The machine has proved entirely satisfactory in its working, and is likely to be the means of bringing more business from this quarter.

AUCTION sale bills printed neatly, cheaply and on short notice at this office. Parties favoring us with their orders will receive a free notice of sale in the STANDARD.

GOUGH.—The world renowned John B. Gough will lecture in the Town Hall, Stratford, on Monday evening next, Oct. 25th, at 8 o'clock. Subject:—"Circumstances." Tickets 50c. This may be his last appearance before the Canadian public, and those anxious to hear him should not miss this extremely favorable opportunity. The Stratford and Huron Railway will carry passengers to Stratford and return the same night at the close of lecture. Tickets for round trip, including ticket of admission to lecture, only $1,25. Proceeds for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A., London. Be sure and go.—39.

A FACT.—Dr. Michener sells School Books as cheap as the cheapest—will not be undersold. A large stock of High and Public School text books and all school supplies on hand, and orders promptly filled.—33.

PLOWING MATCH.—A meeting of the Elma & Wallace Agricultural Society was held on Saturday last to consider the advisability of uniting with the Elma Plowmen's Association for a plowing match. Messrs. W. Lochhead and Jas. Dickson were present from Elma, and addressed the meeting in favor of union. The meeting unanimously resolved upon uniting for the purpose, and a committee was appointed to arrange for a match to be held on Peter Lillico's farm, adjoining the town, on Tuesday 2nd November. There will be three classes for men and a like number for boys.

Any quantity of Machine Belting in stock at S. Bricker & Co's. Parties in need will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.—28.

CHRIST CHURCH RE-OPENING.—This Church will (D. V.) be opened for Divine Service on Sunday next, 24th, as follows: 11 a. m., Morning Prayers, Ante-Communion and Sermon; 2.30 p. m., Evening Prayers and Sermon. The Very Reverend Michael Boomer, M. A., L. L. D., Divinity Professor, Huron College, and the Reverend E. E. Newman of London, are expected to be the preachers. Rev. Mr. Newman, we believe, was the first Missionary of the Church of England in this district, and no doubt many of the old settlers will be pleased to see him. The offertory after each sermon will be devoted to the necessary expenses.

HOSIERY.—Women's, Misses' and Pretty Children's Hosiery. A nice lot of new goods in this line. Come and see them, at JOHN RIGGS, successor to Roy & Riggs.—11.

ACCIDENT ON THE G. W. R.—An accident of a rather serious nature occurred on Tuesday morning near Drayton. As the express from the north was approaching the station several cows were observed on the track, but not in time to prevent the engine from striking one of them. In the concussion the pilot was so bent or broken that it caused the engine to leave the track. The locomotive ran a few rods after it left the rails and then fell into the ditch. Fortunately the passenger car remained on the track. The engineer and fireman stuck to their posts and went over with the engine. The fireman was slightly injured. The accident caused several hours delay of the train. Another locomotive had to be procured.

Tweeds! Tweeds!—A large stock of Fall and Winter Tweeds and Worsteds to choose from. Suits made to order, fit guaranteed, and very cheap, at Roy & McDonald's.

WINTRY.—The first snow of the season fell here on Sunday last. During that and the following day a considerable quantity of the "fleecy" came down, which gave the face of nature a decidedly wintry aspect while it remained. The milder weather which supervened, however, soon dissolved the snow into water, and this in turn has dissolved the roads hereabouts into their original element—mud, so that at present the highways present anything but an inviting appearance for travelling on. There are some indications of an Indian summer, which will be particularly welcome to the farmers, who require considerable open weather yet in order to house their root crops and finish their fall plowing.

Machine Oil.—A large quantity on hand, and selling at bottom prices, at S. Bricker & Co's hardware emporium.—28.

Misses' and Children's Genuine French kid button boots, very best quality, at JOHN RIGGS, successor to Roy & Riggs.

OFF TRACK.—On Tuesday afternoon an engine and tender were thrown off the track at the Listowel G. W. R. depot. The engine and tender belonged to No. 37, special, which had just arrived in the yard. In backing down one of the sidings, the tender struck the stop block and was thrown off the track. The driver succeeded in stopping the engine in time to save it from also leaving the track, although it was on the verge of doing so in consequence of the rails having been spread by the force of the tender. An auxiliary train, with a number of hands, was sent from Palmerston, and after working all night, the tender was got on the track. It was considerably damaged. Railway accidents are something unusual in this vicinity, this having been the first one of any consequence that has ever occurred here.

Buy your school books at Brisbin's, second books only 15 cents, third books 25 cents, and all others equally low.

OWNER FOUND.—Mr. Lillico has succeeded in finding an owner for the horse and covered buggy mysteriously left on his premises one night last week. The owner turns out to be a livery man in Dunville, Mr. Norman Root. He had hired his vehicle to a stranger, who was accompanied by a woman and child, to drive to a neighboring village. As neither the parties nor the rig returned, he instituted a search, but without success, and was giving up his rig as lost when he received a telegram from Mr. Lillico, in answer to an advertisement, informing him that his rig was in Listowel. Mr. Root came up on Tuesday to recover his property. He has no idea who the rascally parties were who drove his rig such a distance and then deserted it. While here Mr. Root sold the rig to Messrs. Woods.

Chalk Crayons a specialty, at Dr. Michener's. Schools supplied in quantities at lower prices than ever before sold.—33.

FORESTRY.—Rev. G. G. McRobbie, of Tilsonburg, Worthy High Chief Ranger of the Canadian Order of Foresters, paid a visit to Court Royal Oak, Listowel, on Tuesday evening last. He arrived by the 9 p. m. train and was met at the station by several members of the Order, who escorted him to the Court room, where others were awaiting his arrival. H. C. R. McRobbie addressed the court in a friendly and sociable manner, imparting in the course of his remarks considerable information respecting the Order. He instanced a number of cases which had already come under his notice where the families of deceased members had been greatly benefitted through their connection with the order; he also spoke encouragingly of what the order might hope to attain in the future. Rev. McRobbie is thoroughly in earnest in his work, and is evidently the right man in the right place.

Boots and Shoes.—A large stock of Boots and Shoes, in every line; prices low. Call and see stock. Roy & McDonald.

SKATING RINK.—The meeting on Monday evening to discuss the advisability of erecting a rink for skating and curling, was not very largely attended; however, those who were present appeared to be favorably disposed towards such an undertaking. A proposition was made to the meeting by Mr. W. G. Hay, which was in effect that he would erect a suitable rink, provided that a sufficient number of season tickets were taken to warrant him in making the necessary outlay. This was approved of by the meeting, and we understand that a canvass will be made to ascertain the number of tickets that can be disposed of. Mr. Hay proposes to erect a covered rink, the building to be commodious and well arranged for the purpose, and to be lighted with gas. The lot which he has selected for its location is on Main street opposite his residence, known as the McIlwraith property.

Cheap Stores.—S. Bricker & Co. are running off their present stock of cooking, hall and parlor stoves at wholesale prices, in order to make room for their fall purchases. Great bargains given. Call early.—28.

ENTERTAINMENT.—A good audience was in attendance at the entertainment given in Bricker's hall on Friday evening last, under the auspices of the M. E. Church. The programme presented quite an array of talent, of which the western burg of Bothwell contributed a large proportion. The boy choristers did very well for youths of their age; their renditions were entertaining, and the hearty applause which they received indicated that they pleased the audience. Miss Dell Smith, whose musical talent is well known here, was unfortunately suffering from a severe cold; she, however, sang one or two selections very sweetly, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which she was laboring. The recitations given by Miss Tallman, of Bothwell, were one of the best features of the entertainment. This young lady has an excellent voice for reading, and renders her pieces with considerable dramatic expression. Miss Wilson and Miss Bell, Rev. W. F. Clarke, and Messrs. B. Rothwell and D. B. Dingman, also took part in the programme. The duties of chairman were ably performed by Mr. T. G. Fennell.

Ladies' Fall and Winter Mantles—A large and well assorted stock, which will be sold at a small advance on cost—all new goods, at Roy & McDonald's.

