Listowel Standard.

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On Gallantry.

No complaint is more frequently heard than that this age suffers by comparison with former times in respect of gallantry—the deferential and considerate treatment of women. How much truth there may be in this complaint it is hard, if not impossible, to say, even as regards the observance of the forms of courtesy, for of nothing are people less capable than of justly estimating and comparing contemporary facts and tendencies with those of a bygone period. The lapse of a few generations is necessary to estimate or comparison of the kind. Perhaps, we may concede, however, that we are less regardful of the forms of courtesy which used to be observed; but we may make the admission without its following that there has been a general decadence in any essential of true gallantry. We may not spend so much of our time at the feet of Turveydrop or be so fastidiously exact in the minutiæ of deportment. There has no doubt been so great a falling off in this regard that Chesterfield or even ranged, bearish Samuel Johnson, could they come to us suddenly, would fancy they had dropped amongst barbarians; yet for all we may be quite as gallant, in reality, as the men and women of their times, with a gallantry of far higher value. We incline to think we are. What woman was in the time of good Queen Anne we can easily learn from the charming pages of the *Spectator*. And we can also without severely drawing on our logical faculty draw an inference not unflattering to ourselves as to the value of the courtesies it was then the duty of man to pay to her. She was looked on as a flippant, helpless creature, with mind dwarfed and heart untrained, an animated toy to be pleased with toys, complimented, flocked out and despised. That is not the estimation in which woman is held now. We think as highly of her physical charms and any accomplishments she may have, and what is more, we credit her with the possession of qualities of the existence of which the writers and readers of the eighteenth century had barely a suspicion. To us she is not a puppet but a companion; not utterly dependent on the other sex, but capable of helping herself, and then put to it maintaining herself and helping others. With these higher conceptions of her it is not to be wondered that there has come some modification of our bearing towards her, and it does not follow that the change is for the worse. We believe that the change is only in a few external observances of doubtful value, and that the average man of our day is quite as thoughtful, gentle, self denying towards women as ever man was. There is one thing which more than makes up for the dissuetude into which some of the observances of gallantry may have fallen; namely, the fact that courtesy is now looked upon as a reciprocal duty. Gallantry was formally regarded as a masculine obligation, but we now look upon it as binding on the two sexes alike. The women of Queen Anne's time were rude and coarse creatures compared with the women of to-day. If our men have fallen off somewhat we have what more than makes up for this in the improved manners of the fair sex.

While on this subject we may incidentally refer to a matter which deserves attention from our lady readers, as they may reciprocate the courteous attention they expect. It is in making those attentions as little of a burden to those who pay them as may be. Many a young man puts himself to an expense he is ill able to bear to gratify his female friends,—buggy and sleigh drives, bouquets and other presents, ice-cream and concert tickets, and endless *et ceteras* which drain his purse of every surplus cent. His innocent desire to give pleasure keeps him in continual financial difficulty. Ladies do not think of this, but it is one of the many ways in which

"Evil is wrought through want of thought,
And not through want of heart."

GENERAL.

THE Khedive and family, including his secretaries, receive now only $1,500,000 a year.

FROM the debris of their coal mines France makes annually 700,000 tons of excellent fuel, and Belgium 500,000 tons.

MORE timber is used under ground in the Comstock lode than has been employed in the construction of San Francisco.

AN old lady being asked to subscribe to a newspaper declined on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it herself.

MANY a timid shrinking maiden, who last summer swung upon the gate with her lover, is now engaged in half-soling the same individual's pants.

"OH, I know she loves him," cried the grief-stricken youth. "But how do you know she prefers your rival?" asked the friend. "Ah," was the sad reply, "I saw her look bias at him."

THE young King of Siam has appointed the Rev. S. G. McFarland, D.D., to take charge of a government school in Bangkok, with a view to the establishment of a system of popular education of the people.

SHE—"Now, Charles, dear, do be sincere and tell the truth once in your life. Do you love baby just a little bit? He—Well, I can't say exactly that I love the little beggar, but I've a sort of sneaking respect for him for his father's sake."

THIS is why a well-known poet and that noble shadow of his cut each other dead when they meet in the street now. It was midnight, and the poetic genius had thrown his pen down, and was leaning back, wearily muttering: "Ah, Jack, you don't know how much pleasanter and easier it is to read these little poems of mine than to write them!" The noble friend responded, "By Jove, my boy, how you must suffer then!" The friendship was instantly unbound.

SOME Polish Roman Catholic priests in the Province of Grodno lately succeeded in inducing their parishioners to abandon the use of alcoholic liquors. The local authorities complained of this to the Governor, who thereupon ordered an enquiry. The priests were found to have acted solely for the purpose of benefitting their parishioners; but the Governor of Grodno ordered them to be transported into the interior of Russia, in order to give them time to reflect there on the presumption of depriving a paternal Government, by preaching sobriety, of the revenue from the duty on spirits.

IN Germany school children are instructed to distinguish the most common and noxious from beneficial insects, and to collect and destroy the former. In the district of Segeberg, Holstein, the number of May beetles taken by the children last season amounted to 14,196 kilogrammes (about 31,250 pounds), besides 250 pounds weight of the larvæ of grubs of the same insect. Taking the number of beetles to the kilogrammes at 920, we have the astonishing number of 13,000,000 of these enemies of the farmer put out of the way of doing harm.

IT is told of the late Lord Chelmsford that so stately was his presence and so dignified his appearance, that many years ago, when he was a younger man and more erect of carriage, he was accosted in the street by a hurried individual, who, mistaking him for some acquaintance, clasped him by the hand, exclaiming, "How are you, Mr. Smith?" Sir Frederick Thesiger, as he was then, drew himself up, and, gazing coldly on his questioner, replied, "Sir, do I look like a person of the name of Smith?" and passed gravely on.

DURING the current year the city of Providence has provided labour at fifty cents a day for all citizens in need of employment and be able to work, and has also furnished food and lodging to tramps and other non-residents applying for the same and willing to recompensing the city by chopping wood. It was expected that the experiment would cause a marked increase of expenses, but the figures already show a small saving, and the number of tramps has largely decreased; in fact, the tramp who will not work does not appear in the neighbourhood of Providence.

CHINA has a Governor-General by name Li Hung Chang. He is at the head of the progressive party in that country, whose great aim is to avoid the course pursued by the Japanese in leaning so much upon Europeans, and to develope China by Chinamen. With this view a variety of great undertakings are in contemplation—a steam navigation company, extensive mining operations, the gradual introduction of railroads and telegraphs, and a postal system on the ordinary model. With a view to attracting investors, the competitive system of selecting employes, which for some 2,000 years has been rigidly adhered to, is to be at once laid aside, and any contributor to the stock of certain of the new schemes will have the right of nominating a clerk. No attempt at improving the postal communication with the capital is immediately contemplated, but, during the summer, correspondence between Pekin and Tientsin is to be carried on daily by donkey or horse mail, and in winter by a route which at best involves ten days.

WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN.

BY BEE

Ah! well do I remember still
How bright life was to me
When I was only seventeen,
And you were twenty-three!

The earth was fairer then, I think,
Than ever I see it now:
How softly blew the warm west wind
That listened to our vow.
We made it in the whispering dark,
Beneath our trysting-tree.
Ah! then I was but seventeen,
And you were twenty-three!

The river rippled soft and low
Its dear familiar song;
We stood upon the old stone bridge,
And all the world seemed young
And there with one long lingering kiss
You took my heart from me.
Ah! well, I was but seventeen,
And you just twenty-three!

Far off the grand old hills arose;
The stars shone out above;
And all the night was fair and sweet;
The air was full of love.
I fondly wonder many a time
If you think tenderly
Of what I was at seventeen
And you at twenty-three.

It is not very long ago;
But bitter tears have wet
The cheeks you kissed so lovingly.
Ah! if I could forget!
Why were you faithless? O my love,
The world is changed to me.
Since I was only seventeen,
And you were twenty-three!

And often when the night-wind sighs
Along the river-side,
My heart goes back with longing pain
To that sweet even-tide.
But still, I love to think of it,
Nor never, ah me!
Shall I again be seventeen,
Or you be twenty-three!

Shepherds All and Maidens Fair.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

GREAT ST. SIMON APOSTLE.

"Will?"

"Yes. Oh, I forgot! Will is my brother. Of course. I see him every other Sunday. Mr. Pomeroy always spends the whole of Sunday in his office; he comes to see me in the evening, and we have tea and music. Dear Will! You would like my brother Will, Mr. Ashton."

"I am sure I should," said John, "if he is in the least like—like his sister."

She did not blush. She was thinking of her brother, not of herself, and John's compliment passed unheeded.

"My brother Will," she murmured; "he is two years younger than I am. He is seventeen now. It is seven years since—since that dreadful misfortune happened to us, and of course it was worse for me then at the time, because I was the elder. I came here to live with Mr. Pomeroy, and Will was sent to school. In the holidays Mr. Pomeroy, who does not like boys, put him in charge of one of the masters; and when he was sixteen, a year ago, he got him a place in a great house in the City, where they pay him forty pounds a year. It isn't much, but it is a beginning. And oh, Mr. Ashton, he is such a bright-faced, handsome boy, and his ways are so winning! Indeed, indeed, you would like my brother Will."

John pondered this problem of maidenhood with an increasing wonder. She had no life of her own at all. She was effaced, buried, put away in a great coffin, this sweet Sharon rose among damsels. No nun could lead a more secluded life. And not have any one to talk to; sitting silent all the evening with a silent man. That she shrank from the jostling and noise of the streets he attributed to her inexperience, or even the superiority of her nature. That was his own experience, because it was no mark of superiority at all. I, who am wiser, can tell you that her nervous shrinking from the streets and from noise was due to nothing but her five years' seclusion. It was the beginning of what might end in shrinking even from the silence of the court; in living wholly in those two rooms; in the gradual destruction of brain and will, the ruin, step by step, of what was destined to be a full and generous nature, receiving and giving.

"Let me take you somewhere," said John; "it is a fine afternoon. We have an hour of daylight before us. Will you come?"

She hesitated. Not considering whether it was proper or improper, because she was not troubled with conventional scruples, which never came in her way, but considering whether she would like to go with him wherever he might take her. On the other hand, it was already half-past three, and the sun would set in an hour; also the streets were noisier than usual. On the other hand, there was this tall, strong young fellow to protect her.

"I will go with you," she said, simply.

Outside, John offered his arm, and she took it, for the first time leaning on the protection of a man, so that the act seemed strange and even sacred to her. It meant that while she was with him he was to protect and care for her; and it was the very first time that any man had offered to take care of her, so that she felt a little giddy.

"I am not going to drag you about the streets and make you tired," said John. "We will take a handsom and drive to the West End. Have you ever been to Regent Street?"

She shook her head. Already her nervousness was disappearing beneath the healthy stimulus of a great excitement. She, who had lived in London for seven years, had never seen the West End at all. The cab rattled them along the noisy streets, whose noise no longer oppressed her, but filled her with a sense of life and the excitement of living. The crowd of people, the shops, some of them already lighted, roused her out of her apathy.

Presently they came to Regent Street, and John stopped the cab.

"Now, we are going to walk," he said.

The walk from Piccadilly to Oxford Circus took them three-quarters of an hour. In the course of that walk John went into several shops. One was a glove shop, where he purchased twelve pairs of the very best gloves and a glove-case—size of the glove six and a quarter, which was the size of Lettice's hand, curiously enough. Also he bought two or three beautiful silk ties of a pattern approved and chosen by Lettice, delighted at being consulted. Next he went into a photographer's, where he succeeded in getting some large views of Arcadian scenery, the subjects being selected by Lettice. After this he took her to a book-shop, and ordered certain books to be sent to an address which he wrote down and gave to the shop-boy. They came next to a shop which had ladies' hats and bonnets in the window. A great many ladies, chiefly young and pretty, were gazing with eyes ablaze at the splendours of this shop. John went in and bought a hat and a bonnet, both of the newest pattern, which he told Lettice were for a young lady of her height, so that if she would try them on no doubt they would fit the other young lady. Lettice was so obliging as to do this. Then they went into a magnificent great shop, where John said he wanted to buy a lady's walking jacket and a dress made up. Lettice gave him her advice about this little matter, too, and John paid for the things and left the address. Then he took her into a music shop and purchased blindly twenty or thirty pieces which the man informed him were good. This parcel he carried away with him. And then he went into a jeweller's shop, and Lettice's eyes sparkled with delight. O dreams of Golconda! what mines could hold more precious things than Lettice saw here? John bought a gold cross, and a gold chain, and a gold locket, and an emerald ring, which Lettice put on the third finger of her left hand and it fitted beautifully. And then John called another cab, and they drove home again.

The streets were all lit up by this time, and Lettice looked upon the long line of lights, with houses illuminated from the lowest storey to the top. No shutting up at five o'clock and running away here.

"Tell me," said John, softly—he had been looking at the face beside him, as with animated eyes Lettice gazed at the beautiful street—"tell me, how long it is since you left Great St. Simon Apostle and had a holiday?"

"Four years," said the girl. "Formerly I used to spend a month every year with my aunt at Moulsey Priors, in Essex, but she died, and since then I have been nowhere."

"Moulsey Priors!" It was the village where his mother had been born—which he was going to visit.

"You have been a prisoner for five years," he said. "Miss Langton, will you—will you trust me a little?"

"I think I trust you a great deal," she said. "Have I not trusted you to give me a drive through all these wonderful things?"

"No, no; it is not that. But I cannot bear to think of your creeping round and round that ghostly square all alone."

"But if I am all alone and cannot help it?"

He was going to say something, but checked himself with the thought that the time was not come yet.

"Oh!" sighed the girl, "we are coming to the end of our drive. There is Mansion-house! What is the time, Mr. Ashton? A quarter to six! We have been out nearly three hours. And now I have got my silent evening before me, and somehow I do not feel as if I care for Mill's *Essay on Liberty* any more to-day. Here we are at Carmel Friars!"

John walked into the court—it was dark now, and more ghostly than ever—with the girl.

"I cannot ask you to come in," she said; "but Mr. Pomeroy likes you to talk to him in the evening. He said so the other day. He said when you went away: 'That is a sensible young man, Lettice: I like him. But then, large deductions—large deductions.' He meant that he was afraid of liking you too much, you know. Will you come again soon?"

"Will you drive out again with me soon?" he repeated. "This has been the most pleasant afternoon in all my life."

"Has it?" she replied, in all innocence. "So it has of mine. Do you think we can have another drive soon, Mr. Ashton? But, to be sure, you will not want to buy all those things again, will you? What a quantity of things you did buy, and what a lot of money you have spent!"

"'There is a time to spend,'" said John, quoting Solomon, "'and a time to save'. I reckon this is a time to spend. Good-night, Miss Langton." He held her hand in his for a longer time and with a warmer pressure than the mere leave-taking altogether warranted. "Good-night, Miss Langton. I forgot to say that—that—in fact, I hoped that you would accept the little things I bought to-day——"

"Accept—I—Mr. Ashton! Oh! I cannot. All those things?"

John Pomeroy was a little staggered. But he would not show the white feather. So he returned to the charge.

"Why, Miss Langton, of course I bought them for you. In my country, if a young lady goes for a drive with us we always buy something to mark the occasion. Why, when you play these pieces, you will think of the walk up Regent Street"—he placed the roll of music in her astonished hand—"and when you wear the gold cross and chain"—he deftly fastened the chain around her neck before she could prevent him—"you will think of our drive through the streets, and the pleasure it gave me. And the other things will all be here to-morrow. Of course," he added, "being an Arcadian I must follow the customs of the country. You forgive me?"

"Oh, Mr. Ashton," she said. "To buy all these things; and for me!"

He pressed her hand again, and was away.

I have never heard of that Arcadian custom, but one cannot imagine that John Pomeroy invented it for the occasion.

Her pulse bounded and leaped, the blood ran faster through her veins, her eyes sparkled with a delight she had never before even dreamed of; she would have liked to jump up and dance, in only thinking of this unexpected and wonderful drive. Sinbad the Sailor had never seen such sights—Aladdin never got such splendid presents. And she had to sit still through the long dinner, and beat down her joy while Mr. Pomeroy sat over his wine, facing her, as silent as a sphinx, regardless of her joys or sorrows. It was but the day before that the man contemplated, without observing, a drooping flower, a mind already, at nineteen, beginning to turn inward and prey upon itself. In his selfish gloom and solitary moods he had already condemned a bright young girl to four years' imprisonment, and, as he never thought about the matter at all he was quite ready to carry on sentence year by year, till nature made an end.

But to-night the girl played over her new music, which was bright and joyous, struck some chords in the man's heart, which awoke unaccustomed thoughts in him; and at ten, when she rose to say "Good-night," he opened his mouth and spoke.

"What was that you were playing?"

"A new piece, given me by Mr. Ashton to-day; be took me for a drive and bought it for me——"

"Ay! it seemed an old piece. A trick of memory, I suppose, which conjured up the shadows of the dead. Ashton, eh? Well, he is a practical man. He understands things. If money can be made, he will make it. Tell him, if you see him again—when you see him again," he corrected himself, with a most unusual twinkle in his eye—"that I shall be glad to see him any evening at six—to dinner. I shall not send him any other invitation. Good-night, Lettice. She always professed to be grateful," he sneered. "Like all the rest—like all the rest! Ready to leave me for a lover! Gar! gratitude! With her, as with everybody else—large deductions."

Then he began to smoke, and smoked till the clock struck twelve, when he got up and went to bed.

In the evening the presents had arrived. But among them Lettice failed to find the locket and the emerald ring, and she wondered for whom they were bought.

CHAPTER III.

LARGE DEDUCTIONS.

Mr. Pomeroy had been a resident as well as the tenant in an office in Great St. Simon Apostle for four-and-twenty years. He came to the place a man of thirty, and called himself generally an agent. That is to say, he was ready to do any kind of business on commission. Mostly his business lay with farmers, for whom he negotiated leases and renewals, bought machinery, and sometimes sold stock. He was also a house agent; and as that business is one which more than any other seems to develop the suspicious element in human nature, it suited his saturnine disposition. In the conduct of his affairs he was quick and entirely trustworthy. He sought for no mean or unfair advantages; never imposed, as is the nature of a house agent, upon the ignorance or credulity of such defenceless and innocent persons as widows, clergymen, officers, or authors; and kept his word like the Bank of England. On the other hand, he was hard; if he had money to receive, those rents had to be paid on the day they were due. He had a large *clientèle*, but not one single friend; not one single man for four-and-twenty years had passed from the doors of his office to his private rooms. He was not a hermit, because he went in and out among men, sometimes dined in public places, was seen in places of resort: but he knew no one, and spoke to no one. And every evening he spent alone in his own room. He professed to despise and mistrust human nature; he looked on every one as a possible knave, who admitted no enthusiasms, and who allowed no disinterested grounds of any action, however simple. A disappointed and soured man; a man whose nature, always inclined to be suspicious, exacting and irritable—an unhappy nature—had received some violent twist at one time or the other. If in the course of business a man was praised, if a measure was advocated, if a work was admired, if anything was advanced in his presence which tended to raise the credit of human nature, or the reputation of any man, country, or human institution, Mr. Pomeroy had one formula. On those occasions he would lay his hands upon his knees, look his companion in the face, shake his head, and murmur, "Large deductions." So impressive was the voice, and so convinced the tone, that the speaker seldom had heart to go on, and felt his own enthusiasm suddenly grow cold, his own faith waver. There had grown around this uncompanionable man among the class who chiefly made up his *clientèle* a reputation for acquaintance with all kinds of agricultural affairs—machinery, drainage, steam works, crops, ground, stock—on all these subjects Mr. Pomeroy was an authority. At Islington they followed him round and waited for his few words, and those who came to his office had good value for their money. He had an amazing capacity for business, and wasted little money in keeping clerks. Two boys, who received five shillings each, and took turns to do the outside work, were enough for him. All the rest he managed himself.

At this time his hair, which had grown short and curly, had grown quite white. It was a crisp, deficient kind of hair, which stood up in a thick crop, springing straight from his forehead. His eyes were bright and keen, but perhaps a little too close together. His features were strongly marked; his mouth firm, and his smooth-shaven chin square and long. It was not a face to fall in love with, and it was a face to inspire that kind of respect which attaches to strong natures. Beggars, who are great observers and acute physiognomists, felt that it would be useless asking such a face as that for charity; people who go round to offices for benevolent or religious societies came downstairs from his at once, and without pressing their claim, when they heard his "No," in a deep and decided note; and children who ask the time, women who ask the way, crossing-sweepers who ply the broom, were all alike struck silent by the cold sternness of that face. Possibly there might be some tender spot somewhere in the heart of "Large Deductions," but no one yet had ever found it out.

Certainly neither Lettice or Will Langton.

It was, as the girl told John Pomeroy, seven years since she had been brought to Great St. Simon Apostle. A dreadful thing happened to the children. They lived in a certain market town in Essex, not far from the village of Moulsey Priors, the old house of the Burdacombs. Their father was the manager of the country branch of a great bank; their house was the upper part of the bank. One day the father went out after the closing of the bank, as was his custom, but on this day he did not return. The mother sat up all night waiting in alarm for the husband who was to come home no more. And in the morning they found him lying in a ditch by the wayside—dead. He had killed himself. The mother, weak and ill herself at the time, died broken-hearted a week later. For there was more than suicide to face—there was disgrace. But this the orphans were partly spared, for Mr. Pomeroy came down from town and took them both away with him. Lettice he kept in his City house; the boy he sent to school.

"Understand," he said to Lettice, then a child of twelve, "that I am not to be disturbed. There is to be no talking and idle chatter. Amuse yourself as best you can. You shall have masters to teach you things, but do not talk to me or expect me to amuse you."

So the girl began the seven long silent years spent with this man, who never spoke to her except on matters of business.

For two years she and her brother went to spend a month at a certain farm-house at Moulsey Priors, where her aunt lived; but the aunt died, and then there was nowhere to go. When she was sixteen, Mr. Pomeroy asked her if she wished to have any more teaching. She did not, she said, although that was hardly true, because she would have liked the lessons to continue for the sake of her master's talk. So then there was nobody at all to talk to. Will, too, was sent for two years' training in Germany, where he was to qualify himself for a foreign correspondence clerkship. Fancy the loneliness of the girl, if you can. Try to understand the wild yearning that at times would come over her for somebody to expected and wonderful drive. Sinbad the Sailor had never seen such sights—Aladdin never got such splendid presents. And she had to sit still through the long dinner, and beat down her joy while Mr. Pomeroy sat over his wine, facing her, as silent as a sphinx, regardless of her joys or sorrows. It was but the day before that the man contemplated, without observing, a drooping flower, a mind already, at nineteen, beginning to turn inward and prey upon itself. In his selfish gloom and solitary moods he had already condemned a bright young girl to four years' imprisonment, and, as he never thought about the matter at all he was quite ready to carry on sentence year by year, till nature made an end.

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"Humph! Give me the letter." He broke the seal and looked at the signature.

"It is from Eli Ramsden, the Quaker, of Moulsey Priors. What has he got to say to me?"

"'DEAR FRIEND JOHN POMEROY—The bearer of this note, John Ashton, has to confer with thee on practical questions. It is for thy great good that thee should see him at once; see him often, and learn to know him. This is truth, from thy friend.

"'ELI RAMSDEN.'"

"For my great good? See him often! What does Ramsden mean? Jane, show the young man upstairs into the office. No, here; and light us a fire. My great good! Ah, large deductions—large deductions—large deductions! As if anything could happen to me now for my great good!"

Certainly a good deal might happen to the pale girl before him, who raised her quiet eyes in languid curiosity to see the stranger. Doubtless some uninterested city person—one of those who rushed about all day with eager faces.

No; a young man who, whatever he was, could not be set down even at first sight as an uninteresting city man. A young man of quite a different style. A tall red brawny young fellow, with clear-cut features and steady eyes; and as he stood in the door, hat in hand, Lettice felt for a moment as if she had seen him before somewhere—perhaps in a dream.

John Pomeroy the younger—it was he—saw before him a pale and very beautiful girl rising from a pianoforte, and at the fireside an elderly man, with hard, stern face, and white hair standing up all over his head in short sturdy curls. The room was plainly furnished, having the girl's piano, a case of books, and a single easy-chair, in addition to the customary simple furniture of a sitting-room.

The young man felt a singular emotion. Before him was his own father, whose very existence he had never suspected until a few weeks before. His father! There was but little to be made out of surmises, but he felt, at first sight, that this was a father capable of astonishing things in the way of hardness. That was immediately apparent.

"You are Mr. John Ashton?" asked the elder man, referring to his letter.

"I am—I am John Ashton," he replied, with a curious hesitation, as if he was not certain whether he might not be somebody else.

And again Lettice had the feeling of having seen him before. The very voice was familiar. It was deep and clear, like the voice of her guardian.

"My old friend"—here Mr. Pomeroy looked steadily at his visitor—"my old friend Eli Ramsden tells me that you wish to see me. How can I serve you? or, as we are men of business, and I like to call things by their proper names, how can we serve each other?"

"Let us call things by their proper names. You can serve me by teaching me."

"And yet you can serve me by teaching me. You are, Mr. Ramsden tells me, better acquainted than any living man with agricultural work of all kinds in England."

"Eli Ramsden is a man of truth," said Mr. Pomeroy. "I should not have said that of myself. But since he says it, you may accept it."

"I do accept it. I am an Arcadian, sir; not by birth, because I was born in England but I have passed twenty-four out of twenty-five years and two months in the country, and I claim to call myself an Arcadian born."

"You seem proud of it."

"I am proud of it, sir. We are going to be a great country some day."

"Ah! Large deductions," murmured the elder.

"Well, we will talk about that some other time. I am over here to learn all that can be known, all that can be taught me on my farm."

"You have a farm? Of your own?"

"It is my mother's. I am her only son, and I am therefore, in a sense, the owner."

"And you have brought over money? We do nothing here for love."

"I am in command of three thousand pounds, most of which I am to lay out to advantage in implements and stock, but part I may spend upon myself."

"To throw away in what you call amusements."

"No, sir. To throw away in education in such things as one cannot get in the backwoods. That is my business in England. And Mr. Ramsden says you can help me."

"Ay. I am agent for more than one kind of business. Suppose I can help you?"

"Then we will make an arrangement. This is my proposition: I will come here three nights a week; you shall answer my questions—there will be plenty of them—and you will tell me what you know. There is plenty of knowledge in your brain, if I can get it out. Think this over, and make a proposal as to terms. Just as well be talking to me as sitting over a fire."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Latest Fish Story.

A Whale Towing Four Fishermen'S Boats With Astonishing Rapidity.

(From the New York Sun.)

In the past three months whales have often been seen spouting off Long Branch, and the scarcity of small fish has been attributed to their presence. On Friday last three large ones were seen three or four miles out. On Saturday morning Capt. Wise, of the American Hotel, Samuel Maclain, Daniel Wright, and Martin Dangler—the three latter old fishermen—started out fishing in a boat about twenty feet long. They had arrived on the fishing ground about three miles from the shore, had all their lines out, and were having splendid luck hauling in codfish. Then Wright saw the fin of a monstrous fish, and immediately the boat began to run aground. Wright shouted to the men in another boat, about 100 yards distant—"Look out, there is a whale hold of us," but before the men could move out of their seats they were towed out to sea at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The monster had become entangled in the long anchor rope of the boat. The pull on the boat was so strong the men thought the boat must go over every second. The men say they were very much frightened, and the sensation was the queerest they ever knew. All they could do was to hold on and let her go for a few minutes. Then they crept forward and cut the rope. They were a mile further out to sea. The fish kept right on, and they could see the wake he made for some distance, as he kept near the surface. The rope was a stout half inch manilla one, and attached to it was in anchor of about twenty pounds' weight. The fishermen here think the monster was after the codfish, and that he came up to the anchor line with his mouth open, and got the rope in his mouth. As soon as he felt it he closed his mouth and swam off, towing the boat after him so fast that the codfish lines that were hanging over the boat pulled straight out on the surface, and the heavy sinkers, weighing a pound or more apiece, were on the top of the water.

A Mischievous Custom.

Of all the absurd practices of the present day what is sailed "treating" is one of the most ridiculous. What amusement or enjoyment two men, both, in all probability, able to pay for their own drinks, can find in alternately "guzzling" at each other's expense is one of the things that are past finding out. They would not dream of buying one another boots or settling one another's laundry bills; there is no mutual treating to water rates or even to mutton chops or anything eatable. We might pass the matter by with a laugh or a sneer were it only a foolish custom, but it is as mischievous as it is ridiculous. Most people who conform to it drink in consequence twice as much as they would otherwise, helping one another to sottish helplessness under pretence of friendliness. A word of warning is seasonable, for this is the time of year when the preposterous and ruinous usage is most prevalent.

THERE is nothing like a shorthand reporter to take a man down.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

What Shall He Do With Her?

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

This is a sad, but short, tale about a cat, or perhaps about a rabbit that pretended to be a cat,—I do not know which. You will presently see why it must be short.

Some time ago a supposed friend sent me, as a present, what purported to be a Chinese cat. Thereby hangs a tale? Not at all. The cat hadn't a sign of a tail. It was said by way of apology and explanation that all Chinese cats have no tails. If this is a fact in natural history, it is an absurd fact; for it is known that all Chinamen—even the smallest—have tails, which are called cues, and sometimes pig-tails, but never cat-tails. And it seemed improbable and heartless that a Chinaman would deny tails to his cat. However, I took the kitten in, and named her "China," a name she has never responded to, to this day.

And this shows the animal's instinct; for when I came to look in the dictionary, I found that, in all probability, she was a Manx cat from the Isle of Man,—a small, English island (hardly room enough to turn round) where cats are obliged to do without tails. It is considered a very nice kind of cat, if it is a cat, of which I have doubts. It is said that Turner, the great painter,—who was probably as good a judge of cats as ever lived,—kept seven Manx cats always in his house. Perhaps it was necessary to have seven Manx cats to get the equivalent of one real cat; in my experience it requires more.

As I said, I doubt if China is a cat, take her all together. She had, as a kitten, no tail. Her grown tail now is less than an inch long, and most of that is fur. It is exactly like a rabbit's tail, that is, a kind of place for a tail. When China first began to realize her existence, she evidently thought that she was a cat, and her first sportive effort was to play with her tail. She looked around, and there wasn't any tail there; the other end of her was rabbit. She was mortified; but what could she do? She began, without any apology, to play with her hind leg, to chase it round and round as if it were a tail; and ever after that she has amused herself with her hind leg.

And her hind legs are worth playing with. For they are not like the hind legs of a cat, but are long and bend under exactly like the legs of a rabbit. When China sits down, she sits down like a rabbit. So she is neither one thing nor the other; and I cannot make out whether she is a cat trying to be a rabbit, or a rabbit trying to be a cat. She succeeds, any way. China is rather handsome. Her coat is the most beautiful combination of soft buff and ermine fur, a most pleasing colour—and she is a shapely little thing besides, with a fine head and pretty. Like some other beauties, however, she is not as good as she is beautiful. She has a temper,—can be very playful and affectionate one minute, and scratch and bite the next without provocation. From an infant she seemed to have no conscience. She was a perfect whirlwind in the house, when the whim took her to frolic; went over chairs and all sorts of furniture like a flying-squirrel; succeeded in about a week in tearing off all the gimp from the chairs and lounges, climbed the azalia trees, shook off the blossoms, and then broke the stems. Punishment she minded not at all—only to escape from it for a moment. I think she had not, as a kitten, a grain of moral sense, and yet she was "awful cunning," sad entertaining,—more so than a spoiled child. We got a sedate old cat to come and live with China. She drove that big cat out of the house and off the premises in less than half a day; and that, too, when she wasn't more than seven inches long. She went at the big cat with incredible fury, with the blaze and momentum of a little fire-ball.

Now that China has come to be of decent size, some of the vivacity and playfulness has gone out of her, but she is really untamed—goes for things on the table, steals, and all that; and it is more difficult than ever to tell whether she is a rabbit or a cat. We have another companion for her—a mild, staid old grandmother of a cat, with a very big tail, enough for two, if they would share it. China treats her with no respect, but, on the whole, they get on well, quarrelling only half the time, and consent to live in the same house. China overlooks the intrusion.

But as to the nature of China, this is what happened recently. China's mistress had undertaken to raise some radishes, in advance of the season, in a box in her conservatory. It was a slow process, owing to lack of heat, or lack of disposition in the radishes to grow. They came up, shot up, grew slender, tall and pale. Occasionally the mistress would pull up one to see why the bottoms didn't grow, so that we could eat them; but she never discovered why. The plants spindled up, all top and no radish; and by and by they got tired and laid down to rest. They might in time come to something. In fact, they began to look as if they were thickening in the stem and going to grow in the root. One morning they were gone. Alone, after weeks of patient watering, watching, and expectation! Nibbled off close to the ground. China had eaten every one of them short.

Now doesn't that show that China is a rabbit? Will a cat eat radish tops? That is one thing I want to know.

There came to our house a facetious person; that is, a person who makes jokes likely to hurt your feelings; and he looked at the cat, and said it didn't matter if it had no tail that I could write one for it. I have done so.

But that makes no difference. What I want to know now from the children is this: What can I do with her? I can neither give her away for a cat, or eat her for a rabbit. Do you think it would coax a tail out of her to put her under blue glass?

Repression.

Some fathers and mothers have the mistaken idea that keeping what they call "a tight rein" on their children is one of the prime duties of the parental relation, without any regard whatsoever to the idiosyncracies of the young people. They govern for the sake of governing, with no ulterior view to the right shaping of their children's characters and the right ordering of their lives. But the object of the family relationship is not government for its own sake but the attaining of certain results through government as a means. Parents should rather look to the expansion of their children's natures, the cultivation in them of the faculty of self government, so that when fatherly and motherly control comes, as in course of time it must, to be withdrawn fully settled principles may take its place. There is serious hurt often done by the habitual repression. There may be a seeming yielding to the pressure while there is a strong and ever strengthening disposition to revolt, and often a secret indulgence in what is prohibited. We would not urge a relaxation of authority when grave questions of right and wrong are involved, but in trifles—such as make up the greater part of child-life—it is far better to err on the side of permitting than prohibiting a young person's self-gratification within reasonable bounds. Don't govern for the mere sake of governing.