THE NOVEMBER *Atlantic* opens with five chapters of a new serial story, "The Portrait of a Lady," by Henry James, jr. Mr. James is one of the foremost of living novelists, and his new story will no doubt be followed with eager attention by a multitude of readers. Col. T. W. Higginson writes "A Search for the Pleiades," a charming out door essay on New Hampshire mountain scenery, birds, and animals. The third paper on the "Intimate Life of a Noble German Family" is no less interesting than previous papers. Miss Phelps discusses the puzzling question "What is a Fact?" Geo. P. Lanthrop describes the Concord School of Philosophy in a paper entitled "Philosophy and Apples." Prof. Shaler of Harvard treats "The Future of Weather Foretelling." Rev. S. J. Barrows has interesting articles on "The Silk Industry in America." Richard Grant White seems to conclude his English papers with one made up of "Letters and Notes from England." "The Washington Reminiscences," this time relate to the close of the Tyler administration. Miss H. W. Preston furnishes a translation of "Storms in Autumn" from the Georgics of Virgil. T. B. Aldrich contributes "The Jew's Gift," a striking poem, and there are also poems by E. H. Clement and Anna Head. There is, apropos of "The Stillwater Tragedy," a careful and hearty tribute to "Mr. Aldrich's Fiction;" and many other new books are reviewed in the excellent style for which the *Atlantic's* criticisms are noted. A variety of topics is treated entertainingly in "The Contributors' Club," which closes a good number of this sterling magazine.

Misses' and Children's Genuine French kid button boots, very nice, but a little expensive, at JOHN RIGGS, successor to Roy & Riggs.—11.

SAD.—Last week we had occasion to state that Mr. A. T. Day, assistant teacher of the Listowel High School, was confined to his house with fever. It is our painful duty this week to chronicle his death, which occurred on Tuesday morning last. The circumstances attending Mr. Day's death are extremely sad, and the community has been moved to unusual sympathy on this account. The deceased had removed here less than two months ago to assume the position of assistant teacher in the High School. We understand that shortly before he came here he had had an attack of congestion of the lungs, from the effects of which he had not fully recovered at the time of his removal, consequently he assumed his new position under physical disadvantages. His health did not improve while he was engaged in teaching here, and about two weeks ago he was seized with a fever, followed by inflammation, which proved too much for his overtaxed constituion. Mr. Day was formerly a resident of Eramosa township, where for several years past he had taught successfully a public school. During his short sojournment here he had given excellent satisfaction, and had won the respect of all the pupils, who feel deeply the loss which they have sustained by his death. He leaves a wife and two little ones. Mrs. Day, we regret to state, is in poor health at present, and much sympathy is felt for her in the severe trial which she has been called upon to bear. The deceased's parents, who reside in Eramosa, were in attendance during the last hours of their son's illness. The remains were interred in the Listowel cemetery on Tuesday afternoon, the members of the Listowel High School Board, as a mark of their respect for the departed, acting as pall-bearers while the last sad rites were being performed. On Tuesday evening a special meeting of the High School Board was held, when the following resolution of condolence and sympathy was adopted: Moved by W. McKinney, seconded by R. Ferguson, and resolved, that we, the members of the High School Board, desire to express our deepest sorrow for the great loss the school has sustained in the very sudden and unexpected death of A. T. Day, the assistant teacher, and our high appreciation of his value as a scholar and citizen; and that we desire to convey to the family and friends of the deceased our sympathy in their great affliction.

MERCHANTS and others requiring printed account heads will do well to leave their orders at the STANDARD office, as we are prepared to do work both neat and cheap.

HOSIERY.—Women's, Misses' and Pretty Children's Hosiery. A nice lot of new goods in this line. Come and see them, at JOHN RIGGS, successor to Roy & Riggs.—11.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS.—The undersigned would remind his customers that settlement of all job work and running accounts are expected up to first of Oct., of which they will please make a note and be guided accordingly. A. McILWRAITH, Listowel Foundry.—37c.

ANOTHER "LIVE" DRUGGIST.—Mr. Hacking wishes us to state that he has been supplying his customers during the past two years with King's Discovery and Golden Compound, and that he is selling the Electric Bitters at 40 cents per bottle. He asks us also to state that he has full lines of all the new remedies, at the lowest prices.—33.

Dr. Michener's book and drug store is the place to procure Wall Papers—sole agent in town for English Wall Papers, which are over 3 inches wider than the American Wall Papers, being *a saving of one roll in every eight*. Not "at and below cost," but cheaper than any other dealer in the town or county. Call and you will be convinced that you can get better value for your money than elsewhere.—33.

SALE REGISTER.

Saturday, Oct. 23—Chancery sale of farm in Maryborough. See advertisement in another column.

Thursday, Oct. 28, sale for George Armstrong, lot 4, 1st con., Maryborough; farm stock and implements. Geo. Mellis, Auctioneer.

Wednesday, Nov. 10th, sale for Reuben Armstrong, lot 17, 1st con. Maryborough; valuable farm stock, implements, grain, etc. Geo. Mellis, Auctioneer.

BIRTHS.

NORRIS—In Listowel, on the 15th inst., the wife of Rev. H. Norris, of a son.

SHOTZ—In Wallace, on the 15th inst., the wife of Mr. Shotz, of a daughter.

KELLY—In Tyrone, on the 16th inst., the wife of Mr. Kelly of a daughter.

McLEOD—In Listowel, on the 15th inst., the wife of Mr McLeod, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

DAY—In Listowel, on the 19th inst., Alfred T. Day, aged 32 years and 9 months.

AYERS—At Newry, on the 20th inst., John Ayers, aged 67 years, and 7 months.

GILBERT—In Millbank, on Oct. 15th, Mrs. E. B. Gilbert, formerly of Toronto.

COSGROVE—In Palmerston, on 16th inst., Thos. Cosgrove, aged 81 years.

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.

THE

LISTOWEL STANDARD

is published every Friday morning by

A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS,

Office,—entrance next door to Scott's Bank, Wallace St., Listowel.

Subscription $1.50 per annum in advance; $2.00 if not so paid.

ADVERTISING.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of 8 cts. per line first insertion, 2 cts. each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount will be allowed on contract advertisements for an extended period. Business notices inserted as reading matter at the rate of 10 cts. per line first insertion, 5 cts. each subsequent insertion. All advertisements and notices measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil—12 lines to the inch, and charged accordingly. Casual advertisements and notices, cash; contract accounts rendered quarterly.

JOB PRINTING.

Having purchased one of the latest Improved NEW YORK GORDONS—*the best Jobbing Press manufactured*—and an entirely new outfit of Printing material, we are in a position to execute all descriptions of Job Work, from the finest Visiting Card to the largest Poster, in a manner unsurpassed in Western Canada, and at very moderate prices.

LOCAL NEWS.—We shall be glad at all times, to receive items of Local News, accidents or any incident which may be interesting, either in the locality in which it occurs, or in the county generally. Matter of this kind may be sent as "Printer's Copy," at the rate of one cent per ounce, if so marked and not sealed.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

(SOUTHERN EXTENSION OF W. G. & B. RY.

Trains leave Listowel Station daily as under

For Kincardine and intermediate points—Mixed, 8.30 a.m.; Express 2.23 p. m.; Express 8.24 p.m.

For Palmerston—Express at 6.39 a. m.; Express 1.27 p.m.; Mixed, 9.15 p.m

PORT DOVER AND STRATFORD & HURON RAILWAY.

GOING SOUTH.	No 1 a.m.	No 5 a.m	No 3 p.m.
Leave Listowel at	6.00	8.35	12.45
" Milverton	6.33	9.55	1.30
" Stratford	7.12	11.03	2.20
" Woodstock	8.21	1.20	4.40
" Norwich	9.12	3.45	5.28
" C. S. Crossing	9.39	5.01	5.57
" Simcoe	10.35	5.54	6.28
Arrive at Port Dover	11.05	6.45	7.00

No. 5 runs only on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

GOING NORTH.	No 2 a.m	No 4 a.m	No 6 p.m.
Leave Port Dover at	6.15	2.15	7.50
" Simcoe	6.45	3.00	8.50
" C. S. Crossing	7.14	3.40	10.05
" Norwich	7.41	4.30	11.16
" Woodstock	8.21	5.13	12.10
" Stratford	9.40	7.45	3.50
" Milverton	10.25	8.23	5.10
Arrive at Listowel	11.05	9.00	6.15

Train No. 6 runs on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

FRIEND W. BLACK,

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

PHOTO GALLERY

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

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

AMBROTYPES.

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

Four Large Ambrotypes for 50 CENTS.

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

All work guaranted first-class or no charge.

W. BLACK.
Photographer.

39.

STRAYED OR STOLEN!