SUSAN fell in love with a book-keeper, and when Aunt Mary asked about his position in life, Susan answered demurely, "He's a count, auntie." Which proved satisfactory to both parties.

"OH, heavens, save my wife!" shouted a man whose wife had fallen overboard in the Hudson River recently. They succeeded in rescuing her. Her husband tenderly embraced her, saying, "My dear, if you'd been lost, what should I have done? I shall not let you carry the pocket-book again."

Two ladies, both of them a little dull in the hearing, were in church one day when the minister had for his text, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." They listened patiently enough, but when they got out the one said to the other, "Keep me, Janet, wasna yon on awfu' text the minister had the day?—'Exceep' we pay our rent, we're a' to be putten out o' the parish.'"

Poverty's Retreat.

Yule-Tide Under Depressing Circumstances—The Nooks and Crannies where the Poor Hide—Life by Hook or by Crook.

[From the Toronto Saturday Night.]

"Lend me ten cents, wont yer?"

Our querist was as ragged as if tigers had made a raid upon him.

"What do you want ten cents for?" we asked.

"Can't sleep on the curbstone comfortably. Do you think you could?"

Our own conviction, though we did not give utterance to it, was that we could not.

"But what good would ten cents do you?" we asked.

"I'll show y

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1879.

A BATCH OF MEETINGS.

Municipal, Railway and other matters.

A special meeting of the town Council of 1878 was convened by the Mayor in Martin's hall on Tuesday evening, 7th inst., for the purpose of hearing explanations from Colonel Tisdale, President of the P. D. & L. H. Railway Company, anent the policy of the Company regarding the route of departure from Listowel and the extension of the road north of this town: also fo. the transaction of other business. Present, the Mayor, Reeve, and Councillors Nichol, Deavitt, Heppler, Hacking, Freeman, Austin and Binning. After routine, several complaints were made concerning dog tax assessment. It was moved by Dr. Nichol, seconded by John Binning, that the following persons be refunded the sum of one dollar each for dog tax, wrongfully paid: Jas. Vanstone, D. Davidson, A. Aikens, Jno. Paul, A. Henderson, R. Matthews, Jos. Cumberland, Wm Richardson—Carried. Complaints were also heard from several parties in regard to wrongful assessment of property. It was moved by Dr. Nichol, seconded by A. S. Deavitt, that the taxes of John Welsh, $7.50, and A. Walton, $4.50, be refunded, and that the taxes of Joseph Congdon, on lots 517, 518 and 519, West Victoria street, be remitted, said lots having been subsequently assessed in West ward—Carried. On motion of Dr. Nichol, seconded by John Binning, the following accounts, as recommended by the Finance committee, were ordered to be paid, namely: Hess Bros., $7.36; Bowman & Freir, $42.29; McIlwraith & Austin, $20.97; Robinson & Dunham, $9. The Mayor intimated that, according to instructions, he had purchased a car load of coal for the fire engine and hall. It was moved by Thos. E. Hay, seconded by A. D. Freeman, that the following taxes be remitted, viz: Mrs. Soper, 95c; Mrs E G Little, $12.60; Mrs Burroughs, $11.15; Mrs Edmondson, $4.72; Mrs Swanton, $7.35; Mrs McKenzie, $15.24; Mrs Swan, $2.36; Mrs Barber, $3.15; Mrs Buckler, $3.15; Mrs Parks, $6.25; Moyer & Brick, property exempt by bylaw, $12.60; Robinson & Dunham, do., $47.25; Alfred Wright, on Congregational parsonage, $7.88; and that the collector be credited with above amounts—Carried. The Council then adjourned in order that Messrs. Adam Austin and A. S. Deavitt, members of the Board, might have the privilege of making explanations before a public meeting concerning certain charges which Mr. Austin had made against Mr. Deavitt.

AUSTIN VS. DEAVITT.

As the ratepayers of Listowel must be thoroughly aware, this personal controversy originated at the public meeting held in Osborne's hall on the 31st ult., at which Mr. Adam Austin charged Mr. A. S. Deavitt with having presented an account to the Council, asking payment for 20 days' services more than it was possible to put in within the time during which the latter was in the employ of the corporation as road overseer. This charge Mr. Deavitt emphatically denied, making an explanation which was received with satisfaction by a large majority of the meeting present. In a letter published since, Mr. Austin reiterated his charges, and endeavored to prove that Mr. Deavitt had demanded payment for 40 days over and above the time that he had served the corporation. Mr. Deavitt, in a circular addressed to the electors of Listowel, discussed the charges made by his accuser *seriatim*, characterizing each as an utter falsehood, and challenged Mr. Austin to refute his statements. On the morning of the election Mr. Austin issued a fly sheet accepting the challenge, and named Tuesday evening for a public discussion. The meeting was very numerously attended, the hall being crowded almost to suffocation. Mayor Scott was appointed chairman, and Mr. Austin was given opportunity to substantiate his charges against Mr. Deavitt. It is quite unnecessary to report the decidedly personal discussion which ensued, further than to state that he limited the number of days overcharged to 12; asserted that Mr. Deavitt's first account was for $235.50; admitted that he had been mistaken in the amount which he had accused Mr. Deavitt of drawing before his bill was presented, said amount being $45 instead of $55; he also admitted that he may have been mistaken in charging Mr. Deavitt with having taken a day to attend the Mitchell show, as he was not sure as to the place of the show. Mr. Austin made some other admissions; also some further charges. He aptly illustrated the regret which he said he felt at the personal feeling engendered by denouncing Mr. Deavitt's letter to the electors as a discredit to the town and a discredit to the printer for printing it.

Mr. Deavitt replied to Mr. Austin's accusations, denying them almost in toto, and substantiating his statements where required by citing the names of several gentlemen present in proof. He stated that he had kept a strict record of all the material used; of the men's time, together with his own; and also of the expenditure entailed during his tenure as chairman of the public improvements committee. This, he felt confident, was more than could be said by the chairman for the past year. He also felt confident that the first correct statement that Mr. Austin had seen of the amount expended on improvements last year was in a letter recently published in the STANDARD. In reference to drawing a portion of his wages previous to submitting his account to the council, Mr. Deavitt claimed the same privilege as was granted to others in the employ of the corporation, and the same as had been granted to an overseer under Mr Hay. The system adopted by corporations generally in paying men's wages was for the mayor to issue an order for the amount on the certificate of the overseer or chairman. This system Mr. Deavitt had carried out in respect to his own as well as the wages of those men employed under him. In answer to Mr. Austin's accusations against him of attacking private character, Mr. Deavitt asked the meeting if his personal character was not impugned by Mr. Austin's insinuation that he had attempted to defraud the town of 20 days' wages. Mr. Deavitt concluded by stating that he was prepared to prove every statement that he had made before the meeting. Mr. Austin endeavored to say something in reply, but his remarks were completely drowned amid the perfect storm of shouts to "sit down," which arose from all parts of the hall. At this juncture, the arrival of Colonel Tisdale was announced, when, according to previous notification given by the mayor, the discussion terminated.

RAILWAY MEETING.

About 10 p. m.: Colonel Tisdale, President of the P. D. & L. H. Ry Company, entered the hall. His worship mayor Scott was again called to the chair, when he stated the object of the Colonel's visit to Listowel. After making a few remarks, he invited the Colonel to address the meeting.

Colonel Tisdale said he was glad to meet so many present, although he had only expected to meet the Council. The difficulty which he had encountered in reaching here, he thought was a fair illustration of the obstacles which beset the building of railroads. It afforded him much pleasure to witness the progress which Listowel was making. He was sanguine of the town's future prosperity. There was no place along the line that their "small Railway" had done more for than it had done for Listowel. The Company had received much assistance from the people of Listowel, and the town had received large benefits in return. He regretted that there should be a misconception arising in regard to the policy of the Company. The board had first heard in Listowel that any other route than the one upon which so much had been already expended, was likely to be adopted in leaving this town. He had never even dreamt of any other route being taken. A gentleman in Listowel might have seen Mr. Wright, the Company's engineer, mark on paper another route out of town; he had lately been informed that this had been done, and he was persuaded that this was the only ground for such a report. He felt that the board owed an apology to the Council for neglecting to acknowledge the receipt of their communication on the matter. There had been no meeting since, the letter had therefore not been brought to the notice of the Board. The first intimation that he received of it was given him a few weeks ago by mayor Scott, and he wished to apologise that a more formal acknowledgement had not been given. In reference to the proposal to make connection with the G. W. R. at Listowel, Col. Tisdale stated that he had telegraphed to Mr. Broughton last March, asking him to appoint a time for a meeting of each Company's engineer at Listowel. Mr. Broughton requested him to write, which he did. In reply he was informed that it would be a waste of time to hold an oral consultation, as such a scheme could not be entertained. Both Companies had constructed sidings to the mills, but the Colonel questioned whether the Western would ever have done so had there not been a competing line built. He considered that the action of his Company contrasted very favorably with that of the Western in the late crossing trouble, and stated that the Dover Company had been granted power by the courts to demand restitution from the Western whenever they saw fit to do so. The Colonel assured the meeting that there was not the least danger of the Company breaking faith with Listowel. Self-interest would prevent it, if nothing else, Listowel was not depend ent on the Dover line, he was glad to say, nor was it dependent on the Great Western. The importance of the trade of Listowel gave it command of the situation, and the Railways, he maintained, would be compelled to work for the interest of Listowel in self-protection. Regarding the choice of routes north of Listowel, it had been a matter of bonuses, not a preference for any particular route. Colonel Tisdale thought it would be the very best thing that could happen for the road to go by way of Palmerston and Harriston. Listowel, he considered, would maintain the ascendency over all other towns in the north. It was a natural centre of trade, and too far in advance in the march of progress to be injured by either Palmerston or Harriston. The Colonel looked upon Listowel as one of the rising cities of the north. If the road went to Palmerston, no other town could grow up, whereas by taking the Clifford route, a market might be created at Fordwich, which would divert a portion of the trade of Listowel in that direction. The best reason he could give for the Company adopting the Palmerston rofite was that it was perfectly impossible to go any other way; the money could not be raised. The Clifford people had said that they didn't get a chance. $60,000 or $70,000 would have to be raised by Howick and Clifford before that route could be adopted, and he was persuaded that no sane man could expect that amount from these municipalities. At the Minto mass meeting it was decided that one cent would not be given to go by way of Clifford. The bonus for $25,000 from Howick was voted down, and upon making enquiries afterwards he was persuaded that a bonus for $40,000 wouldn't carry in that township. The wisdom of adopting the route which they had done was best seen by the bonuses that have been granted. Fault had been found with the Council of Listowel for handing over to the Company the $5,000 granted by the town for the extension north. Had this not been done, the Colonel stated that the scheme could not have gone on, and that the Government grant of $13,500 between Stratford and Listowel, would not have been obtained. In regard to the petition asking Government aid to the extension north, Col. Tisdale thought that after having invested $15,000 in the road, Listowel would be untrue to her interests if she refused to sign the petition. On visiting the country north he had been perfectly astonished; it was the finest he ever saw. The harbor at Wiartown was a beautiful land locked harbor, made by nature, and was destined to become the base of trade with the north-west. It was only 20 miles farther than Sarnia from Stratford; is accessible to both the Collingwood and Beaty line of steamers, and only 50 miles from the north shore of the Georgian Bay, where an immense lumber district was open. Eventually it was proposed to reach the Great Manitoulin Island, whose broad and arable surface was attracting a large population. Ontario would soon be looking to the north-west for a large portion of its grain and stock, as well as for its lumber, and in return will be sending out manufactures. Listowel, he was pleased to learn, had in contemplation a large agricultural implement manufactory. With the consummation of the Railway, the town would be in a position to control a large portion of the trade of this northern section, a reciprocity of feeling should therefore exist. The interests of the road and the interests of the town being identical, each should help the other in the struggle to reach the goal of its ambition. If it was desirable to have the road owned and controlled by Canadians, assistance must be given. Before taking his seat, Colonel Tisdale said he would only be too ready at any time to give explanations if called upon.

The meeting was also addressed by Messrs D D Campbell, D D Hay and Dr Philp, of Listowel, and Messrs Dobson, McDonald and Kerr, of Clifford, the latter gentlemen being present by invitation from a number of the citizens of Listowel. We are compelled to omit a report of the remarks of these gentlemen owing to want of space. The discussion became exceedingly animated, resolving itself into a battle of routes and recriminatory allusions more pointed than flattering. The following resolution was finally submitted to the meeting and carried: Moved by D D Campbell, seconded by D D Hay, that this meeting instruct the Council to sign the petition to the Government.

The Council then resumed, when the following resolution was placed upon the minute book: Moved by A D Freeman, seconded by Jacob Heppler, that this Council authorize the Mayor to sign a petition and affix the seal of the corporation thereto, asking the Government to subsidize the Stratford & Huron Railway from Stratford north to Wiarton.

Colonel Tisdale assured the Council that it was not the intention of the Company to build any portion of the road until their financial scheme was completed to Wiarton. The resolution was then put and carried. The Council rose at 1.30 a. m.

GREAT FIRE AT DOON.

Perrine's Flax Mill Burned—$15,000 loss.

At ten o'clock this morning the Doon Flax Mills suddenly turned into flames, and all efforts to stop the fire were fruitless. It spread so rapidly that the workmen in the upper story could not be informed till the flames burst through the floor, and those in the 3rd story only saving themselves by jumping out of the window. The whole building, including machinery and at least $10,000 worth of stock, were totally destroyed. The fire is supposed to have been caused by a spark from a piece of cold iron which had fallen into the picker, but nothing certain is known. It is partially insured, but the amount we have not heard. One of the laborers, Hans Waerstein, a cripple—who was employed—fell in trying to escape, and was badly burned about the head and face. His recovery is very doubtful.

THE death is announced of Pierre Alexis Tremblay, M.P. for Charlevoix, and editor of *L'Eclairem*, a Quebec journal. He was a member of the House of Commons from 1865 to 1875, and was again returned in September last. His health had been failing for some time past, and his death was not unexpected.

GREAT SNOW BLOCKADE.

AN UNPRECEDENTED STORM.

Complete Suspension of Travel—Railroads Blocked in all directions—Four days without Mail—Country Roads buried to the depth of six and ten feet—Business at a Stand-still—Intense Cold in the North West—People Frozen to Death—The Polar Wave extends to Florida.

The year 1879 will evidently mark an epoch in storm annals. Within a single week from the birthday of the new year this continent, from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has been visited by storms which are almost without a parallel. The snow which commenced to fall on Thursday morning of last week, continued without cessation until it had reached the depth of several feet, the wind heaped it into drifts in many places far above the fences. Country road were so completely blocked up that many of them still lie buried so deep that they have not been traversed by vehicle of any description since. Railway traffic was brought to a stand-still. The blockade on the Southern Extension of the G W R lasted from Thursday morning until Sunday night, when the first train for four days reached the Listowel station. No train whatever has arrived here on the P D & L H Ry line since the 1st inst. Gangs of men have been at work for some days past along the line clearing the track, and it is expected that the road will be opened to Listowel by to-morrow (Saturday.) The inconvenience and loss which the country has suffered through the storm is incalculable. By reference to the despatches published below it will be seen that this section has not been alone in the severe visitation. While we have been almost buried with snow, a polar wave has swept from the far north-west to the most southerly States of the Union, bearing in its train frozen limbs and loss of life.

Clinton, Jan. 4.—On Thursday morning a heavy wind sprung up, together with snow, and has continued till this evening. The morning G. T. train from Stratford, due here at 10 a.m., arrived about 3 p.m. on Thursday. The railway authorities wished passengers to remain here, but they insisted on going forward at their own risk. They proceeded on about six miles and got stuck in the snow. The passengers deserted the train and made for what accommodation the country afforded. The two engines with a snow-plow are dead and frozen. No other trains have attempted to run, the drifts varying in height from 6 to 20 feet and hard packed. The G.W.R. trains are also stopped and the road badly blocked. A snow-plow is stuck a few yards north of the station here. The highways in all directions are almost impassable. The post office authorities tried to-day to send couriers with the mails to Lucan and Wingham. The man went south a mile and had to return, and no one could be got to go either way. A courier arrived from Goderich with the mails this evening for Stratford but could get no farther to-night. Business is at a stand still.

Woodstock, January 4.—The "oldest inhabitant" has not known a snow blockade worse than that at present prevailing in this section. Since Thursday night all travel on country roads and on lines of railway running north and south has been suspended and a complete isolation has prevailed, and the towns in consequence are deserted. Gangs of men have been steadily at work on the P. D. & L. H. Railway, and it is hoped that at least by to-morrow, (Sunday,) travel will resume. Mail matter that had accumulated yesterday at Woodstock was despatched by sleigh south.

Southampton, Ont., January 4.—The severest storm ever known here has been raging for the last two weeks, and is still continuing without any signs of abatement. The roads are completely blocked, and cannot be made passable for several days. No mails have been received for several days.

Brighton, Ont., January 3.—This afternoon a woman was found upon the ice, near Presqu' Isle Point, frozen to death. She is a stranger and appears to have been travelling upon the cars, going west.

John McDiarmid has been found frozen to death on the road between Canfield and Cayuga. Deceased leaves a wife and five children.

London, Jan. 6.—The auxilliary train, which left here Sunday morning for Brucefield on the London, Huron and Bruce line, succeeded in reaching the beleagured passenger train, which had been stuck there from the Thursday night previous, at midnight, after encountering some of the deepest snow drifts ever heard of in that section. The workmen, between forty and fifty in number, worked incessantly with shovels for over twelve hours, and under the direction of Mr. J. E. Dawson, finally succeeded in accomplishing their object. For nearly a mile they cut a tunnel sufficiently wide to admit a locomotive and passenger car through it, out of over sixteen feet of snow, and, in many places, before they could retrace their steps, the snow was almost as badly drifted as if they had never touched it.

Winnipeg, Jan. 3.—The thermometer was 29 degrees below zero here yesterday, 35 degrees below zero at Fort Pelly, and 60 degrees below zero at Battleford. The severe frost has prostrated the telegraph wires.

St. Louis, Mo., January 2.—To-day is the coldest of the season; mercury 6 to 10 degrees below zero, and still sinking to-night. Dispatches from Western Missouri, Kansas and Central and Southern Illinois note extremely cold weather, the mercury everywhere being several degrees below zero. In some places it fell to more than 20 below, and two or three deaths by freezing are reported.

Richmond, Va., Jan. 4.—The thermometer this morning was down to 5 above zero, but moderated during the day. This evening the temperature is again falling. The reports along the Chesapeake & Ohio R R, west of Charlotteville, indicate the range of from 2 to 22 below zero. The trains are behind time. Reports from other points in the western portion of the State show similar effects of the cold snap.

Jacksonville, Fla., January 5.—Heavy sleet last night. The thermometer fell to 30 degrees above. Everything to-day is covered with ice. Nothing of the kind has been known for thirty years. It is not known yet whether the orange trees and fruit trees are injured. Snow fell in considerable quantity as far south as Dupoint, Ga.,

New York, January 5.—For the first time within twenty years the Hudson was so firmly frozen over opposite Yonkers as to admit pedestrians crossing on the ice. A large number of ocean steamships were delayed here by ice. Many steamers on the North River were actually frozen in, which is rare with ocean steamships. The extreme cold seems to be extending south, and, if so, will effectually co operate with the Yellow Fever Commission in extirpating the seeds of the disease. The weather officers consider the present one of the most remarkable Arctic waves noticed since the establishment of the bureau.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 5.—Railway men estimate that the number of freight cars blockaded between Syracuse and Buffalo is between three and four thousand.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.—"Chatterbox," "Wide-awake," "British Workman," and a great many other illustrated periodicals; also illuminated toy books and fancy Christmas cards, in endless variety and cheap, at Dr. Michener's book and drug store.

Apples and other fresh fruits, canned fruits, at C G Koch's grocery.

Go to C. G. Koch's grocery, Wallace street, for excellent fresh raisins and currants.

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

Parties owing me small accounts will take this as a notice to call and pay up, and save costs. J. A. HACKING.

NORTH MORNINGTON.

To the Editor of the Standard.

DEAR SIR,—I noticed in the STANDARD of the 20th ult., a "blast" signed "A Supporter." Its intentions, I presume, were, when he began to write, to give me what might be termed a "scorching blast," to send my communication "higher than a kite" but, alas, he failed to do so; he even failed to dispute any one assertion made in it; it was founded on facts, and you know, Mr. Editor, facts are stubborn things. In the first place, he, in his communication, tries to impress upon the minds of the many readers of your paper, that I am the author of a number of communications on the subject referred to; but by doing so he is just giving the public a glimpse at what kind of a man he is; if he regarded the truth he certainly would be a little more cautious in expressing himself. I was the writer of only one of the communications referred to. He charges some of those who are opposed to Mr. Kay of condemning him before they had heard him preach. Now this, I hold, is a falsehood, and I challenge the author of it to name one member of the North Mornington Church who condemned the said gentleman under any such circumstances. Again, he charges those who are opposed to Mr. Kay of being self-righteous, and says that their reason for not supporting him was because "they did not bring him here." This is another assertion that is false; these men did not oppose the said gentleman for any such reason. The principal reason why they opposed him was, they did not believe in the doctrine he preached. How kind and thoughtful "supporter" is in freeing me when he says "*they* wish to ridicule a leading member," etc., and by using that pronoun he has impressed the thought upon my mind that I am not the only one who censures that "leading member" for saying things not at all commendable to a man of his position in the church. The writer tries to clear that "leading member" of the Milverton congregation by saying that "what he said was true." Now, since he said that the language used by that leader was true, he at the same time admits that Mr. Kay was telling a falsehood when he used language directly opposite to that used by the "leading member" before referred to. My candid opinion is that Mr Kay knew very little, if anything, about the opposition to the call. "Supporter" speaks of "these *few* who were against him." Now I would like to know what meaning he wishes to convey to the minds of the readers of that "awful blast" by using the word *few*. Allow me to call his attention to the fact that there were 61 members signed the petition against Mr. Kay coming, in the North Church alone, and quite a number were against him who did not sign the petition. Seventeen members who signed the call simply because they believed the false statements given to them by those libellous men, signed the petition after they heard the said gentleman preach. By taking those seventeen names from the call, I think Mr. Supporter will find that Mr Kay's supporters have very little of a majority, if any, in this congregation. This exalted (?) writer is not satisfied while writing on church matters, but wanders off into municipal affairs, and in an underhand and cowardly manner accuses some of those gentlemen he was referring to of seeking offices they are not worthy or capable of holding to their honor or credit. Now, I would ask this exaggerator to name one member opposed to the call in the North Church who ever sought an office in the township he was not worthy or capable of holding to his honor or credit. Yes, and further, I defy him to do so. How it pleases "supporter" to see that your correspondent confesses that Mr. Kay has showed (shown) himself to be a gentleman and a true Christian. I would ask him, did the thought ever occur to his mind that a man might appear to the eyes of the world to be the possessor of the above named virtues and yet turn out to be one of the greatest hypocrites? If one man should do a great wrong, would it be right for another to follow his footsteps by committing a misdemeanor equally great? "Supporter" tries to make out that it would, by justifying those parties accused of slander and profanity when he asks your correspondent the question, "did ever Mr. Kay's supporters go to church court and need be told to keep silent for speaking in direct opposition to their own former language, etc.? As I am no expert in what has been said in church court during the past, I don't feel disposed to answer the above question, but I would ask this worthy supporter(?) was every one of those in opposition to Mr Kay guilty of the misdemeanor he refers to? Had he asked me did I know of one of Mr Kay's supporters who was ordered to take his seat while disturbing a gentleman when speaking in church court? I could have answered him in the affirmative, or could have given him the name if it were his request. With regard to the sentence, "neither were they ever contradicted by a companion for using unseemly language against another senior companion of the faith," I must admit that I am not sufficiently versed in the English language to arrive at the right meaning of this eloquent strain of words, and to satisfy my own curiosity, I would ask him to give a definition of the word "contradicted" used in the sentence I refer to. Hoping to hear from that great "pillar," and that I may have the privilege of redressing all wrongs in his next, I will again subscribe myself FAIRPLAY.

[As before intimated, the STANDARD can no longer be a medium for carrying on this controversy, after replies have been published from each of our correspondents. "Fairplay" has now had his say; an answer from "Supporter" must end the discussion so far as we are concerned.—ED.

ANOTHER FINANCIAL CRASH.

Collapse of the Cornish Bank of England—Liabilities over £1,000,000—Widespread Disaster.

London, Jan. 4.—A correspondent telegraphs from Truro, Cornwall, that great consternation was manifested this morning in consequence of a notice which was posted on the door of the Cornish Bank announcing that it was closed. The Cornish Bank belongs to Tweedie, Williams & Co. It was established about one hundred and ten years ago, and has branches at Falmouth, Penryhn and Redoruth. Sir Frederick Williams, member of Parliament for Truro, who died recently, held a third of the concern, and his widow is his sole executor. The Bank had an authorized issue of £49,000.

A despatch from Plymouth says the stoppage of the Cornish Bank will cause terrible distress among the traders of West Cornwall. The immediate cause of the suspension is a run on the bank during the last fortnight resulting from rumors that the late Sir Frederick Williams was largely indebted to the bank, and that a large portion of the capital was locked up in mines and advances on tin, neither of which securities were immediately realizable. A further stoppage of the Cornish mines is inevitable, and the failure of many private firms must follow.

London, Jan. 6.—It is believed the liabilities of the Cornish Bank are over a million pounds. Some say the bank can pay in full, but a more general opinion is that this is impossible. It is believed the mines of Western Cornwall alone owe the bank £100,000, in calling in of which loans would have a disastrous effect on the whole of West Cornwall.

WARNING TO KING KILLERS.

Execution of Moncasi, the Spanish Regicide.

Madrid, Jan. 4—Moncasi, who attempted to assassinate the King, was executed this morning. At midnight the prisoner made a will, leaving his property to his wife; at five he attended mass, and at eight was conducted to a carriage, in which he was conveyed to the scaffold, which he mounted without support, listening meanwhile to the admonitions of priests. Two battalions of troops were drawn up around the scaffold. An immense number of people were present.

BEAUTIFUL SCENE AT THE FALLS.—The late severe cold weather has been instrumental in forming an ice bridge at Niagara Falls. On Saturday evening and Sunday king frost sealed the waters, and the boiling hissing and seathing waste between Goat Island and the mainland was closed up by the jam of ice which came down in masses of immense volume. The ice is computed to be at least 40 or 50 feet deep, forming a rugged, irregular mass of hills and hollow, as if a great tumult had occurred in the bowels of the earth and upheaved the surface. All visible objects, trees, bridges, crags, etc., are covered with a coating of ice. Immense ice mounds have gathered in front of the American fall, and altogether the scenery is grand beyond description. To those who have seen the falls in summer, a visit now in its winter garments will well repay them.

Manitoulin Island is now surveyed throughout its full length. Farmers from Ontario are still flocking there in search of homesteads. They follow close in the surveyors wake, only waiting for the lot of posts to be planted before they immediately commence their clearing in order that they may secure a squatter's claim. For the benefit of those intending to emigrate to this Island, we can give no more timely advice than to beware of land sharks who deal in settlers' claims. Gore Bay and the district around it, is well stocked with these gentry who make a handsome living by selling lots to which they have no just right or claim.—*Collingwood Messenger.*

NEW elections will take place in St. Agathe and St. Charles, Manitoba, for the local legislature, the seats in these constituencies having been declared vacant.

Seal brown and myrtle green Lustres, at Bean & Gee's, only 12½ cts. per yard.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

"Having sworn off, will I remain so?" is the social conundrum just now.

Emerson, Man., has now two newspapers, the *International* and the *Journal*.

Dominion money of all denominations is now at a discount of 6 per cent in the United States.

Farmers and others who retain stray cattle ten days without advertising make themselves criminally liable.

General Grant has received an enthusiastic reception at Dublin, but the people of Cork appear to hold him in less appreciation.

A thirty-eight ton gun burst during the practice on board the British man-of-war Thunderer. The vessel's turret was destroyed, seven were killed and forty wounded.

The recount of ballot papers cast in the East Toronto election resulted in four being added to Hon. Alex. Morris' majority, making it 47 instead of 43.

John Watson, of Ayr, has shipped sample cases of machinery to England, Germany, Russia and Italy. He expects to introduce himself to a profitable foreign trade.

Bernard McNaughton, of Peel, has been sentenced by Judge Chadwick to three years in the Penitentiary for burning the barns of Mrs. Bethenson, of Peel.

While the population of Ontario has only increased about one and a half per cent from 1869 to 1877, the increase in the number of criminals during the same period has been over 100 per cent. from 5,560 to 13,481.

The Ontario Field Battery, Guelph contains 63 native born Canadians out of 73 members. The County Council paid the men 25 cents per day each for the time put in at annual drill.

The annual sale of thoroughbred and improved stock under the auspices of the Huron Live Stock Association, will be held in the town of Exeter on Wednesday, February 12th, 1879.

Cheese making has been carried on to a great extent in Elma during last summer, with profit to the farmers. There are nine factories in the township; the largest of which is that of the Elma joint stock cheese company, who have received for their cheese this season the large sum of $15,921.29.

ALLEGED FORGERY.—Charles Clarke, J. P., Elora, committed, New Year's day, Edward Welsh to Guelph gaol for forging a note on Wm. Brown and Thos. Lancaster, of the township of Peel. Welsh was subsequently released on $1,100 bail, his sureties being John Connolly and S. Boyle, of Peel, and Philip Welsh, of Guelph.

TWO CHILDREN BURNED ALIVE.—While Robert Baine, reeve, of Brandy Creek, near Teeterville, was engaged with his family cleaning up wheat in the barn, on Thursday, his dwelling caught fire, and two young children, who were alone in the house, were burned to death.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: Louis Riel is reported to be in Pembina, where he has been about a week, though his presence there is known to very few. It is stated that he has been in a college in the Province of Quebec, and not in an asylum. He is evidently in good health. His intentions have not yet been ascertained, but it is rumored that he visited this side of the boundary.

The Lincoln Local election trial has at last given Mr. Ryk[illegible] seat, and thrown the costs, amounting to about thirty thousand dollars, on Neelon. As Mr. Rykert is now a member of the House of Commons he will of course have to resign the Local seat. Another election will therefore be shortly in order.

It has been determined by the Liberal executive of Manchester to invite Mr. Gladstone to stand for that city in place of Sir Thomas Bazley, who has determined to retire from Parliament on account of his advanced age.

The Duke of Connaught (Prince Arthur) has been appointed Colonel *a la suite* of the Third Brandenburg-Ziethen Hussars. This is the famous regiment commanded by Prince Frederick Charles, the Duke of Connaught's future father-in-law, whose name, "Red Prince" is derived from the troopers' scarlet tunics.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.—It is said that the Pacific Railway staff at the capital are busily engaged in preparing specifications for the construction of the 180 miles of road on Thunder Bay Branch of the Canada Pacific Railroad, with a view of facilitating the immediate letting of the contracts after the reception of tenders on January 15th. The sections of the road to be let comprise the gap between Rat Portage and English River. The remaining sections of the road, from Winnipeg to Rat Portage on the west, and from Fort William to English River on the east, are almost entirely completed and in working order. The time for the reception of tenders for the British Columbian sections of the road has been extended to February 12th.

Fine white shirts; white, scarlet, grey and Canton Flannel underclothing, made to order, at Bean & Gee's; perfect fit guaranteed.

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

GRANGE PRICES.—Now is the time to secure a winter stock of Groceries, while they can be obtained at the lowest Grange prices, at D. Brown's.

The celebrated Downie Cheese, the best in town, for sale at C. G. Koch's new Grocery and Provision store, Wallace street.

CHRISTMAS confectionery in endless variety and very cheap, at C. G. Koch's Grocery and Provision store, Wallace street.

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

Warranted pure cider Vinegar, excellent for table use, for sale at C. G. Koch's new Grocery and Provision store, Wallace street.

FOR THE CHILDREN.—A great variety of toys; elegant wax and china dolls, sleighs, rocking horses, children's musical instruments, and such a host of nick-nacks as would surprise old Santa Claus himself—very cheap at Dr. Michener's book and drug store.

GREAT BARGAINS IN PARK LOTS.—Survey and plan of 5 acre park lots on Elma Gravel Road just completed. Plan can be seen at my office. Price from $100 to $125 per acre. 5 acre lot, with house and orchard, for $750. Possession given at once. Terms easy. Rare bargains. Apply early. W. G. HAY.

GRANGE PRICES.—3 lbs. of good Tea for $1.00, at D. Brown's grocery. Try it.

GRANGE PRICES.—30 lbs. of Currants for $1.00; 20 lbs. of Raisins for $1.00; Groceries at bottom figures, during the next two months, at D. Brown's grocery.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Prime Tobaccos and cigars, at C G Koch's grocery.

Come along with your money and get stoves at your own prices for the next thirty days. Smith Bros.—Schneider's old stand.

A choice stock of beautiful bound family and pocket Bibles, Testaments, Church Services and Church music books—very suitable for holiday gifts—at Dr. Michener's book and drug store.

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

Lobsters, Sardines, pickled salmon, etc., for sale as cheap as anywhere in town, at C. G. Koch's grocery, Wallace street.

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

AT COST.—The balance of our large stock of stoves, at and below cost, at Smith Bros.—Schneider's old stand.

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

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

January 9, 1879.