From the premises of the undersigned, lot 28, con. 12, Elma, since the 19th Sept., a fox-colored mare, having two white hind feet and one white fore foot; scar on right hip. Any one returning said animal or giving such information as will lead to her recovery, will be suitably rewarded.

FREDERICK SELHOFF.

Donegal, Oct. 6, 1880. 37c.

HORSE ASTRAY.

Came into the premises of the subscriber, lot 35, 4th con. Elma, in the latter part of September, a small brown mare, having two white hind feet. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and remove the animal.

WM. ALEXANDER.

Hammond, Oct. 7, 1880.

LIVERY, HACK & BUS BUSINESS.

R. & W. WOODS,

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

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

They will also run

A BUS AND HACK,

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

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

GROCERIES

Cheaper than Ever.

HAVING concluded to do a cash business, or as near cash as possible, I will offer you SUGARS at the following very low prices:

11 lbs. Raw Sugar	for	$1 00
10 lbs. " "	for	1 00
10 lbs. Light Refined Sugar	for	1 00
8½ lbs. Granulated Sugar	for	1 00
3 lbs. Raisins	for	25
3 lbs. Currants (new)	for	25
3 lbs. Soda Biscuits	for	25
6 Bars Soap	for	25
Dried Apples, No. 1, per bush	for	1 85
" " No. 2, " "	for	1 75
Apples, per barrel	for	2 25

TEAS at Old PRICES.

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE,

Large Stock at Lowest Prices.

J. J. MOORE,

WALLACE STREET, LISTOWEL.

MORTGAGE SALE

—OF—

Valuable Freehold Property!

To be sold by Public Auction, in pursuance of the Power of Sale contained in a Mortgage from James Hinks to the Vendors, which will be produced at the sale in one parcel, on

Saturday, 23rd October, 1880,

at 12 of the clock, noon, by D. D. CAMPBELL, Esq., Auctioneer, at the

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

—IN THE—

TOWN of LISTOWEL,

the following real estate:

being composed of town lot No. 13 on the east side of Victoria street, in Binning's survey of farm lot No. 26, formerly in the 1st concession of the township of Wallace, and within the limits of the said town of Listowel, containing by admeasurement one quarter of an acre. There is erected on the above mentioned premises a Brick Dwelling House 24x41, two stories high. The Vendors reserve to themselves the right of one bidding.

Terms of payment very liberal. A deposit of ten per cent. of the purchase money must be paid at the time of sale, when easy terms for the balance will be arranged.

For further particulars, and conditions of sale, apply to Messrs. Fennell & Dingman, Barristers, Listowel, and the Auctioneer, or to

EWART, DAVIDSON & CAMPBELL,
Toronto, Vendors' Solicitors.

Dated Oct. 1st, 1880. 37c.

IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.

DONALD BROWN

Having purchased the entire stock of the

Mammoth China Hall & Grocery,

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

A GREAT BARGAIN!

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

GROCERIES,

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, &C.,

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

Don't Forget the Stand and Call Early.

Goods delivered to all parts of the town.

The highest price paid for Farm Produce.

DONALD BROWN.

Listowel, Aug. 1880. 30.

LILLICO'S BANKING HOUSE

Corner Main and Wellington St's.,

DRAYTON, ONT.

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

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

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

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

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

Farmers requiring advances are invited to call.

REFERENCES—Merchants Bank of Canada, Stratford.

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

C. H. SMITH, Manager. P. LILLICO, Proprietor.

3-15

TORONTO TEA STORE!

—:o:—

D. W. PALMER,

—DEALER IN—

Groceries, Wines & Liquors,

Crockery, Glassware, Flour and Feed, &c.

—:o:—

Now is the time for

BARGAINS IN SUGARS!

As we are offering special inducements while the preserving season lasts. Try our **50 Cent TEA, splendid value.** Farmers and others doing their trading in Listowel will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Goods delivered to any part of the town.

N. B.—Butter and Eggs wanted. Highest CASH price will be paid for No. 1 Butter.

D. W. PALMER.

Listowel, August, 1880. 31.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE! ON *MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS.*

Terms to suit buyers.

10 GEORGE DRAPER.

UNION FLOURING MILLS, LISTOWEL.

A. MOYER & CO.

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

CUSTOM WORK,

on short notice, and to the best satisfaction

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

All Kinds of Chopped Feed Sold.

A. MOYER & CO.

Inkerman Street, Listowel. 16c.

WILLIAM LITTLE,

Successor to LITTLE BROS., & Co.,

WALLACE STREET LISTOWEL,

MANUFACTURER OF

First-Class Carriages, Wagons

made from the best material, sold

On Most Reasonable Terms.

ALSO

HORSE-SHOEING & REPAIRING

Promptly Attended To.

Listowel, 1880. 17.

GEORGE ZILLIAX,

GROCER & GRAIN MERCHANT,

Wallace Street, Listowel,

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

Groceries Crockery, &c.,

which he is selling at bottom prices.

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

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

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

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

Land Salt & Shingles For Sale.

Blacksmith's Coal Always on Hand.

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

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

TRUTHS.

Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters ever made.

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

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

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

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

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

Try Hop Cough Cure and Pain Relief.

For sale by all druggists.

SELLING OFF!

C. J. GUNDRY,

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

WHOLESALE PRICES FOR CASH!

Call early and secure some of the bargains in

Electro-Plated Ware,

all of which will be sold without reserve at

Manufacturers' Wholesale Prices.

Jewellery of all kinds also to be sold very cheap!

Shirt Studs at Half Price.

Cuff Buttons at Half Price.

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

Call and see for yourself and get a bargain.

C. J. GUNDRY,

Main Street Listowel. 38.

MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS, terms easy, better than any Company.

SMITH & GEARING.

16. Barristers, Listowel.

FARM FOR SALE.

The North-east 50 acres in the 7th con. of Wallace. The land is in a good state of cultivation; all cleared but 8 acres, and fit for a reaper to run on it. A good frame barn 36x52; frame house 18x26, well finished; barn and house new; good well and pump at door, and a never failing spring creek on the place. Terms, $700 down; the balance can run for a term of years at 7 per cent. Also 60 acres will be rented along with the 50 for a term of ten years. The land is first-class; within 3 miles of the town of Palmerston. For particulars apply to the proprietor,

JAMES LITTLE,
Rothsay, Ont.

13.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE!

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

BOOTS & SHOES,

—FOR—

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN!

and will sell as cheap as any house in town.

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

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

KARGES BROS.

Listowel, Sept. 3rd, 1880. 33.

GEORGE ADAM

Importer and Dealer in

Tinware and Stoves,

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

AT LOWEST FIGURES.

WANTED!

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

ADAM'S HARDWARE,

Opposite Hess Bros. Factory, Main Street.

LISTOWEL.

Listowel, 1880. 49.

R. MARTIN,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT.

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

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

R. MARTIN.

East half lot number 3, in the fourth con. Elma, containing 50 acres, frame barn, 50x34; stable frame, 20x30; frame house well furnished, 18x24, kitchen frame, 14x18; all nearly new, with 46 acres cleared and free of stumps, good soil; ½ acre of orchard. Will be sold cheap. Apply to ROBERT ROSE on the premises, or to

R. MARTIN.

$1,700 will purchase 100 acres in Wallace, 3½ miles from Listowel, 30 acres cleared, balance mostly hardwood. Terms, $500 cash, balance in 4 years at 8 per cent. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

$3,400 Will purchase lot 28, in the 8th con. of the Township of Elma in County of Perth—containing 100 acres. $1,500 cash, balance on time for 3 years at 8 per cent. 75 acres cleared with a bank barn and stone stable, inside 56x36; frame barn 26x36; dwelling house with good frame kitchen. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS to Lend, in sums from $200 to $2,000 at 7 per cent. Interest payable yearly, with the privilege given to the borrower of paying off the whole loan or any part, at any time. On such payments of Principal, Interest shall cease. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

INSURANCE.

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

Apply to R. MARTIN

Office on Main St.,

LISTOWEL,

Opposite the Grand Central Hotel. 51

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY.

CURES DIARRHŒA AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.

Mrs. FREEMAN'S WORM POWDER is a safe, sure and effectual destroyer of worm in children or adults. Price 25 cents, or 5 for $1.00.

Mrs. FREEMANS NEW DOMESTIC DYES are perfect in every color. For brightness and duability they have no equal. Price 15 cents per package.

Paints, Oil & Varnishes CHEAP AND GOOD!

HARDWARE

We have in stock a large assortment of building and other Hardware which we are offering

AT HARD PAN PRICES!

TRY US.--Bird Cages in Endless Variety, at Low Prices.

GARDEN AND FIELD SEEDS.

It surprises even the Grangers when they hear our price on CLOVER SEED,

—TRY US AND DON'T FORGET THE PLACE—

S. BRICKER & CO.

Stoves and Tinware! AT FORMER PRICES.

1880. ONTARIO HOUSE 1880.

—:o:—

I have much pleasure in announcing that my stock of

AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS!

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

—o—

SPECIAL ATTENTION

will be devoted to the

Millinery and Mantle Department,

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

A FIRST-CLASS CITY MILLINER ALWAYS EMPLOYED.

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

—o—

LIQUORS—WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

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

GEORGE DRAPER,

LISTOWEL. 1880. 36.

GRAND DISPLAY!

—AT—

R. McMILLAN & CO'S.

—:o:—

As the season is now fairly open, we beg to remind our customers and the public generally that our stock is very complete in all departments, comprising large lines of

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,

HATS AND CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES, &C.

Our stock of TWEEDS is large and will be found excellent value. Ordered clothing got up in the very best style and on shortest notice.

OUR READY-MADE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT!

is well assorted, and we are prepared to furnish suits as cheap as the cheapest.

—:o:—

In the Ladies Department will be found a great variety of fancy goods, such as Parasols, Ribbons, Laces, Gloves, &c., also splendid value in Silks, Velveteens, Cashmeres Lustres, Fancy Dress Goods, Prints, &c., &c.

In HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, and FAMILY GROCERIES we keep large and well selected stocks, and are prepared to give our customers as good bargains as any house in the trade.

R. McMILLAN & Co.

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

Listowel, 1880. 15.

THE BEST ORGANS IN THE WORLD!

—AT—

THE LOWEST PRICES.

—:o:—

B. B. SARVIS

Having entered into the musical instrument business on a much more extensive scale than formerly, is now prepared to furnish the public with the very best instruments manufactured.

THE CELEBRATED

B-E-L-L O-R-G-A-N

always on hand, and especially recommended.

—:o:—

Mr. Sarvis also sells PIANOS from the best makers.

All Instruments Warranted for 5 Years.

ORGANS PROMPTLY REPAIRED.

ALSO ORGANS TO RENT AT MODERATE RATES.

—:o:—

B. B. SARVIS is also a

LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE COUNTY OF PERTH,

Sales of farms and farm stocks can be arranged for at the most reasonable rates.

—:o:—

AUCTION ROOMS and MUSIC EMPORIUM

Two doors west of the Bank of Hamilton, Main street, where Auction Sales will be conducted every Saturday. Household effects and articles of all descriptions may be left at the Auction Rooms to be sold.

B. B. SARVIS,

LISTOWEL, ONT.

QUEENIE HETHERTON.

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Ethelyn's Mistake," "Forrest House," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. LA RUE'S RESOLUTION.

There was a worn, tired look on Mrs. La Rue's face next morning, which she accounted for by saying she had not slept well, and that her head was aching. A walk in the crisp autumn air would do her good, she said; and soon after breakfast she left the house, and started toward Hetherton Place. Twice on the causeway she sat down to rest, and once on the bank by the side of the road which lead up the long hill. Here she sat for a long time, with her head bowed upon her knees, while she seemed to be absorbed in painful, and even agonized, reflection, for she rocked to and fro, and whispered occasionally to herself. In the distance there was the sound of wheels—some one was coming; and not caring to be seen, she arose, and climbing the low stone wall, went up the steep hill-side to the ledge of rocks, where Phil had sat with Queenie and heard his doom. It was the first time Mrs. La Rue had ever been there, and for a moment she stood transfixed with surprise and delight at the lovely view before her. In the clear autumn air objects were visible for miles and miles away, but it was not so much at the distant landscape she gazed as at the scene directly about her—at the broad, rich acres of Hetherton Place, stretching away to the westward, and southward, and eastward, and embracing some of the most valuable land in Merrivale; at the house itself, standing there on the heights so stately and grand, with aristocracy and blood showing themselves from every casement and door-post; and lastly, at the beautiful grounds, so like the parks of some of the old chateaus in France, with their terraces, and winding walks, and pieces of statuary gleaming here and there among the evergreens.

"A goodly heritage, truly," the woman said. "And would she give it all for love? God only knows, and I can only know by trying. If she will see me, I must go forward; if she refuses, I shall take it as a sign that I must forever more keep silent."

Thus deciding, she walked swiftly across the fields, and soon stood ringing at the door, which was opened by Pierre himself.

"Miss Hetherton was still in her room," he said, "but he would take any message madame chose to give him;" and his manner showed plainly the immovable distance he felt there was between his mistress and the woman who, he knew, was born in the same rank of life as himself.

"Tell her Margery's mother is here, and very anxious to see her," Mrs. La Rue said; and, with a bow, Pierre departed, leaving her alone in the hall.

He had not asked her to sit down, but she felt too faint and tremulous to stand, and, sinking into a chair, leaned her head against the hat-stand, and shutting her eyes, waited as people wait for some great shock or blow which they know is inevitable. How long Pierre was gone she could not guess, for she was lost to all consciousness of time, and was only roused when he laid his hand upon her shoulder and demanded what was the matter, and if she were sick. Then she looked up, and showed him a face so white, so full of pain, and dread, and horror, that he asked her again what was the matter.

"Nothing, nothing," she answered sharply. "Tell me what she did say? Will she see me?"

"She bade me tell you she could not see you, but if your errand was very particular, or concerned Miss Margery, you were to give it to me," Pierre replied, and in an instant the whole aspect of the woman changed, the deathly pallor left her face, and the look of dread and anguish was succeeded by one of intense relief as she exclaimed:

"Thank God! thank God! for I could not have borne it. I could not have done it at the last, and now I know it is not required of me. I have no errand, no message; good-morning," and she darted from the door, while Pierre looked wonderingly after her, saying to himself, "I believe the woman is crazy."

And in good truth insanity would best describe Mrs. La Rue's condition of mind as she sped down the winding hills and across the causeway, until the bridge was reached and then she paused, and leaning far over the railing looked wistfully down into the depths below, as if that watery bed would be most grateful to her. Suicide was something of which Mrs. La Rue had thought more than once. It was the phantom which at times haunted her day and night, and now it looked over her shoulder and whispered:

"Why not end it now and forever; death is only a dreamless sleep. Better die than live to rain that young life, and know yourself loathed and despised by the creature you love best. Sometimes in your fits of conscientiousness you will tell, as you were tempted to do just now, and then——"

Mrs. La Rue gave a long, gasping shudder as she thought, "What then?" and leaned still farther over the parapet beneath which the waters of the Chicopee were flowing so sluggishly.

"Yes, better die before I am left to tell and see the love in Margery's face turn to bitter hatred. Oh, Margery, my child Mine, by all that is sacred! I cannot die and go away from her forever, for if there be a hereafter, as she believes, we should never meet again. Her destiny would be Heaven, and mine, blackness and darkness of despair, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched! She read me that last night, little dreaming that I carry about with me the worm which dieth not, and have carried it so many years, and oh, how it does gnaw and gnaw at times, until I am tempted to shriek out the dreadful thing. And yet, at first, the sin seemed so easy and so trivial, and was what is so common over there in France where everything is so different, and I was so young and ignorant, and did not think how great a wrong I was doing. God, if there is a God, forgive me, and help me to hold my tongue, and keep the love of Margery."

She had drawn back from the railing by this time, and, gathering her shawl around her, she started for home, where she found Margery in the reception-room alone, busily engaged on a dark-blue silk, which Anna Ferguson had deigned to give her to make, and for which she was in a hurry. She had been there that morning to see about it, and had found a great deal of fault with some trimming which she had ordered herself, and had insisted that the dress must be finished by twelve o'clock, as she was going with Major Lord Rossiter to West Merrivale to see a base ball match on the common.

"The match does not come off until four," Margery said, "and if you can give me until half-past two I shall be so glad."

But Miss Anna was decided; she must have it at twelve, or not at all, and when Margery asked if she would send for it, as the girl who usually took parcels home was sick, she answered, promptly:

"No, it is not my business to do that."