Wheat, fall, per bush.,	$0 82	to 0 84
Spring Wheat, "	0 60	0 72
Barley, "	0 40	0 65
Peas, "	0 50	0 51
Oats, "	0 25	0 00
Flour, per cwt.,	2 00	2 25
Oatmeal, "	2 25	2 50
Cornmeal, "	1 75	2 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 07	0 12
Eggs, per dozen,	0 00	0 15
Pork, per cwt.,	3 00	3 25
Beef, per cwt.,	4 00	4 50
Geese,	0 25	0 35
Ducks, per pair,	0 25	0 40
Chickens, per pair,	0 20	0 30
Turkeys, each,	0 40	1 00
Potatoes, per bag,	0 60	0 60
Apples, per bag,	0 70	0 80
Hay, per ton,	7 00	8 00
Wood, per cord, long,	1 50	1 75
Wood, " short,	0 75	1 00
Hides, per cwt.,	5 50	6 00
Sheepskins, each,	0 40	0 80
Wool, per lb,	0 00	0 00

TORONTO MARKETS.

PRICKS AT FARMERS' WAGONS.

January 9, 1879.

Wheat, fall, per bush.,	$0 80	to 0 91
Wheat, spring, "	0 70	0 83
Barley, "	0 40	0 56
Oats, "	0 28	0 30
Peas, "	0 55	0 60
Rye, "	0 50	0 50
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.,	3 50	4 25
Beef, hind qrs, "	4 00	6 00
Mutton, by carcase "	5 00	5 50
Butter, lb. rolls,	0 15	0 18
Butter, large rolls,	0 00	0 00
Butter, tub, dairy,	0 12	0 13
Eggs, fresh, per dozen,	0 22	0 25
Potatoes, per bag,	0 85	0 90
Hay, per ton,	7 00	13 00

W. M. BRUCE,

SURGEON DENTIST,

late of Toronto. Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Office—Over Bean & Gee's Store, Main street, Listowel.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous-Oxide Gas. 15

J. H. MICHENER, M. D., Physician Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office at his Drug Store, Osborne's block, Main Street, Listowel. Residence—that lately occupied by Mr. D. M. Gordon, Main St. east. 23

DRS. DILLABOUGH & DINGMAN,

PHYSICIANS, &C.

OFFICES: Over Livingstone's drug store. Dr. Dillabough's residence, corner Main and Livingstone streets. Dr. Dingman, Main street east, opposite the late residence of Mr. Donald Gordon. 20

SMITH & GEARING, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c. Office opposite Grand Central Hotel, Listowel, Ont.

R. SMITH. J. GRAYSON SMITH.
F. W. GEARING. 1-6y

T. G. FENNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery and Insolvency, Notary Public, Commissioner, Conveyancer, Real Estate Agent, etc. Money to loan at lowest rates. Office—over Scott's Bank Wallace street, Listowel. 1

R. L. ALEXANDER, NEWRY, ONT. Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Perth. Conveyancer, &c. Mortgages, Deeds, &c., drawn up at lowest rates. Money to loan on Farm property at lowest rates. Complete arrangements for sales can be made either at Newry or at the STANDARD office, Listowel. 40

THOS. E. HAY, Auctioneer for the County of Perth, also the Townships of Grey and Howick, in the County of Huron. Sales attended on reasonable terms. Orders left at Climie, Hay & Co.'s store, or at the STANDARD office, promptly attended to. Money to loan. 75

DOMINION HOTEL, Wallace Street, Excellent accommodation for guests at moderate charges. The bar always supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Livery in connection. 42

RAILWAY HOTEL, adjoining Great Western depot, Listowel, Ont., THOMAS GIBSON, Proprietor. This Hotel has been greatly enlarged and newly fitted up throughout, and is now in first-class order. Travellers on the G. W. R. will find it a desirable and convenient stop

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, JANUARY, 10, 1879.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THE High and Public Schools in town opened on Tuesday last.

C. G. KOCH, Wallace street grocery, sells 3 lbs of good Tea for $1.

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

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

SNOW shoveling has been the popular amusement in Listowel during the past week.

THE Dominion Parliament is called to meet for the despatch of business on the 13th of February.

MR. G. A McINTYRE and Miss Thomlinson have succeeded the late teachers in the Millbank public schools.

ASSIGNEES—Andrew Nichol of St. Marys, and Hugh McIntyre, junior, of Mitchell, have been appointed official assignees for the County of Perth.

F. CHAPLIN has a large stock of choice hams and breakfast bacon at his Pork House on Main street. He also deals in pure leaf lard, beautifully rendered, sweet, and cheap.

HOLIDAY GOODS.—Handsome albums, beautiful vases, fancy China ware, and elegant shell boxes—just the thing for holiday presents—remarkably cheap, at Dr Michener's book and drug store.

THE Local Legislature was summoned together yesterday. It is thought that the session will be a short one; and then—good-bye to Oliver Mowat, D. D., and the rest of the salary grabbers.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES will be held in the M.E. Church on Sunday next. Rev. J. Van Wyck, of Strathroy, will conduct the services. On Monday evening there will be a tea meeting in the basement of the church.

IT is said that the only visible portion of a certain defeated West Ward candidate on Sunday night after the G. W. R. snow plow had passed through the drift at the Livingston cut was his boots. Moral—don't go canvassing on Sunday.

RUG LOST.—On New Year's eve, between the Grand Central Hotel and Wm Walker's blacksmith shop, a new cutter rug, red and black, with lion on red side. The finder will please leave it at the Grand Central Hotel.

THAT Dodd street resident who succeeded in discovering the whereabouts of his front gate, Saturday morning, after tremendous exertion with a snow shovel, is now ready to contract for tunneling the English Channel, or to open up a railway line to the north pole.

MILVERTON.—The following pupils of the Milverton Public School have been successful in passing the examination for admission to the Stratford High School, viz: David H. Coulter, 407; William Pugh, 391; Charles Pugh, 344; John A. Freeborn, 329; Robert W. Riddell, 307.

WEEK OF PRAYER.—The special services inaugurated on Monday last in connection with the week of prayer have been well attended. This evening the closing service is to take place in the Canada Methodist church, to be addressed by Rev. A. F. McGregor.

FREE LECTURE.—The Rev. R. W. Wallace, M. A., of London, will deliver his entertaining lecture, entitled "England as seen through a tourist's spectacles," in the Congregational church, next Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Mr. Wallace's popularity as a lecturer is well known. Collection at close of lecture.

SPECIAL SERVICES.—The first of a series of special religious services will be held in the Canada Methodist Church on Sunday evening next, to be conducted by Rev. J. G. Scott, pastor. These services are intended to partake of a revivalistic nature, and are likely to be somewhat protracted.

DISTRICT L. O. L.—The annual meeting of Elma District L. O. L. will be held in the Orange Hall, Listowel, on Tuesday next, 14th inst., at 12o'clock, noon, when the election of officers and other business will be proceeded with. By order of the Worshipful Master.

S. S. ROTHWELL, District Sec'y.

FORESTERS.—The following are the officers of Court Royal Oak No. 26, I. O. F., for the current term: Chief Ranger, E. C. Clark; Vice-chief, John Riggs; Rec. Sec., F. G. Aligeier; Fin. Sec., J. W. Devlin; Treas., J. W. Scott; Sen. Woodward, Geo. Donnelly; Jun. Woodward, H. Karn; Sen. Beadle, H. Jones; Jun. Beadle, Geo. Dowdell.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—This work is before us, and those who send five cents to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., for it will be *disappointed*. Instead of getting a cheap thing, as the price would seem to indicate, they will receive a very handsome work of 100 pages, and perhaps 500 illustrations, on the very best of calandered paper, and as a set off to the whole, an elegant colored plate, that we would judge cost twice the price of the book.

P. S. BOARD.—At the meeting of the Board of P. S. Trustees on Tuesday evening, 7th inst., the following accounts were passed: Tatham & Co., $15.71; Chas. Selwood, drawing soil, $6.34; Geo Sutherland, salary, office rent and light, $40; stationery, telegraphing etc., $6.17; Rev. J. W. Bell, conducting entrance examination to High School, $25; express charges, 30c. The time for receiving tenders for wood for public school was extended to the 21st inst.

CHEAP READING!—For $2.25, paid in advance, we will send the Listowel STANDARD and the Montreal *Family Herald and Weekly Star* to any address in Canada for one year, postage free. These terms must commend themselves to everybody. The *Family Herald* is one of the largest and best literary and general newspapers published in the Dominion, and in connection with the STANDARD, a greater amount of excellent reading matter will be furnished than can be obtained for the same price in any other way. Subscriptions must be sent to this office in order to procure both papers at these terms.

MR. ADAM AUSTIN took occasion at the meeting on Tuesday evening to make a personal reflection upon the editor of the STANDARD which was entirely uncalled for, and should never have emanated from an individual professing to respect the sanctity of private character. If Mr. Austin chooses to make assertions over his own signature accusing a respectable citizen of Listowel of attempting to defraud the town, and his accusations are proven to be false by the party accused, over his own signature, it is a matter of concern to himself, not to us; but when he endeavors to traduce the printer for publishing such denial, and that printer is ourself, then we feel called upon to tell Mr. Austin that he has no business whatever to connect the printer with the matter which is printed over the *bona fide* signature of any other person. The STANDARD has endeavored to eschew personalities thus far in its career, and it hopes to maintain an honorable and fearless course. Should it fall foul of reprobates, its lash may be found severe. We trust that Mr. Austin will in future govern his public utterances with considerable more discretion than has characterized them of late. Of his charges against Mr. Deavitt, we may have an opinion, but as it is 'none of our funeral,' we are not called upon to express it.

TRUSTEE ELECTION.—The election of trustees to fill the vacancies in the Public School Board took place on Wednesday. There was considerable interest taken in the election, candidates and their friends working with a will that would lead to the belief that the office of school trustee was appreciated in this town at all events. In the West Ward the candidates were Mr. Andrew Little and Mr. David Hamilton, both excellent gentlemen for the position. Mr. Little was the choice of the electors. We expressed our opinion of the candidates for the Centre Ward in last issue. The electors have chosen a new representive in the person of Mr. J. P. Newman. While regretting the absence of Mr. Draper from the board, a person whose interest in educational matters and his long acquaintance with the school affairs of this town pre-eminently qualify him for the position, we trust that his successor will acquire a knowledge of school matters that will enable him to be of valuable service in promoting the education of our youths. The East Ward has also selected a new representive, Mr. J. E. Terhune having been elected over Mr. R. Martin, who has held the office with honor and credit for the past eight years. Mr. Terhune has abilities which should make him a very capable trustee, and we have no doubt that the board will be materially aided by his presence.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

LISTOWEL.

The following are the returns of the election: Reeve, T E Hay, 265; Dr Dillabough, 195; majority for Hay, 70. Deputy-reeve, J A Hacking, 234; T G Fennell, 230; majority for Hacking, 4. Councillors—West ward, J R Shields, 108; John Binning, 106; Jas Lee, 102; W G Hay, 101; Jonathan Thomlinson, 46; Jno Page, 25. Centre ward, A D Freeman, 111; Jacob Heppler, 107; Adam Austin, 87; John Osborne, 83. East ward, Dr Nichol, 126; J G Tremain, 116; Alex McDonald, 110; A S Deavitt, 98; Wm Hess, 97; B B Sarvis, 47. The three first named gentleman in each Ward are the councillors elect for 1879.

Wallace—Reeve, John McDermott 266, Jas Robinson 185; majority for McDermott, 81. Deputy-reeve, John Willoughby 205, Alex. Kennedy 198; majority for Willoughby, 7. Councillors, Thos. Speers 232, Wm. Ferguson 227, John Mills 201.

Elma—Reeve, R L Alexander; deputy-reeve, Samuel Roe; councillors, John G Alexander. Chas McKenzie and William Lochhead.

Mornington—V Kertcher, reeve; J Kines, deputy-reeve; councillors, W H McCormick, A W Kerr, G Langford.

Maryborough—Reeve, John Ogden; deputy-reeve, Wm Long; councillors, Robinson, Maxwell and Corbett.

Peel Township—Reeve, Cross. First deputy-reeve, Harcourt; second deputy-reeve, McManus; Councillors, Casey and Bruce.

North Easthope—Reeve, James Trow, acclamation; deputy-reeve Jno McMillan, acclamation; councillors, Peter Stewart, A Falk, V Kuchtel.

South Easthope—reeve, John Schaefer. Minto Township—Reeve, J Prain; deputy-reeve, R Scott. Councillors, J Fallis, Wm Laing, Dr. Nickelson.

Palmerston—Mayor, T McDowell; Reeve, A C Campbell; Councillors, East Ward, Dr Stewart, H Hyndman, Geo Johnson; West Ward, W Thompson, W Finnemore, H Touchborne; North Ward, S Caswell, W Rabb, S Gourlay.

Stratford—mayor, Alex Grant; reeve, Wm Roberts; 1st deputy-reeve, A W Robb; 2nd deputy-reeve, John Gibson; 3rd deputy-reeve, David Scrimgour; councillors, Falstaff Ward, J M Fraser, James Longfoot; Hamlet Ward, D A McPherson, Thos Yeandle; Avon Ward, John Brown, Louis, Barthel; Shakespeare Ward, Henry Gibson, J C Monteith; Romeo Ward, H T Butler, James Weir.

Mitchell—mayor, W R Davis; reeve, James Sills; deputy-reeve, Thos McDonald; Councillors, West ward, J Skinner, A M Gibson, H Metcalf; South ward, D McHail, Walter Thompson, James Dougherty; North ward, A Dent, A Burritt, E Archer.

Wingham—mayor, B Wilson; reeve, Dr McDonald.

Harriston—mayor, Alex. Meiklejohn; reeve, N Wait.

Clifford—Reeve, A. S. Allen. Councillors, K M Walton, D McEachern, H Torrance, Dr Crandell.

Drayton—Reeve, Dr Smith; Councillors, M Robson, H Deebel, J C Johnston, D Macdonald.

St. Mary's—mayor, D A Robertson, elected by acclamation. Councillors—North Ward, Messrs Myers, Coleman and Kennedy, elected by acclamation; West Ward, Messrs Harding, Miller and Rupert; South Ward, Messrs Box Gibb and Martin.

Guelph—mayor, George Howard, by acclamation. Reeve, Sleeman; 1st deputy-reeve, C Chase, by acclamation, 2nd deputy-reeve, J P Macmillan, 3rd deputy-reeve, F Biscoe.

Galt—mayor, Richard Blaine; reeve, Richard Jaffray; 1st deputy reeve, Robt Scott; 2nd deputy-reeve, Jas McTague.

New Hamburg—Reeve, T W Wilson, by a majority of 35; councillors, Tauber, Grabb, Brodrecht, Mills.

Woodstock—mayor, F H Parker; reeve, James Sutherland; First deputy-reeve, Robert Revell; second deputy-reeve, Warren Totten. Councillors, Eden, Teeple, Wilson, Griffith, Watson, Rippon, Potts, Falconer, Nasmyth and Peacock.

Berlin—reeve, D M Shoemaker.

Waterloo—reeve, Wm Snyder.

Hamilton—J E O'Reilly, mayor.

Toronto—James Beatty, Q C, mayor.

MOLESWORTH.

EDITOR STANDARD.—Sir,—I have conveyed the mail daily for the past ten years between Molesworth and Listowel, by way of Trowbridge, 22 miles, the amount of travel each year being 6,886 miles, making a sum total for the ten years of 68,860 miles; of that distance the grey mare which is favorable known, has traveled 45,906⅔ miles, besides traveling to Harriston, Clifford, Seaforth, Wingham, Bluevale, Brussels, Mitchell, Stratford, Hawksville, Guelph, Woodstock, Fordwich, Newbridge, Gorrie, Wroxeter, Bayfield and Ethel. To the above places, she travelled 37,432⅓ miles, making a grand sum total of 83,339 miles. Perhaps there are few horses in Canada today that have traveled the same distance, and I venture to say that she is able and willing to undertake the same journeys again. SAMUEL LOUGHEED.

STRATFORD.

Stratford market fees for 1879 have been sold for $1,970, an advance of upwards of $400 upon last year's figures.

The total cost of lighting the town of Stratford during the past year, as provided by the Council, was $679.47. There were 35 gas lamps, which cost on an average $16.25 per lamp, and 32 coal oil lamps, costing on an average, $3.46 per lamp.

On Thursday a man named William M Hough died in the Stratford jail. He came from Elma in June last, suffering from consumption, and for lack of a hospital, was committed to jail at his own request as a vagrant. He was a respectable man, but unable to work, and without friends, so he had to submit to the ignominy of being in prison for no crime.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF M—— A—— S——, WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

There is rest for the lovely sleeper,
Joy for the weary soul,
Peace for the lonely weeper,
Dark though the waters roll.

Weep for the lovely sleeper;
Weep, it will ease thy heart.
Though the dull pain be deeper
Than with the world to part.

Hath the dear Saviour found her,
Laid her upon his breast,
Folded his arms around her,
Hushed her to endless rest.