And Margery bore the girl's insolence quietly, and promised that the dress should be done, and put aside Mrs. Col. Markham's work to do it, because she knew Mrs. Markham was a lady and would not insult her if she chanced to be disappointed. But she felt the ill-bred girl's impertinence keenly, and her cheeks were unusually red, and her lips very white, when her mother entered the room, and, bending over her, kissed her with a great, glad tenderness as we kiss one restored to us from the gates of death.

"You look tired and worried, *ma petite*," she said, "and you are working so fast. I thought that dress was not to be finished till to-morrow."

"Now was it," Margaret answered, "but Miss Ferguson has been here and insists upon having it at twelve, and she was so overbearing, and found so much fault, and made me feel so keenly that I was only her dressmaker, that I am a little upset, even though I know she is not worth a moment's disquietude."

"Poor Margery! It is to the caprices of such people as she that you are subjected because you are poor," Mrs. La Rue said, caressing the golden head bent so low over Anna's navy-blue, on the sleeve of which a great tear came near falling. "You ought to be rich like Miss Hetherton. You would be happier in her place, would you not, my child?"

"No, mother," and Margery's beautiful blue eyes looked frankly up into her mother's face. "I should like money, of course, but I am very happy as I am, except when people like Anna insult me and try to make me feel the immeasurable distance there is between themselves and a dressmaker. I like my profession, for it is as much one as that of the artist or musician, and if I were rich as Queenie I do believe I should still make dresses for the love of it. So, mother mine, don't bother about me. I am very happy—happier far, just now, than Queenie, who, though she may have riches in abundance, has no mother to love her, and care for her, and pet her, as I have."

"Oh, Margery, child, you do love me, then you are glad I am your mother, unlike you as I am?" Mrs. La Rue cried, in a voice which was like a sob of pain and made Margery look wonderingly at her, as she said:

"Why, mother, how strangely you act this morning. Of course I am glad you are my mother—the dearest and kindest a girl ever had. I cannot remember the time when you would not and did not sacrifice everything for me, and why should I not love you."

"You should, you ought," Mrs. La Rue replied, "only you are so different from me that sometimes when I think how refined and ladylike you are, and then remember what I am—an uneducated peasant woman—I feel I am an obstacle in your way, and that you must feel it, too, and wish you were some one else—somebody like Miss Hetherton—but you don't, Margery, you don't."

"Of course I don't," Margery answered, laughingly, "for if I were Miss Hetherton, don't you see, Anna would be my cousin, and that would be worse than a hundred peasant women; so, little mother, don't distress yourself or bother me any more, for my lady Anna must have her dress by twelve, and it is nearly eleven now."

Taking the girl's lovely face between her hands, Mrs. La Rue kissed it fondly and then left the room, while Margery wondered what had happened to excite her so. Such moods, or states of mind, in her mother were not unusual, and since coming to Merrivale they had been more frequent than ever, so Margery was accustomed to them, and ascribed them to a naturally morbid temperament, combined with a low, nervous state of health.

"I wonder why she asks me so often if I love her and am happy? Maybe I do not show her my affection enough. I am not demonstrative, like her; there's very little of the French gush in me. I am more like the big Americans, but I mean to do better and pet her more, poor dear mother, she is so fond and proud of me," Margery thought, as she kept on with her work, while her mother busied herself in the kitchen, preparing the cup of nice hot tea, and slice of cream toast which at twelve she carried to her daughter, who could not stop for a regular meal.

The navy-blue was at a point now where no one could touch it but herself, and she worked steadily on until after one, when Anna, again appeared, asking imperiously why the dress was not sent at twelve, as she ordered.

"Because it was not done," Margery replied, adding, "It is a great deal of work to change all that trimming as you desired."

"It ought not to have been made that way in the first place," Anna rejoined, and then continued, "I must have it by two at the latest, and will you bring it yourself, so as to try it on me and see if it hangs right?"

"Yes, I'll bring it," Margery said, and an hour later she was trudging along Cottage Row with a bundle almost as large as herself, for the dress had many plaitings, and puffs, and bows, and must not be crushed by crowding into a small space.

But Margery did not feel one whit degraded or abased, even though she Mr. Beresford face to face, and saw his surprise at the size of the bundle. Mr. Beresford was the only man who had ever interested Margery in the least, and she often wondered why she should be interested in him, and feel her blood stir a little more quickly when she saw him. He was so proud, and dignified, and reserved, though always a gentleman and courteous to her, and now he lifted his hat very politely, and, with a pleasant smile, passed on, thinking to himself how beautiful the French girl was, and what a pity, too, that she had not been born in the higher ranks of life, with such people as the Rossiters, and Hethertons, and Beresfords.

Miss Anna was waiting impatiently, and all ready to step into her dress, which fitted her perfectly, and was so becoming, and gave her so much style that she condescended to be very gracious and familiar, and as she looked at herself in the glass, she said:

"Why, La Rue, you are a brick; how lovely it is! I have not a word of fault to find!"

"I am glad if it suits you. Good-afternoon" Miss Ferguson," Margery said quietly, and then walked away, while Anna thought.

"If she were a grand duchess she could not be more airy. I wonder who she thinks she is, any way? Queenie has just spoiled her with so much attention, and she only a dressmaker!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

LETTERS FROM MENTONE.

Whether we are sorry or glad, time never stops for us, but the days and nights go on and on, until at last we wonder that so long a period has elapsed since the joy or sorrow came which marked a never-to-be-forgotten point in our lives.

And so it was with Queenie. She could not be as wretched and disconsolate always as she was during the first days of Phil's absence. She was of too light and buoyant a temperament for that, and after a little she woke to the fact that life had still much happiness in store for her, even though Phil could not share it with her. She had received a few words from him written just before the steamer sailed—words which made her cry as if her heart would break, but which were very precious to her because of their assurance that whatever might befall the writer she would always be his queen, his love, whose image was engraven on his heart forever.

And Queenie had answered the note, for it was nothing more, and filled four sheets with her passionate longings and heart-wishes for the naughty boy who was not satisfied to be her cousin, and her shadow, but must needs seek to be her lover, and so spoil everything, and make her life miserable. Then she filled another sheet with the doings of the Major and Anna, which she said were too sickening for anything, and the talk of the whole town.

"I don't think your father and mother altogether approve the match," she wrote, "although they never say anything, but the Major has left the Knoll and gone to the hotel, where he has a suite of rooms, and where it is said Anna visits him when he is not calling upon her. You ought to see the airs and graces she has put on with her great expectations. They have a hired girl, Cynthia by name, whom Anna calls her maid, and who is taught to call Anna Miss Ferguson, which of course is right, only one likes to see things harmonize, while the maid and Miss Ferguson do not. For instance, Anna wishes to have the dinner table cleared properly as it is done at the Knoll where the servants are trained to do it, and Uncle Tom rebels against it and says he cannot wait for such fiddle-faddles, and orders on his pie almost before Anna has finished her soup and he will have a knife to eat it with, and cool his tea in his saucer, and then Cynthia proves refractory and will not come when the bell rings, and Aunt Lydia has to get up and go to the kitchen herself, and says she'd rather do it and all the work, too, than be bothered with a girl. And grandma has interfered and says, 'there is no sense in Lyddy Ann's keepin' help with Anny lazin' round; it don't make her an atom more a lady than she was when she made dresses and washed the dishes, too;' and I am inclined to think she is right. It is not what one does, but what they are themselves which gives them real worth. It is not in Anna to be a lady, and she never can be, even when she is Mrs. Major Lord Seymour Rossiter, as I suppose she will be some time during the winter, for they are engaged, and she wears a diamond ring—a splendid one, too, which she says cost five hundred dollars. How does she know that, I wonder? and she means to go to Florida on her bridal trip, and flaunt her splendor at the St. James. When the wedding comes off I'll tell you all about it, and so adieu.

"Forever and ever your cousin,

"QUEENIE."

This letter was sent to Rome, for Phil was to take the overland route to India and visit the Imperial City on the way. He had promised to write from every point where he stopped, and so he did not seem so very far away, and Queenie grew brighter and gayer and consented to see Mr. Beresford, whom she had persistly ignored, and after rating him soundly for the part he had had taken in sending Phil away, she became very gracious to him, for Phil had forgiven him, and she must do so too, and she rode with him one day after his fast horse, and was so bright, and coquettish, and bewitching, that Mr. Beresford forgot himself, and in lifting her from the carriage held her hand tighter in his than was at all necessary. But Queenie wrenched it away, and with her usual frankness, said:

"You are not to squeeze my hand that way, Mr. Beresford, or think because I rode with you that your are on probation, as you call it, for you are not. I am not trying to reconsider, and never shall."