Grieve not with hopeless sorrow,
Jesus has felt thy pain,
He did our dear one borrow,
He will bring her back again.

Lebanon, January, 1879.

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

PAY UP.—All parties indebted to the Listowel woolen factory are requested to call at once and settle their accounts without further notice. B. BROOK.

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

FOR SALE.—CHEAP.

One Set of Light Bob-Sleighs.

May be seen at Mr. Cartmell's blacksmith shop.

50 W. E. BINNING.

Vick's Floral Guide.

A beautiful work of 100 pages, one colored Flower Plate, and 300 illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, and how to grow them. All for a *Five Cent Stamp*. In English or German.

The **Flower and Vegetable Garden.** 175 pages, six Colored Plates, and many hundred Engravings. For 50 cents in paper cover; $1 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine – 32 pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price $1.25 a year; five copies for $5 00. Specimen numbers sent for 10 cents.

Vick's Seeds are the best in the world. Send five cent stamp for a FLORAL GUIDE, containing list and prices, and plenty of information. Address,

50 JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

TAKE NOTICE.—All parties (no exceptions) indebted to us, either by note or book account, if not settled by the first of February will have the same placed in Court for collection without further notice.

HESS BROS.

Listowel, January 2nd, 1879. 49

HORSES FOR SALE.

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

57 D. D. CAMPBELL.

GREAT REDUCTION.

The greatest possible reduction in the prices of SEWING MACHINES has been made by

ALEX. MORROW,

Who is agent for several of the best machines in Canada. Ladies look here! A. Morrow will sell you a $40 sewing machine for $20, and guarantee you a good machine for $20.

CLOTHES WRINGERS from $4.50 to $6.50, formerly sold from $6.50 to $8.00.

Farmers, Take Notice,

That A. Morrow has on hand a quantity of SALT—always kept under cover—at 85c. per barrel;

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

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES

Cash for Butter and Eggs.

ALEX. MORROW.

West End, Main street, Listowel. 1

CHEAPER THAN EVER.

DONALD BROWN

Is determined not to be undersold.

During the next two months he will sell at

GRANGE PRICES,

FOR CASH ONLY.

CURRANTS, 20 lbs for $1; RAISINS, 20 lbs for $1; RICE, 20 lbs for $1; 13 lbs. GOOD SUGAR for $1; 7 lbs GOOD TEA for $1; 2 lbs 60 cent TEA for $1; 25 bars soap for $1; and and all other goods at proportionately

LOW PRICES!

☞ Call and see goods, and you will be sure to buy.

D. BROWN.

Listowel, Nov. 21, 1878. 1

NEW GROCERY AND LIQUOR STORE.

W. McMILLAN

Wishes to intimate to the inhabitants of Listowel and surrounding country, that he has opened a

Grocery and Liquor Store

—IN—

MARTIN'S BLOCK,

One door east of the Grand Central Hote where he will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS,

Which he will sell at the lowest rates to cash buyers.

A CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

W. McMILLAN.

Listowel, May 18th, 1878. 17

LISTOWEL PORK PACKING HOUSE.

F. CHAPLIN,

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

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

Also good fresh

PORK AND SAUSAGES.

Wholesale and Retail.

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

F. CHAPLIN,
Opposite the Commercial Hotel.

Listowel, Oct 11, 1878. 37

UNION FLOURING AND GRISTING MILL,

INKERMAN STREET, LISTOWEL.

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

FARMERS AND OTHERS

can have their

Gristing,
Exchange,
Chopping,
Etc.,

done with promptness.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

FLOUR AND FEED

always on hand at the

LOWEST MARKET PRICE,

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

MOYER & BRICK.

Listowel, Sept. 19th, 1878. 34

EXECUTORS SALE.

The Executors of the

LATE JOSEPH PEFFERS

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

NINETY-NINE ACRES.

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

J. E. TERHUNE, Barrister, &c., Listowel.
or to WM. L. KELLS, Listowel.

Listowel, Sept. 3, 1878. 31

"YOUNG LORD HADDO."

PUBLIC NOTICE.

All parties owing the undersigned, R. D. ROY, of Fullarton, for the services of the above Stallion, are hereby notified to pay no one but the owner.

R. D. ROY.

Russeldale P. O. 49A

MONEY TO LOAN.

FROM $200 TO $20,000

AT 8 PER CENT.

ON FARM AND TOWN PROPERTY.

FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY

in connection.

The highest price obtainable paid for good mortgages.

Deeds and mortgages drawn up, and general conveyancing done.

ADAM HUNT.

12th con. Wallace, Teviotdale P. O. 48

CUTTERS & SLEIGHS.

The largest stock, best seasoned timber and first-class workmanship, which we will sell cheap.

First - Class Horse Shoer!

Particular attention paid to Horse Shoeing and Jobbing of all kinds.

See our CUTTERS before purchasing elsewhere.

LITTLE BROS. & CO.

Listowel, Nov., 29th, 1878. 8

TEA! TEA! TEA!

The best TEA at J S MILLS. For the next 2 months with every lb. of Tea, the purchaser will receive a beautiful chromo.

With every 3 pounds of Tea the purchaser will receive a beautiful steel engraving, size 22x28 in.

Buy your Tea at J S Mills, and combine your housekeeping expenses with the beautifying of your homes.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,
J. S. MILLS,
TEA DEALER AND GENERAL GROCER
MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH

INVESTMENT COMPANY

OF CANADA.

CAPITAL, - - £500,000 STERLING.

HEAD OFFICE, EDINBURGH.

ADVISING BOARD IN CANADA:

The Hon. T. N. Gibbs, Chairman; Wm. H. Howland, Esq.; Fred'k Wyld, Esq.; General Manager, Hon. Jas. Patton, Q. C.

The Company loan on improved farms, and productive property in cities, towns and incorporated villages.

Loans made on periods to suit applicants, upon

THE MOST REASONABLE INTEREST.

For further information apply to

D. B. DINGMAN, Listowel.
or to WM. LITTLE,
Valuator, Listowel.

43

FOR 30 DAYS

YOU CAN BUY

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

AT COST. AT COST.

AT COST FOR CASH.

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

SKATES, AT LOW PRICES.

LIME-LIGHT COAL OIL FOR SALE.

G. S. CLIMIE & SON.

SIGN OF THE MAMMOTH MORTAR, WALLACE STREET.

LISTOWEL, ONT. 46

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

CHEAPER THAN EVER.

B. B. SARVIS

Is prepared to supply the public with the

Best Organs Manufactured.

Organs of all Patterns and by all the leading makers, to choose from.

SUPERIOR FAMILY ORGANS

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Call and see his list of prices before dealing anywhere. It will be to your interest.

B. B. SARVIS.

Listowel, Ont. 46

F. KEE.

Issuer of Marriage Licenses,

COMMISSIONER IN B. R., &c.

MONEY TO LOAN

On FARM and TOWN PROPERTY, at reasonable rates of Interest. Borrowers can pay off the Loan monthly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly, as may be agreed upon.

NOTES AND ACCOUNTS COLLECTED ON EASY TERMS.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE

Effected in first-class Companies. Rates very low.

CONVEYANCING DONE ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

All business strictly confidential. Office over the City Grocery.

MAIN STREET, PALMERSTON.

45A F. KEE.

GREAT CLEARING CASH SALE

AT THE

ONTARIO HOUSE.

ON MONDAY NEXT, 25TH INST.,

I will commence to

SELL OFF AT AND UNDER COST PRICE

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

MILLINERY GOODS.

My whole stock of Men's and Boys

READY - MADE CLOTHING,

And a large stock of men's and boys

BOOTS AND SHOES.

I am determined to clear out the whole of these Goods

WITHIN THE NEXT TWO MONTHS,

And cash buyers may rely on getting the

GREATEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED IN TOWN.

GEO. DRAPER.

LISTOWEL, November 20th, 1878. 1

SELLING OUT!

BEAN & GEE

Are selling out all the time.

In order to make room for NEW GOODS, we are determined to clear out the balance of our Fall Stock

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

All we ask is an inspection of our Stock to convince you that we mean what we advertise.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL.

BEAN & GEE.

LISTOWEL, October 7

GO TO THE

New Hardware,

(Osborne's Block,) to buy your

ELECTRO PLATED WARE,

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,

SKATES (Bamey and Berry.)

Best Canadian and American CHOPPING and BROAD AXES.

SAWS:

Cross-Cut and Machine—Best in the market.

HORSE SHOES AND NAILS.

In fact we have everything in the

HARDWARE, STOVE AND TINWARE

Line required.

We have also a full Stock of

PAINTS AND OILS,

Which we offer at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

No blow—Goods will speak for themselves.

S. BRICKER & CO.

LISTOWEL, December 12th, 1878. 43

Greatest Sale of the Season.

—AT THE—

EMPORIUM!

D. McFARLANE & CO.

Sorry to say our lease expires in 3 months, and not knowing whether we can re-rent our old place or no, we have decided to be on the safe side, and now we are BOUND TO SELL

OUR MAGNIFICENT STOCK

—OF—

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

MANTLES, MILLINERY, &C.,

AT COST FOR 60 DAYS.

No humbug--A Genuine Sale.

Come along and see our Goods, and rest satisfied that they are the cheapest in Listowel.

No trouble to show goods.

No goods charged during sale.

No butter taken for goods.

D. McFARLANE & CO.

LISTOWEL, December 12th, 1878.

REMOVAL.

D. D. CAMPBELL

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

WALLACE STREET.

NEW FALL GOODS!

IN ENDLESS VARIETY AND CHEAP.

GROCERIES

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

READY-MADE CLOTHING AND BOOTS & SHOES

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

First-class Suit of Clothes made to order,

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

Wallace Street is Determined to take the Lead

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

D. D. CAMPBELL.

WALLACE STREET, LISTOWEL, Ont 1

HARDWARE,

STOVES AND TINWARE.

Latest Styles and lowest prices in Stoves

The leading

STOVES

for the season:

GRAND DUKE, NORTH WEST, ATLANTIC, WESTMINSTER, (Cooking Stoves.)
QUEEN, SULTANA, (Base Burners.)
ANTELOPE, New WILD ROSE (Parlor Cook.)

Parlor Stoves, Box Stoves.

HARDWARE

at prices to suit the times.

Splendid assortment of

AXES, COW TIES, CHAINS,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C.,

IMPROVED DIAMOND CROSS CUT SAWS, guaranteed to cut 50 cords hardwood without redfiling.

LANCE TOOTH, ECLIPSE, AND IMPROVED CHAMPION,

at rock bottom prices.

When in want of

HARDWARE, TINS OR STOVES,

give me a call before buying elsewhere.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

GEORGE ADAM.

HARDWARE STORE

Opposite Hess Bros. Factory, Main Street.

Listowel, Nov. 7th, 1878. 41

REMOVAL.

JAMES LEE,

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

HARNESS, COLLARS, WHIPS, TRUNKS, AND SATCHELS,

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

A CALL SOLICITED.

JAMES LEE.

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

WAR! WAR! WAR!

Come to JOHN A. TREMAIN

For Good Building Lots,

and save fifty per cent.

CLOSE TO THE P. O. STATION

14 JOHN A. TREMAIN

HARDWARE EXCLUSIVELY.

The largest and best assortment of

HARDWARE,

In Listowel, is to be had at

TATHAM & CO'S.,

where nothing but Hardware in all its branches is kept.

CALL AND INSPECT OUR STOCK.

TATHAM & CO.

Listowel, Ont. 1

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

WM. LITTLE, Master.

1y

R. MARTIN,

AGENT FOR

Selling Lands, Lending Money,

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

MONEY.

Money to lend on Farm Property at 7½ per cent. Expenses moderate.

Such sums as $400, $500, $800 of $1,200 can at any time be obtained at the above rate, or larger amounts if security is good. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

MONEY LENT

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

R. MARTIN.

MORTGAGES.

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

INSURANCE.

THE WESTERN

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

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

The Lancashire

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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

C. DUNCAN CLARK & CO.,
Chief Agents for Ontario.

R. MARTIN,
Agent at Listowel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

$325 WILL PURCHASE 44 ACRES on Wark's Survey of farm lot number twenty-three, on the second concession adjoining the noted building lots of W. G. Hay Esq., on the Davidson property. Apply to R. MARTIN.

Office on Main St.,

LISTOWEL,

Opposite the Grand Central Hotel. 1 y

The Boy who Fell Flat.

(From the Oil City Derrick.)

Which he was a small boy,
And he went out to sleigh
With a fiendish-like joy,
All who came in his way;
On the street which inclined and was icy,
He coasted the whole of the day.

He had broken ten arms,
And of legs quite a score,
And ablaze with these charms,
He kept asking for more;
And the heads he had cracked were past counting
The sidewalks were covered with gore.

But a terrib'e fate
Overtook this small boy,
Which, with tears, I relate—
Though the tears are of joy;
And I hope he went straight up to heaven,
Or else—where no sled can annoy.

For he steered his sled straight
On a fat man, who dropped
With a ton or so weight
On this boy, who just popped
With a bang, as he flattened completely
'Neath that mountain of flesh which was stopped.

With a *Derrick* they ra'sed
That fat man on his feet,
While the people there gazed
At a thing on the street;
A jacket, a cap, and two mittens—
All flat as the pancake you eat.

Now you Oil City boys,
Learn a lesson from one
Who thought avoirdupois
Was a subject for fun;
But if you must sleigh—slay each other,
And may there be left of you—none.

LOST.

BY L. G. H.

The face whose beauty filled the void of fondest wish
or prayer,
The eyes that once illumined mine, and left their
radiance there,
The music of her simple words, how much they bore
to me!
That face I ne'er may see again!—that dream must
never be!

Since childhood's hours of trustful faith, when youth's
first streak of day
First gilded o'er the skies, that soon would chase
that dream away—
Around those years of passing gleams and arcs that
shone in vain
I wore the garland of my life—and those hast wrenched
the chain!

Wilt thou remember when we met, and parting met
once more,
How envied were the whispered words—the smile
another wore.
The gentle sharer of thy walks—companion, sister,
friend,
She has her joy beside her still, whilst mine, ah!
mine must end.

I only asked thee to receive—'twas sweet relief to
store—
The burdens of a loving heart on one fair hope of
yore:
But now my tears can only trace the memories that
have flown
On crumpled page or golden tress, and live *un'oved,*
alone!

The Eves of Two Christmas Numbers.

For some years I was sub-editor of the *Illustrated Social Review*. It is devoted to—But I will not stop to puff the *Review*, explain its scope, or describe its method. The completeness of my disinterestedness will be felt when I explain to my reader that I have received all the money I ever earned of it; that there is no likelihood of my earning any more; and that in the week preceding Christmas last year I ceased to be connected with the paper.

In justice to myself I must say that my retirement was not caused by anything within the jurisdiction of my prudence or ability. I resigned; and I resigned because I was suffering from fierce nervous excitement, which, my doctor soothingly assured me, threatened either my life or my sanity: he could not say for certain which.

"If I resign," said I to my doctor, "I lose the majority of my income."

"If you don't resign," said he, in a tone which indicated his final opinion was in the words, "you will go over to either the great majority—the dead—or the lesser majority, the majority of the living—the fools."

I was not alone in the world. My people at home took an interest in me, and looked to me for housekeeping money; and I had been too long connected with the *Illustrated Social Review* not to have a well-defined notion of my duty as a social being; so I made up my mind (having some left still) to take my doctor's advice, and to live—and to live in sanity.

If there were any likelihood of my being able to resume my duties in six months, I have no doubt that the owner of the paper would have consented to accept the services of a substitute while I was recruiting my health; but the condition of the case did not allow of this.

"If," said my doctor to me, earlier in the case than the period from which I last quoted words of his, "you spend one more night in that office under any circumstances, I will not answer for the consequences; or rather, I *will* answer for the consequences, and say that they must be disastrous."

This decision had narrowed the question to two issues: Was the paper to seek a new office, or was I to seek a new paper? The reply was sadly obvious to me. I must go. True, the paper had changed from the old office to this new one only a week before; but that change had been owing to the expansion of the paper and the necessity for more extensive offices, and had had nothing whatever to do with the nerves of any one of the staff.

In the week preceding last Christmas twelve months a certain event took place. I shall now relate that event here.

The Christmas number of the *Illustrated Social Review* appeared each year the week before Christmas. It was not an "extra number," but the ordinary weekly issue swollen to about double the usual size. The literary matter of the Christmas number did not differ very largely from the literary matter of the ordinary weekly part. There was usually a long story illustrating some striking social question, and this story formed the only literary innovation on a routine number. The chief attraction of the enlarged paper lay in its engravings, of which there were a double number, and its coloured plate, a feature peculiar to the Christmas number. As sub-editor, it was my duty to read all proofs, see the paper "made up," according to the instructions of my chief, and be present in the printing office when the paper went to press. As soon as a perfect copy of the paper was brought to me by the foreman printer (in case it was all right), I initialled it, told the printer to "Go on!" then my responsibility was at an end, and I took my way home.