This state of things was not very hopeful for Mr. Beresford, who, nevertheless, drove away more in love than ever with the little lady of Hetherton, who, after he was gone, went to her room, where she found on her dressing-table a letter which Pierre had brought from the office during her absence. It was a foreign letter, post-marked at Mentone, France. Reinette's first exclamation was:

"From the agent. Now I shall hear from Christine."

This was the thing of all others which she had greatly desired, but now that it seemed to be within her grasp she waited and loitered a little, and took off her hat, and shawl and gloves, and laid them carefully away, and picked a few dead leaves from a pot of geraniums in the window, before breaking the seal. And even then she hesitated with a strangely nervous feeling as if from fear that the letter might contain something she would be happier not to know—something her father would have withheld from her had he been there with her

"But, no," she said, at last, "how foolish I am. Christine was faithful to my mother, and father pensioned her for it, as he ought to do, and those vile, evil-minded Polignacs thought there was harm in it. They did know my father, or what stuff the Hethertons are made of;" so saying, she opened the letter and read:

"MENTONE, France, Oct. 18th, 18—

"To Miss Hetherton, of Merrivale, Worcester Co., Mass., U.S.A.

"My employer, M. Albech, is gone away for a few days, and told me to open his letters, and, if necessary, answer them for him. So when yours and monsieur's came, I opened and read; that is, read yours, but monsieur's was in English, and it took a long time to make out that it was the same as yours, and asked information of Christine Bodine, pensioner of M. Hetherton, deceased.',

"That was Mr. Beresford who sent him an English letter. What business has he to pry into my affairs?" Reinette exclaimed, under her breath, and her cheeks were scarlet, and her breath came hurriedly, and then seemed to cease altogether as she read on:

"I could not remember any one by that name, but there was a certain Madame Henri La Rue, to whom, by reference to M. Albrech's books, I find that moneys were paid regularly by Messrs. Polignac & Co., Paris, for a M. Hetherton, until last summer, when the entire principal was sent to Madame La Rue, at 'Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., U. S A.,' where it seems she is living, though whether she is the person you are wishing to find I do not know. Your billet to Christine Bodine I will keep until M. Albrech returns, and if he knows the woman he will forward it.

"Hoping my letter is satisfactory, I am your obedient servant,

LOUIS ARNAUD."

"Madame Henri La Rue, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., U. S. A.," Reinette kept repeating to herself, while a feeling of terror took possession of her, and made her for a moment powerless to move or reason clearly. "Who is this Madame La Rue, and where have I seen her?" she asked herself in a bewildered kind of way, and then at last it came to her who Mrs. La Rue was, and where she had seen her.

"Margery's mother! Christine Bodine! impossible!" she cried, reading Louis Arnaud's letter again and again, while her thoughts went backward, and with lightning rapidity gathered up every incident connected with Mrs. La Rue which had seemed strange to her, and made her dislike the woman for her unwarrantable familiarity.

As distinctly as if it were but yesterday she recalled their first meeting in Paris in Margery's receiving-room when Mrs. La Rue had stared at her so, and touched her hands and dress, and seemed so strange and queer; and since then she had so often offended with what appeared like over-gratitude for kindness shown to Margery.

"And all the time when I was talking of my nurse and my desire to find her, she knew she was Christine and made no sign," she said; "and once she bade me stop searching for her, as finding her might bring more pain than pleasure. What does she mean, and why does she not wish me to know her? Was there anything wrong between—No, no, no!" and Reinette almost shrieked as she said the emphatic "no's." "Mother trusted her; mother loved her. I have it in her own words written to papa. 'Christine is faithful and tender as if she was my mother, instead of my maid; and if I should die, you must always be kind to her for what she has been to me,' she wrote, and that's why he sent her the money. There was nothing wrong on father's side; but she—why has she never told me? What has she done? What is she? Yes, she was right. It is more pain than pleasure to find her; but if she had only told me who she was, it would have been such joy to know she was Margery's mother—my Margery still, thank God, for she has had no part in this concealment. She has no suspicion that Christine Bodine and her mother are one and the same. Mrs. La Rue must have been married soon after mother died, for Margery and I are nearly the same age."

This mention of Margery helped Reinette, and the pain in her heart was not quite so heavy, or her resentment toward Mrs. La Rue so great. She was Margery's mother, and whatever happened, Reinette would stand by the girl whom she loved so much.

* * * * * * * * *

"Please, mademoiselle, have you heard the bell; it has rung three times, and dinner is growing cold," Pierre said, putting his head in at the door; and then Reinette roused herself to find that it was getting dark, for the November twilight was fast creeping into the room.

"Yes, Pierre, I know; I am not coming—I'm not hungry. Tell them to clear the table," she said, abstractedly; and then, as Pierre looked inquiringly at her, she continued: "Stay, Pierre; come here, and shut the door, and come close to me, so no one can hear. Pierre, I've found Christine Bodine!"

"Yes? You have found her? Where?" Pierre said, looking wonderingly at his young mistress, whose white face and excited manner puzzled and alarmed him.

"Here, Pierre, in Merrivale. While I was searching for her across the water she was here, not a mile away, and never told me. Pierre, Mrs. La Rue is or was Christine Bodine!"

"*Mon Dieu!*" Pierre ejaculated with a significant shrug of his shoulders and a rapid movement of his hands. "Madame La Rue Christine Bodine! I am very much; yes, I suppose I am very much astonished!"

But he was not. He had never shared Reinette's implicit faith in Christine, whom he believed his master had cursed in Liverpool, after receiving her letter, and he put things together rapidly, and to himself he thought:

"Yes, madame is Christine. I am not surprised; but to Reinette he said. "Who told you? How do you know it? There must be some mistake, madame surely would never have kept silent so long."

"There no mistake. I can trust you, Pierre; and I begin to feel as if you were the only one I have to trust in. Everything and everybody is slipping away from me. This is the letter from the agent in Mentone, who paid her the money for Messrs. Polignac in Paris. You know you were in their office once with father and saw him give his check for twelve hundred and fifty francs to be sent to her. Read the letter, Pierre, and you will know all I do."

She handed it to him, and striking a light he read it through, while Reinette watched him narrowly to see what effect it had upon him. But aside from frequent ejaculations of surprise he made no comment, and just then the dinner-bell rang again, and this time long and loud as if the ringer were growing impatient.

"Oh that dreadful bell," Reinette exclaimed, putting her hands to her ears to shut out the sound. "Will they never stop ringing it. or understand that I am not coming? Go, Pierre, and tell them to clear the table away; tell them I am not hungry; tell them I am sick and tired, and wish to be let alone: tell them anything to keep them away from me. Nobody must come to-night but you. Go quick, before they ring again, or Mrs. Jerry comes herself. She must not know what we do."

Thus entreated Pierre departed with the message to Mrs. Jerry, who had become somewhat accustomed to the vagaries of her young mistress. This was not the first time her dinner had been untouched when Reinette was in one of her moods, and so she only lamented that the fish and sauce Lyonnaise which she had prepared with so much care would be wasted in the kitchen, but inquired anxiously what ailed the young lady and asked if she should not go up herself and see.

"No, no; she only wants quiet, that is all; by and by she may have some coffee, when I tell you," Pierre said, and then he went back to Reinette, who sat with her hands clasped tightly together and a look on her white face which puzzled him, for he did not know that she was bravely fighting down a suspicion to harbor which would be to dishonor her father in his grave.

"Pierre," she said, lifting her dry, heavy eyes appealingly to him, and speaking like a sick, weary child who wants to be petted; "Pierre, I am strangely shaken by this news, because I do not understand why Christine should wish to hide her identity from me, when she knows how I wanted to find her. It looks as if there was something which she wished to keep from me—something wrong in her life after she left us—father and me—and was married to this M. La Rue. I wished so much to find her, and had so much faith in and love for her, and now—oh, Pierre, it makes me cold, and sick, and faint. Forget, can't you, that I am a woman almost twenty-one; try and fancy me a little girl again, as I was when you first came to Chateau des Fleurs, and take me up and carry me to the couch. I could not walk there to save my life, for the strength has all gone from my body."

Pierre had carried her in his arms many a time in the years gone by, and now he took her gently up, and, laying her upon the couch, brought a pillow for her, and fixed it underher head, and covered her with her shawl, and put fresh coal on the grate, for the November night was cold and chill, and outside the first snow of the season was beginning to fall.

"Now sit down by me, Pierre," she continued, "and rub my hands, they are so numb and lifeless, and let me talk to you of the olden time, when we lived in the country and were so very happy."

"Yes, mademoiselle," Pierre said, sitting down beside her and rubbing and chafing the limp white fingers which seemed to have no vitality in them.

"Pierre," she began, "we were so happy when papa was alive; he was so good, He was always kind to you, was he not?"

"Yes, always."

"And he was good to everybody, Pierre?"

"Yes, everybody."

"And—and—You were with him in places where he would be under less restraint than when with me, and you think he had as few faults as most men, I am sure?"

"He had not a single fault," Pierre said, emphatically, lying easily and unhesitatingly, thinking the end justified the means.

He knew now that Reinette was wishing to be reassured of her father's truth, and purity, and honor, and though he had but little faith that his late master had possessed either of those virtues to an overwhelming degree, he could not say so to the daughter; he would sooner tell her a hundred lies, and take his chance of being forgiven by and by.

"Thank you Pierre," she said. "You make me feel so happy. I like to think of father as a good, true, honest man; and yet you told me once that you heard him swear in London over a letter he received. He cursed Christine; that must have been Mrs. La Rue. Perhaps he did not like her. Did you ever hear him speak of her at any other time?"

"No, never."

"And did the servants at Chateau des Fleurs ever mention her as other than a nice woman?"

"They never mentioned her at all. I never heard her name except from you and monsieur, and from him only twice—once in the office of Messrs. Polignac, and once in Liverpool, when he certainly did curse her."

"Yes, Pierre," Reinette said, with a quick, gasping breath. "Perhaps he did; papa was the best man in the world—the very best, but all best men will sometimes take unfounded dislikes, and he was not an exception. Possibly Christine had offended him, and he was not one to forget easily. At all events, I am sure Christine is a good woman. My mother trusted her, and bade father be kind to her always. I have it in a letter written before she died, and when Christine was with her. Mrs. La Rue is a good woman."

She kept asserting this as if she feared Pierre might doubt the fact, but if he did he gave no sign, and merely replied:

"She must be good to be the mother of Miss Margery."

"Yes, Pierre, yes," and Reinette roused herself up, and pushing her heavy hair back from her face, said, joyfully: "I see it now; I understand why she has not told me. She did not want Margery to know that she once served in the capacity of nurse, lest she should feel humiliated; that is it; I am sure."

"Unquestionably," Pierre said, ready to assent to anything his young mistress might suggest, no matter how absurd.

"And, Pierre," she continued, "I shall of course tell Mrs. La Rue that I know who she is, but it is not necessary that all the world should know. We need tell no one else."

"No, mademoiselle; but what of Monsieur Beresford? He wrote to M. Albrech, too; he will get an answer; he will know."

"Of course," Queenie said, impatiently. "Why couldn't he mind his own business? But I can trust him. I shall tell him, I know, and that he is to keep silent; and now, leave me, and don't let Mrs. Jerry or any one come near me. I am tired and shall soon retire."

So Pierre left her alone with her thoughts, which kept her awake most of the night, and the next morning found her suffering with one of her headaches, and unable to leave her bed. It was a stormy November day, and the wind blew in gusts over the hill, and drove before it clouds of snow, which was drifting down from the gray sky in great white feathery masses, but bad as was the day, it did not prevent Mr. Beresford from riding over to Hetherton Place, where he was met by Pierre with the message that Miss Hetherton had the headache, and could not see him, Mr. Beresford seemed disappointed, and was about turning away from the door when he said, as if it had just occurred to him:

"By the way, do you know if Miss Hetherton received any letters from France yesterday?"

"She did receive one," Pierre said, looking straight at the lawyer, and feeling sure that he, too had heard from Mentone, and knew the secret of Christine Bodine.

And he was right, for the same mail which brought the letter to Reinette had also in it one for Mr. Beresford from the agent's clerk in Mentone. It was a curious compound of English and French, which took Mr. Beresford nearly two hours to decipher. But he managed it at last with the help of grammar and dictionary, and had a tolerably accurate knowledge of its contents, which surprised and confounded him almost as much as Queenie's letter had confounded her. But in his letter were a few words, or rather insinuations, which were omitted in Queenie's and which affected him more than all the rest, and threw a flood of light upon Mrs. La Rue's reason for keeping her identity with Christine Bodine a secret from Reinette. Did Queenie know what he knew or suspected, Mr. Beresford wondered. Had the agent written to her what he had to Mr. Beresford, and if so, how did she take it? What would she do? A burning, intense desire seized the usually calm, sober lawyer to have these questions answered. He must see Reinette and judge from her face how much, if anything, she knew and so he went to Hetherton Place. But Queenie would not see him. She was sick, and she had received a letter from France. So much he learned, and he rode back to his office, where, for the remainder of the day, he seemed in a most abstracted frame of mind, paying but little attention to his clients, who had never seen him so absent-minded and grave before, and wondered much what ailed him and of what he was thinking. Not of them and their business surely, but of Reinette and the change her coming to Merrivale had made in his hitherto quiet life. How she had turned everything upside down. It was like a romance whose pages he was reading, and now a fresh leaf had been turned which he wished to decipher, and since he could not see Reinette he must seek help in another quarter, and he, who had always been noted for minding his own business better than any man in Merrivale, waited impatiently for evening, when he meant to begin the new chapter.

CHAPTER XXX.

TRYING TO READ THE PAGE.

The night set in dark and stormy even for November, and the wind howled dismally through the tall elms which grew upon the common, while both sleet and rain were falling pitilessly, when Mr. Beresford at last left his office, equipped for an evening call. It was very seldom that he thus honored anyone in town, except Reinette and the ladies at the Knoll, and it was not to see either of these that he was going; it was rather to the cottage to call on Margery La Rue, whom, fortunately, he found alone, as her mother had retired to her room with a toothache and swollen face. Margery let him in herself, and looked fully the surprise she felt when she saw who her visitor was. It was not so much that he should come that night as that he should come at all that astonished the young girl, who, with a woman's intuition, had read the proud man pretty accurately, and guessed that persons like her, whose bread was earned by their own hands, had not much attraction for him. And she was right; but it was his education, his early training, which was at fault, and not the real heart of the man himself. His mother, who was a proud Bostonian, had seldom done so much for herself as to arrange her own hair, and when her immense fortune slipped away from her, and left her comparatively poor, and compelled her sons, two as noble boys as ever called a woman mother, to choose professions and care for themselves, she could not bear the change, and with a feeling that she would rather die than live and work, she died, and very few mourned for her. With such a mother, and a long line of ancestry on her side as proud and exclusive as herself, it is not strange that Mr. Beresford should have imbibed some notions not altogether consistent with democratic institutions. He was proud, and thought a great deal of family and blood, and though he knew that Margery La Rue was lady-like and refined, and though he was always polite and courteous to her when they met, he had unconsciously made her feel the gulf between them, and she had good cause to gaze on him wonderingly as she opened the door, and held it open a moment as if expecting him to give her some message from Queenie, as he had done when Phil went away, and then depart. But he had come purposely to see her, and laughing good-humoredly as he stepped past her into the hall, and brushing the rain-drops from his hair, he said:

"I'm coming in, you see, though I do not wonder that a call on such a wild night as this surprises you. But it is just the weather which brings me here. I believe I've had the blues or something to-day, and need to talk to some one, and as Phil is gone—how I do miss him—and Reinette is sick, I have come to call on you. I hope I am not unwelcome."

He was talking rather queerly, and not at all in a strain complimentary to Margery, who nevertheless, passed it off pleasantly, and said, with her pretty accent, which struck Mr. Beresford with a degree of newness and as something very pretty:

"Thank you, Mr. Beresford; I surely ought to feel honored to be No. 3. Let me see; you said that as Mr. Rossiter was gone, and Reinette sick, you were reduced to the alternative of coming here to be rid of the blues. Is that it? or have my French ears misinterpreted your English meaning?"

"This is the way it sounded, I'll admit," Mr. Beresford said, "but I'm a bungler anyway, so please consider that I have made you number one, for really I have been intending to call for some time."

He took the seat she offered him—a low rocker such as men usually like—and moved it a little more in front of her, where he could look directly at her and study her features closely as she bent over her work, which with his permission, she had resumed, and which, as it was a saque for Miss Anna, must be finished as soon as possible.