We went to press on Thursday night each week. Sometimes I was able to get away from the office at ten o'clock; often I did not find myself in a position to initial the sheets until past midnight. The Christmas number being the most important of the year, I rarely could get away until two or three in the morning. My chief usually looked in about ten o'clock just to see that all was in train, and then left me. On Thursday night, the week before Christmas 1876, the editor came at ten, we had a somewhat lengthened chat, he looked at the last proof-slips, and then left me to revise the pages and see the whole paper together and "pulled" before I took my leave.

It was a quarter past twelve o'clock when he and I shook hands, and he went slowly down the iron-edged stairs.

The printing-office was in a court off Fleet street. In all the world there is no stiller place than one of these ghostly courts off Fleet-street, if the silence is not broken by the tear and clatter of printing machinery.

Winchester-court, at the time my chief left, was resounding to the rattle of two dozen machines. The room I was sitting in trembled like a frightened horse, the glass in the window clattered, and the whole air seemed torn by waves and cross waves of discordant noises. In the basement of the house in which I sat three large machines were at work; on the ground floor four clanged and whirred; by my side on the first floor a gas engine snorted, and shook its iron rack, and struggled like a chained wild beast striving to escape: while a number of lithographic machines croaked and muttered all around me like a swarm of monster bullfrogs and a flight of gigantic mosquitoes.

This uproar of machinery all round made it necessary to speak loudly in order to make myself heard. The tone of ordinary conversation would seem a hoarse indistinct whisper. No sound from the court outside could reach me, and no sound that I could make would have any chance of reaching ears not within the four walls of my room.

Just before the editor left me the foreman printer had been down to take away some proofs and speak with the chief and myself. When the foreman was going away I had said to him:

"Well, Mr. Bain, when will you have anything more for me to look at?"

"Not for an hour, sir," was his answer; so that when I found myself alone, I looked round the room to try and find something I might read. With a sigh I resigned myself to fate. There was nothing to read, nothing to do for an hour.

Although it was cold and raw and damp abroad, the room in which I sat was bright and warm. Indeed it was almost too warm; the steam all round gave the place the close feeling of an oven. I had always noticed that after spending an hour or two in that room I felt as weak and weary as though I had sauntered all day through a strange city to meet some one who never came.

The room was not more than twelve feet by twelve. In the centre stood a shabby writing-table at which I sat, opposite me was the door ajar. A gas-jet burned on the landing without; no other door opened on that landing. Between the table and the door stood a chair; across the high window stretched a large deep desk, which filled up that whole side of the room; on my right-hand side, as I sat, stretched, from floor to ceiling, shelves upon which lay old wood-blocks and stereotypes of blocks. My table was jammed up against the shelf-case; into the room on my left side a press projected, leaving only about a foot and a half between the corner of the press and my table.

A particularly ill-used correspondent arose to my mind. There were pens, ink, and paper on the table. I took a sheet of paper and began a letter to him. I had just begun; I had written only these words: "No doubt you have made up your mind that, as a final act of malicious unfriendliness, I gave instructions to those around me that my death should be carefully concealed from you," when some one knocked softly, very softly, at the door. Thinking it was a boy from the composing-room to ask a question, I said, "Come in!" without raising my head.

Although my face was bent over the table and my eyes fixed on the paper, I was conscious that the door opened slowly, that the person who had knocked had not entered, and that it was a man, not a boy, as I had at first imagined. I raised my eyes. A low-sized, square, powerful-looking man of about thirty-five stood with an air of great humility in the doorway, holding his hat in his right hand in front, and keeping his left hand behind him out in the landing.

Something about this man made me observe him very closely. At one time I did not know why his appearance claimed my attention so strongly. He was almost in tatters. His boots were open at the toes; his trousers jagged at the heels and between the ankles; his hat, a soft felt one, was without a lining and green with age. His coat and waistcoat were of a dingy, yellowish tweed; the coat frayed at the wrist; all the buttons gone out of the waistcoat, which was secured by a twine tied round the waist. From underneath a shabby yellow beard a dirty blue scarf fell, and occupied the whole open space of the waistcoat. His face was white and calm, the forehead being singularly white and well formed. The two remarkable things about this man were his attitude and his eyes. The attitude was that of a fallen angel unprotesting against his fate; the eyes were those of a man aspiring to reach heaven by audacity.

"Who can this man be? What does he want here?" were the questions I put to myself. "I can't guess, and I don't like him," were my mute replies. I was weak and low and nervous. I looked at the window—no chance of escape that way. I looked at the door—he barred it up completely, and one blow from such an arm as held his hat would dispose of me. I knew the outer door was open; I knew he was not a printer. I knew no one was likely to pass up or down that staircase for a long time. I knew my voice might as well be buried six feet under ground as in that room, for all it would avail me to summon assistance. What had that man in his left hand? Why did he keep his hand so strangely behind his back? What did this man want with me? I had never seen him before.

"May I come in, sir?" asked the man, in a dull, hoarse voice.

"Yes," I answered. "What can I do for you? Are you sure you have not mistaken the room?"

"You are the sub-editor of the *Illustrated Social Review?*" he asked, crossing the threshold, and the inner handle of the door in his right hand under the hat. While he stood thus sideways, he still kept the left hand pointed towards the passage and out of my sight.

"Yes," I answered again; and repeated, "What can I do for you?"

"May I say a few words to you—in private?"

"I am quite alone."

"May I shut the door? I don't want any one to see me here."

I reviewed the case as swiftly as he spoke. If he had any harmful intention he could carry it out, in spite of me; he could bang the door that moment and spring upon me. If he had no harmful intention it was indifferent to me whether the door was open or shut. Thus in either case I might as well assent. I merely nodded an affirmative.

Still keeping that left hand concealed from me, he shut the door, latched it carefully, and then turned the key! He stooped down near the door, deposited whatever he had in his hand on the ground, and approached the table. On the ground near the door I saw, when he moved a little aside, a large cup of tea, and in the saucer against the cup a large piece of bread.

A sharp pang of pity for this man went through me when I found what he had carried so cautiously and so secretly. I rose, went to the door, took up the cup and saucer, set them on the table, and, placing a chair for him, said:

"Sit down and take your tea while you talk to me. No one will want to come in here for an hour. Now what do you wish to say to me?"

He looked at me a while out of those strange eyes, in which for a moment the audacity was a little subdued. He drew a long breath, and then spoke:

"Although you see me as I am now, I am a man of good education. I have never been regularly connected with the editorial part of any paper, but I have had something to do with newspapers for some time. I am doing a little reading here now. I did not want these common printers to see me in here speaking to you. Common men are so common, aren't they?"

I looked away from the poor fellow's tattered coat and starved bold eyes, answering, "Yes."

"Common men are fearfully common. I was once in a poor-house, and I know. I did not want these working printers, if they passed up or down, to see me talking to a gentleman; they make fun of me so. Do you know there is a conspiracy against me? Did you ever hear that?"

I looked back to him swiftly, and thought, "The man is mad; the door is locked, and the yells of a Titan could reach no human ears! Heaven, be merciful to me, and compassionate towards those who depend upon me!" I said aloud, assuming a tone of sympathy, "If I were you, I should not bother about those common men. Your tea is getting cold. Won't you drink it, and tell me what you want to see me about?"

He shook himself, and passed his hand quickly, nervously across his white forehead; shook himself again; then he fixed his darting eyes on mine, and burst out suddenly and so rapidly that I could scarcely follow him:

"You are sub-editor of the *Illustrated Social Review;* why don't you try and do something for the unfortunate? You are sub-editor of the *Illustrated Social Review;* why aren't you the friend of the mad? Tell me that!" he shouted excitedly, thrusting his white face close to mine.

Was it my own fright or his breath that stirred in my hair? My case seemed almost hopeless. The eyes, which were aspiring, had turned first audacious, and then threatening. All he need do was to push that table violently upon me, jam me between it and the wall, seize me by my shoulders, spring upon the table, and beat out my brains against the wall. I was utterly dazed, basilisked, by those fierce eyes set in that immoble white face. Already I fancied his hand at my throat, felt the first dull, sickening, darkening, deadening crash of my skull against that wall behind me.

For a moment a vision of my home floated between me and the pallid stark face of the maniac. I saw my wife and my little ones stretching their arms out to me across an impassable gulf. I saw the agonies of ruin and despair and woe distraught for loss of love sweep over the face of my wife. I heard the shrill cries of my round-cheeked children as I sank from their view. As I dipped below the verge of love and memory, I called out aloud, "My darlings, my darlings, good-bye!"

Swiftly the vision passed. Suddenly the attitude of the man altered. He shivered and drew back from me, stood up, shivered again. Then, covering his face with his hand for a moment, he remained immoveable. In a few seconds his chest and shoulders began to heave, and I could hear him sob. Through his sobs he spoke: "My darlings, my darlings, good-bye! They did not let me say good-bye to you. They pounced upon me in the middle of the night, and carried me off and locked me up for three whole years, and when I came out all my darlings were dead."

His arms fell to his side, as though he were shot through the heart. He threw up his white face, clenched his fists, and buried one under the breast of the mean waistcoat; then, raising his other hand clenched to heaven, he shouted, "He took my wife and my children from me! He killed them when I was locked up—he, John Kempston, did it; and, by the Maker of us two, John Kempston and me, I'll leave that in his heart some night!"

With an action so swift that I could not follow it, he plucked his hand out of his waistcoat; I saw something glitter above my head; and before I had time even to feel dread, the point of a long bowie-knife was buried an inch in the table, and the haft trembling between his face and mine.

He put his two hands on the table, leaned down, and glared at the trembling blade. He started and shook with a heavy tremor.

A knock at the door. A second knock. The handle of the door turned. The man roused himself, looked round the room very slowly. "Say wait a moment!" he whispered to me.

"Wait a moment!"

He worked the knife out of the table quickly, shut it up, and slipped it inside his waistcoat. Then, taking up his cup and saucer, he whispered, "It's one of those common men. I'll tell him a lie to account for the door being locked; and you can stick to the lie!" He opened the door, turned to the foreman printer and said, touching his mean waistcoat, "I was showing this gentleman my invention for soothing pain; and as I haven't taken out a patent for it yet, he was kind enough to suggest my locking the door. Are there any rough pulls waiting, sir?"

It was many days before I regained my customary peace and balance of mind after that disturbing night; and even when I had got back my usual tone in daylight, my nights were very trying for a long time.

I had always been nervous and imaginative; and it was a source of wonder to those who knew me well, and to myself, that I so rapidly recovered from the shocks. But for months my nights were bad. If I sat up last at home, as I often was obliged to do, I dreaded to leave the room and the gaslight in which I sat. If a door opened or a mouse ran across the ceiling, I looked up with a start, sure I should see the rigid white face, the madman's blazing eye, the sharp flash of glittering brightness through the air; and then I felt the blade between my shoulders—not in the table, but between my shoulders—with the whole of the madman's weight pressing down upon the weapon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Scot in Russia.

Mr. G. Augustus Sala writes:—I see by the Russian papers that "M. de Greigh," the Russian Minister of Finance, has arrived in Paris; which fact recalls to my mind a curious example of the hereditary tenacity of "the Scot" abroad. When I was at St. Petersburg two years ago, I made a collection (breathe it not in Jingoland!) of the *cartes de visite* of the most conspicuous Russian statesmen of the day; and among them was a portrait of "M. de Greigh," then Comptroller of the Imperial Finances. Travelling subsequently down to Moscow, I made the acquaintance, in the railway carriage, of a most agreeable Russian gentleman of middle age, who, notwithstanding his General's uniform, had about him an unmistakeably British look. I was struck, moreover, by his remarkably facial resemblance to the Imperial Comptroller, and took the liberty of showing him the *carte de visite*. "That is the portrait of my brother," the General replied in fluent English—we had been talking French for the last fifty minutes—but with just the *soupcon* of Scottish intonation. "We were brought up at the High School of Edinburgh, and we are the grandsons of Admiral Greig, of whom perhaps you have heard." Who has not heard of Catharine the Second's famous Scotch Admiral? I subsequently met the Comptroller of Finance himself at dinner at St. Petersburg, and I found him attired in full naval officer's uniform; for M. de Greigh, it would seem, is an Admiral in the Russian service, as well as the Czar's Chancellor of the Exchequer. And he was even more Scottish in mien than his brother the General. The Irishman, I fancy, is apt to efface himself nationally in the second generation, away from his own country. Marshal MacMahon is a thorough Frenchman. So was, according to history, Lally Tollendall. Marshal O Donnel, Duke of Tenfan, was a thorough Spaniard; so was Count O'Reilly. But the Scot, I take it, remains a "Scot abroad" even to the third or fourth generation.

Eating Late Suppers.

Says the New York *Times*:—One of the popular errors is that which regards eating heartily in the evening as detrimental to health. Almost any one can find a score of persons among his acquaintances who have dinner at 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon because they are unwilling later in the day to trust their stomachs with anything more solid than tea and toast. If they go abroad they look upon the eating on board the steamer of Welsh rarebits and the like, at 10 and 11 o'clock in the evening with much the same horror as they would regard an excessive use of liquor. But when once fairly brought into contact with foreign habits, say English dinners at 8, and German suppers at 10 p.m., they usually fall back on the supposition that the usage of several generations has fitted the digestive organs of foreigners to bear this excessive strain. One very worthy American lady dismissed a native doctor in Paris as confessedly incompetent because he recommended for some dyspeptic trouble that she should eat a hearty meal some two hours before going to bed. Fortunately, his successor took the same stand; though she considered the method of treatment as wholly wrong, she was persuaded into following it, and what is more, was cured in spite of herself. If our physicians would make this matter of diet more of a study, it would fully repay them.

Raft Decked River Steamers.

The *Princess Alice* disaster has elicited from R. F. Fairlie a suggestion that river steamers should be so built that the deck should be complete in itself, and capable of floating like a raft, even with a considerable weight of passengers, and that it should be secured to the hull by a fastening of a temporary character, which could readily be withdrawn in time of danger, leaving the hull free to sink alone, while the deck would be left upon the surface. Explaining how he would accomplish his ends, he says a simple way of fastening the deck to the hull would be by eyes descending from the under surface of the deck, and passing through slots in angle irons, which would form part of the sides and of the upper surface of the hull. Each of these eyes should receive a 1½ inch pin, and all the pins should be connected to a chain, or to levers worked by a chain, which should itself be carried to a wheel placed immediately astern of the steering wheel. It would then be easy for the steersman, on an alarm being given, to withdraw the whole of the pins by a single movement.

The Mariner's Compass.

Many people look upon the compass as an introduction of the fifteenth century, but it seems to have been well known in a primitive form in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In one of the popular songs written in the time of King John, it is said that the sailors who go on long voyages to Freeland or to the East know their way by observing the *tramontane*, or polar star; but, when the sky is covered with clouds, and they could no longer see the stars of heaven, they had a contrivance which was this; they took a needle of iron and put it through a piece of cork, so that one end remained out; which they rubbed with loadstone, and then they placed it in a vessel of water, and, whichever way the end of the needle pointed, there, without doubt, was the polar star. This formed a primitive but fairly perfect mariner's compass.

A Joke on the Bar-Keeper.

A well-appearing gent'eman walked into the bar-room of a leading hotel the other evening, and professing to be out of change, asked the bar-tender if he could put his umbrella up for a drink. As it was a good silk one, the security was agreed upon. The man swallowed his beverage, and quietly raising his umbrella, walked out. Jimmy did not call him back, but took the joke as philosophically as possible.

If you would call your soul your own, don't get in debt with your shoe-maker.

SCIENTIFIC men may be interested to know that Dr. Crown Sequard, in a late letter to the French Biological Society, states that milk moderately warmed, if injected slowly into a human artery, will revive a dying patient quite as much as injections of blood. He cites several cases in which he has successfully tried the experiment.

FUGITIVE FUN.

Without having or making any claims to being wits, there a good many people who occasionally say a droll, humorous, or amusing thing. Many of these owe their point mainly to the circumstances in which they are uttered, and when servered from these, either lose much of their freshness and appositeness or fall entirely flat. This, however, applies more or less to all verbal wit; and diverting as are the *bon-mots* of such famous jokers as Sydney Smith, Charles Lamb, Douglas Jerrold and others, they must doubtless have been still racier on the occasion of their first utterance. Men of the same nimble wit and humorous fancy as those just named come few and far between; but everybody hears an original smart or amusing thing now and then—an epigrammatic saying, a queer pun, or a good story, such things as lend flavour and variety to talk, and agreeably bridge the pause between the *entrees* and the roast.

It has sometimes occurred to the present writer that if everybody were to keep a record of the best original sayings and stories he has heard in the course, say of ten years, an amusing little volume might be made out of the material thus got together. It would not of course be such a volume as could be placed along such budgets of wit as from time to time have been offered to the public, gleaned from the humours of all nations and times, but it might at least be such a one as would be quite capable of amusing one's leisure hours.

In 1831 appeared a collection of *Scottish Jests and Anecdotes*, to which were added a selection of choice English and Irish jests. The book (now out of print) was edited by the late Dr. Robert Chambers, and was the first of its kind to extend what may be termed the Geography of Fun, beyond the Tweed.