How graceful every motion was, and how well her dress of black cashmere, with soft lace ruffles at her throat and sleeves, became her, and how very beautiful she was both in face and form, with her golden hair rippling all over her finely shaped head, her dazzling, wax-like complexion reminding one of rose-leaves and cream, her perfectly regular features, and, more than all, her large, clear, sunny blue eyes, veiled by long, fringed lashes, and shaded by eyebrows so heavy and black that they seemed almost out of place with that hair of golden hue. But they gave her a novel and *distingue* look, and added to her beauty, which, now that he was studying her, struck Mr. Beresford as something remarkable, and made his eyes linger on the fair face with more admiration even than curiosity. But the likeness he sought for was not there, unless it were in the occasional toss of the head on one side—the significant shrug of the shoulders, or gestures of the hands—and something in the tone of the voice when it grew very earnest as she talked to him of Reinette, always of Reinette, who was not like her in the least. In feature and complexion Margery was the handsomer of the two. Mr. Beresford confessed that with a kind of jealous pang as if, in some way, a wrong were done the dark-faced, dark-eyed Queenie, who, put side by side with Margery La Rue, would, nevertheless, win every time, and make people see only herself, with her wonderful sparkle, and flash, and brightness, which threw everything else into the shade. Queenie was the diamond and Margery the pearl, and they were not at all alike, and Mr. Beresford felt puzzled and inclined to believe that insinuation of the agent a lie especially after he had talked with Margery awhile of her friend.

"You have known Reinette a long time?" he said, and she replied:

"Yes, a long time—ever since we were little girls—though it seems but yesterday since she climbed those narrow, winding stairs up to that low, dark room, where I staid all day long with no company but the cat, and nothing besides my playthings to amuse me, except to look down into the narrow street below, the Rue St. Honore, and watch the carts, and carriages, and people as they pass, and wonder when mother would come home, and if she would bring me, as she sometimes did, a bon-bon, or a white, tender *croissant* from the baker's, which I liked so much better for my supper than our dark, sour bread."

"Yes," Mr. Beresford said, leaning forward and listening eagerly to what Margery was telling him of her early life in the attics of Paris, and wondering a little that she should be so communicative.

"Most girls would try to conceal the fact that they had once known such poverty," he thought, but he did not know Margery La Rue, or guess that it was in part her pride which made her talk as she was talking.

She was naturally reserved and reticent with regard to herself, but to him, whose value of birth, and blood, and family connections she rightly guessed, she would speak openly, and show him that it was something more than a mere dressmaker—a sewing-woman—whom he was honoring with his society, and in whom he was interested in spite of himself. She divined that, readily, by the kindling of his eyes when they met hers as she talked, and by some of those many subtle influences by which a woman knows that the man she is talking with is entertained and pleased with herself as well as with what she is saying.

So when he said to her, with a kind of pity in his tone, "And you were so desolate as that when Reinette found you?" she answered:

"Yes, more desolate than you can guess—you who have never known what poverty means in a large city like Paris. But I was not unhappy, either," she added, quickly. "I had too much love and petting from my mother for that. I was only lonely in her absence, for she worked at a hair-dresser's and was gone all day, and I kept the house and got the meals for father till he died."

"Your father—yes," Mr. Beresford repeated. "What was he, what did he do, and when did he die?"

He seemed very eager in his questionings, and mistaking his meaning altogether, Margery's cheeks flushed scarlet, but her voice was steady and clear as she replied:

"I do not know that he did anything. I think it is a fashion in France more than here for the women to work and the men to take their ease. At all events, father had no regular occupation, that I know of. Sometimes he acted as guide to strangers, for he could speak a little English, and sometimes he was employed for a few days as waiter at some of the Duval restaurants, and he once took mother and me there to dine. He died when I was a little girl, about eight years old. That was before Reinette found me and hanged everything. She heard of me from old Lisette, the laundress, who lived on the floor below, and she came up to our humble room in her scarlet cloak and hood, trimmed with ermine, and filled it with glory at once. You know what a halo of brightness seems to encircle her and affect everything around her? And how she did sparkle and glow, and light up the whole room, as she sat there in that hard wooden chair, and talked to me as if I were her equal, I standing awkwardly by, in my coarse, high-necked working apron, with broom in hand, and gazing at her as if she had been a being from another sphere."

How rapidly and excitedly she talked, gesticulating with her hands, which were as small and white as those of any lady, and how large and bright her blue eyes grew, while on her cheeks there was more rose than cream as she described that first interview with Reinette so vividly that Mr. Beresford, who had something of an artist's imagination, could see the low room, far up the winding stairs, the humble furniture, the bare floor, the moldering fire on the hearth, the brush and broom on the floor, the wooden chair, the dark-eyed little girl in scarlet and ermine who sat there with the captured cat in her lap, talking to another child quite as beautiful as herself, though of another type of beauty, and clad in the coarse garments of the poor. He could see it all so plain, and, forgetting for a time why he was there, he listened still more intently, while Margery went on to tell him of the ride in the Champs 'd Elysees, where she wore the scarlet cloak and played she was Mr. Hetherton's little girl, while Queenie sat demurely at her side, clad in homely garments, and making believe that she was Margery La Rue, whose home was up the winding stairs in the Rue St Honore.

"I think that one act bound me to her forever," Margery said, "though it was the beginning of many make-believes and many deeds of kindness, for through Queenie's influence her father paid many expenses in part at the English school which she attended, and where I learned to speak your language and all I know besides, and after that she stood my fast friend in everything and treated me more like a sister than an inferior, as I am, by birth and social position. I was sometimes at her lovely country home, Chateau des Fleurs, and there we often played that I was the daughter of the house and she the invited guest. I think her love has never failed me since the day she first came to me and brought the glorious sunlight with her. So do you wonder that I love her? I would lay down my life for her, if need be—would sacrifice everything for her, and I sometimes wish that I might have the chance to show how much I love her, and would endure for her sake."

Margery paused here, and with clasped hands, and eyes which had in them a rapt, far-away look, seemed almost to see looming on the horizon not far in the distance the something for which she longed, and which, when it came, would test her as few women have ever been tested in their love for another.

It was not possible that the dark shadow touched her now, although it was so near, and yet she shivered a little and drew a long breath as she at last came back to the present and turned her eyes upon Mr. Beresford, who had been regarding her curiously and seeing in this expression of her face a resemblance to something which he could not define or place. He only knew it was not the Hetherton look he saw in her, and if not, then was that insinuation of Albert Bertrand's without foundation? He hoped so, but he said to her presently:

"Did you ever see Queenie's father?—did you know him, I mean—you or your mother?"

"No, neither of us," Margery answered, promptly. "I saw him once when Queenie and I were riding in the Bois, and she made him come and speak to me, but I did not like him much. He impressed me as one very proud and haughty, who only endured me for Queenie's sake. He was fine-looking, though, and his manners were very elegant. Did you know him, Mr. Beresford?"

"Scarcely at all, as I was a mere boy when he went away, but I have heard much of him from the villagers; he was not very popular, I imagine," Mr. Beresford replied, and then they spoke of the Fergusons, so unlike the Hethertons and Rossiters, although connected with them, and Margery said, laughingly:

"The daughters of the Fergusons seem to have a habit of making grand marriages; first Mrs. Rossiter, then Mrs. Hetherton, and lastly, to all human appearance, Anna, who will unquestionably soon become Mrs. Major Rossiter. I do not like Anna Ferguson, and she can never be a lady, though she marry the Duke of Argyle."

This was a great deal for Margery to say, but Anna had tried her sorely, and she was smarting from a fresh indignity heaped upon her that very day when the young lady had come to give some orders about the saque, on which she worked while she talked to Queenie Hetherton, so different in every respect, though she was to the purple born and had a right, as Margery thought, to look down upon such as she.

Mr. Beresford had not succeeded in reading the page just as he had expected to read it, and was a good deal puzzled and perplexed when, at rather a late hour for him, he said good-night to Margery, and went back to his rooms at the hotel, with his mind full of what she had told him of her life as connected with Reinette Hetherton. It was very real to him—the past intercourse of these two girls, and especially that scene in the attic when they first met face to face.

He could not get that scene out of his mind. It would make such a telling picture, he thought, as he sat alone in his room, listening to the sound of the rain, and thinking of the two little girls in No. 40 of the tenement house on the Rue St. Honore. Mr. Beresford's mother had affected to be something of an artist and dabbed in water colors, and had had a fanciful studio in her house, and the son had inherited something of her genius, though he seldom had time to indulge his ta