In recent years appeared, besides other collections, the admirable book of the late accomplished and genial Dean Ramsay; and we feel certain that if others had the same faculty for the work in question as that possessed by these two collectors, other volumes of hardly less diverting quality might from time to time be made. It is with some little diffidence that we offer this short paper to the reader, who may if he please regard it as a humble contribution to such a trial-volume as has been indicated.

As far as we are aware, nothing here set down has appeared in print before. The sayings and stories are original and true—that is, the sayings were said and the stories happened. The scene and the "setting" have in some cases been slightly altered, and names of course in every instance withheld.

Two friends, while spending some days in the country, on the Sunday attended the village church. They heard a long, and it must be confessed, somewhat tedious sermon. Moreover the preacher, in expounding his subject, seemed to the two strangers among his hearers to take an unusually narrow, restricted, and literal view of the text. While walking back to their lodgings, one of the friends remarked upon this; when the other said: "The same thing struck me. The good man's sermon reminded me of nothing so much as Euclid's definition of a line—*length* without *breadth*."

A certain merchant in an English town recently failed. The failure was an honourable one, and had been caused through no fault, morally speaking at anyrate, of the insolvent. A friend of the merchant's talking over the matter to two others, was speaking in terms of high praise of the bankrupt—how just a man he had always been in business; how much his misfortunes had been due to the shortcomings of others; and how anxious he had shown himself to render his creditors all the help in his power in regard to the liquidation; how in short his very failure had been a credit to him. All this was readily assented to by the other two; but one of them was a man who could not easily forego his joke, whatever the occasion. "Ah yes," said he, with a twinkle in his eye; "poor J—— is like the person in the *Deserted Villa* ge—

"Even his *failings* leaned to virtue's side."

There are those who despise or affect to despise all punning; see no fun in it whatever, and pretend to consider a pun a symptom rather of mental feebleness than anything else. These are not unfrequently persons who never made a pun or anything in the semblance of a joke themselves, and are not particularly quick in seeing the jokes of others. Such are fond of quoting Dr. Johnson's saying, that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. But it is not improbable that the Doctor made this definition a good deal for the sake of the alliteration, a neat alliteration being itself a species of epigram. The saying of the great man is akin to that other in which he defines an angler as "a rod with a hook at one end and a fool at the other," and has about as much truth in it.

For ourselves, we at once confess to having no objections to an occasional pun. But when punning becomes a practice indulged on every opportunity in or out of season, it is simply a bore; and your inveterate punster, the man who can never let an opportunity pass of playing upon words, is a nuisance. A good pun now and then is a fillip to conversation, a light diversion to graver talk; and even a bad pun is provocative of much derisive banter, as everybody must have noticed. Indeed we have sometimes heard it affirmed that bad puns are more laughable than good ones. Probably the truth is that when a smart pun is made, one's amusement is often divided with a mild admiration, while a bad pun elicits our expostulations, but none the less compels our laughter. One thing is certain that some of the best *jeux de mots* on record—made by the most famous famous wits—are nothing else than puns pure and simple.

The following quip will, we suspect, not be readily evident to readers south of the Tweed, unless to such as possess the necessary familiarity with the Scotch vernacular. Three friends were out in a pleasure-boat upon the Frith of Forth. As they coasted along before the wind, one of the yachtsmen noticed a quantity of turnips drifting past upon the tide, and called his companions' attention to the unusual sight; whereupon one replied: "Of course; don't you see? It's *neap* tide."

Some acquaintances at a dinner-party—among them a Doctor of Divinity and a Doctor of Medicine—got into a discussion as to the respective services which the clerical and the medical professions gave to the world. The discussion was maintained with entire good-humour on both sides, but the clergyman naturally remained firm to his point, that great as was the physician's office, that of the cleric was still higher.

"Well, well," said the physician with assumed gravity; "after all, I think the issue of the whole matter may be put in a nutshell. The only difference between us is that you are the doctors that *preach*, and we are those that *practice*."

In a certain British colony in which there was a large Scotch community, it was proposed a short time since to organize a Highland Volunteer regiment. The idea was carried out, and a promising corps established, the uniform being in strict adherence to the "garb of old Gaul." The corps now desired a motto, but some difficulty was found in finding a suitable one. After drill one evening, several of the members were discussing the matter when one quietly suggested, with an inclination of the head towards his kilt, the well-known lines of Goldsmith—

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

The following comes under the head of "stories."

A certain Scottish minister of considerable force of character and vigour of expression was wont in his pulpit discourses especionally to make somewhat vehement attacks upon the Church of Rome, as some conscientious clerics deem it their duty to do. One year Mr. A—— decided upon making Rome the scene of his annual autumnal holiday. A member of his congregation, while call ing upon the minister's mother, touched upon the subject of her son's projected trip, remarking that he would no doubt get a great deal of enjoyment from it. The old lady shook her head, and with an expression of much doubt in her face, replied: "I've great fear about the whole matter. I doubt if it's safe he's going to Rome at a'. Everybody kens that there's few been so sair against the Pope as our Willy."

A bull may be sometimes amusing enough, as witness the splendid blunders of Sir Boyle Roche. The following relates to a humble countrywoman of the inimitable baronet. A young medical man, with whom the writer is acquainted, was attending an old Irishwoman who lived in one of the poorer quarters of Edinburgh. She had been very ill, but was on the way to recovery, when one day she said to the doctor: "Will ye tell me doctor dear, for certain, whether I'll get well again or no."

"O yes; I think you'll be all right soon now," was the answer.

"I wanted to know for sure, ye see, doctor, because I'm a lone woman, an' I subscribe to a buryin' society, an' I just wished to know if I was likely to be getting any benefit out of it or not."

Everybody knows how droll the remarks of children often are. What capital fun may be made out of the sayings of young people is amply evidenced in that diverting little book, *Helen's Babies*, which, however much it may be thought by some to be an exaggerated picture, has proved its entertaining qualities at least, by its popularity. But if everybody who has children, put together the queer things which their youngsters occasionally utter, we venture to think that a volume might be made little less amusing than the history of Budge and Toddie, and we have no doubt that this famous record is in some part a record of fact.

One day a little boy of about Budge's age strayed away from home, causing thereby much consternation in the nursery. After a considerable search, the truant was discovered in an adjacent square disporting himself with some street urchins, with whom he was happily fraternizing. When once more recovered, he was seriously remonstrated with upon his conduct by an old nurse, who read Master Jack a long lecture.

"Supposing you had been run over by a big horse and cart, what would you have done then, sir?" concluded nurse solemnly.

A gleam of sudden glee dispersed the gravity which had been slowly deepening in little Jack's face. "Why, then I'd have a fun'al," he answered triumphantly.

The following is "far-fetched" only in the sense of its coming a distance of fourteen thousand miles. A certain part of Australia was recently suffering from a long-protracted drought. A day of prayer for rain was appointed and held, and as it happened the rain came on the following morning. A remote quarter of the same colony was at the same time being visited by a superabundance of moisture. A worthy magistrate of the district, on hearing of what was going on at C——, and fancying that the rain in his own neighbourhood was sensibly increasing, in haste despatched the following telegram to the authorities at C——: "Stop praying now, or we'll be flooded in five hours."

PERSONAL.

LORD BROUGHAM is to be pleasantly perpetuated in Cannes, France, which was for many years his summer residence. The first stone of a monument to his memory is to be laid there before the expiration of the present year.

THE income of the Prince Imperial is only $8,000 a year, derivable solely from an estate at Vicentini left him by the Princess Bacciochi, who has left the Empress an estate near Bologna yielding about $25 000 per annum. The Empress has a total income of about $90,000 per annum, besides diamonds worth $30,000.

MR. FREDERICK LEIGHTON, who has just been elected president of the British Royal Academy, is only forty-five, and the youngest man ever elected to that office except Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was forty-five when he was elected president. When the Queen ratifies the election, it is customary to make the new incumbent a knight.

LORD Beaconsfield is as quick and effective as ever in his thrusts at opponents who venture to tread upon his political toes. Recently he got off this little pleasantry on Sir William Harcourt: "The government of the world is carried on by sovereigns and statesmen, and not by anonymous paragraph writers, or the bare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity."

DR. BUSCH's biography of Prince Bismarck has caused great commotion among German princes, ministers, and other officials, who are appalled by its frankness. It is reported from Berlin that no work ever published in Prussia has produced so much irritation. Some noble families feel so much insulted that they propose to demand legal redress for his libels.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES has again shown his vim as a war correspondent by sending in advance of all competitors a succinct and glowing account of the capture of Ali-Musjeed. Though written amid the din of battle, it reads as though he had given it the grace and finish of a gentleman of very elegant literary leisure. The London *News* is fortunate in having such a correspondent.

NANCY SLOCOMB died recently at Bloomington, Indiana, at the age of one hundred and three years. Before her death she relapsed into second childhood, which was so complete a copy of infancy that the old woman spoke of herself as baby, delighted in toys, and was dressed and undressed, and rocked to sleep by a daughter sixty-five years old, herself a grey-headed grandmother.

MR. EDSON L. CLARK, in his new work on *The Races of European Turkey*, says that gypsies are really an offshoot from the Hindoos being simply a wandering tribe from the valley of the Indus. Their language is a branch of the ancient Sanskrit, akin to the modern dialects of Northern India. A modern Hindoo would probably make himself understood by any tribe of gypsies in Europe.

MAJOR DE WINTON, who comes to Canada as secretary to Lord Lorne, has seen much and varied service. He was in the Crimea, was military secretary and aide-de-camp to Sir Fenwick Williams in Canada, Nova Scotia, and Gibraltar, and shortly after the beginning of the late war was appointed special military *attache* to the embassy at Constantinople. His wife did excellent service among the sick and refugees.

THE Emperor of Russia is manifesting an active interest in the professional advancement of women, especially in medicine and surgery. Some time ago he granted a charter to a university for women, and the Russian Minister of War has now officially taken up the subject of training lady doctors for army practice. It has been decided upon because of the inability of the regular medical staff to cope with the vast number of sick and wounded. Classes are at once to be established in St. Petersburg for the instruction of female medical students, who, after graduation, will be regularly attached to the army medical staff.

OUR readers will remember that the extensive publishing establishment of Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Sons in Edinburgh was destroyed by fire last April. In one hour that which had taken forty years to build up and organize was swept away. But though seriously crippled by the disaster, the Messrs. Nelson applied themselves with rare courage to the reorganization of their business, and with such success that, as their friends in America will be glad to learn, they expect to have 600 hands at work under their roof by the end of February. Mr. Thomas Nelson, the head of the firm, has worked with tireless energy to effect this result, and has not been away a single day since the fire occurred. We beg leave to congratulate our friends on their recovery from disaster, achieved by qualities which give a new and forcible illustration of the maxim of the grand old pagan moralist: "Calamitas virtutis occasio est."

PRINCE BISMARCK is very outspoken in reference to his religious belief. In Dr. Busch's book he is quoted as saying; "I cannot conceive how a man can live without a belief in a revelation, in a God who orders all things for the best, in a Supreme Judge from whom there is no appeal, and in a future life. If I were not a Christian, I should not remain at my post for a single hour. If I did not rely on God Almighty, I should not put my trust in princes. I have enough to live on, and am sufficiently gentle and distinguished without the Chancellor's office. Why should I go on working indefatigably, incurring trouble and annoyance, unless convinced that God has ordained me to fulfil these duties? If I were not persuaded that this German nation of ours, in the divinely appointed order of things, is destined to be something great and good, I should throw up the diplomatic profession this very moment. Orders and titles to me have no attraction. The firmness I have shown in combating all manner of absurdities for ten years past is solely derived from faith. Take away my faith and you destroy my patriotism. But for my strict and literal belief in the truths of Christianity, but for my acceptance of the miraculous groundwork of religion, you would not have lived to see the sort of Chancellor I am. Find me a successor as firm a believer as myself, and I will resign at once. But I live in a generation of pagans. I have no desire to make proselytes, but am constrained to confess my faith. If there is among us any self-denial and devotion to king and country, it is a remnant of religious belief unconsciously clinging to our people from the days of their sires. For my own part, I prefer a rural life to any other. Rob me of the faith that unites me to God, and I return to Varzin to devote myself industriously to the production of rye and oats."

WHAT is the difference between "collision" and "collusion?"—*U* and *I* ought to know.

Lost Literature.

Where posterity has just reasons for complaint is in the deliberate destruction of "memoirs." Who does not envy Tacitus his perusal of the autobiography of the younger Agrippina; the court of Nero delineated by a woman, who had been initiated into all its secrets? What pictures we should have had from that passionate and envenomed pen! what portraits of Acte and Poppæa Sabina and Sporus! One would like to have had a sight of the history of his own times by William du Bellay, Lord of Langei, who knew all the ins and outs of the court of Francis I. The disappearance of the larger portion of Stringer's *Memoirs of the First Lord Shaftesbury* is much to be regretted, as Stringer was his private secretary; but the destruction of the *Memoirs of Lord Peterborough*—the most extraordinary character, perhaps, who ever figured on the stage of English politics and military history—has deprived not only the historian of much interesting matter, but the student of life and manners of much curious amusement. Pope was responsible for their being committed to the flames, and it is not often that his judgment can be called into question. Perhaps the noble earl had given his readers more of his private than his public life, and had enlarged more on his conquests in the Mall than on his conquests in Spain. Pope was also partly responsible for another concession to Vulcan, which no man will forgive—the destruction of *Sir George Saile's Memoirs*, in which that distinguished statesman had, it seems, taken notes of Charles II.'s conversation, and recorded the particulars of his relations with his eminent political contemporaries. Savile's literary abilities, as his various pamphlets abundantly testify, were of a very high order, and we can only lament the private or political reasons which robbed us of such a work. It is not generally known that Wilkes had completed his autobiography. He lent the manuscript volume to Charles Butler, earnestly requesting that gentleman to be his executor, and making the executorship conditional on his printing the work entire and unaltered. Butler, however, after perusing the manuscript, declined the honour. He probably thought that Cassanova and De Sade were enough for one generation. The manuscript subsequently disappeared very mysteriously, and has never from that day to this been heard of. On Wilkes' death the cover of the book was found, without any of the leaves, and it is not probable that Wilkes himself put it out of the way. Moore and Mr. Murray have to answer for *Byron's Memoirs*, which were burned in the presence of both of them. The world has probably not lost much, and we have doubtless no great reason to grudge Hephaestus so many libels on his wife. It is a pity that more notes were not taken before it was effectually obliterated.

ALL SORTS.

The Festive Flapjacks.

My flapjack; 'tis of thee—
Thou that sprest with me—
Of thee I sing.
Thou that with pork art fried,
Then butter on one side,
With ample syrup thick applied—
Thou luscious thing!

Oh! savory morsel mine!
What taste is like to thine,
Well buttered one?
I love to watch thee fry,
To see the cook toss thee on high,
And stick thee with a fork to try
If thou art done!

A CLASSICAL man has christened his cat Othello the Mewer.

A RESTAURANT announces "eighteen carrot vegetable soup."

WHY is a nail driven fast into a stick of timber like a decrepit old man? Because it's infirm.

WHY are naughty children like stair carpet?—Because neither can be kept in order without the rod.

WHY is a coal stove like a small boy? Because to manage either successfully they must be well shaken.

"POOR man, indeed!" she remarked of one who had lost the faculty of smell; "he hasn't a scent in the world."

"WEIGHT for the waggon," observed the farmer as he helped his three-hundred-pound wife to a seat in the vehicle.

No wonder the Celestials have a good opinion of themselves. How can a Chinaman be made of common clay?

WHY does a photographer in the exercise of his business always use a black cloth!—Why, of course, to make his camera obscurer.

"THAT's just the point, my dear sir," as the loquacious and affable barber observed, when he ran the scissors into the customer's right ear!

WHY is it that preachers and lecturers, after remarking "this point is too plain to need explanation," go on and explain it for a quarter of an hour?

An exchange puts the following pointed conundrum: "Why is a newspaper like a tooth brush?" Because everybody should have one of his own, and not borrow his neighbour's."

THE London *Court Journal* of November 23 mentions that Mr. Bret Harte was then on a visit to England, and enjoying the hospitality of the Duke of St. Albans at Bestwood Lodge.

"DOES our constant chatting disturb you?" asked one of three talkative ladies of a sober-looking fellow passenger. "No, ma'am; I've been married nigh on to thirty years," was the reply.

"THE times are so hard, my dear," said a man to his better half, "that I find it difficult to keep my nose above water." "You could easily keep your nose above water," returned the lady, "if you didn't keep it so often above brandy."

To those possessed of refined tastes and a sensitive ear, the title of "tailoresses," applied to those young persons of the gentler sex who manufacture gentlemen's waistcoats, &c., sounds anything but euphonious. Ancient history enables one to submit for approval a far more classical title, namely, that of the "Vestal Virgins."

"MARK TWAIN," now living in luxury in Germany, and writing only when the divine afflatus nudges him gracefully on, abandon-ing a chateau in Hartford, spacious, elegant